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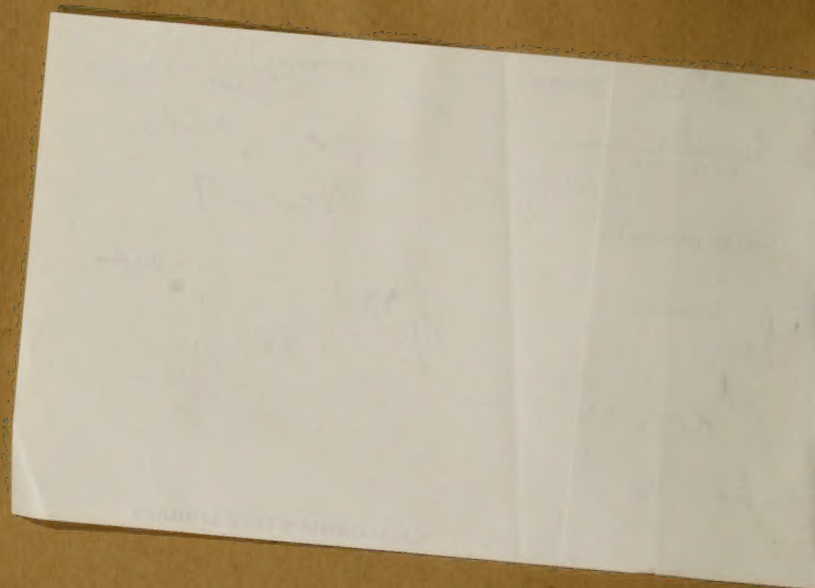














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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVII

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No. 1219



LILLIAN RUSSELL

America's loveliest woman, next week only at the Orpheum



# TOWN TALK

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## Booming the Colonel

The New York Tribune, now controlled by Ogden Mills and free from the prejudices of his father, is of the opinion that the people would like to see Colonel Roosevelt take another cup of coffee hot from the Republican kitchen. This opinion manifestly accords with the wishes of the Tribune, which has started a Roosevelt boom and opened its columns to Roosevelt boomers that they may eulogize the former President and testify to the esteem in which he is held all over this broad and fertile land. It may appear to be taken for granted that for the Colonel the times are propitious owing to the humiliations which the nation has suffered under the mollicoddle policies of a pacifist President. There is no doubt that Mr. Wilson has brought the Colonel's political craft out of the doldrums. And assuredly the Colonel himself has made the most of the opportunities that have come to him since the outbreak of the war. If at times he has talked nonsense he has also uttered a good deal of sound criticism, and once again he has shown something of his old skill in the fine art of firing the imagination of the dear people. We were all laughing at the Colonel a few years ago when, as you remember, there were rumors of his intention to reorganize the Rough Riders for a drive through Mexico. In those days our pacifists were having their inning, and that incredible yahoo, the man in the street, was thanking the gods of small business that a mild-mannered college professor was watching and waiting in the White House. We learned in those days that there was such a thing as being too proud to fight; and the sentiment was prevalent in Washington that it was better to have the flag insulted than to risk having it shot full of holes. Surely none of us is insensible of the quick triumph of time and change. Nobody is laughing at the Colonel now. With all his defects of mind and heart, there is no gainsaying the Colonel's valor, and if in his philosophy of political exigencies the Constitution is only a scrap of paper between friends the flag is an emblem of national dignity and he will fight for it to the last drop of his blood. So the Colonel is once more a shining figure in public life.

## A Recrudescence

Usually vital movements of revolt from some accepted tradition or ideal occur not more than once or twice in a generation; but the Pacifist movement was born one day and died the next. A few years ago we were bored by the strenuousness of the wielder of the big stick, whose amazing vitality inspired nothing but witticisms. Suddenly plunged into a kind of Mid-Victorian era, we hailed with delight the sugary ideals of Mr. Wilson and the dulcet buncombe of Bryan with his bag of peace treaties and his bottles of grape juice; and we looked forward to the approaching dawn when all the nations would be joined in one brotherhood. Consider now how speedily the domination of the bourgeois is passing. Wearied of the drabness and grey monotony of a self-satisfied materialism, we give ear once more to the message of vigor and virility with its appeal to the elements of enduring emotion. To men not given to hysterics, men not easily swept off their feet with enthusiasm for "the one imperishable cause," it is not pleasant to think of the shifty Ego of Oyster Bay returning to leadership. Are we to be seduced again in a fit of absence of mind? Are the people so eager to react from pacifism as to be susceptible once more to the blandishments of the self-anointed hero of Kettle Hill? Apparently there are politicians who think so. Also apparently there are many plutocrats who hope so. There are signs that the stage is to be set for a drama entitled "The Rooseveltian Recrudescence."

## Was Judge Gary Premature?

It may turn out that Judge Gary of the Steel Trust was somewhat premature. For a Gary dinner is hardly a negligible affair. Some of us remember that before Judge Gary began entertaining the Hon. William R. Hearst, he gave dinners that bore an evil reputation, dinners at which the *piece de resistance* was a "gentleman's agreement" which was thought to be in restraint of competition and conducive to the profit of certain sleek and pompous plutocrats. It may be that like the Colonel the high-salaried Steel Trust host has been rehabilitated by the silent processes of time, and that a Gary dinner is now regarded as a symposium for the promotion of civic patriotism, but as to this we have nothing authoritative. We know only that the judge is a most adaptable man, quick to accommodate himself to circumstances. Indeed he is like those elusive animals whom kind Nature has endowed with the power of taking on the color of their environment. When it was popular to swat Big Business Judge Gary lost no time in pointing out the shortcomings of Big Business. He became a reformer himself. If he is not as ready to run with the hares as to hunt with the hounds, at any rate we have received the impression that he can give a pretty good imitation of precisely that sort of individual. But this may be due to a predominant passion for the practice of conciliation. It may be that

this is the practice by which he earns his colossal salary. A man certainly of a most amiable temperament is Judge Gary. Unhampered by prejudices, he rounds up at the groaning board men of all persuasions: trust busters and trust beneficiaries, tribunes of the people in politics and tribunes of the people in journalism. For all and sundry Judge Gary has a glad hand and a flowing bowl, but never until last week did the Steel Trust magnate permit one of his dinners to savor of political significance. That dinner at which Colonel Roosevelt was a conspicuous figure notwithstanding the 12,000,000,000 represented by the guests from Wall Street, is generally regarded as significant of a determination on the part of the practical backers of the G. O. P. to compel the nomination of the great Christian Soldier of Chicago. If such be the case it would seem to argue that our plutocrats feel assured that Big Business is now very strong in the affections of the people; so strong that the people will be pleased to take orders from Wall Street and embrace any candidate guaranteed by Mammon on his throne. But as we have said it may turn out that Judge Gary was a little premature.

## Our Busy Benefactor

What a great public benefactor is Colonel Harris Weinstock! And how little the applause he gets from anybody but himself for his wonderful benefactions! Once a client of the Hon. Hiram Johnson, the whole State has become the Colonel's client under the Johnson dispensation. The Colonel is a born investigator with a special talent for setting things right. Once an humble, rural drygoods merchant, he applied himself to the study of abstractions until he became an authority on almost everything under the sun from the gospel according to St. John to the various phenonema due to the activities of the I. W. W. in San Diego. He has sedulously examined the structure and materials of the universe from the first atoms and molecules to the first emergence of organic life. He invented many theories in deducing primitive savages from the original brutes and the brutes in their turn from the primitive protoplasm, and today we find him Market Commissioner for California pointing with pride to the solution of the prodigious problem how to make it possible for the small fruit grower to borrow money on a left-over fruit crop. The Colonel is a wonder at making reports. Whenever he has a theory of how to solve a problem in political economy he rushes to a typewriter and makes an elaborate contribution to literature. Apparently it is to be assumed that when the Colonel embodies a theory in a report the job is done, the problem solved, a new triumph has been won to the everlasting benefit of the State and the greater glory of the former vendor of hose and general merchandise. Thus we are assured in a report three columns long that the small fruit grower's troubles are over, the Col-



onel having investigated and found the seat of the disturbance. It appears that the small fruit grower when unable to sell his crop in a glutted market is also unable to borrow money to tide him over. Because of this condition, says the astute commissioner, the small fruit grower's business is "extra hazardous." Therefore, in the Colonel's philosophy, a kind, paternal government should take a hand in the business and make the taxpayers of the State help the small fruit grower. His plan is very simple. "If carried out," he says, "it will make it possible for the small fruit grower in the remotest nook or corner of the State to hold his dried fruit crop until the market is ready to absorb it at a compensable price and meanwhile to borrow thereon possibly up to eighty per cent of its market value." By reason of this plan the growers will be organized and they will establish a system of standardization for their product, and the commission will employ an army of inspectors to see that the fruit is properly packed and labeled. Further the commission will go into the New York money market to help the growers borrow on their warehouse receipts, which will bear the endorsement of the State Commission. Simple enough, assuredly! A plan this that should meet with the warm approval of the Governor, for it means an enlargement of the political machine. Carry it out and the amazing Colonel will make the force of the market commission balance the force of the railroad commission, and the taxpayers will be putting up money to promote a fruit trust and increase the cost of living. But if the small fruit grower is thus to be assisted in business at the expense of the State why not every small producer and every small manufacturer? And if the State is going to guarantee dried fruit why shouldn't the State guarantee every other commodity produced within its borders?

#### The Obstacles to Christian Ideals

"The Immediate Duty of Christian Men" is the title of an article from the pen of Viscount Bryce in the course of which he asks, "Is there any influence other than Christianity from which it can be hoped that the world will be brought back to

peace and good will?" Believing there is not he suggests that the immediate duty of Christian men is the "revival of the inspiring power which Christianity has shown in its best spirits and at its best moments." To that end he urges that we make an effort "to bring individual life, social life and business life closer to Christian ideals." This strikes us as a very wise suggestion, and we would add that it might be well to begin with a crusade against the chief obstacles to the spread of Christian ideals. These obstacles are to be found in some of the Christian pulpits wherefrom the fundamental bedrock appeal of religion long since vanished. We mean those apostles of democracy and socialism, fretful echoes of the French Revolution, in whom moral maxims and lofty phrases take the place of virtue and reverence. By reason of the war, which is the climax of a period of unrest, revolution and lawlessness of more than one hundred years' duration, there is now a revival of religious feeling in Europe, and we are hearing of much evidence of the warming up of a faith that had grown cold. The devil is very sick in Europe. But in this country, where along with munitions new millionaires are in the making, faith in the stock market is the faith most earnestly cultivated, and religion is still a matter of academic discussion among many pulpits. Some of our preachers have not yet learnt that man doth not live by bread alone. They are still talking about "reinterpretation of Christian doctrine." of "Democracy and Christianity," of the need of a church "for the poor as well as for the rich." These men are the ministers not of Christianity but of the gospel of Samuel Smiles. Their idea of Christianity is a visible Kingdom of God on earth, a land flowing with milk and honey, with equal rights for all and special opportunities for none. This is not the gospel according to Samuel Smiles, but it is in harmony therewith. Samuel wrote the Old Testament of materialism according to which all politics and religion and morals and business were summed up in the phrase, help yourself and never mind the others. Samuel preached temporal

success as the thing that makes for eternal beatitude. He made the self-made man the god of popular idolatry; and this individual was the man who by pinching and scraping and overreaching his competitors while attending church on Sunday, succeeded in making a large fortune. In the days of Smiles and long thereafter the leading citizen everywhere in England and America, and even in Germany and Italy, where translations of Smiles sold like hot-cakes, was Gradgrind, whose dearest principle was that if the hardest headed and flintest hearted had full liberty to wage war with one another and use the cheapest labor in the human slave market the issue would be the greatest happiness to the greatest number. The religion born of the teachings of Samuel Smiles was nothing but a glorified and hypocritical selfishness. It meant the bargain of a man with God by which industry combined with lip worship of the Lord and condemnation of all things that did not conform to a catalogue of petty virtues would ensure comfort and prosperity. Success was a test of righteousness. In the gospel of the New Testament of Materialism for "self-help" we have substituted the altruistic cant term "service," and we have talked about the brotherhood of man while scoffing at the idea of the fatherhood of God. But we have not been any less tenacious than formerly of social and monetary success. Our pulpits of the New Testament concern themselves more about material than about spiritual affairs. They show a zeal not for the souls but for the pockets of men. Instead of trying to make religion popular they strive for the popularity of the pulpit by agitating for equal distribution of the creature comforts. Instead of trying to persuade men to love one another they promote asperities and hatreds. The country is full of preachers the breath of whose nostrils is agitation. They know nothing and care less of the importance to society of affection, respect and mutual amenity. Virtue they confound with the stern vindication of what each regards as his right. Not by the teaching of such men as these would the world ever be brought closer to Christian ideals.

## Perspective Impressions

If the three tailors of Tooley street were alive they would be making resolutions on the Oscar II.

Health officers say we must not kiss if we would avoid the grippe. But after all, the grippe is not such a terrible disease.

We are told that our clubwomen are aiming to uplift "the innocent child." This means that the poor child is to be uplifted above innocence.

A despatch from London tells us that Britishers regard Germany's much advertised Egyptian campaign as mostly, though not entirely, a bluff. Of one thing Britishers are undoubtedly certain—the unwisdom of calling a German bluff.

Speaking of suggestive nudes, how about some of the pictures in the Sunday papers?

Resolved: That we shall keep our New Year resolutions strictly to ourselves.

If Henry Ford would only tell us what he really thinks of his pilgrims!

Our idea of a persevering man is the chap who pronounced "Ypres" correctly every time he used it during 1915.

We have thought of an absolutely original quip about Christmas, the war, Turkey and Greece; but it is too late to use it.

We are willing to give Dr. Aked to Europe, but we fear that the European Spugs may refuse to take him.

The holiday season is nearly over, Ford is sick, and the men are still in the trenches. But the peace ship cargo is still in the limelight.

By recent events husbands are taught the wisdom of keeping the affinity in the background while preparing to make an amicable settlement with the wife.

The people may be very sick of incompetency in Washington, and yet it may not be easy to reconcile them to the Pharisees and soreheads who made the triumph of the Democratic jackass possible.



## Varied Types

CCLXI—ART SMITH

By Edward F. O'Day

This boy is San Francisco's greatest hero. He has enjoyed a more general and a more continuous popularity than any other personage who has tarried within our gates. There is a place for him in the hearts of all, men, women and children. Men esteem it a privilege to shake his hand; women eagerly devour every scrap of information about his personality; and as for the youngsters—well, they'd rather be Art Smith than Charlie Chaplin. I have heard prominent men boast that they knew him; I have seen women well nigh overwhelmed by the honor of dancing with him; I notice that the boys on the streets wear their caps reversed after his flying fashion. Lotta, I suppose, enjoyed similar distinction on a smaller scale. In this our day there has been none whose popularity compared with Art Smith's. Lincoln Beachey might have become such an idol had he lived; death cut him down before he attained the pinnacle.

Ask people what were the greatest attractions of the Exposition. The answers will be of great variety, which is as it should be when so splendid an achievement is under discussion. The highbrow will mention the Fine Arts Palace; the lowbrow will talk about the Zone; the brows of intermediate altitude will bring forward the names of a multitude of exhibits. But all will include the flights of Art Smith in their lists. During his afternoon flights nothing else seemed to matter much on the Fair grounds. His night flights constituted an event of which nobody ever tired. Along the Marina thousands held breath and watched him. Throughout San Francisco every hill was black with his admirers. Every window that commanded his fiery progress across the sky had its group. Outside the Elks Club eleven o'clock was never so important a time in San Francisco, and never will be so important again.

And this idol of San Francisco is a kid in his twenty-second year, a little bit of a fellow with a boy's smile on his boy's face. He had just attained his majority when he came to us, a stranger quite unheralded. In more than one sense he flew into public favor. He captured not only the imagination but also the affection of the city.

"People are not interested in me," he says. "They are interested in my flying."

With all due respect to Art Smith, he is wrong in this matter. We are all interested in flying of course. It is the supreme physical adventure of civilization. Polar exploration is a tame enterprise in comparison. The storming of a trench single-handed is not nearly as spectacular. The aviator who ties bow-knots in the sky, tumbles in the clouds and rides courier to the gale is the world's latest hero. All daring aviators command our applause; but there is only one Art Smith. After he had established himself firmly in our admiration he went away for a time. His place was taken not by one but by two aviators. Who were they? The chances are you can recall neither name; perhaps you remember one name because it is an odd name, and have forgotten the other. But who forgot Art Smith in his absence? Who had to renew interest in him on his return? No, Art, you are wrong. We are interested in your flying, but we are also profoundly interested in you.

It was Art Smith's modesty which made him say that people were not interested in him. He is one of the most modest lads I have ever met. There are no airs about Art Smith. He does not pose. He is not self-conscious. He has no ingrowing sense of his own worth. With every opportunity to be about the worst spoiled young man in the world he remains a quiet, level-headed, unassuming, natural lad. Yes, modesty is one of the dominant traits in a personality singularly rich. Another dominant quality is his magnetism. He draws you to him irresistibly. He has a magnetic smile, the sign of a magnetic mind.

There is a sobriety about that mind of his which saves him from the unlovely weakness of conceit. He is a thoughtful fellow. He is used to weighing all things including chances, for his life is weighed in the balance every day of his working life. And so, I think, he has weighed this matter of popular applause. I asked him if he was bothered much by well-meant warnings based on the fate of his local predecessor, Lincoln Beachey.

"I was, when I first came here," he answered. "And I found it a bit trying. But people don't mention it any more. It seems as if Beachey has been forgotten. Such is life."

Art Smith laughed a little when he said those last three words. His chum Charlie Foy (Eddie's son) who was present, laughed a little too. Art and Charlie understand each other, and apparently they have both arrived at an understanding of the worth of popular applause. They are a couple of young philosophers. If they can preserve their wholesome attitude toward popularity they will grow up in the possession of a treasure which most men forfeit in the process of conquering success.

There is an oldish head on Art Smith's young shoulders. He has matured early in the school of hard experience. I suppose most of us are familiar with his history. He was only fifteen when he conceived the ambition which has made him famous. Working in an architect's office in Fort Wayne, Indiana, for five dollars a week, he realized one day that the air was calling to him. His father was a carpenter-contractor, and Art had the inborn mechanical turn of mind which seems a miracle to those who lack it. His father must have believed in him very profoundly, and his mother too; for they mortgaged and lost the family home to start him on the road of his ambition. It was a hard road beset with heartbreaking obstacles. But all the time of his struggle his parents stood by him. They shared his clear vision of success. Perhaps his father saw it the more clearly with the inward eye because he was going blind. Many men who have striven to brilliant success are too old and too hard to enjoy their achievement when it finally crowns their efforts. But here is a boy who started at the age of fifteen, and is secure in fame at twenty-two. At an age when most are only starting to think seriously of a career Art Smith has already had one, and it has been full of honors. What may he not accomplish in the years to come?

His field is big enough. It is all the airy space of the world. His future lies along the untracked routes between here and heaven. He is an explorer of the unknown reaches whose

mountains are clouds and whose cataracts are the winds. If the air is ever to be charted as the waters are, Art Smith will be one of the cartographers. He can talk as familiarly of air currents as a pilot of tides and rips. He is one of a small band of men who are on jesting terms with the law of gravitation; a little brother of the birds. Science is beholden to him as to a pioneer.

I asked him if any of the warring powers had entreated his services. He told me that Russia wanted him, and France. Why had he refused?

"I love my loops," he said, "but oh you cannon balls."

Cannon balls spell danger to him, loops do not. It is all in the point of view. The soldier in the trench beholds the birdman soaring up aloft and thanks his stars that he is safely dug into terra firma. The birdman feels safe in mid-air so long as the guns are at a decent distance. I remembered that when Colonel Roosevelt met Art Smith at the Fair he bade him be careful as his country might need him some day, and inquired whether he had ever thought of joining the army.

"There is no inducement except patriotism," he answered frankly.

But he is a member of the United States Aviation Corps just the same, pledged to fly for his country when his country needs him.

While we were talking Mrs. Art Smith entered the apartment at the St. Francis where Art Smith makes his San Francisco home. She is a plump, happy-faced young lady—girl I should say—and I looked at her with interest, knowing how much she had had to do with Art Smith's career. Amy believed in Art when all Fort Wayne was laughing at him as a dreamer. She had the vision of his success his parents had. She encouraged him in his struggles, and married him in spite of her parents who did not take kindly to the idea of an aviator son-in-law. I asked her if she was nervous while her husband was flying. I might have saved myself the trouble of such a question, for has she not flown with him? Did they not elope by aeroplane?

"No," said Mrs. Smith, "I am not the least bit nervous. I know how strong Art's machine is, and how careful he is about his flights. There is nothing for me to worry about at all."

"She is my best audience," laughed Art.

And as he spoke Art Smith very unconcernedly dumped a tray full of medals on the bed. He was packing for a short trip to Los Angeles. He did not call my attention to the medals, didn't think of doing it. My attention was attracted by the clink of their gold. I imagine he values those medals very highly, but he sees no reason to show them off or talk about them. They are personal things. Why should he bother strangers about them? How different from most heroes! I hope Art Smith will always be like that. And I think it is likely he will.

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# A Vice Commission's Report

The Most Startling Ever Made in This Country Deals With Conditions in Baltimore Where the Lid was Put On the Redlight District

By ROBERT McTAVISH

So many pious citizens and zealous clergymen, itinerant and of the parish, have spent their time defaming our frolicsome city and deploring its depravity that perhaps without discredit to oneself one may welcome the news from Baltimore as something in the nature of inspiring tidings. For this news induces the reflection that we are not so bad as we might be. Without exaggeration, one may pronounce the news from Baltimore the toughest news that ever came out of an American city. Maybe you have not heard the news from Baltimore; assuredly not if you rely for news of the world on the daily press of San Francisco. The news to which I refer is in the form of a report made by the State Vice Commission appointed by the Governor of Maryland in 1913. This commission was not composed of politicians or third-rate pulpsteers. It comprised members of the Johns Hopkins faculty, prominent physicians, scientists and social workers. The commission spent three years and thousands of dollars in its investigations, and its report, which was filed last week is in ten volumes of three hundred thousand words. It is a mighty startling report. As I am not unversed in literature of this kind I am not susceptible to shocks at the hands of vice crusaders or vice investigators, but I find this report on conditions in Baltimore quite staggering. Often I have heard solemn pronouncements to the effect that this or that city is the worst abode of iniquity in the world, but such indictments leave me cold and indifferent. Usually such indictments are merely the extravagant outpourings of sensational preachers intent on self-advertisement, case-hardened in the practice of intellectual dishonesty. As a rule they are more depraved than the depravity they inveigh against. The fact is vice and its votaries are about the same in all large cities. If there is any exception to be made it is in the case of Baltimore, and the case of Baltimore is of interest to us of San Francisco because of the defamation this city has suffered at the hand of irresponsible preachers, and because when but a short time ago, as a result of agitation for the purification of this city they succeeded in closing that most beneficent institution, the Municipal Clinic, we were asked to imitate the Baltimorean method of "scatteration." Now it appears from the report of the Vice Commission of Maryland that the appalling conditions in that city are due chiefly to scatteration. The Baltimore Sun, discussing the report says, that much of the prostitution in Baltimore was found to be practiced in the office districts among bankers, physicians, lawyers, merchants and real estate men. Orgies of "our best people" are described in the report in minute detail, and according to the New York World "some of them would make Nero look like a piker."

The investigators with the aid of detectives and dictographs obtained conclusive evidence of all the criminality that they report and though they suppress names they are prepared to furnish whatever proof the proper authorities may require. The Baltimore Sun which made a digest of the report in six columns, says that "under ordinary conditions such material would not be fit for publication, but the present situation is extraordinary."

Of course I am not going into the unsavory details of this startling report. I take it to be sufficient for the benefit of the people of this

city and State to let them know that the report makes it clear that our professional vice crusaders were hardly justified in their dogmatic assertions regarding the wisdom of the policy of driving women of the town into the highways and byways. The meddlesome and mischievous Dr. Aked, it will be remembered, presumed to solve the problem of prostitution, and with the arrogance of self-constituted authority he attacked Dr. Rosenstirn and the Oakland chief of police for dissenting from his views. Now it appears from the report of the Maryland commissioners that the Aked plan of denying prostitution official recognition is productive of the very evils which Dr. Rosenstirn and Chief Petersen pronounced inevitable. In this connection the Baltimore Sun, which devotes six columns to the report, says that while as a result of the lidding of the Redlight District "notorious houses have disappeared, there is no evidence, according to the report, that immorality is not practiced as extensively as ever. Much of this evil is clandestine, says the commission, and business places, offices, boarding places and even homes are said to have been found in great numbers where immorality is introduced and continued. In this connection there is given a chart of certain streets, some of which are generally recognized as eminently respectable, on which chart is indicated a large number of houses which fell under suspicion. An investigation was made of nearly 800 of such houses, and the moral status of each specifically designated on the chart, the street and number of the houses being given." The commissioners found that the city was full of procurers, many of them being employed in hotels; also that it is full of street walkers. The commissioners found that as a result of the scattering of prostitutes sexual perversions were greatly on the increase; also that the unprofessional prostitutes of Baltimore greatly outnumbered the regulars. The medical examiners of the commission found that only 3.39 per cent of the women engaged in prostitution are free from the maladies peculiar to their profession. Of those who are sufferers from the worst of all plagues the percentage is 63.27 per cent.

A portion of the report which has created a most profound impression deals with the disposition of illegitimate children. To this subject a separate volume is devoted. It appears that

there are certain institutions in Baltimore that receive children as soon as they are born and are paid big sums of money for doing so. The commission discusses them thus:

"Day after day, month after month, year after year, they receive healthy, plump infants into their wards and watch them hour after hour go rapidly down to death. They know that practically all of those that immediately after birth are separated from their mothers will die, yet year after year they keep up this murderous, nefarious traffic.

"We do not in this study attempt to settle the many complex problems relating to the illegitimate, but we believe that the facts show that society's method in many instances is one of repression and virtual murder. That which we have recorded is virtual murder, and slow and cowardly at that. It would be far more humane to kill these babes by striking them on the head with a hammer than to place them in institutions where four-fifths of them succumb within a few weeks to the effects of malnutrition or infectious diseases. It is a few weeks of suffering, a few weeks of going down to death by a process that is slower than the hammer, but in most instances just as sure."

Facts relating to the care of infants in certain institutions are given in detail. The babies occupy a certain floor and while evidently the plan is to give them every possible attention, it seems impossible under the circumstances to carry this intention out.

The charge that the babies are "doped" and kept quiet with paregoric and other narcotics is declared to be unfounded. They do get, however, a great deal of medicine in the way of tonics, it is stated, and it is customary every now and then, through a period of one or two weeks to give the babies raw whisky, dropped on their tongues. Every baby in the ward is given this twice a day. They cry lustily at first when raw whisky is poured on their tongues, but quickly learn to expect it and make no complaint. The medicines are given to all the babies with one spoon. Mustard baths are popular and are given for almost any illness.

"The little creepers of from 1 to 2 years old," says the report, "are taken up in the morning, dressed and put down on the floor in the play room; they stay there all day; some of them too weak and small to even sit up without falling

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over. They are expressionless little creatures, who duck their heads if you speak to them and start swaying back and forth in what is known in the institution as the '— swing.' When the little things get sleepy they drop back on the floor, and sometimes in passing through the room you have to step over 8 or 10 of these sleeping children.

"If they ever live to get down to the second hall their lot is much happier, for down there they soon learn to walk and run and play. Those that get to the first floor are really a very prosperous little group, and enjoy all sorts of games and kindergarten exercises, but the tragedy of it all is that almost none of them reach the first floor. Among the 60 children on the second hall, ranging from 2 to 5 years, there are only five, according to the nurse in charge, who had come through the nursery."

Detailed mortality statistics of this institution are given. These show that in 1912 there were 259 admissions and 230 deaths; in 1913 there were 194 admissions and 163 deaths, and in 1914 there were 176 admissions and 138 deaths; but, in order to get the full mortality rate, it is explained that the records must extend much beyond the given year, because many of the children admitted in the last month of the year hang on for five or six months or even longer before they die; therefore the mortality for 1914 should not be calculated until the latter part of the year 1915.

"When a baby dies," it is stated, "it is placed in a room in another part of the building for awhile. One or two are pretty sure to follow within a short time. The body is put in a small wooden box and is conveyed in a buggy to the cemetery, always by the same undertaker, who places the box at the side of a hole in which it is to be buried. He then notifies an attendant at the cemetery and then leaves. Soon an attendant comes and buries the bodies."

"The method of burial is as follows: A large hole four feet wide, seven feet long and eight feet deep is dug. As they arrive, the bodies are buried in the hole until it is nearly full. The space accommodates from 75 to 100. The actual burial is simple. The box, when the hole is newly dug, is placed at the bottom and four or five shovels full of earth, just enough to cover it, are thrown in. The opening of the hole is then covered with rough planks nailed together in the form of a door. As other bodies are brought they are placed alongside the former ones and covered in the same manner. When a hole is filled with coffins up to within a foot and a half of the surface, earth is thrown in and a new hole is dug for future burials."

"The burial place is a lot that measures 57 by 60 by 51 by 39 feet. It is estimated that in this place are buried nearly 5,000 children. This has necessitated digging up the bodies of those that have been buried for several years, to

make room for the newly dead. The investigator went to the cemetery one afternoon, just after the digging of one of these holes was being completed. There was a large pile of bones, more than an ordinary barrel full, lying alongside the hole, and near these, a lot of boxes in various stages of decay that had served as coffins. These boxes had been taken up and their contents thrown out, the remains of the bodies of infants being at this stage nothing more than bones and pieces of decayed clothing.

"Later a careful watch was kept to see what disposition was made of these bones, but the exact connection was lost—that is, the investigator did not see them actually taken from the grave and deposited elsewhere. But he did find, after a short time, in a remote part of the cemetery, a freshly burned ashheap, from which he recovered a number of bones exactly similar to the ones at the grave. The burning of the bones was made possible by the fact that they were soft and partly decayed and were mixed with rubbish and pieces of wood. The investigator inspected the hole two days after it was dug, and found that one side of it was made up of about 10 small coffins, kept from falling in by a plank, thus proving that the grave had been dug directly down on the side and practically into a former grave."

The Baltimore report is the most exhaustive ever made anywhere in this country since the days of Dr. Sanger of New York.

## When the Turks Were Ready to Quit

A Time When the Allies Might Have Won a Great Victory at the Dardanelles

According to a special correspondent at Vienna writing to the New York World when the allied fleet, after losing three battleships sunk and five others badly battered in a vain assault on the Dardanelles forts on March 18 last, withdrew to Lemnos, the Turkish big guns had not five rounds of shells left to the gun, and if the fleet had returned next day they would have found the road to Constantinople open before them. This piece of news becomes especially interesting when one reads it in connection with the speech made by Winston Churchill in the House of Commons on November 18th on the occasion of his retirement from the British Cabinet. In that speech he reviewed his labors as a member of the War Council, and he told the whole story of the plan to attack the Dardanelles, his purpose being to show that everything that had been done received the approval of Lord Fisher and all the experts in authority. The one thing that Churchill did not approve was the discontinuance of the naval attack. He told the House of Commons that after the attack on March 18 "the admiral determined to renew it at the first opportunity, and telegraphed accordingly." Churchill, I find, explained why the attack was not immediately renewed. Sir Ian Hamilton had arrived with the leading divisions of his force, and after a consultation it was decided to substitute for the purely naval operations a joint naval and military attack. If what the World's special correspondent at Vienna says is true, that decision was a fatal mistake. Hitherto we have been told that the great blunder was in not starting with a joint naval and military attack, and the blunder was charged against Churchill. Now Churchill, addressing the House of Commons in November said, with reference to the postponement of the naval attack:

"I regretted this at the time, and I endeavored to persuade the First Sea Lord to send a telegram, ordering a resumption of the naval at-

tack. But we could not reach an agreement, and in view of the consensus of opinion of the naval and military authorities on the spot, I submitted to the alternative, but I submitted with great anxiety. Every day the danger of German submarines arriving, a danger which we greatly exaggerated in our minds, seemed to become more imminent. Every day the possibility of a renewed German attack on Serbia seemed to draw nearer. Every day I knew the Turks were digging; every day I knew they were drawing reinforcements from all parts of their empire; and I can assure the House that the month which apparently had to be consumed between the cessation of the naval attack on March 18 and the commencement of the military attack on April 25, was one of the least pleasing which I have experienced in my life."

How much less pleasing it would have been had he known what now is known respecting the supply of shells for the big guns of the Turks!

The World's correspondent tells us that the statement which he has made was made on the authority of the artillery officers in charge of the big guns at Chanek Kaleh, which formed the mainstay of the defenses of the Narrows. They told an American correspondent who was at the Dardanelles at the time that when the fleet drew off at nightfall, one battery of the big guns had just seventeen armor-piercing shells left.

At the rate of fire which this battery, by long odds the most formidable of all the shore defenses, had maintained on the 18th of March, these seventeen shells would have been shot away the next morning in five minutes had the Allies returned to the attack.

"Better pack up and be ready to quit at day-break," said one officer, frankly, to the correspondent.

"Why?" he asked.

"Oh, they are sure to get in tomorrow!" the officer replied, calmly, and went on philosophically, so sure that for his country the game had been played out that he saw no further need of secrecy in the matter.

"We'll do our best to make them think there is no end to our supply of ammunition," he said; "but it can't be done if they come on again in earnest. And once our heavy pieces are useless, they can reduce the batteries on the other shore without trouble. The case looks hopeless. You had better take my advice."

The correspondent rose bright and early the next morning, having packed his few belongings for retreat, as advised, and began to watch the tower of Kaleh Sultanie, where a flag was usually hoisted to show that the allied fleet was standing in. On this morning of all others, however, that flag was not hoisted. The fleet did not return.

Meanwhile, there was something like a panic in the Turkish capital. Only a few persons knew the real state of affairs, but they had given warnings sufficiently explicit to their friends to make it evident that some disaster impended. The court was ready for instant flight to Eski Shehir, in Anatolia, and with them the German and Austrian officials in the capital. But the allied fleet did not come that day, nor did they ever attempt a naval assault in force on the Dardanelles again.

Thus we learn that the project for the forcing of the Dardanelles was not so preposterous as some military critics have asserted. It might have been accomplished if the Allies had been as well informed as the Turks. This is not the first time that failure in war has resulted from shortage of information, which is quite as bad as shortage of ammunition. Even in our own Revolutionary War, at the very start of it, the British were bluffed out of a decisive victory by an army that had no bullets.



# Poems About San Franciscans

VIII—SAY, CHARLIE!

By Joaquin Miller

("Charlie Stoddard had the sweet faith of a child. We were much together, and we discussed religion a great deal. We lived in Rome together, studying art and literature and religion, but he never debated it, he was so certain. He was very dogmatic. I have Charlie's faith, but not his certainty." Thus spoke Joaquin Miller of Charles Warren Stoddard in an interview given to this paper shortly before Miller's death. The "shy Prentice" of the following poem is Prentice Mulford, one of the best beloved of our earlier writers.)

Say, Charlie, our Charlie, say—  
What of the night? Aloha! Hail!  
What roomful sea? What restful sail?  
Where tent you, Bedouin, today?

Oh, generous green leaves of our tree,  
What fruitful first young buoyant year!  
But bleak winds blow, the leaves are sere,  
And listless rustle—two or three.

Say, Charlie, where is Bret? and Twain?  
Shy Prentice, and the former few?  
You spoke, and spake as one who knew—  
Now, Charlie, speak us once again.

The night-wolf prowls; we guess, we grope,  
But day is night, and night despair,  
And doubt seems some unuttered prayer,  
And hope seems hoping against hope.

But, Charlie, you had faith, and you—  
Gentlest of all God's gentlemen—  
You said you knew, and surely knew—  
Now speak, and speak as spake you then.

## The Spectator

### The Naked in Art

"What do you think of George Gallagher?" the clockwinder demanded, laying down the newspaper as I entered the pendulum room.

I replied that the president of the Board of Education was a friend of mine and that I thought very highly of him.

"I've been reading about this crusade of his against suggestive postcards," said the clockwinder. "I think George is on the right track."

"You don't approve of the nude in art?" I said.

"There you go!" exclaimed the clockwinder. "You're as bad as the newspapers. They'd dearly love to make it appear that George was warring on art, just to stir things up and get the artists excited and sarcastic. But as I understand it, George hasn't said anything about art. Perhaps he's like me. I don't pretend to know anything about art, and I lay off the subject. But I can spot a suggestive picture as quickly as the next fellow, and I guess George can too. Some of these photographs of naked women I see in the cheap art stores are mighty suggestive. I'll bet a person with any kind of art education wouldn't look at them for a minute. All you can see in them is nakedness. They're not as bad as the pictures some drummers used to bring back from Paris, but they appeal to the same sort of taste in a crude way. I've seen boys looking at them in the store windows and passing remarks about them. Do you suppose those boys are admiring their artistic beauty? Not on your life! I read in one of the New York papers that the cheap art stores filled their windows with this kind of trash as soon as Anthony Comstock was safely out of the way. The dealers here are taking advantage of the interest in Exposition art as an excuse to sell them. Let them sell them if they must, but not to children. You know what some boys are—they like to bring things like that into the class room and pass them around when teacher isn't looking. Yes sir, I think Gallagher's on the right track."

### High School Frats

"Speaking of the schools," continued the clockwinder, "I understand that the high school frats are pretty nearly out of business, and I'm glad of it. We had a little experience with the frats

out at our house, and I've been against them ever since."

"What experience did you have with them?" I asked.

"My Mary's a good girl," answered the clockwinder, "but she's only sixteen and a girl of sixteen is bound to have a little foolishness in her head. I suppose when the other girls spoke to her about joining their sorority the compliment (Lord save us) was too much for her common sense. Any way she came home from school one afternoon, and my wife was surprised at the interest she took, all unasked, in the household work. She rearranged the furniture in the parlor and cleaned up the dining room. She was never so busy with the duster before, and my wife thought she wasn't feeling quite right. Then the bell rang, and Mary answered it. She came back to the kitchen and told her mother that three of her classmates had called. There was nothing unusual about that, but my wife was surprised when Mary insisted that she put on a white apron and go in to see them. Mary usually entertains her school friends without her mother's assistance. Well, my wife went in to see the girls, and what do you think they had called for?"

I told my friend that I couldn't imagine.

"You'd never guess in a thousand years. They were a committee of three from the sorority, and they had come to inspect the house. Yes, sir! To give our furniture the once-over and see if it was up to the sorority standard; to find out if it was elegant enough for the taste of the Alpha Omegas or the Delta Kappas or whatever it was they belonged to. The impertinent young snips! You can bet my wife gave them a piece of her mind, and they left the house in a hurry. Mary defended them at first—said they always did that when they were rushing a candidate. It nearly broke my wife's heart to think that Mary had anything to do with such snobs. But as I said, Mary's a good girl and after a while she saw the thing in the right light. She's gotten so that she laughs about it now, which is a good sign."

"Does your boy belong to a frat?" I asked, a little maliciously.

"Who, Johnnie?" demanded the clockwinder with a bad gleam in his eye. "Say, if he tried it I'd lick him to within an inch of his life!

Mary's experience got me curious and I made it my business to find out a few things. I discovered that when the frat boys met in the neighborhood they opened the meeting with a bottle of drug store whiskey, and that the principal order of business was crusee or craps. I discovered other things too, but they are too sad to repeat. I guess they're exceptional cases any way, so why talk about them? No, I don't think Johnnie will ever think of joining a high school frat. He knows my sentiments on the subject too well, and he has a healthy respect for my good right arm."

### A Tribute to Los Angeles

"How do you like Los Angeles?" asked Clarence Ward, the architect, of Clarence Kolb, the comedian.

With his little partner Max Dill and Maude Lillian Berri Kolb has been engaged in filming a comedy down south for the past few months. He came up to San Francisco for Christmas.

"It's a great town," the comedian replied to the architect. "It's a great town, and a great

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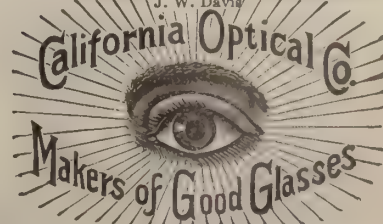
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people. Why, they'll follow a newsboy three blocks to read the paper over his shoulder!"

### The Slippery Greisheimer

On January 4 Frederick Greisheimer will again appear in court. And on that day some judge will listen to a motion to release the elusive and resourceful Greisheimer on probation. For Greisheimer is not yet at the end of his resources. Perhaps Greisheimer's resources are inexhaustible. Justice has been a long time trying to overtake Greisheimer, and Justice may some day quit in disgust, and let him go back to the lobster palaces of the Great White Way. Greisheimer, you may remember, is the young man who swindled Karl Mück, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, out of some money by representing himself as an agent of the Fatherland. That was months ago. Greisheimer has been playing tag with Justice ever since. Shortly after his arrest he was released on bonds, and immediately he became a fugitive. His bondsmen learned that he was on his way to Oregon, and they had him arrested. He spent a little time in the county jail waiting to be tried. One day the sheriff permitted him to go out with a deputy to have some dental work done. He disappeared. We were told that he escaped from the deputy. He was next heard from in New York, where he was enjoying the night life. District Attorney Fickert wired the police authorities of New York to arrest him, but the police were reluctant. It became necessary to invoke the aid of the Governor, but meanwhile Greisheimer disappeared. Once or twice he returned to Lobsteria. It seemed as though to have him arrested it was necessary to lead a policeman to his side. But eventually he was locked up, and in time a policeman from San Francisco arrived in New York with an Oregon boot. Greisheimer was brought back. He was tried and he was convicted, but he is still fighting for his liberty. I hear that he has some powerful friends fighting for him, too, among them a representative of a big commercial house. I hear that efforts have been made to induce District Attorney Fickert to become complaisant in the interest of the swindler, and that in the hope of influencing him it has been intimated that unless his zeal abates Greisheimer will revenge himself on certain prominent people whom he suspects of having had a hand in his prosecution. Greisheimer is the son of a wealthy resident of Chicago, and it is believed

that the persons who are trying to get him out of jail are friends of his family.

### Haas Gets a Tip

Louis Haas of the Crown Distilleries lives across the street from Larry Harris, tentmaker and wit, on Washington street in what is known as "the hardwood district." The Haases and the Harrises are not only neighbors but friends. Louis and Larry are both prominent members of The Family and see a great deal of each other. Haas is particularly fond of the Harris son and heir, and he testified his fondness by buying him a pair of boxing gloves for Christmas. On Christmas Eve Louis ran across the street and delivered his present for Harris Junior. It happens that the Harrises have a maid who believes in following instructions to the letter. Mrs. Harris had given her a handful of quarters and dimes with instructions to dispense them to messengers and delivery boys coming with Christmas packages, the size of the tip to depend on the nature of the service. So when dignified Louis Haas presented his gift at the door the maid asked him:

"Did you come far?"

"No," answered Louis, wondering, "just from across the street."

The maid sorted over the change in her palm, pushing the quarters aside, and finally picked out a dime which she handed to Haas. As Louis Haas walked slowly back to his own home he kept looking at that dime the way a man looks at something strange and inexplicable.

### Peace May Be Made in Stockholm

The tip comes to me from a well-informed observer of affairs in Europe that there is evidence of a streak of sanity aboard the Oscar II. It is nothing more than the circumstance that the peace ship is making a long stay at Stockholm. "If the pilgrims stay in Stockholm long enough," says my informant, "they may be able in time to crawl under the big tent and pose as participants in the big circus." Stockholm, it appears, is the centre of peace movements, or 'peace intrigues,' which is the term used by both belligerent groups for the enemy's attempts, real or imaginary, to throw out feelers for a settlement. Most attempts are imaginary, being deductions from prominent statesmen's visits to neutral capitals or from apocryphal utterances by reigning sovereigns. The theory is that the enemy sees the game

is up, expects no more successes, or sees no hope of retrieving his defeats; and so aims at raising a pacific atmosphere which will give the United States, the Pope, or some other authority, a pretext for intervention. In Stockholm these speculations never cease. Powerful interests are trying to make Sweden the inter-vener, and to make Stockholm the city where peace shall be signed. Civic pride is concerned. Swedish newspapers point out that Stockholm is almost the only neutral European town which

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could house the 4,000 diplomats, attachés, newspaper men and hangers-on who will rally to a peace conference—if there is a peace conference at all. Stockholm can be reached by all belligerents without passing through enemy territory. So, according to my informant, the Ford claimants may yet have themselves taken seriously. For if a peace pact should be signed at Stockholm, the pilgrims might consider the claim plausible that they generated the right atmosphere there and started the ball a-rolling. Would Dr. Aked regard it as unethical to bolster out a claim of that kind?

#### Pacifists Already There

At present there is sitting in Stockholm a Russo-Austro-German conference, with the aim of better providing for prisoners, and better arranging for invalid prisoners' exchange. The conference is the first direct meeting between representatives of belligerents, apart from meetings with parlementaires on the battlefield. The Swedish press proclaims that the conference has no peace-making functions; but asks: if Russians can meet Austrians and Germans for one purpose, why should they not meet for other purposes? The delegates' personalities cause speculation. The chief German is Prince Max of Baden, a soldier and jurist, a cousin of Queen Victoria of Sweden, and a friend of the Kaiser. It was Prince Max and his wife who, three years ago, concluded peace between the Hohenzollerns and the Cumberlands, and brought about the marriage of the Kaiser's daughter to the present Duke of Brunswick. The Swedish press assumes that Prince Max has been sent to talk peace privately with the Russian delegates. In fact, the Prince, through his relationship to the Queen of Sweden, is the chief link between Germany and the Swedish pro-war Activists; and it is said his one known ambition is not to make peace, but involve Sweden in the war.

#### Some of the Bigwigs

A stir was created by the arrival of Count Albert Apponyi as representative of Austria. Count Apponyi is the former Hungarian Minister of Education and former Speaker of the Chamber; he is known all over Europe for his pacifism, and his activity in the Pacifist Inter-Parliamentary Peace Congresses. Austria's second delegate, Baron von Spiegelfeld, is also a known pacifist. Of the two Russian delegates, the pacifist is M. Markosoff. He was badly wounded in the war with Japan, and in the present war he commanded a Red Cross train which fell into German hand. Till lately he was a prisoner in Germany. Dutch newspapers assert that Markosoff was released by the Kaiser and sent home with a letter to the Czar, expressing Germany's desire to come to terms. Probably the story is untrue. But the presence of both Apponyi and Markosoff has set going

the story that feelers are being made for peace. Prince Carl of Sweden was the originator of the conference. Sweden's Red Cross, of which Prince Carl is president, has all the expense and labor of exchanging Russian, German and Austrian invalid prisoners, and it gets no thanks, being attacked for alleged partiality to the Germans. The delegates make a great parade of enmity. Prince Carl entertained and King Gustav received the Austro-Germans separately from the Russians. A day later Count Apponyi and the second Russian delegate, Senator Arbusoff, lunched together in a private room in the Opera Cellar Restaurant. This encourages the peace speculators. The truth is that neither side had any authority to discuss peace; but the direct negotiations had the conscious aim of raising a "peace atmosphere," in which belligerents on both sides see the condition precedent of a speedy peace.

#### Poland to Be Kept

From a reader of Swedish newspapers I learn that in Swedish official circles it is believed that Germany is ready to evacuate Belgium, but resolved not to hand back Poland. Germany's actions show that as far as Poland goes this is true. Last month Germany opened Warsaw University and a new high school with instruction in the Polish language; she is introducing compulsory schooling, and carrying through measures of economic development. Apparently, Germany will plead that the retention of Poland by herself and Austria, or as alternative the creation of a semi-independent Polish kingdom entirely severed from Russia, is necessary from the standpoint of future defense. Against the German declaration of willingness to treat are only the isolated pacifist statements in England's House of Lords by Lords Courtney, Loreburn and Ribblesdale. The Swedish press makes out that the English speeches are a sign of the times, and that it is only a question of weeks or month before more English voices are heard on the same side.

#### The Hughes Art Collection

Seldom do the art patrons of San Francisco have such an opportunity of viewing the works of American painters as is afforded at the Wm. Keith gallery on Sutter street, where the collection of Rose Caldwell Hughes is on exhibition. Mrs. Hughes is very well known in local and Washington, D. C., society circles and her search for artistic canvases has carried her to all corners of the globe. She has visited every gallery of note in the old world and some of the paintings and etchings have been purchased in Europe, but her preference for the work of American artists is obvious to anyone who sees the collection. George Inness who is recognized as among the foremost American landscape painters, is represented in the collection by two uncommonly good pictures "The

End of Day" and "Delaware Valley." Innes has been called by some art critics the "perfect master of the brush," but the real secret of his strength seems to lie in his ability to combine clear thought and unity of expression in his notable works. "End of Day" has a wealth of color and is among the most important paintings of the Hughes collection. Carleton Wiggins, N. A., is represented by "Sheep at Pasture." He is a pupil of Inness and has won many marks of merit in art exhibitions of this country. Some of his paintings are hung in the National Gallery of Washington, D. C., and other notable art institutions. The name of Whistler is magic to lovers of art, and Mrs. Hughes did not consider her collection complete without a characteristic sample of his work. "Lady Archibald Campbell as Orlando" is the portrait in this collection and this canvas has been praised by all art critics, notably by Pennell in his Life of Whistler. Max Weyl, born

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in Wurtemberg in 1837, who did most of his work in this country, is represented by a marine canvas of note, and Carlton T. Chapman's "Coast on Long Island" is sure to attract attention. Chapman won the first prize in the Exhibition of the Society of Washington, D. C., artists, 1901. There is a notable J. Francis Murphy in the collection, examples of Robert Reed, Gustav Weigand, E. Loyal Field, A. Stover, Homer Martin, R. A. Blakelock, George Breustle, Thomas B. Craig, Charles P. Gruppe and Gilbert Gaul, all Americans of the highest standing in the art world. The European canvases include the work of Fournier, Nicholas Largilliere and Jacquet.

#### A Banker-Librettist

Dwight L. Clarke is the assistant secretary of the Savings Union Bank and Trust Company. Meeting him in the splendid marble temple of finance at Grant avenue and O'Farrell, you find him a keen business man thoroughly versed in all the intricacies of banking. You'd never dream that Dwight L. Clarke was an author as well as a banker. And yet he can match rhymes as well as study investments; all his books are not bank books. Dwight L. Clarke is a poet, a published poet. Why not? Was not the great Samuel Rogers who wrote the "Pleasures of Memory" a banker-poet? To be exact, Dwight L. Clark is a librettist. He has written the book for an opera, and this effort has just been published by the Philopolis Press of this city with the title of "The Passing of Pan." The title immediately arouses interest. One instantly recalls that our lawyer-poet Joe Redding is the author of a similar work. Redding wrote "The Atonement of Pan." The temptation to make comparisons between "The Passing of Pan" and "The Atonement of Pan" is very strong, but I think I shall resist it. The reason is that I don't want to hurt Joe Redding's feelings. Joe is a very clever fellow, as we all know; but his cleverness is not shown to the best advantage in serious verse. Dwight L. Clarke, on the other hand, is very happy in the realm of poetry. He handles metres well, and his imagination has

not been cramped by the unimaginative pursuit of banking. I wonder if there is any other banker in San Francisco who could write a metrical drama as good as "The Passing of Pan?" I am pretty sure Frank Anderson couldn't do it. I am pretty sure Isaiah Hellman wouldn't attempt it, or Will Crocker. How about Dick Tobin, and Wellington Gregg, and Doctor Giannini, and Herbert Fleishhacker, and John Drum who is president of the bank which Dwight L. Clarke serves as assistant cashier? I am not so sure of these. Sometimes I have suspected them of having poetic souls. Still I won't emphasize the suspicion, for fear men of mere money who distrust poets might look askance at them.

#### The Banker's Muse

In "The Pasing of Pan" Dwight Clarke takes us to a Greece where "old faiths and gods are straining 'neath the press of time." It is a Greece invaded by Gauls; the Druids have penetrated to the mystic shrine of Dodona. Of all Pan's myriad worshippers only two are left, and the god knows that his hour has come. It is remarkable how strongly that last cry of the old pagan world "Great Pan is dead" has impressed the imaginations of poets. Clarke is of the number so impressed, and this metrical drama in which he interweaves the passing of the great god with a story of love and conquest is worthy of respectful consideration. To show the quality of this banker's poetry I shall quote Pan's last song:

O heed the call of the westland isles,  
Where aye a sky of azure smiles,  
And Zephyr woos with sportive wiles,  
And billowed cloud-ships sail.  
O breathe the faint aroma blown  
From Pan's star-blossomed leafy throne  
In cedar groves with violets sown,  
And nodding hare-bells pale.

Tall, tall the westland pines do grow  
And sweet its winds dream-laden blow,  
And O! such beams the sun doth throw  
In the westland far and rare.

#### DIVIDEND NOTICE

BANK OF ITALY, southeast corner Montgomery and Clay streets; Market Street Branch, Junction Market, Turk and Mason streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1915, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1916. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1916. Money deposited on or before January 10, 1916, will earn interest from January 1, 1916.

A. P. GIANNINI, President,  
A. PEDRINI, Cashier. 1-1-1

#### CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

No. 2449.

Ten Cent Documentary Revenue Stamp Cancelled.  
The undersigned William S. Van Cott, residing at number 1950 Jones Street, San Francisco, California, hereby gives notice and certifies that he is individually transacting business under the fictitious name and style of W. S. Van Cott & Co., that the principal place of business of said W. S. Van Cott & Co., is situated at number 440 Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that his name in full is William S. Van Cott; that he is the sole owner of said business and that there is no other person or persons having any interest whatsoever therein.

Dated: December 2, 1915.

WILLIAM S. VAN COTT,  
W. S. VAN COTT.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On the 2nd day of December, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, before me, A. K. DAGGETT, a Notary Public in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared William S. Van Cott, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Seal)

A. K. DAGGETT,  
Notary Public, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed December 9, 1915.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

12-18-5

O joy-enthralling westland vales,  
O sheen on emerald-sprinkled swales  
In mountain-girded fairy dales—  
O westland shining fair.

#### ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68344, Dept. No. 16.

JOHN SULLIVAN, Plaintiff, vs. W. J. HYNES, administrator of the estate of Hope A. Britting, also known as Hope A. Breutting, deceased; JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the amended complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said amended complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2nd day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. BRUNNER, Deputy Clerk.

WM. F. ROSE and BRUCE GLIDDEN,

Attorneys for Plaintiff,

614 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-10

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MINNIE S. ROSENTHAL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MINNIE S. ROSENTHAL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Norman A. Eisner, his attorney, 344-345 Mills Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MINNIE S. ROSENTHAL, deceased.

CERF ROSENTHAL,  
Administrator of the estate of Minnie S. Rosenthal, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4th, 1915.

NORMAN A. EISNER,  
Attorney for Administrator,  
344-345 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

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## "Serata Italiana"

The Italians in common with other Latins love diminutives, and diminutives can only be translated literally. And so, "little Italian night" is not a correct translation of "serata Italiana." As a matter of fact, indeed, it was a "big night." It was one of the biggest we've had in a long time. There were about five hundred people there. Multiply that by five dollars, the price of a ticket, and you see that the proceeds reached a handsome figure. But all the money didn't come from the sale of tickets. There were the programs which Jack Leighton, a mirthful Italian, sold. And there was the money which was showered on the stage, especially when the Neapolitan Quartet sang. Charlie Dickman was kept busy gathering it up. Take it all in all, this Italian night at the St. Francis was a great affair, and Mrs. Will Crocker has reason to be proud of her success. She will have a warm place in the hearts of the Italian war sufferers when her check reaches them.

## Miss Crocker's Voice

Those who had not heard Miss Crocker before were surprised by the beauty of her singing. It was quite an ordeal for a young girl to appear on a program which included such trained public singers as Mackenzie Gordan and Charles Bulotti; but Miss Crocker stood the test admirably. She has a fine voice, and it has been well trained. She sang with spirit, with vivacity, and earned all the applause she got. You'd think she had been singing in public for years, she showed such poise and such command of her resources.

## And Mrs. Carolan's

I was not so impressed with Mrs. Carolan's voice. It was trained by Criticos of Paris, and we have been taught to believe that Criticos is

a great teacher. But after all, as somebody wisely said, there are no music teachers; only music pupils. However, Mrs. Carolan, it should be remembered, did not pursue her vocal studies with the seriousness of a person with designs on the professional stage. She had her voice cultivated only for the drawing-room and for the entertainment of her friends, and so she is deserving of great praise for participating in the benefit performance.

## An Orderly Audience

The audience was unusually orderly. The performers received the most respectful hearing. There was no talking, no laughing, no cutting up while they were on the stage. If I have heard one, I have heard half a dozen comment on this fact. That it should be specially commented on is not very complimentary to our smart society people. The truth is that those who sing at society affairs have become used to a good deal of rudeness. They do not count on that polite attention they receive elsewhere. They have taught themselves to expect loud chatter and laughter. It was different on this occasion. Perhaps society is beginning to remember its manners. I sincerely hope so. A legitimate grievance held by artists against society would be removed if society would always be on its best behavior as it was at Mrs. Crocker's fete.

## Charity and Jealousy

Speaking of affairs for charity, why is that they sometimes breed jealousy? If there is one thing which should not intrude on charitable endeavor it is jealousy. Jealousy is ugly at all times; but it is particularly ugly when it casts its mean shadow over a charitable cause. I regret to say that some of the ladies who are working for the war charities are jealous of other ladies engaged in the same good work. I have even heard that one lady went to the newspapers and requested that another lady's war charities be denied prominent-mention. It is too bad that such a spirit should creep into

a beautiful work. There is honor enough for all who accomplish things for the war sufferers. It will go round. There is no need to deny anybody credit. This jealousy is a serious matter when it operates to hamper charitable work. It wrecks itself finally upon the unfortunate victims of the war who have enough to bear already. I think that all the ladies who are engaged in this work should co-operate, and not think too much of their own pet fund. Charity enriches the soul of the charitable person, but when there is jealousy in that soul charity takes flight from it. I have mentioned no names. There is no need. But I hope those ladies who have harbored jealousy of other ladies in this charitable war work will root the unworthy sentiment out of their hearts.

## Society Entertains Anna Held

That charming little French actress Anna Held, who is now in her second week at the Orpheum, has been kept pretty busy during her present visit to San Francisco. A wonderfully active little woman is Anna Held, quite as ornamental in the drawing-room as on the stage, and with the gift of distinction in either milieu. Though giving two performances a day at the Orpheum she has found time for social diversion, and she has attended a number of functions. Wherever she goes she has admirers who want others to meet her. At the Southern Cotillion Club she was the guest of Mrs. Wymore, Mrs. Neville Castle and Mrs. McMullen. From there she was escorted by the Japanese Consul to a reception at the Japanese Consulate. At the Associated Charities dansant at the St. Francis she was the guest of Mrs. Max Sloss. Mrs. Adolph Spreckels entertained her at her studio in Vallejo street. On Tuesday she was the motif for a luncheon to which Mrs. Spreckels invited ten of her friends at her Washington street home. She has been entertained at the Press and Olympic clubs by members and their wives, and she herself has been a charming hostess at a number of teas and luncheons. On Christmas Day she gave a luncheon at the Commercial Club, the guests being Julian Neltner, the French Consul, M. Guillaume, architect of the French Pavilion, Mr. Charles F. Hanlon and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bonnet. A number of affairs have been given in honor of Miss Held by Mrs. Banks of Los Angeles, during her recent visit to this city. This is Miss Held's last week at the Orpheum where, by the way, she is wearing for the first time in this city a Held blue gown and coat that are the handiwork of the famous Tascaud of Paris.

## At Mrs. Spreckels' Studio

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of the opportunity to view the exhibit of noted San Francisco artists in the art gallery of Alma de Bretteville Spreckels, 2042 Vallejo street. Engravings signed by the President of France, the four allied ministers of Servia, Russia, Japan and England; engravings, photos and books signed by Flammarion, D'Annunzio, Rejane, Madame Curie, Anatole France, Pierre Loti, President Wilson, Ex-President Taft, James Whitcomb Riley, Jack London, Mrs. Jack London, Robert Chambers, Harry Leon Wilson, George Sterling and other equally famous writers too numerous to mention, are also to be seen. Dolls dressed or sent by Calve, Lotta, Loie Fuller, Madame Flammarion, Lady Eileen Gray, Mrs. Clara L. Darling, Mayor Nathan of Rome and all the Commissioners of the Exposition give a piquant interest to the studio. Then there are jewelry, furniture, objets d'art, furs, musical instruments, etc. These articles are to be disposed of for the relief of the Belgians, and of widows and orphans of French artists and sculptors, victims of the war. Tea is served daily from four to six for 25 cents by Chinese girl in costume.

#### His 27th Year

With the beginning of the new year Emil Steinegger will enter upon his twenty-seventh year of activity as a piano-pedagogue. Though a native son, Steinegger was a pupil of the great Leschetitzky, of Karl Wawratil and Robert Fuchs. He is proud of his masters, and the same sentiment is entertained by his own pupils toward him.

#### At the Cecil

An enjoyable Christmas dinner was given Saturday in the private dining room. The attractive room was festooned with garlands of evergreens and Christmas berries, and the circular table was banked with smilax and scarlet flowers. Among those present were Captain and Mrs. Crisp, Mrs. Graff, Mrs. Sale, Mr. and Mrs. Doyle of Los Angeles, Colonel William Hart of the United States army and Mrs. Hold-

en. At another table Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt entertained in honor of her son and daughter-in-law Lieutenant and Mrs. Conger Pratt who came up from the Presidio of Monterey to spend the holidays with her. Lieutenant and Mrs. Pratt will leave shortly for San Antonio where the former will be aide to General George Bell Jr.

#### At the Somerton

One of the principal festivities of the holiday season will be the dance on New Year's Eve at the Somerton. Numerous parties are being made up. Many of the officers of the U. S. navy and army will be hosts at jolly affairs. The hotel has been specially decorated for the occasion and has been transformed into a Yuletide bower fragrant with the pungent odors of the evergreens, colored with the brilliancy of the Christmas berries and the flaming poinsettias. Lieutenant John W. Cummings, U. S. N., will entertain a party of friends. General and Mrs. Edward McClelland, U. S. A., have also engaged a table, and Major and Mrs. F. J. Koester are planning to entertain. Lieutenant and Mrs. Conger Pratt will join the merry makers. Captain and Mrs. John Ellicott of Mare Island have also reserved a table. A score of friends partook Tuesday of the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hoarce of New York City who are spending the winter at the Somerton. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Dempster of Chicago entertained a coterie of friends at dinner Monday. Among the informal luncheons was the affair presided over by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Vogt Monday. The Vogts motored up from their home in Los Angeles and are guests. An elaborate dinner was given Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bush of Seattle. Professor C. J. Brooks returned Tuesday to his home at Stanford. Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Miller gave a farewell luncheon prior to their departure for their home in Fresno. Among recent arrivals from Portland, Ore., are J. E. Letson and son and B. A. Brockenbury. A warm welcome is being accorded Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mc-

Donald who arrived this week from Philadelphia. They are accompanied by their daughter.

#### Our Frolicsome City

Drawing their conclusion from the happy experience of all San Francisco's retail merchants in enjoying the biggest holiday business in years, the cafe managers are preparing to handle the biggest crowds of their lives on New Year's Eve. Our stores have demonstrated to all that prosperity has hit the Pacific Coast, and our restaurateurs are getting ready for a flow of champagne on Friday night that has never been seen here before. And although there will be only a little French vintage wine served in these places of amusement as a result of the war, nevertheless the joy promises to be unconfined because at each resort mine host, far-sighted as he usually is in such cases, has seen to it that he has on hand a large stock of Paul Masson, vintage of 1908, California's only vintage wine. And I am told that cafe owners up and down the coast have taken the same course for the entertainment of their New Year's Eve guests. From Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles and San Diego come reports that it has been decided to let Paul Masson take the place of the French wines, and it is my own opinion that the imported beverage will not displace Paul after the war is finished.

The sick man had just come out of a long delirium.

"Where am I?" he said feebly, as he felt the loving hands making him comfortable. "Where am I? In heaven?"

"No, dear," cooed his devoted wife. "I am still with you."

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## Gossip of the Theatre

### A Slender Miss Illington

Margaret Illington in a new English play "The Lie" by Henry Arthur Jones returned this week to the Cort Theatre. It is a very pleasing play in four acts telling the old story of a heartless, selfish woman who by treacherous insinuations shifts her own guilt on to her self-sacrificing sister. It is not by any means an original theme as the sister Lucy also succeeds in luring away the heroine's lover, but nevertheless it catches one's interest and holds it. I wonder why it is that in the usual English play, after a lapse of two, three or five years some of the principal characters have just returned from either India or Egypt? They never on any account seem to consider remaining in England. In "The Lie" it happens to be Egypt, the erring sister and "stolen" husband having just returned. It is a much slimmer and more girlish-looking Margaret Illington who returns to San Francisco. She has lost so many pounds that one is almost inclined to call her svelte and it is with no difficulty that she assumes the role of a young girl. "The Lie" does not give her the opportunity for as much emotionalism as most of her former vehicles, but where it does she takes good advantage of it and works herself up to that pitch of frenzy that has made her famous. The role of the sister Lucy is naturally a very important one in the action of the play and Miss Illington as a true actress allows it every bit of its due, never for one moment obtruding herself into it. Miss Illington is altogether quite charming. Her very swagger gowns deserve a word. She has that happy art of gowning herself in perfect harmony with her part. She is never overdressed. I could not help but notice this especially in the first act in which she appears in a simple blue serge one-piece dress, just such as one would expect a girl in very moderate circumstances to be wearing. Her evening gowns were exquisitely simple and in flawless taste, bearing that ineffaceable stamp of the perfect modiste which every woman loves. The stage setting, so the program tells us, was arranged by the author and is certainly very pretty and harmonious. The cast which is rather longer than in most of the plays we have been seeing lately, supported Miss Illington admirably. Even the very little boy "Dick" played his part in a natural, unaffected manner.

—Nell.

### Second Week of "Daddy Long Legs"

"Daddy Long Legs" is again crowding the Columbia to the doors just as it did a year ago when Henry Miller gave San Francisco its first opportunity to see the dramatization of Jean Webster's stories. Renee Kelly is once more the Judy of the cast and is surrounded by Byron Beasley and the players who were here before in the play. "Daddy Long Legs" will start the second and final week of its run Monday night and will be seen for the last time on Sunday, January 9.

### The San Francisco Symphony

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz, conductor, will give its second pair of concerts at the Cort next Friday afternoon (January 7) at three o'clock sharp, and next Sunday afternoon (January 9) at two-thirty o'clock sharp. As the music committee of the Association has arranged to present exactly the same program at each pair of symphony concerts, music lovers are availing themselves of

the opportunity of more fully enjoying the manifold beauties of the orchestral numbers by attending both the Friday and Sunday concerts. The program includes "The Peri" (Danced Poem) by Paul Dukas, which will be performed for the first time in America, the British Folk-Music Settings of Percy Grainger, and the Symphonic Suite "Scheherazade" of Rimsky-Korsakow. Tickets at the box offices of Sherman Clay, Cort and Kohler and Chase on Monday, January 3.

### Lillian Russell at Orpheum

Lillian Russell, the most famous American woman on the stage, recognized for a generation as "the queen of comic opera" which she forsook for musical comedy and vaudeville, has returned to the footlights for a brief tour of the Orpheum circuit. Miss Russell's engagement in this city which begins with the Sunday matinee, is most positively limited to one week. She will sing old and new songs and wear dazzling gowns, such as have made her wardrobe the standard of stage magnificence. Fatima, one of the deposed Sultan Abdul of Turkey's dancing girls, will appear in a repertoire of Egyptian dances. At the outbreak of the Turkish revolution she was one of ten dancing girls who escaped from the harem. Nine were captured. Fatima made her way to Russia and then to Berlin where she created quite a furore with her dancing. Her appearance in New York was a sensation. Ben Ryan and Harriette Lee, a clever team of singing and dancing comedians will present the comedy skit "You've Spoiled It." Comfort and King will make a bid for laughter

in Junie McCree's "Coon Town Divorcons." George Austin Moore and Cordelia Haager swap yarns, sing songs and dance. Max Le Hoen and Mlle. Dupreece will give an exhibition of fancy marksmanship. Florrie Millership, formerly of Harry Fox and the Millership Sisters, is doing a "single" entitled "Little Miss Dainty." It affords her an opportunity of introducing exclusive and catchy songs and of making frequent changes of costume. Arthur McWatters and Grace Tyson and Page, Hack and Mack will be included in the attractions. "Uncle Sam at Work," one of the most remarkable films ever taken, has been exclusively secured by the Orpheum circuit. It was filmed with the consent and approval of the United States Government and therefore is certain to be not only accurate in every particular but intensely instructive and interesting. It is in ten consecutive installments; the first one "Where Uncle Sam Makes His Laws and Keeps His Relics" will be the finale to this bill.

### "Seven Keys" at Alcazar

Following its farce success "Nearly Married," the Alcazar has another big surprise ready. Monday night Belasco and Mayer will offer Bert Lytell and Evelyn Vaughan and their clever company of players in the first production at popular prices of George M. Cohan's greatest success, "The Seven Keys to Baldpate." Here is a banner attraction of the first order. This play has a nation-wide reputation, and at the hands of the versatile Lytell-Vaughan players, it will be seen to the very best advantage. Almost everybody has read the popular novel from



MARGARET ILLINGTON  
In "The Lie" at the Cort



which it takes its title and is familiar with the mirth, mystery and merriment with which it abounds. Bert Lytell will have the role of the young author who goes to Baldpate to write his novel and Evelyn Vaughan will be seen in the opposite role of his sweetheart. E. D. Hales, Phillips Tead, Henry Shumer, Alexis Luce, William Amsdell, Jane Darwell, Margaret Armstrong and the other Lytell-Vaughan players will all be well cast and Addison Pitt has spent great energy on the production.

#### "Twin Beds" Coming to Cort

Selwyn and Company which gave the stage such conspicuous successes as "Within the Law," "Under Cover," and "The Lie" in which Margaret Illington is starring, will provide another treat on Sunday evening, January 9, when they will present for the first time in this city their latest farcical success "Twin Beds." It is an irresistibly humorous play of life among the apartment house dwellers, by Salisbury Field and Margaret Mayo (author of "Baby Mine") which has proved the laughing triumph of the past year in New York where it played to capacity audiences for the entire season. In the cast will be Juliette Day, J. Morrill Morrison, Editha Maxham, P. Paul Porcasi, Marian Lord, William Weston, Eleanor Wilton and others.

#### Mme. Doree at Pantages

Mme. Doree and her fourteen operatic vocalists offering "A Grand Operatic Revue," will be the stellar attraction on the new eight-act show which opens at Pantages next Sunday. Mme. Doree played the circuit with the Imperial Grand Opera Company about two years ago and at that time scored a great success with her condensed versions of the standard operas. This season she has elaborated on her former offering. She stages scenes from "Lucia," "Martha," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Il Trovatore," "Carmen" and others. During the engagement the operas will be changed four times. Laurie Ordway, the merry little comedienne who is a prime favorite with Pantages audiences, will return with her mirthful character song hits including her newest travesty "The Cross Red Nurse." "Kings of Harmony" are four big singing fellows who have a rollicking vaudeville specialty. "Alice Teddy" is a shaggy-haired bear that skates, clowns and wrestles. Al Luttringer and company will present "The Girl from the West," a typical frontier playlet. Billy Strong, a blackface funster, and the San Diego Skating Four who have been creating a furor in the south, will round out the vaudeville bill. The third installment of "The Red Circle" will be shown.

#### The S. F. Quintet Club

The San Francisco Quintet Club, the most important of our chamber music organizations, will resume its activities in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis on Tuesday night, January 11. This date has been changed from Thursday night, January 6, as originally advertised, to accommodate the management of the hotel. This will be the first of a series of three exceptionally fine programs. The offering will be Mozart's Quartet for strings and flute, Quartet for strings No. 3 by Schumann and a Quintet for piano and strings by Sgambati. Tickets for the course and for single concerts are to be had at Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase's. The club was founded in 1911 by E. M. Hecht and is under the management of Will Greenbaum. Under the joint auspices of the Music Department of the University of California and the Berkeley Musical Association, the Quintet Club will give the first of a series of

concerts at the University in Berkeley on Tuesday night, January 23.

#### Emilio De Gogorza

Two concerts will be given at the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, January 23 and 30, by Emilio De Gogorza, the eminent Spanish baritone. Mail orders may be sent to Will Greenbaum at Sherman Clay.

#### Gabrilowitsch

Besides appearing as soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, by arrangement with Will Greenbaum, the famous Russian pianist Ossip Gabrilowitsch will be heard in a recital and also in a combination concert with his gifted wife Clara Clemmens Gabrilowitsch, daughter of Mark Twain.

#### Emmy Destinn's Popularity

So great is the popularity of the Bohemian soprano Emmy Destinn with the employees of the Metropolitan Opera House, as well as with the public, that the stage hands constructed an electric sign across the hallway leading from the stage door to the artist's dressing room which flashed the words "Welcome Back, Emmy Destinn" when the singer made her reappearance as a member of the company last week.

#### Second Week of Miss Illington

In Henry Arthur Jones' "The Lie" Miss Margaret Illington goes into the second and last week of her local stay Sunday evening. Miss Illington's supporting company includes C. Aubrey Smith, G. W. Anson, Richard Hatteras, Thomas O'Malley, Mercedes Desmore, Bertha Kent, Virginia Chauvenet and little Mildred Kahle. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and on Saturday.

#### A Gala Night at Techau's

Techau Tavern was a festive scene on Christmas Eve when a record attendance assembled to dance and feast. The cafe was appropriately and tastefully decorated with evergreen garlands dotted with colored electric bulbs. It was a gathering of the clans of the epicures and the votaries of the dance, all of whom will long remember the night before Christmas, 1915. There is a charm about the Candy Dances at the Tavern which continues them in popular favor. It goes without saying that the floor is perfect and the music the best. In addition to this there are the souvenirs, of which every lady receives one. They are boxes of generous size and beautiful design and they are packed to the brim with that delightful confection, Lyon's Perfection California Glacé Fruits. The men have their souvenirs, too: large boxes of Pall Mall cigarettes for all.

### SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ - - - - CONDUCTOR

#### SECOND PAIR OF CONCERTS

Friday Afternoon, January 7, at 3 O'clock  
Sunday Afternoon, Jan. 9, at 2:30 O'clock

### CORT THEATRE

#### PROGRAMME

"The Peri" (Danced Poem).....Paul Dukas  
(First time in America)  
British Folk-Music Settings.....Percy Grainger  
"Scheherazade," Symphonic Suite, Op. 35.....  
.....Rimsky-Korsakow

PRICES—Friday, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c; box and loge seats, \$3.00. Sunday, \$1.00, 75c, 50c; box and loge seats, \$1.50.

Seats on sale Monday at box offices Sherman, Clay & Co., Cort Theatre, and Kohler & Chase.

Teacher—Now, children, what is it we want to make us perfectly happy?

Bright Youngster—The things we ain't 'got.

## Cypheum

Safest and Most  
Magnificent  
Theatre in  
America

O'FARRELL and STOCKTON & POWELL Phone Douglas 70  
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon, Matinee Every Day

#### A Great New Show

### LILLIAN RUSSELL

America's Loveliest Woman

Singing Her Favorite Songs

#### One Week Only

FATIMA, Principal Dancing Girl of Abdul Hamid II, Famous Sultan of Turkey. BEN RYAN & HARRIETTE LEE in "You've Spoiled It." COMFORT & KING in Junie McCree's Colored Classic "Divorcons." GEORGE ALLEN MOORE & CORDILLA HAAGER, Songs and Stories. L. E. HOEN & D. PRECE, FLORRIE MILLERSHIP. ARTHUR McWATTERS & GRACE TYSON. PAGE, HACK & MACK. UNCLE SAM AT WORK, Greatest Motion Picture Ever Filmed, Secured Exclusively for the Orpheum Circuit.

Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays)—10c, 25c, 50c

## ALCAZAR THEATRE

PHONE KEARNY 2

Commencing Monday Night, January 3rd

Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

BERT LYTELL-EVELYN VAUGHAN

And Their Own Company of N. Y. Players

George M. Cohan's Greatest Farce Success

"THE SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE"

The Mystery Farce Comedy of the Century

PRICES—Evenings: 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees: 25c, 50c

## CORT

### LEADING THEATRE

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SECOND AND LAST BIG WEEK STARTS

SUNDAY NIGHT, JANUARY 2

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

Selwyn and Co. Present

### MARGARET

### ILLINGTON

in

#### "THE LIE"

By Henry Arthur Jones

"A great actress in a great play."—N. Y. Herald.  
Nights, 50c to \$2.00; Matinees, 50c to \$1.50

NEXT Sunday, January 9, "TWIN BEDS"

## PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE

MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON

Farewell Vaudeville Tour of

MME. DOREE & CO.

in "Grand Operatic Revue"

Great Moments from Standard Operas

Cast of Fourteen Operatic Stars

Program changed three times during engagement

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EIGHT GREAT PANTAGES FEATURES

## COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse Phone Franklin 150 Geary and Mason

Same Great Success as Before

Up to and Including Sunday Night, January 9

Most Fascinating Comedy of the Day

### DADDY LONG-LEGS

By Jean Webster

RENEE KELLY as Judy

(Henry Miller, Manager)

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday Prices 25c to \$1.50



## Letters

### Eden Phillpotts' Latest

The dedication of "Old Delabole" is "to Thomas Hardy in honor of his unapproachable art and with affection for his most approachable self." The tribute should give satisfaction to the admirers of both authors for there is not another writer of the English language whose art so nearly approaches that of Hardy as does that of Eden Phillpotts. As "Brunel's Tower" made us acquainted with the intricacies of the potter's trade, so "Old Delabole" introduces us to the business of state quarrying, for Delabole is a North Cornwall quarry town where everything is dependent on the prosperity of the works. Intimate as the information is, it is but incidental, and is free from the suspicion that the author is trying to display his own knowledge for the edification of those less well informed. Rugged and wind-swept is the country and the coast, and as is so often the case where natural beauty is denied, the people have taken to religion. Methodism is the favored creed, and amongst quarrymen and artificers there is a goodly sprinkling of lay preachers and aspirants, and difficulties and differences are prayed over as well as argued out. Peasants and craftsmen are no longer the simple creatures we used to know. They have trade unions, and discuss socialism and the rights and wrongs of capital and labor. The children clamor for "higher education" and the parents, instead of hurrying the young off to work and demanding every penny of their earnings until they are of age, are reasonably willing to give them the advantages they demand. Delabole was a fairly prosperous community. The quarry was turning out good stone and there was no dissatisfaction amongst the workmen, save, of course, a few chronic grumblers. The manager was popular, Thomas Hawkey was one of themselves, the son of a quarryman, who understood their natures and successfully tided over difficulties which would have been serious under a less tactful head. One great calamity threatened. In this quarry custom and usage opposed tunneling. The work was all "open" and the natural consequence was that from time to time there would be a great "overhang" which must fall into the pit. At this time, when everything was moving along so favorably, one of the foremen, taking a short cut over the hill, discovered the ominous signs which pointed to a near and colossal fall, and we have a graphic depiction of the uncertainty of the result. If no new and good vein is revealed or no profitable amount of slate can be got from the debris, as a matter of course the directors of the company will close the works and the villagers some of whose roots have been planted there for centuries, must find new abiding places. Meanwhile, among the younger generation, courting is carried on as though there were naught impending, and it is more particularly with the Retallac family that the "little god" is concerned. Retallac himself is a foreman at the quarry and generally looked upon as a "warm" man. In reality he is far from that, his investments having proved worthless. His health is precarious and is not improved by his secret worry over his financial plight. The sentimental interest circles about his eldest daughter Edith who is the apex of the "eternal triangle." Edith has two eligible suitors, Hawkey, the quarry manager, and Bake, an independent miller. Both are honorable men, equal in mental, moral and financial standing, and both make precisely the same appeal to the girl. Hawkey, being slightly more positive in character, possibly has just a shade of ad-

vantage, and might have won the girl's consent but for an inadvertence on her father's part, for he, believing that she was inclined to Bake, thought it only honorable to save Hawkey the pain of a refusal. Matters progressed quite as favorably as could be expected between the young people until the death of Retallac. Having absolute confidence in Wesley Bake, he had made him executor of his estate, and Wesley, strictly honest and honorable, sought to fulfill the trust as the dead man's honor demanded. Now it was revealed that instead of a comfortable fortune, he left in all but the small sum of one thousand and fifty pounds. Some years before an uncle who was then well-to-do had accommodated Retallac with a thousand pounds, and it was an open question whether this was a gift or merely a loan at convenience. The uncle had lost the greater part of his own means before his death and though the question had never come up between the two men, after the death of Lobb his widow claimed that the sum was a loan. There were no writings to show and no witnesses. Bake's conscience asserted that this was a loan and that not to pay the debt would be to leave a cloud on Retallac's honor. But if the Widow Lobb received her thousand pounds there would be nothing at all left for the Widow Retallac who naturally demurred. Edith sided with her mother and broke her engagement with Bake, while Pooley, the preacher son, took his stand beside the executor. Ned, a younger member of the household, was for his mother, and Julietty, the second daughter, happily married, ranged herself with Bake and Pooley, while Grandfather Nute, though deprived of house and home by the series of events, was neutral. As matters stood then, the lovers were back in their original position, Edith free, and Bake and Hawkey equally in love with her. The ordinary solution would be for Hawkey to step in and win the prize, and the temptation was sore. How it was worked out, how Grandfather Nute found a home and how other problems solved themselves logically the reader must find out for himself. Incidental to the main story there is a comic element in the cynical pessimism of Moses Bunt and his tombstone and Antipas Keat, determined to build his house without any assistance, while little Betty Bake who, being always threatened with punishments, frankly owned, "I don't much like what I hear about God," is refreshingly original and a contrast to her good but commonplace sister Mary who "fairly yowled to God for forgiveness" every time she imagined she had done something wrong. For those who have come under the spell of Eden Phillpotts it is enough to say of "Old Delabole," "Here is another." Everything he does is good. From the Macmillan Company.

#### DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (The German Bank), 526 California street; Mission Branch, corner Mission and Twenty-first streets; Richmond District Branch, corner Clement street and Seventh avenue; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1915, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1916. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1916.

GEORGE TOURNAY, Manager. 1-1-2

#### DIVIDEND NOTICE

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery street. For the half year ending December 31, 1915, a dividend upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum will be payable on and after January 3, 1916.

S. L. ABBOTT, Vice-President. 1-1-1

#### DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market street, near Fourth. For the half year ending December 31, 1915, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1916. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1916.

H. C. KLEVESAHN, Cashier. 1-1-2

### CERTIFICATE OF DOING BUSINESS UNDER A FICTITIOUS NAME

No. 2473.

Ten Cent Internal Revenue Stamp Affixed and Cancelled.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, that I, Herman D. Gildmacher, do hereby certify that I am transacting business in the State of California, under the fictitious name and style of Citizens Commercial Co.; that my full name is Herman D. Gildmacher; that I reside at 1424 Gough Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that my principal place of business is at 525 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that I am the sole owner of said business.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand this 21st day of December, 1915.

HERMAN D. GILDMACHER.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 21st day of December in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a notary public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Herman D. Gildmacher, known to me to be the person, described in, whose name is subscribed to, and who executed the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same. Witness my hand and official seal, at my office, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal) A. J. NAGLE,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 27, 1915.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. B. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

#### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 70203. LILLIAN E. BERGES, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's cruelty and intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS WILSON,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

2536 Hilgard Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

12-18-15

#### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 69821.

JULIA GREGORY, Plaintiff, vs. CORWIN I. GREGORY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CORWIN I. GREGORY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's having for more than one year, last past, immediately preceding the filing of her complaint willfully and without cause deserted and abandoned plaintiff; also for care, custody and control of the minor children of plaintiff and defendant, to-wit: Vivian Gregory and Rose Gregory, and alimony, counsel fees and costs of suit; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of November, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANKLIN P. BULL,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

637 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-11-10



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Wall Street ran into the last half of December without seeing discount rates marked up. The money market stiffened a little at the end of the week and business was active in banking circles but no signs of the strain that usually comes at the end of the year were apparent. Last year money remained easy in December, but conditions were so abnormal that no lesson could be drawn from it. A large issue of emergency currency was then outstanding, the Federal Reserve Banks had just been organized, domestic trade was at a low ebb and trading on the Stock Exchange was subject to minimum prices. This year domestic and foreign trade is very active, the demand for money is unusually large, bank loans and clearances are at new high records, but the banking system is so improved by the Federal Reserve Law that money remains easy. There are better checks on over-expansion than before and we are not going through a period of inflation. We have simply mobilized our banking resources and are making them do their work scientifically. Stocks held their own very well last week in spite of a deluge of unfavorable news from Europe. The Allies made no progress, fears of an invasion of Egypt were expressed, a fierce struggle to depreciate the price of Anglo-French bonds was waged on the Stock Exchange and the reply of the Austro-Hungarian Government to Secretary of State Lansing's note on the Ancona case was very unsatisfactory. Congress will probably be asked to consider our foreign relations, and, if such a request does not come from President Wilson, some member will move a resolution asking him for full information. Wall Street's view is that the notewriting season in Washington should end at once, now that Austria-Hungary not only evades the issues of taking American lives, but pokes fun at us after Germany wrote the Lusitania case to death. With the prices at which our commodities are selling, with the output of our manufactures, with the earnings of our railroads, with financial conditions better than we have ever had them since the war began, it is hard to understand the pessimism of the past six weeks. We believe anyone buying our good securities, railroads especially, and industrials if they know them, will see prices next year that will be amazing. The statement of Union Pacific and Atchison are the forerunners of what we will get from the trunk lines. There is some European selling, very noticeably in Pennsylvania and Atchison, and when they stop selling stocks of this kind, they will have just as rapid an advance as the others which were fortunate enough not to have an international market.

**Wheat**—There was no mistaking the trend of the wheat market last week. From start to finish, prices were kept on the up-grade until the May option sold dangerously near the 130 mark. That conditions are shaping for a repetition of last year's price-levels is very generally accepted as fact. The abandonment of the

Dardanelles campaign has opened the eyes of the foreigner to the fact that only an agreement upon peace terms will unlock the Russian granaries and bring the relief needed to importing nations. The latter have all along confidently believed that Constantinople could be captured and the thirty miles of obstruction to general commerce removed, but it seems to be as impossible as during the hundreds of preceding years, and Europe must now rely upon the same sources of supply as last year. But these are far from being as accessible and perhaps not far from impossible, at least until certain restrictions are adjusted. Instead of improving, the freight situation is tightening, vessel room is becoming more difficult to secure and rates are soaring to figures that are almost prohibitive, both from Argentina and Australia. It would be March anyway before supplies could be delivered to the United Kingdom, and this compels the absorption of the wheat raised in this country to as great an extent as last year. Europe cannot stop to figure definitely what her necessities will be, and she buys regardless of what they may prove to be, and that is what has stimulated prices to the extent of a 30-cent advance from low point. We have never advocated the purchase of any grain on excited bulges, but whenever weak, we think wheat should be accumulated.

**Corn**—The theory of widespread damage to corn is by no means eliminated, but on the contrary, it has gained recruits rapidly in the speculative element. It is claimed that the shortage will be found in the quality instead of the quantity, which has never been denied by the Government. It will be impossible to decide accurately until the receipts shall become heavier in volume, but the trade can be assured that so far as the grain from northern territory is concerned, there will be no dispute concerning its degeneracy. Some of the samples displayed on the exchange would hardly be recognized as the "golden cereal" referred to in agricultural phraseology. But it would be unfair to claim that there was not a large area which has produced abundantly of excellent grain so that an advance of 20 cents might, for the time being, be all that could reasonably be expected. At all events, in the face of an expected liberal movement, it would reasonably seem that reactions should be more frequent and create good trading opportunities. If all the predictions of damage are verified, there could scarcely be a doubt as to higher prices for corn next spring.

**Cotton**—It was a very slow market in cotton last week with prices generally on the down grade although there were frequent rallies brought about by the local professionals in New York, who seem to be in control of the market for the time being. Outside trade in cotton has been very small and it is customary when a condition like this exists for the professional trader to make drives at the market hoping to force some of the bulls to let go. There was

very little news of consequence—the trade are now satisfied that the crop will be slightly above the 11,000,000 figures. Spot cotton has been offered a little more freely by the South but it seems to be readily taken and does not become a burdensome factor. The technical position of the market now favors the bull side and trade conditions could not be better. Mills are doing the best business in years and American consumption is on an enormous scale. Spot holders in the South have sold about all the cotton around 12 cents that they care to part with, and our advices are that the remainder will be held for much higher prices. It is said that 90 per cent of the cotton carried into the new year will be held for 15 cents and it is our firm conviction that this price will be realized.

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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets .....	\$60,321,343.04
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Capital actually paid up in cash .....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds .....	1,958,443.69
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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPHINE L. McINTYRE, deceased.—No. 19862; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of JOSEPHINE L. McINTYRE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorneys, Lent & Humphrey, Room 428, Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said decedent.

PETER C. YORKE,

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Josephine L. McIntyre, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4th, 1915.

LENT & HUMPHREY,

Attorneys for Executor,

Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-4-5

## NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

AGREEMENT, made and entered into between M. I. SOMMERS and R. J. HERTS,

WITNESSETH:

WHEREAS, the parties hereto have heretofore been engaged in the general and outdoor advertising business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of SOMMERS and HERTS; and

WHEREAS, the parties hereto desire this day to dissolve said partnership,

NOW, THEREFORE this agreement WITNESSETH: First: That said partnership is this day by mutual consent hereby dissolved.

Second: The said M. I. SOMMERS does hereby assume and agree to pay all the obligations, debts and liabilities of every kind whatsoever, now or which may hereafter become due in connection with said partnership business.

Third: The said R. J. HERTS in consideration of the assumption of all of said obligations by said Sommers, does hereby sell, assign and transfer unto the said M. I. SOMMERS all of his interest in and to the partnership business and all of his right, title and interest in and to all outstanding accounts, contracts, leases and property of every kind and nature belonging to or used in or intended to be used in connection with the aforesaid business.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties hereto have hereunto set their hands and seals at San Francisco, California, this 2nd day of December, 1915.

M. I. SOMMERS,

R. J. HERTS.

LOUIS H. BROWNSTONE,

Attorney-at-Law,

San Francisco, Cal.

12-19-4

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69542. SADIE A. McNEIL, Plaintiff, vs. LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of November, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

H. D. GILDMACHER,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

525 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

11-27-10

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN HOWARD EVERETT, deceased.—No. 19958

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of ELLEN HOWARD EVERETT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Jas. M. Shields, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN HOWARD EVERETT, deceased.

SAMUEL J. LEE,

Executor of the estate of Ellen Howard Everett, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1915.

JAS. M. SHIELDS,

Attorney for Executor,

110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

12-11-5

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## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68185; Dept. 10.

GERTRUDE JEANETTE HARMON, Plaintiff, vs. WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of September, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

WEINMANN & CUNHA,

Attorneys for Plaintiff,

Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-13-10

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of F. W. SCHLUTTER, Deceased.—No. 19905; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, E. R. BOSSHART, Administrator of the estate of F. W. SCHLUTTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the office of L. M. Hoefler, Room 903 California-Pacific Building, No. 105 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, which last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of F. W. SCHLUTTER, deceased.

E. R. BOSSHART,

Administrator of the estate of F. W. Schlutter, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 4th, 1915.

L. M. HOEFLER,

Attorney for Administrator,

105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

12-4-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BLANCHE ANNA HUSSON, Deceased.—No. 19,916; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of BLANCHE ANNA HUSSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the undersigned Executor at his law office, No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BLANCHE ANNA HUSSON, deceased.

A. COMTE, JR.

Executor of the last will and testament of Blanche Anna Husson, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4th, A. D. 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney-at-Law,

333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

12-4-5

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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ADELE AMOS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, WILLIAM HENRY AMOS, as Executor of the last will and testament of ADELE AMOS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Henry Ach, Room 710 in the Flatiron Building, No. 544 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ADELE AMOS, deceased.

WILLIAM HENRY AMOS,

As Executor of the last will and testament of Adele Amos, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1915.

HENRY ACH, ESQ.,

Attorney for Executor,

544 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

11-12-5

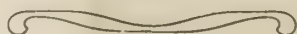
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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVII. No. 1221

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 8, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

## *IN THIS ISSUE:*

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Some Political Poison Bombs

"Smoking Mark Twain's Cigar"

Light Shed on Dr. Aked's Friends

An American's Influence in Europe

An Outgoing Supervisor Reviews His Term

A Pinkerton Dines With Mrs. Baldwin Stocker

The Clockwinder Staggers the Mayor's Secretary

*Read the January Lantern*



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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVII

San Francisco, January 8, 1916

No. 1220

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88 First Street, San Francisco  
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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor  
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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Los Angeles Representative, W. R. Baranger, 432 South Main street.

## As to Posterity

Economists and humanitarians are doing much worrying over the probable effect of the war on posterity. We believe it was Charles Lamb who asked, "What after all, has posterity done for us?" He damned not only posterity, but his own time, and threatened to write only for antiquity. This is an age that does not concern itself much either about its posterity or its forebears. The men of whom we are the immediate posterity we have long ceased to regard with reverence. If we owe the Founders much, we treat them with derision. We are a very ungrateful posterity, and apparently we have no intention of burdening the folks who are to follow after with obligations of the kind that we inherited. We are bent on experimenting and letting posterity settle up. We shall make it difficult for posterity to be ungrateful. Posterity will be kept very busy settling up. But it may find some pleasure in expressing its opinion of this generation.

## War in Winter

The armies of Europe are now going through the horrors of midwinter. In the midst of these horrors Russia after a long rest started a fresh offensive movement the progress of which all the world is watching with deep interest. Presumably the Teutons after "digging themselves in" hoped to be allowed to recuperate during the winter, but for them no such luck. Of all the seasons winter is the most favorable for operations by the Russian armies, and doubtless the Allies expect to see great things done on the Eastern front. All through the history of war weather has played a signal part in the issue of memorable campaigns. It may do so again. It was Russian snow that started the downfall of Napoleon. A little rain has impeded the mobility of artillery with decisive results. Indeed, according to Victor Hugo rain won and lost the battle of Waterloo. "If," he wrote, "it had not

rained on the night of the 17-18 June 1815 the fortune of Europe would have been changed." There was a time when armies went into winter quarters under flag of truce, which even permitted the rival officers to meet at social functions, but that was a time when men were less civilized and more humane than at present. Nowadays the guns are never silent, the slaughter never ceases, the ebb and flow of battle is never still. In the present war even a few hours of armistice in which to bury the dead have been asked for in vain. Such is the horrible earnestness and deadly concentration of modern warfare on a gigantic scale that it excludes all emotion save that of hate.

## Rushing the Shipyards

Prosperity is smiling on all our industries, but nowhere is its smile so expansive as in the shipyards of the country. Most of the big shipyards are running to full capacity and are booked from fifteen to eighteen months ahead. Some have orders sufficient to keep them working full time for two years. Among these, we believe, is the Union Iron Works of this city which has now a longer payroll than it had in the prosperous days when the Oregon was built. A New England shipyard which has a constructive capacity of \$10,000,000 a year had sufficient work booked December 1 for fifteen months. Of this amount 50 per cent was merchant tonnage and 50 per cent Government contracts. On the Delaware alone eighty-two vessels are in course of construction with an aggregate of 383,000 tons, valued at \$58,000,000 and employing 20,000 men. Practically all the big shipbuilding concerns are looking forward to the enlargement of facilities, but they are inclined to be cautious owing to uncertainty as to the duration of the war and the ever-present danger of legislation in Washington detrimental to the shipping interests. Meanwhile the havoc wrought by the deadly submarine is having the effect of stiffening the backbone of more than one cautious shipbuilder.

## Reticence in Washington

His faith in democracy is one of President Wilson's strongest cards. By word of mouth and pen he has professed absolute confidence in the intelligence and wisdom of the dear people; and his faith in their genius for self-government he has vindicated by voting for the initiative and referendum and giving his hearty approval to the principle of electing Senators by direct vote of the people. President Wilson, according to his own testimony, is more of a Democrat than was Jefferson. If we may accept his professions without qualification he is for the simplest kind of a simple democracy. Therefore we are

not a little astonished to learn that the Administration has deemed it expedient and wise to suppress a report of the General Board of the Navy which was made at the request of the President himself. The report was not suppressed with a view to keeping information from the Powers of Europe. The report contained nothing but the estimates of the General Board of the Navy as to the maximum needs of the service. It was suppressed wholly for the purpose of withholding information from the people, in whose intelligence and wisdom President Wilson has professed the unbounded confidence of a Jacksonian democrat of the Jacobinical school. Here certainly is an instance of wavering faith, else why should Congress and the country be denied the right of knowing and considering the requirements of the service as reported by the highest professional expert judgment? According to the General Board the requirements of the navy are three times greater than they appear to be from the Daniels' estimate. That is why Secretary Daniels put the report in a pigeonhole and kept it there until as a result of the resignation of Henry A. Wise Wood he was forced to make it public.

## German Civilization

"Germany," says Joseph Medill Patterson, "had a more efficient civilization than any of her foes at the beginning of the war." By civilization Mr. Patterson means organization. He thinks General Bernhardi was right when he said that war "makes for progress." It makes for progress, says Mr. Patterson, because "whatever the latest form of social development in the most advanced country war short circuits its spread to its neighbors." He points out that as a result of the war England adopted the German idea and began Germanizing the social structure. This is quite true. England has been imitating German methods of organization. She may take to conscription. She is going in for State socialism and paternalism, but is this a higher form of civilization? It all depends on what the word civilization denotes. In the philosophy of human nature it connotes many things. Certainly it has no such narrow meaning as Mr. Patterson would give it. In the broadest acceptance of the term it stands for human improvement in general. The most civilized country is the one most eminent in the best characteristics of man and society. A country may be the best prepared for war and by no means distinguished for certain very desirable kinds of improvement. However, it is not to be gainsaid that the German idea of government is excellent. It has led to efficiency in many things, but we are not sure that



it is an improvement on the ancient Greek idea, according to which the development of a citizen was full and well-rounded. The ancient Greek had no obsessions. He was rather a spiritualist than a materialist. His culture was somewhat broader than German culture.

### Some Political Poison Bombs

In order to improve the prospect for the Colonel his campaign managers must anticipate the Republican machine operators who decided some time ago to force the nomination on Justice Hughes. The Colonel's campaign managers are well aware that there is a very strong Hughes sentiment. They know also that though Justice Hughes wishes to remain where he is, it is proposed in the interest of the Republican party to ignore his wishes and likewise the wishes of the Supreme Court wherein there is a strong sentiment against any justice doing anything by which he might incur the suspicion of political ambition. It is clear that the jurist nominated against his will would be a powerful candidate; also, it is clear that delegates to the convention would appreciate the advantage it would be to the party to get a standard bearer in the way proposed. In the circumstances the strategic thing for the Roosevelt faction to do is obvious enough. The Roosevelt prospect is to be improved by injecting poison into the public mind; that is to say, by misrepresenting and traducing Justice Hughes. So right after the Gary dinner the anti-Hughes campaign was opened. The first poison bomb was thrown by the deft Colonel himself. Interviewed for publication, he was asked if it was true that he was a candidate. "I am not any more of a candidate," he said, "than Justice Hughes." Thus would the eminent job chaser imply that Justice Hughes, a gentleman somewhat less liable to suspicion of duplicity than the moralist of Oyster Bay, is the willing tool of the politicians who hope to enter him in the presidential race. A day or two later we find Judge Gary's dear friend and periodical dinner guest, the Hon. William Randolph Hearst, "taking program" from the plutocracy as though it were the pro-German propaganda. Was it merely a coincidence that the Hearst newspapers promptly followed the Roosevelt lead that followed the Gary dinner? If so it was a curious coincidence, for to attack Hughes the Hearst papers had to go back some years. They attacked him for vetoing a bill when he was Governor of New York, and they styled him "a reactionary wolf in progressive sheep's clothing." This smash was like a bolt from the blue. Now it will be interesting to observe how the Gary pro-

gram is faring in the next few months, and how the friends of the dear people are earning the gratitude of the gladhand epicure of the Steel Trust.

### Bulls-of-Bashan Debaters

As all controversy is mainly a matter of personal feeling we ought to avoid taking our debaters too seriously. Above all we should be careful to avoid falling under the spell of a voice or a personality. After all the perfervid orator behind a cause gives expression only to his private prejudices and prepossessions or to sentiments which he believes will take with the crowd. The same is true of the cocksure journalist. The air of personal certainty is only a sign of dogmatism. And as to vehemence it should never be accepted offhand as a measure of intensity of conviction or righteousness of purpose. There is a Bull-of-Bashan kind of oratory and of writing which is most congenial to controversialists whose argumentative and reasoning powers are second rate. The man who bellows the psalms of David louder than any of his neighbors may be morally inferior to anybody in the congregation. Similarly the editor who writes at the top of his voice as though he thought that by shouting loud enough he might compel conviction; himself may be the last man to be won over. Throughout the centuries since the dawn of civilization intelligent men have been protesting against the popular habit of judging a man by his shout; and as this is an age of controversy there is still good reason for the ancient warning. Examine closely the arguments of the Bulls of Bashan who are bellowing for peace and against preparedness, and you will perceive that the staple of them is more like balderdash than common sense. These arguments may be reduced to this simple proposition: to be prepared for war is to make war certain; to be unprepared for war is to ensure a state of peace. This proposition the apostles of unpreparedness would have us accept as an axiomatic truth, yet we know that we cannot accept it unless we first expurgate history and then assume that the nations that are prepared for war will always treat us deferentially and with the utmost kindness being too chivalrous to take advantage of our weakness. If to be prepared for war is to make war certain why should we act as though we were assured that the nations prepared for war and therefore certain to go to war would always resist the temptation to plunder the richest country in this hemisphere? Of course it is not to be denied that militarism is a great evil, but how unfair it is for the advocates of unpreparedness to confound with militarism a system calculated to provide quickly the facilities of defense. These controversialists who insist that we should rely on peace treaties while other nations rely on big guns have a very bad philosophy that is founded on omissions and untruths. They omit the facts of history, even the facts of current history, and they misrepresent their opponents. In their philosophy to be

against them is to have a sneaking passion for butchery, when as a matter of fact the advocates of preparedness are in accord with them on the elements of morals and dissent from them only in insisting that the Tolstoyan ideals are not for a workaday world wherein some people are armed and some people are not. The questions involved in this big controversy are more perplexing than the pacifists are capable of conceiving. They are so perplexing that they have impaired the mental faculties of the men by whom they have been too persistently resolved. These folks are for peace right now in Europe, and though they are for living always at peace with all the world they would have the United States blunder into the most bitter conflict of all history to organize neutral nations behind a movement which the Allied nations would regard as evidence of sympathy with the Central Powers. Nor does it give them pause to find that supporting them with all his might is our most flamboyant militarist, the Hon. William Randolph Hearst. Here is the most uproarious of all our Bulls of Bashan, our greatest jingo and firebrand, preaching preparedness and peace in the same breath—preparedness to the extent of nothing short of the greatest navy on all the seven seas and peace in Europe in the interest of the white race. Mr. Hearst is really entitled to a seat among the Ford delegates, though at the same time he is for eating England alive and sinking the whole Japanese navy. However, his neutrality is guaranteed by the pro-German propaganda and in so far as he is for peace in Europe he enjoys the admiration of all the peace pilgrims.

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# Varied Types

CCLXII—WILLIAM H. MCCARTHY

By Edward F. O'Day

"I entered politics an altruistic enthusiast, flattered by the votes I polled. I finished with as many friends as an alarm clock."

Thus "Bill" McCarthy, unlimbering that engaging smile of his. Despite the insinuating radiance of that smile I registered a mental contradiction. "Bill" has not lost any of his firm old friends—they are grappled to him with hooks of steel. And he has gained many new ones, drawing some by the manly fighting qualities he displayed in the late election and attracting others by the magnanimity he showed by withdrawing from a contest by no means hopelessly lost but ended, to his mind, by the emphatic preference shown by the voters at the primary. "Bill" McCarthy might still be a supervisor had he not indulged a legitimate ambition for preferment. He lost the assessors; but he did not lose any friends, and he did not lose his poise, his sense of fairness or his self-respect.

"I should hate," continued the outgoing member of the finance committee of the Board of Supervisors, "to appear in the role of one singing a swan song. I have no recriminations or rebukes to put on record. I think I am not soured by disappointment. I may be scarred but I am not suffering. My head may be bloody, but it is not sore."

"Summing up my experiences as a supervisor—'city father' is the phrase some of my confreres preferred—I should say that the public wants the men who drift with the tide, who never cross bats with the powers-that-be and who blindly follow the dictates of the so-called leaders of the municipality. The men who carefully take the pulse of popular opinion before they vote are the men who find least difficulty in returning to the board year after year. Those men who have ideas of their own and act according to those ideas are extremely likely to be defeated the first time the public has a chance at them."

"The board with which I was elected went into office as a 'business administration.' We had hardly started when we found ourselves up against the system. The system is as strong here as in any other big city. I do not mean that it is a grafting system. It is a system consisting of the entrenched politicians. The minute you attempt any reform which disturbs this system you find yourself up against a stone wall. During the first two years of my term there were men on the board—Bancroft, Giannini, George Gallagher and Ralph McLeran—whom you had only to convince that a proposition was right. Then they were with you, and they stayed with you. The others attuned their ears to the popular whim—they were better politicians, better guessers."

"A small thing will illustrate an idea as well as a large thing. Take our experience with the city teams. We were willing to pay six dollars and a half for these teams and to pay the teamsters for the Saturday half-holiday. But we drew the line at paying the horses for their half-holiday, and we refused to sign demands for that money. The matter was taken from committee to the board and passed against our votes. I do not believe this was done out of any tender regard for the horses; I cannot help suspecting that the supervisors who voted to pay the horses for staying in their stalls on Saturday afternoon were afraid of making political

enemies. Small things like that make you disgusted with the system."

"Take a large thing, the controversy over the union label. The people decided at the polls—and decisively—that they did not want the union label on city printing. Previously the courts had decided that under the charter it could not be insisted on. Right now the charter and the will of the people are being openly flouted in this matter. Yesterday (January 3) seven members of the board voted against awarding the city printing to the shop entitled to receive it because that shop did not have the union label."

"Still service on the board has not been altogether unpleasant. A good deal of constructive work originated there. You hear much of the new system of boulevards—every boulevard originated in the board. All the preliminary work for the tunnels was done in the board."

"Who mapped the tunnel assessment districts?" I interrupted.

"The City Surveyor," answered McCarthy, "and where method is to be discovered in the lines it is a ridiculous method. A fellow clever enough to study the maps would find some sudden turns and twists in them, usually where the property of somebody close up had been miraculously avoided."

"How much does the ordinary supervisor know of the bond market?" I asked.

"Just as much as the ordinary individual," answered McCarthy, "and that is absolutely nothing at all. Speaking of bonds, I can't understand how the city is going to build Hetch-Hetchy and also buy Spring Valley, still remaining within the bonding limit. If this can be done, it is by some method not yet discovered."

"Service on the board has its humorous side too," went on McCarthy, smiling reminiscently. "As for instance when Supervisor Nelson proposed a 'hundred-per-cent reduction' in certain rates. Or when a city father, asked what fund a proposed expenditure is to come from, replies gravely: 'the general fund,' which is as illuminating as to say: 'out of the city treasury.'"

"Then there was that incident of a month ago when we brought in a resolution for the sale of the entire Hetch-Hetchy bond issue. Supervisor Hocks went to the mayor, and asked him, as he always does, how he should vote."

"I don't think it's a good resolution, Oscar," said the mayor. "If I were a supervisor I should vote against it."

"Then Kortick went to the mayor, and asked him how he should vote."

"I don't like to influence you, Jack," said the mayor, "but why not ask Hocks? He's an experienced man."

"The resolution was changed at the last minute from a 'journal' to an 'adopted' resolution. An 'adopted' resolution must be signed or vetoed by the mayor. Supervisor Hocks saw an excellent opportunity to straddle, so when his name was called he said:

"Mr. Mayor, I shall vote yes on this resolution, but if you veto it I shall vote to sustain your veto."

"And that dampfool Kortick," the mayor remarked in telling the story, "repeated Hocks' statement without changing a single word!"

"There are quite a few men on the board who take the mayor's program, though they do not

take it quite so obviously as Kortick did in that case."

"The mayor is a poor presiding officer. He might be all right in the Mission Promotion Association where they all talk at once, but stricter order is needed in the Board of Supervisors. This disorder in debate has opened the way for most of the acrimonious passages that have taken place."

"As I said before, a good deal of constructive work has been done in the past four years. There was never, I think, so much street work done. We'd have done more if we could. We wanted to put patent sweepers on the main streets, but the Board of Works opposed it, and the mayor took their side, declaring that he didn't want to put the men out of work. It was quite useless to point out that the patent sweepers would do the work so cheaply that the city could afford to transfer the men from the main thoroughfares to other streets. So San Francisco has no such patent sweepers as the Exposition had, as Oakland has, and all other up-to-date cities."

"Are the supervisors representative of the intelligent voters?" I asked.

"If I answer yes, it will sound egotistical," parried McCarthy. "If I answer no, it will be construed as a knock. So I'll say that the people get the kind of government they want."

"The principal disagreements in the board arise over the expenditure of public money. No one expects a municipality to grind its employees as private corporations organized solely for money-making do. But the city is entitled to a full day's service and efficient work, and it doesn't always get them, by a long shot."

"The people don't pay a bit of attention to their public servants. They are guided by the papers. We have in this city an absolute oligarchy of the press organized to create or destroy. And the average editor is too busy to study municipal problems. He gets his data from his newsgatherers who report things from their own point of view."

"One day the Daily News had a half-page editorial denouncing me for my stand in a certain matter. I met the editor and explained."

"That's not the way it was reported to me," he said. "If I were a supervisor I'd have voted as you did."

"Are you out of politics?"

"I'd like to say yes, but it's my observation that when you're once in you're always in. You stay in either to help a friend who has helped you, or to get even with a fellow who has done you an injury. I wouldn't part with my experience for a good deal. I enjoyed the work. I feel that I voted conscientiously, and that I allowed no man to dictate to me. But I wouldn't want to do it all over again. For quite awhile now I expect to devote my energies to the gentle and peaceful art of shoemaking."

He doesn't look like a shoemaker. He doesn't smile like a shoemaker, who rarely smiles. He doesn't talk like a shoemaker, who is the most argumentative, unreasonable, casuistical and unbelieving man in the world. And of course he isn't exactly a shoemaker. The president of the United Workmen's Boot and Shoe Company is a business man, with a thinking head on his shoulders, and a heart in his breast that is full of loyalty to his friends and his city. Those friends still have him, but the city is losing one of its most efficient servants."



## Perspective Impressions

An ill omen for the drys: The New Year began very wet in California.

We were not much interested in this prosperity talk when the Christmas bills came in.

We are glad to know that when Dr. Aked had an attack of the influenza two of the ladies in the peace party went ashore to nurse him.

It is a curious circumstance that every local newspaper is able to show that it prints more advertising than the others.

It is a fact worth pondering that certain very great saints had a profounder knowledge of life and human nature than certain very great sinners.

The playful old boy with the whiskers, the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, has been having so much fun in the peace pilgrim party the suspicion grows that it was only for fun that he went.

Ireland produces Turkish rugs that would deceive a Constantinople expert. Well, why not? Are there not Turks in Ireland?

Speaking of the leap-frog picture, the New York Sun says: "The Rev. Dr. Aked never appeared to better advantage." Evidently the Sun never saw Dr. Aked standing on his head.

A doctor claims to have discovered a new ailment that afflicts only drivers of gasoline wagons. We might solve the jitney problem by propagating the germ along Market street.

It was all right for the Mexicans to refuse to salute the American flag, but surely they will be held to a strict accountability in the matter of the Hearst ranch.

"No man will arm himself unless he means to attack," says Hank Ford. "Even when he takes a fork in his hand, he is preparing to attack an oyster or a beef steak." Are we to infer that Hennery eats with his knife?

Mr. Ford has come back a sadder, but evidently not a wiser, man.

It is already considered bromidic to refer to the new year as "sweet sixteen."

Those who have nothing else to worry about might try to explain where the first disease germs came from.

Progress note: On New Year's Day one of the Carolinas went dry and two negroes were lynched in the other.

Thus far there is only one Presidential possibility whom Colonel Roosevelt has not knocked. That one is himself.

It is perhaps an indication of the refinement of Russian taste and temperament that it is proposed to purchase the release of Nijinski, the Russian dancer, with Herr Barany, the Austrian who was awarded the Nobel prize for medicine several months ago.

## An American's Influence in Europe

Effect of the Teachings of Admiral Mahan in England and Germany

By ROBERT McTAVISH

Not many people are aware that a graduate of the United States Naval Academy had much to do with the shaping of events in the European war. In the latter part of the nineteenth century there were several periods of acute controversy over the functions of a navy. In England economists and alarmists reasoned on the assumption that the British navy was primarily the defender of England's shores, and there was powerful agitation for reducing the size of the navy. It was the influence of one man which made the issue absolutely fundamental. He insisted that sea-power was the potentiality of empire, the beginning and the end of the unparalleled development which had carried the British flag into every sea and subjugated to British rule great fractions of every Continent. That man was Alfred Thayer Mahan, who, in the days when he was influencing thought in England, was a captain in the United States navy. Captain Mahan died four months after the outbreak of the war. Since his death there has been little said of him in this country, but there has been abundant acknowledgement in England of the services he rendered the British Empire. All informed Englishmen declare that it was Mahan who taught them the importance of the command of the seas.

This American sailor was more than an expert in naval matters. He was a historian who did what the scholarly historian of these days has almost ceased to dream of doing. He brought expert knowledge and common sense to bear on the study of facts which he illuminated with clear thinking. He made these facts in their connection and causation clear to the average understanding. Mahan was the first sailor with a literary gift and a trained historical sense to bring his technical knowledge to bear on the interpretation of the past, and the result was that he made it easy for all students and educated men to see the thread of his thesis running through the web of history. After reading his studies of the Crusades, the Napoleonic wars, the Dutch and

Spanish wars it was plain that "sea-power," to use the phrase which he put into daily currency, played a tremendous part in the destinies of Europe.

Mahan's books were widely read, but their influence was conveyed through the newspapers and the magazines to millions who did not read them. It told in two ways. It made an adamant opposition to any reduction of the British navy and reinforced the demands for its increase. Her entry in 1904 into the Continental system made a prima facie case for the strengthening of the Continental army. But the teaching of Mahan was available to remind her how considerable are the opportunities for attack, how immense the resources of resistance, of a Power which retains the unchallengeable command of the seas.

Admiral Mahan had an immense influence among Englishmen. His influence on German thinking was even more fateful. He gave the English clear reasons for persevering in their traditional policy. He gave the Germans equally cogent reasons for seeking their future on the sea. One may doubt, indeed, whether Bernhardi and all his school had as much effect in deciding Germans to build a great navy as this American historian, who drew the lessons of the past primarily for the benefit of the English-speaking world. His books are quoted as classics by Count Reventlow and other leaders of the "Flottenverein." The significance of Mahan is chiefly that he swept away the comfortable maxim in which most Britishers were nursed, that a navy is only a weapon of defense. Its function in history has been, primarily, the acquisition of empire. When modern Germany turned away, under the pressure of its growing industries and its teeming population, from the Bismarckian ideal of a purely Continental empire to dreams of extra-European expansion, it found Mahan's books ready for its use. How else could it hope to create an empire comparable with England's, save by equipping itself with the arms which had served England's

turn? Mahan would allow it no illusions. It might, indeed, by a purely Continental victory over France, for example, acquire French colonies, but it would hold them only by the leave of the Power which commanded the seas. Nor was the case much better, if it thought not so much of predatory adventures at the expense of European Powers, but turned instead to the appropriation of spheres of influence in China or Turkey. There, too, it met with the hard fact of English supremacy at sea. Wild extremists may have thought of an invasion of England. Sober men, like Prince von Bülow, used the argument from capture at sea. But the real motive which explains the rise of the modern German navy is the lesson derived from Mahan, that sea-power is essential to world-empire. That at bottom is the reason why English attempts at discussion invariably failed. The English were rather apt, on their side, to disguise the real facts, when they used to argue as though the sole function of their navy were to defend England's shores. The Germans knew better; Mahan and history were their teachers.

There is much in the course of this war to confirm Mahan's teaching about sea-power. It has enabled the English to wait in safety while they delay their final stroke. It has helped them to throw their forces on the Continent, and in safety to bring up reinforcements from the ends of the earth. It has enabled them to inflict heavy losses on the enemy's trade, while suffering only slightly themselves. Meanwhile they have assailed the German colonies with comparative impunity. But modern naval strategy has of course suffered modifications since Mahan wrote his historical studies. The mine and the submarine have made some changes. It is now impossible to impose a formal blockade, though the extension of the doctrine of conditional contraband serves something of the same purpose in limiting the services which neutrals may bring to an enemy. The submarine has limited the activity of capital ships,

(Continued on Page 17.)



# Smoking Mark Twain's Cigar

By Bert Love

Mark Twain once gave me one of his cigars. Once only and only one. Everybody loved Mark Twain and knew that he was not stingy with his quips and his compliments. But I knew that he was—well, careful, with his cigars. I was with him for a whole week, in the intimate association of Pullmans and hotel bedrooms and the open air. He knew that I was a smoker, because frequently I lit a stale pipe which cost me twenty-five cents when it was young and pure. Yet he never offered me a cigar—until just before we parted.

Mark Twain was not a cruel man, constitutionally. To the contrary, he was as tender-hearted as a spring chicken or a squab. But he had studied many things, and among them was cruelty. I must be permitted to say, from my experience and observation of him, that he had studied cruelty and reduced it to an exact science. He had cultivated cruelty and refined it. He had filed off the wiry edges of cruelty and then had jabbed the file into the subject, to torture with its sharp end anybody who smokes.

I love Mark Twain for several reasons—because both of us were born in Missouri for one reason—but until I met him personally I never knew the color or composition of cruelty. Literary criticism, Albert Bigelow Paine and other things accredit him as a kindly man, but I alone of all the world know him as a cruel person. This is an admission which I must make for the sake of truth.

Mark Twain smoked cigars. So far as I know, he never smoked anything else. He did no writing while I was with him, except to put his name on a hotel register—his assumed name, which was Clemens or something of the like. He smoked cigars all the time, except when he slept.

Every time Mark Twain finished his cigar he put his right hand into his left-hand vest-pocket and pulled out another cigar. He would ask me for a match—until he got me well-trained. Then I was the ever ready match-lighter. Yes, I even lighted the matches for him, to save him the necessity of scratching the lucifers on his immaculate white pants. He did not seem to worry about my pants, which belonged to a brand new suit. They were light-complexioned pants, too, like his own. But he always said "I thank you" in a gracious way that compensated.

After I parted from Mark Twain I did some figuring on the fly-leaf of "Huckleberry Finn." I figured that I had expended seven boxes of matches in lighting his cigars, at five cents a box. Total for matches, thirty-five cents. Damage to trousers (non-Missouri name for pants), which I gave to a tramp, seven dollars and fifty cents. Interest on money borrowed to buy another pair, two dollars. Grand total, nine dollars and eighty-five cents. It was my most extravagant week.

In that left-hand vest-pocket Mark Twain seemed always to have seven cigars. I counted them a hundred times. I think he dived surreptitiously into other pockets, inside ones, and kept up his outside stock to seven. He seemed never happy unless seven cigars were in that visible pocket. Several times when he took out one and had me light it for him, he doing all the puffing—and all the smoking—I counted the six remaining. But a minute afterward, when he opened his coat to get his spectacles or something, I counted seven cigars. The mystery obsessed me, and worried me. It does still.

But that didn't worry me so much as the fact that he never gave me a cigar—except once. During the week with him I always looked longingly at that seven-cigared vest-pocket every time he took out a cigar without reducing the visible supply. That was about once in every fifteen minutes. To be more nearly exact, it was about once in every fourteen minutes and forty-seven seconds. I had a chronometer which enabled me to compute seconds. My computation was that he smoked a fraction less than forty-nine cigars daily. Seven times seven are forty-nine. Seven vest-pocketfuls!

The first time that I saw him reach for a cigar, about two-thirds of a second after joining him, I expected naturally that he would pull out two. He didn't. I lit the match for him and watched him smoke. I was smoking my pipe. I could wait, knowing that he had six cigars left. Fourteen minutes and forty-seven seconds later he fished up another cigar—just one. I knew there were five left, so I was patient. Surely my time must come. I watched and waited. Mark Twain smoked six cigars in a fraction less than an hour and a half. When he finished his sixth cigar my hopes faded. There was only one left, and I knew that he had to smoke. Yet, to my amazement, when he put his hand into his vest-pocket to get that one—the sole survivor of the savory seven—I saw exactly seven cigars. Then my hopes revived.

But this thing went along for seven days—seven cigars always in sight, but not one of them in my hand or my mouth. At first I had wanted to smoke one of Mark Twain's cigars just because I wanted to smoke a cigar. After three or four days I wanted to smoke a cigar just because it was one of Mark Twain's cigars. I could say to my envious friends:

"Mark Twain gave me one of his cigars."

I could write in my autobiography, in capital letters:

"I SMOKED ONE OF MARK TWAIN'S CIGARS!"

Somewhere Mark Twain has said that he made it a practice never to smoke more than one cigar at a time. I am sure that he never released more than one cigar at a time from that vest-pocket Bastille. Therefore he must have told the truth. After we became well acquainted I began to throw out sly hints.

"What kind of cigars do you smoke, Mr. Clemens?" I asked him.

"Porto Rican," he replied.

"Uh—uh—are they good cigars?"

"The very best cigars I have been able to find after circling the globe several times," he declared.

"Uh—how many cigars do you smoke a day?"

"Just—as—many—as I can," he drawled.

Those were his exact words. I knew already, however that he smoked just as many as he could. He fingered lovingly the seventh cigar of the seventh self-sustaining supply and blew a fraction of its fragrance into my face. I was grateful. I sniffed it greedily. It was the first sniff I had won.

Highly encouraged, I led Mark Twain along to talk about his cigars. He was led easily. Any man loves best to talk about the thing he best loves. He said he used to smoke high-priced cigars, imagining that they were good just because they cost twenty cents a piece at wholesale. He traveled everywhere and smoked cigars from everywhere just to sample them. He would

smoke an entire box of samples each day. Then, if he liked them, he would buy more.

Finally he lit upon a cheap cigar—a Porto Rican—and lit it. It was a slender, svelte cigar with a dark, Castilian complexion, carefully rolled—guaranteed not loaded, he told me.

"But it isn't exactly a cheap cigar, after all," said Mark Twain. "If you, now, were to try to buy these cigars, say one at a time, you would have to pay fifteen cents. You might get two for a quarter. By the box you would pay at least ten cents a cigar. I get them by wholesale, ordering them direct from Porto Rico, so they cost me only seven cents each. They're a fine smoke—a very fine smoke."

Think of his saying that!

"How many ships are in the fleet that brings your cigars over?" I made bold to inquire.

"Oh, it takes a fleet about the size of the one Commodore Perry took from the British on Lake Erie."

"Two ships, two brigs, one schooner and a sloop," I quoted, recollecting it from my history book in the little white school-house in Missouri. I had met the enemy, but he was not mine. However, I had just begun to fight.

I knew positively that Mark Twain had plenty of cigars. That self-filling pocket proved it. I knew, too, that he carried two trunks on his trip. I recalled that, because when we stopped off at a Missouri town named Hannibal—Mark Twain pretended that he used to live there when he was a bad boy—the clerk of the hotel mistook him for a commercial traveler on account of his having one trunk more than the Missouri law allows a private tourist. He wrote his assumed name, "S. L. Clemens," on the hotel register, just as the negro porter dragged his duality of trunks into the corridor. The clerk turned the register around and read the name.

"Want your trunks sent to the sample room, Mr.—uh—Clemens?" inquired the clerk.

The extra trunk, the unlawful one, was a very large, long, solid affair covered with thick leather. Mark Twain never opened this trunk in my presence. He got his clothes out of the other one, which had no distinctive or suspicious features. I was positive then, and I am positive now, that he had at least a sloop cargo of Porto Rican cigars in that treasure-chest—possibly even a schooner cargo or a brig.

The utter and absolute refinement of Mark Twain's brand of cruelty was shown in his frequent remarks about his brand of cigars. He seemed to take a keen delight in such torture. Every day he delivered heart-to-heart dissertations upon the silkiness of the wrapper leaf, the succulence of the filler, the ease of the draught, the fragrance of the flavor.

Those were the only super-perfect cigars in existence. Each separate and single cigar was hand-lathed, of tobacco grown upon a certain soil and cured in a certain manner. No tobacco grown elsewhere or cured elsewhere was fit for cigar material.

Mark Twain even showed me on a map the location of the cigar farm and the private port from which his shipments were made. The harbor, he said, accommodated six vessels. He owned the riparian rights.

"No, sir," he remarked, as he pulled out another cigar and thanked me for a light, "you'll never smoke a better cigar than that as long as you live."

"I wonder if I'll ever smoke one as good as that," I ventured.

(Continued on Page 17.)



## Poems About San Franciscans

IX—THOMAS STARR KING

By John Greenleaf Whittier

(John Greenleaf Whittier wrote two poems concerning Starr King, the following beautiful tribute and a "Hymn for the Opening of Thomas Starr King's House of Worship, 1864." This house of worship was the old Unitarian Church on Geary street near Stockton. It was opened in January, 1864. The following is the second poem on Starr King published in this series. The series began with Bret Harte's poem to the great patriot.)

The great work laid upon his two score years  
Is done, and well done. If we drop our tears,  
Who loved him as few men were ever loved,  
We mourn no blighted hope nor broken plan  
With him whose life stands rounded and approved  
In the full growth and stature of a man.  
Mingle, O bells along the Western slope,  
With your deep toll a sound of faith and hope!  
Wave cheerily still, O banner, half-way down,  
From thousand-masted bay and steeped town!  
Let the strong organ with its loftiest swell  
Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and tell  
That the brave sower saw his ripened grain.  
O East and West! O morn and sunset twain  
No more forever!—has he lived in vain  
Who, priest of Freedom, made ye one, and told  
Your bridal service from his lips of gold?

## The Spectator

### Dr. Aked's Friend Phil

Those who have followed Dr. Aked in his writings and sermonettes, even cursorily, know something about Philip Snowden. Dr. Aked is very fond of mentioning his dear friend Phil Snowden. He quotes him as a great authority. He refers frequently to the fact that Phil is an M. P. In controversy he cites Phil as the last word in clinching an argument. He has floored many an opponent with Phil. "As my dear friend Phil Snowden said in the course of the debate in Parliament—" and so on. "And now, to settle this question once and for all, I have only to quote what that eminent Member of Parliament Philip Snowden who is my very dear friend, proved with statistics beyond the peradventure of a doubt—" and so on. Phil has been a tower of strength to the Reverend Charles. The friendship with Phil he has flaunted as a patent of eminence. He has let it be known that through Phil he was close up, received the low down, was admitted to the inside of all sorts of big affairs. When Phil was out here Dr. Aked never left his side. And for Mrs. Phil Snowden Dr. Aked has no less admiration than for Phil. We have been privileged to see more of this lady than of her husband. She stayed here some time during the Fair, preaching the gospel of pacifism. She is preaching it somewhere in the East at the present time. Anything or anybody that interests Dr. Aked interests us, so it is interesting to get a line on Phil and his better half. We are enabled to do this through the attentions that have lately been bestowed upon them by Cecil Chesterton, the distinguished brother of Gilbert K.

### Chesterton on the Snowdens

Cecil Chesterton like his brother believes in Christian drinking and doesn't care who knows it. He has contributed to the London Daily Express an article on the new drinking rules in London. You can't treat a friend in London these days. You can't buy a drink at certain hours. You can't buy more than a certain quantity of liquor at a time. Chesterton says these rules are due to the irresponsible efforts of a group of teetotal fanatics. The Abou Ben

Adhem of these fanatics, in the opinion of Cecil Chesterton, is Phil Snowden who is a member of the Liquor Control Board which is responsible for the new rules.

### His Respects to Phil

"For myself," says Chesterton, "so darkened is my mind that I should not have thought that it was the best way to make a man sober to forbid him to buy less than a quart of spirits at a time, but doubtless 'temperance reformers' have by careful avoidance of public houses been able to acquaint themselves much more intimately than I can with what goes on in them. My object at the moment is not to criticize the regulations so much as to ask by what authority they are to be imposed. They are imposed or are to be imposed by a body called the Central Liquor Control Board. This is a body nominated by the politicians. It consists, among others, of a peer, a soap manufacturer, the son of a millionaire, a doctor, a Home Office official, one trade union secretary who happens to be a teetotaler, several people of whom no one has ever heard and Mr. Philip Snowden. It is to this last name that I want to direct attention. If the populace is to be asked to submit to these regulations, silly and irritating as they unquestionably are, it can only be on the ground of patriotism. Now I wish to put the matter perfectly bluntly. Can the Central Liquor Control Board appeal with any effect to the patriotism of the working classes while they tolerate the presence of Mr. Snowden in their midst? He has publicly declared that, since he does not believe the invasion of this country, which might involve danger to his own skin, to be possible, he is indifferent to what success the enemy may obtain elsewhere. He has continually pleaded for a peace based on surrender. And this is the man to whose arbitrary will dockers and munition workers have to be convinced that it is part of their patriotic duties to submit!"

### A Letter About the Snowdens

"The other day at Buxton police court," continues Chesterton, "a schoolmaster of the name of Newbold was prosecuted under the defense

of the realm act for sending to America an appeal against the supply of munitions for the use of our army. He was fined £25. I am not, however, specially concerned with this man Newbold. The interest which attaches to his case concerns a letter which, after very strenuous opposition, was produced at his trial. Here it is:

Dear Father: Events have taken a dramatic turn. Snowden called me up to the House for Wednesday evening and then put it off till tonight. I had no time to ask him if he thought I should go to the United States. He said, 'Would you like

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to go to America?" It seems Mrs. S. has been making things move tremendously. She has been several times from New York to Boston specially to see about the book. She and Nasmyth have got at publishers and professors and the upshot is that Prof. Johnson of Columbia University has told her that I should go over there and take my book with me and lecture there. Mrs. S. is very keen that I should go and there is no doubt that I shall get lecturing. It seems there is great need for my kind of work against Roosevelt's 'preparation' campaign. Snowden says there is nothing for me to do here in my line. Mrs. S. suggests that I should get some of the Quakers to pay my expenses. Snowden, after we carefully considered all the main obstacles, told me to think it carefully over, but recommended me to go if I could get £50, enough to take me over, get me back if need be and keep me there for a little while. I shall need a passport but he does not anticipate that I shall have any difficulty. It should be within six weeks, lest conscription come. He thinks it is coming, as they want it regardless of the war. He would, and so would Mrs. S., like me to get out before November 30 to New York, so that Mrs. S. can help me before she sails homeward. He read me a very significant passage from one of her letters: 'If I can get this book placed the visit over here will have been quite well worth while for that alone.' If I can get that £50 I hope to be out in ten days from now. I am wondering how much you could manage me—whether £20 would be possible. Charles Houldsworth's £20 should be forthcoming and I anticipate Rowntree's assistance and possibly Cadbury's.

#### "Trafficking with a Traitor"

"We find Mr. Snowden 'calling up' to the House a man who has admittedly (for he pleaded guilty) been engaged in an attempt to promote the interests of our enemies in a neutral country," continues Chesterton. "We find that 'Mrs. S.' is already in that neutral country and is 'making things move tremendously,' presumably in the direction avowedly desired by Newbold. At any rate she is 'very keen' that Newbold should join her, and Mr. Snowden approves of this idea and thinks that there will be little difficulty in obtaining a passport. Note and ponder the next sentence: 'It should be within six weeks lest conscription come.' Thus we find Mr. Snowden, according to this narrative, not only trafficking with a traitor but planning to get the man out of the country expressly lest he should be called upon to serve the nation in arms. These charges are made against Mr. Snowden. He has not cleared himself of them or even denied them. Surely before they begin 'regulating' our drink the

Central Liquor Control Board might at least regulate one of the regulators."

#### Birds of a Feather

I have quoted Chesterton at length because the Snowdens are such dear friends of Dr. Aked, and it is always possible to judge a man by his friends. The letter which Chesterton quotes shows the Snowdens to be thrifty folks like Dr. Aked. It shows that they have a keen eye for the main chance. It shows that even a pacifist may have a well developed tenderness toward self-interest. And while it shows Mr. and Mrs. Snowden in this light, it shows Phil Snowden in a light still more unlovely. I shouldn't be surprised if it showed him in the sort of light which may prove too strong for the eyes of the people who sent him to Parliament. In connection with all this it is interesting to remember that in the correspondence turned over to the federal authorities during the investigation of German war plots in this country there was a reference to Dr. Aked as a friend of Germany. When Dr. Aked recuperates it might be worth while to request his comment on this incident in the career of the Snowdens, also his opinion of Cecil Chesterton's animadversions.

#### The Clockwinder's Comments

"That's funny," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock as he put aside the morning paper.

"What's funny?" his visitor asked. His visitor was Mr. Edward Rainey, the mayor's secretary.

"I've just been reading that some of the supervisors are against purchasing the United Railroad lines west of the tunnel out of the profits of the Geary street road. One of the reasons they give is very funny."

"Which reason?" Rainey asked.

"The reason that the profits ain't big enough. As though that made any difference. Engineer O'Shaughnessy has the right idea. O'Shaughnessy is a true Celt. His maxim is 'aisy comes, aisy goes.' He's in favor of slapping on another mortgage. 'And why not?' sez I."

"Do you think we should increase the city's bonded debt?" Mr. Rainey asked.

"It's little enough," said the clockwinder. "I hear there isn't a piece of property in town that isn't worth as much as it's-assessed for. And though the real estate men are saying you can't sell city property I know that as a matter of fact you can still trade it for a chicken ranch in Petaluma. But of course I can't say how it will be after we get a little further along with Hetch-Hetchy."

#### A Staggering Query

"Hold on, Ned," said the clockwinder as Mr. Rainey arose to go. "I want to ask you about something."

Mr. Rainey was a little peeved, being intolerant of allusions to Hetch-Hetchy. It was in a

surly tone that he asked the clockwinder what it was he wanted to know.

"Are you making a fight for Chief White's job?"

The question staggered Mr. Rainey, staggered him so much as to render him inarticulate. "What do—where did you hear—when—I—"

JOHN O'DONNELL

D. E. ALEXANDER

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"Don't get excited, Ned. Take a long breath."

"Who told—why do you—eh—"

"Calm yourself, Ned. I just thought I'd ask you. There's a little bird that makes a nest just outside the pendulum room, and he hears some very strange things. You know the Examiner has been trying to put an Examiner man in the Upper Office for years, and you used to be an Examiner man. In fact I believe I heard you say yourself one night at a banquet that the Examiner 'farmed' you out to the mayor. 'Farmed,' I believe, is precisely the word you used. And of course I know the chief is persona non grata in the Examiner office. And so when I heard that you were after the job—"

"Well, I'm not after it." And Mr. Rainey slammed the door so hard as he went out that he stopped the clock.

#### The Reverend Leaper

"It's a great picture," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. "It's a picture that gives me more of a thrill than Stella's likeness did."

It was unnecessary for me to ask my friend what he referred to, because the newspaper was spread out before him, and there in plain view was our Reverend Doctor Aked poised in mid-air over the stooped form of the Reverend Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago.

"I hope he landed safely," continued the clockwinder, "and I guess he did, for the dear fellow seems to have a faculty for landing on his feet. It's one of the ways in which he resembles a cat. Still, you never can tell, as Bernard Shaw remarked. In leap frog the going up is much easier than the coming down. Suppose he got his feet tangled in the Reverend Jenk Jones' Santa Claus spinach. Oh what a fall would that be, my countrymen! Those decks are slippery. Wouldn't it be awful if he was really laid up with a sore spine instead of a nervous breakdown! But I guess nothing like that happened. You see, he has a pretty elastic backbone, the kind that bends instead of breaking. So I guess he got over safely."

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"What do you think of a clergyman playing leap frog?" I asked the clockwinder.

"I'll answer you by asking a question," said the clockwinder. "Do you remember the howl the Episcopalians of Sacramento let out some years ago when Bishop Moreland was snapped for the papers in the middle of a tennis game?"

I replied that I remembered the incident but didn't see the connection.

"The good Episcopalians didn't object to their Bishop playing tennis," elucidated the clockwinder; "any more than our parish objects to Father Collins playing handball. But they kicked at seeing his picture in the papers in tennis togs. They didn't think it was dignified for a Bishop to be snapshotted in a Maurice McLoughlin pose. Suppose your dear old grandma was lively enough to play tennis. You'd be delighted to see her get the exercise, but you'd draw the line at having her picture in the paper a la May Sutton. Well, it's the same with Dr. Aked. If leap frog is his favorite outdoor sport, by all means let him leap to his heart's content. I don't think C. O. G. Miller and the rest of the trustees of the First Congregational Church would object. But I'll bet they were sore when they had a look at that picture. And there's another thing. Wasn't there a dying man on the Oscar Second? Wouldn't you think those two clergymen would be praying for poor Lloyd Bingham instead of making backs for each other? Still, I shouldn't criticize Dr. Aked when the fact is that I envy him."

"You envy him!" I exclaimed.

"You bet I do," answered the clockwinder. "I ain't been sick in thirty years. Could never afford to be. And here he gets sick, has two volunteer lady nurses to look after him, and Hank Ford paying all his expenses. I should say I do envy him!"

#### He Has Quit Bohemia

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Bohemian Club last week, when the subject of resignations was reached the chairman announced that a letter had been received from Mr. Francis J. Heney. Immediately a voice thus: "Move that Mr. Heney's resignation be accepted." Second voice: "Second the motion." Chairman: "All in favor of the motion signify by saying aye." The motion was carried unanimously, and Mr. Heney's letter has not been read yet. When last heard from the former hero of our capricious populace was acting city attorney for the village of Santa Monica.

#### The Examiner and "The Clansman"

"In San Francisco 'The Clansman' has been ordered suppressed because it was objectionable to some colored citizens," said an Examiner editorial of Tuesday. And also: "The prohibition of its production will undoubtedly cause much sneering and critical comment to be directed against San Francisco." Nowhere in this editorial was the fact mentioned that "The Clansman" had run for thirty weeks in three different theatres of San Francisco before the mayor ordered it suppressed. Nor was the fact mentioned that the mayor's order of suppression was to be reconsidered at a meeting called for the day the editorial was published. At that meeting, held while many people were reading the Examiner editorial, the order of suppression was withdrawn. No scenes were eliminated. "The Clansman" had been stopped for two evenings and one matinee performance only. The Examiner might also have mentioned the facts that "The Clansman" had long ago been passed by our Board of Censorship, and that Mayor Rolph had stated that he had never seen the picture which he suppressed for two

days. But perhaps it did not suit the Examiner to point out these things.

#### An Ax to Grind

Let me explain what I mean. The agitation among the movie magnates to move from Los Angeles to San Francisco arose from several causes. One of the things they object to most strenuously is a proposition that all the films turned out by the Los Angeles studios shall be stamped "Made in Los Angeles." They think it a misrepresentation so to stamp a film which may have been made in all sorts of places—"lake stuff" at Tahoe, "street stuff" in San Francisco, "desert stuff" in San Bernardino and "ocean stuff" at San Diego. The Los Angeles movies are made in all these places; they are finished in the Los Angeles studios. Now the most insistent force behind the demand for this "made in Los Angeles" label is Hearst's Los Angeles Examiner. That paper has come in for a lot of criticism since the talk of the movies' moving started. One other argument for moving is the rigid puritanism of the Los Angeles censorship. Does it not look as if Hearst took advantage of the temporary sup-

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pression of "The Clansman" after thirty weeks of production here to reply to that argument? "See," says Hearst, "Los Angeles isn't any worse than San Francisco whither the movies talk of moving. San Francisco suppressed 'The Clansman.'" The picture was suppressed long enough to give Hearst his opportunity, and he jumped at it. He had no way of replying to the more serious argument concerning the proposed 'Made in Los Angeles' label because he advocates that label. Mayor Rolph by suppressing the picture for two days played right into the hands of Hearst.

#### Salvini, Bohemian Clubman

The flag on the Bohemian Club was at half-mast Sunday. Few people knew whom it was for and many guesses were made—most, if not all of them wrong. It was for Tomasso Salvini who died at Florence, Italy, on January 1. He had been a member of the club since his first visit to San Francisco many, many years ago. When he was made a member the club was down on Sacramento street over the morgue. The club was very poor in those days and a few good souls got together and decided to give him a dinner. They could not afford champagne for all those who attended, but decided to buy a few bottles of the foreign vintage and have it served to the honored guest and those seated near him, hoping that Salvini would not notice the deception. However, they did not count on Harry Gillig, one of the favorites of that old time, Frank Unger who has just died, Charles Rollo Peters and a few others. Just before the banquet was to be served Gillig stole the wine and they all got "beautifully potted." There was no imported wine for the honored guest. Later in the evening Gillig proposed the game of crack-the-whip. By that time all were jolly enough to do almost anything and they made Salvini the cracker on the whip. Salvini cracked off and landed in a corner with a bump that almost made him take the count.

#### Irving and Joullin

Speaking of Salvini I am reminded of another story regarding an actor and the Bohemians of the old days. It concerns Sir Henry Irving. The story is interesting because of the Christmas decorations in the club this year. They were done by Amedee Joullin and are considered the most artistic ever seen in the club. At one time Joullin was a scene painter in the old California Theatre. He is reputed to have been a very good one, working under a master who came to San Francisco from Germany. It was at that time that Sir Henry first came to San Francisco. He was entertained at the Bohemian Club over the morgue. When the guests were seated the distinguished actor arose at his seat and asked to be introduced to the man who decorated the room, saying that he considered it the most artistic decoration of its kind he had ever seen. Amedee, seated in a far corner, was brought forward and introduced to Sir Henry. The dinner so pleased Sir Henry that he gave every member of the club a perpetual pass to his theatre, the Lyric, in London

Years afterwards Charles Rollo Peters was in London and presented the pass. He was asked to wait a minute. In a little while the usher returned and told him that Sir Henry wanted to know where he would like to view the performance, from the body of the house, a box or the stage. Peters saw the performance from the stage.

#### The Gauguin Frieze

The excellent Hughes collection is on exhibition at the William Keith Gallery, 534 Sutter street, and it is an interesting collection; but of more immediate interest to all San Franciscans is the Gauguin frieze which hangs in the same gallery. This is the picture whose purchase by the art-lovers of the city has been recommended by twenty-nine of our artists including such men and women as Bruce Porter, Joe Mora, Cadenasso, Clarence Hinkle, Anne Bremer, Lucia Mathews and Betty de Jong. It is a typical work of this great decorative artist, and when it was hung in the French section at the Exposition it exercised an ever increasing charm upon those who studied it sympathetically. Paul Gauguin was born in Paris in 1843, and died in the French West Indies twelve years ago. His first artistic influence was Pissaro; then he was swayed by Cezanne; finally and most potently by Van Gogh. These influences, however, did not impair his strong originality. His power has been recognized more and more during the

years since his death, and it would be a fine thing for the city to possess an exemplar of his best manner. Take a look at the picture, and see what you think of it.

#### The January Lantern

That little magazine of lucid intervals The Lantern is getting on toward the completion of its first year, and like the healthy infant it is, is showing increase of strength every month. The January Lantern is now in the hands of subscribers and vendors. Those who have been agreeably surprised by the high tone of excellence in The Lantern—and that includes all who read it—will suffer no disappointment when they peruse this January number. Those who are not yet subscribers may find it at all the principal news stands, in the hotels, etc. Theodore Bonnet contributes an article called "A Hero of Anti-Puritanism," the same being England's Merry Monarch Charles II. It may seem strange to point a moral from Charles' immorality, at the same time praising him, but Bonnet does this quite logically. Edward F. O'Day contributes an essay called "Mr. Thomas Trad-dles." No lover of Dickens will care to miss this. There is a thought-provoking story "Who Was She?" by that great English writer Algernon Blackwood; and a love poem called "The Rose" which a lot of readers will learn by heart.

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DECEMBER 31, 1915

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Banking Premises, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults (Head Office and Branches)....	865,357.77
Other Real Estate .....	182,565.37
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....	178,854.66
Other Resources .....	71,061.18
United States, State, Municipal and Other Bonds.....	\$5,084,362.96
<b>CASH .....</b>	<b>2,969,591.20</b>
	<b>8,053,954.16</b>

**\$22,321,860.69**

#### LIABILITIES

Capital Paid Up.....	\$ 1,250,000.00
Surplus .....	\$ 158,100.00
Undivided Profits .....	216,143.50
	374,243.50
Dividends Unpaid .....	43,890.00
Letters of Credit.....	178,854.66
<b>DEPOSITS .....</b>	<b>20,474,872.53</b>

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December 31, 1905.....	\$1,021,290.80
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DECEMBER 31, 1907.....	\$2,221,347.35
December 31, 1908.....	\$2,574,004.90
December 31, 1909.....	\$3,817,217.70
DECEMBER 31, 1910.....	\$6,539,861.47
DECEMBER 31, 1911.....	\$8,379,347.02
DECEMBER 31, 1912.....	\$11,228,814.56
DECEMBER 31, 1913.....	\$15,882,911.61
DECEMBER 31, 1914.....	\$18,030,401.59
<b>DECEMBER 31, 1915.....</b>	<b>\$22,321,860.69</b>

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Mrs. Stocker and a Pinkerton

There was a multitude of merry-makers at the St. Francis New Year's Eve, such a multitude that the eye wearied at its self-imposed task of singling out celebrities. One table in the tapestry room, however, easily attracted attention. It was a table which blazed and shimmered and glittered and scintillated, for at that table sat the good-natured, joyous daughter of "Lucky" Baldwin, Mrs. Clara Stocker, arrayed in all her five hundred thousand dollars' worth of gems. Mrs. Stocker is the only living rival of "Diamond Jim" Brady, and the effulgence of her gemmeous display is blinding to the unused optic. However, by shading my eyes with my hand, as one does in looking at the sun, I managed to take a good look at Mrs. Stocker and her party. I recognized five of the six diners. There were Mr. and Mrs. Stocker, Mr. and Mrs. Gavin McNab and Mrs. Northam of Los Angeles, a dear friend of Mrs. Stocker's. The third gentleman of the party I did not recognize at first, albeit there was something familiar about his face. A second glance, and I knew him. Despite the immaculate evening attire I recognized one of my friend Bill Pinkerton's most efficient local gumshoes!

## A Threat Aimed at Mrs. Stocker

I could not help wondering why a detective should be dining as the guest of the multi-millionairess on New Year's Eve. My curiosity, I confess, was aroused. Well, I have satisfied it. And I have unearthed—don't ask me where—an interesting story. A few days before New Year's Eve Mrs. Stocker received an anonymous letter, not the first she has had, by any means. The writer said he wished to warn her of an attempt at robbery of her person to be made during the New Year's Eve festivities. He told her that the plan was for a waiter in serving her with soup to empty the plate over her gown. Several nearby diners would rush forward with their napkins to wipe her off. One of these would wipe off more than the soup—to wit, some of her priceless diamonds and rubies. He could easily hide them beneath his napkin until such time as it was convenient to escape. Mrs.

Stocker was considerably alarmed. She sought counsel in the matter and was advised to have an experienced detective in her dinner party. Hence the gumshoe at the table. Mrs. Stocker was rather nervous as the soup was served. But nothing happened, and the rest of the night passed merrily and safely.

## An Attempt at Extortion

I have mentioned that this was not the first anonymous letter Mrs. Stocker has received. Strangely enough, she received one just prior to the New Year's Eve celebration a year ago. Then as this year Mrs. Stocker was at the St. Francis. This was a sort of blackhand letter. It warned her under peril of her life to deliver five hundred dollars to the writer at a certain time and place. On that occasion too Mrs. Stocker sought the advice of her friends. A trap was laid for the writer of the letter, and he walked into it. He proved to be a poverty-stricken Greek with a large family. He said he had been made desperate by the misery of his little children. His story proved to be true, and Mrs. Stocker not only refrained from having him arrested but gave his family a substantial sum. For Mrs. Stocker is a woman with a big heart, and her charities are many.

## Anna Held On a Table

In the years to come when in reminiscent mood you tell of the things that were done in San Francisco by notabilities of the stage you will not forget to tell of Anna Held; how in a cafe on a New Year's morning, in the ebullition of her glad spirits, she leaped to the centre of a big round table and sang a rollicking song that thrilled men and women to their marrow. Yea, verily, sweet little Anna Held has gone into the sprightly tradition of frolicsome San Francisco. She is one with Tetrizzini, who made herself memorable at Lotta's Fountain on a Christmas Eve. Anna Held's performance was a spontaneous contribution to the gaiety of a throng, the merriment of which was fast and furious. It took place at Techau's in Powell street where the darling little French actress was entertaining a party of friends, among whom was her very dear friend Lillian Russell. To both these distinguished women the diners paid the tribute of their curiosity and interest, and every little while somebody insisted on singing "Oh! Oh! Oh!", the song that Miss Held made popular at the Orpheum. Whenever it was sung the whole house joined in the chorus. Miss Held was manifestly delighted, and she entered fully into the spirit of the occasion. Somebody called for her to sing. Like a flash she was on her feet. The orchestra played "Oh! Oh! Oh!" From her chair she stepped to the centre of the table which was immediately surrounded and held tight, and there she sang, and sang, like a blithesome bird whose heart was bursting with joy. When she returned to her chair there were tears in her eyes. "You are crying!" a friend said to her in astonishment. "Are you hurt?" She smiled through her tears. "No," she said, "I am thinking of France and of Paris a year ago."

## A Distinguished Progressive

Among the prominent people at the Palace this week are Mr. A. P. Moore, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Moore's sister, Mrs. Ross. Mr. Moore is the proprietor of the Pittsburg Leader, the

great Progressive organ of Pennsylvania. He is very active in national politics, being a close and confidential friend of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, in whose interest, it is said, he came West to discuss political affairs with Governor Johnson. Mrs. Moore is somewhat better known hereabouts than her husband, for Mrs. Moore is Lillian Russell. The Moores are occupying one of the most elaborate suites at the Palace.

## Death of Mrs. Catherine Humphrey

Mrs. Catherine Humphrey, widow of the late James Humphrey and mother of James A., William F., John H., Kate A. and Anna Humphrey, died at her home in O'Farrell street last Wednesday morning. Mrs. Humphrey was a woman of a very deeply religious character, a mother to whom her children were passionately devoted. At the time of the death of her husband about a year ago she had passed her three score and ten period, and though she seemed strong, even vigorous, the sorrow that came upon her was too much for her to bear and it was felt that she would not long survive her life-long companion. She will be mourned not only by her children, for whom there is great sympathy, but by a very large circle of friends, for she possessed those rare qualities of heart that win deep affection.

## Organist of the Dominicans

That talented and enthusiastic musician Dr. Maurice O'Connell, who was the organist of the Illinois Building during the Exposition, has been appointed organist of the Dominican Church. Good music has always been one of the requirements of the Dominican Fathers in the celebration of mass, and their choir is one of the best in the city. Formerly Dr. Humphrey Stewart was the organist of the Dominican Church, but he resigned some months ago to go to San Diego. Dr. O'Connell is bound to prove a worthy successor.

## In the Spreckels Studio

There was a great crush at Mrs. Adolph Spreckels' studio New Year's Day. Mrs. Spreckels had invited her friends to an egg-nogg dansant, and though many of them enjoyed

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the dance and availed themselves of the good cheer, the majority spent their time wandering from room to room inspecting the many beautiful things that are to be disposed of for the benefit of the Belgians. What a wonderful collection Mrs. Spreckels has made. Her studio is at once an art gallery and a museum. She has everything from a rare coin to a Ford. She has many beautiful pictures, she has dolls galore, she has a whole library of works autographed by their authors. Anatole France, Theodore Roosevelt, Edwin Markham and Jack London are but a few of the famous writers represented. Though there are some valuable paintings on the walls the picture that interested me more than all others was one that appeals not so much through its intrinsic merit as through its history. It was bought at auction in this city nearly half a century ago. The auction was for the benefit of French sufferers in the war of 1870. The purchaser was that pioneer Frenchman who gave his name to the town of Pioche, Nevada. He was a banker in this city, and the leader of our first French colony. Mrs. Spreckels' collection is still growing. Even the dolls are increasing in number, and the other day Lillian Russell, whom Mrs. Spreckels met at a luncheon given at the St. Francis by Anna Held, promised to give a doll dressed as a bride. While this notable collection is growing public interest therein is deepening, and now there is talk of making the distribution a public event at the Auditorium, on which occasion Mayor Rolph, Judge Graham and School Superintendent Roncovieri will officiate. Meanwhile Mrs. Spreckels is promoting at the Hopkins Art Institute a competition in posters for advertising the big event. The judges for this competition are Earl Cummings, Frank Van Sloun and Edgar Walter.

#### The St. Francis Musicales

The Monday Morning Musicales which emulate, but are expected to surpass in interest and popularity their prototype in the Waldorf-Astoria of New York, will begin next Monday in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis. This

series which follows the lines of the Bagby concerts in New York, is one of the most gratifying results of the musical inspiration of the Exposition. The first concert will be given by Mme. Betty Drews, a dramatic soprano, and pupil of Mme. Gerster, teacher of Julia Culp; and Miss Mae Mukle, a member of the Innisfel Quartette who has gained fame abroad as a 'cellist. Among the patronesses are Mrs. William B. Bourn, Mrs. Henry Breeden, Mrs. Wallace W. Briggs, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. John Casserly, Mrs. George T. Cameron, Mrs. Selah Chamberlain, Mrs. Thomas A. Driscoll, Mrs. Francis H. Davis, Mrs. M. H. De Young, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mrs. James L. Flood, Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Mrs. Emile Greenbaum, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. D. C. Jackling, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mrs. James P. Langhorne, Mrs. Jesse W. Lilienthal, Mrs. George W. McNear, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Edward McCutcheon.

#### At the Somerton

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Moreland who were guests for ten days, have returned to their home in Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Smythe of Boston and their daughter Miss Elizabeth have taken an apartment. S. W. Botsford and D. L. Obermeyer of Los Angeles are registered. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Vogt of Akron, O., are paying their first visit here and are charmed. They are at the Somerton. Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Remington gave an elaborate dinner Thursday evening. They are from Chicago. Among the prominent Southerners at the Somerton are Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Narlin of Baltimore. They dined sixteen of their friends Wednesday. Dr. and Mrs. David Maxwell of Philadelphia are registered.

#### At the Cecil

Mrs. John Charles Doyle of Los Angeles gave a beautifully appointed luncheon recently to her San Francisco friends in the private dining room. Among those present were Mrs. Charles Groos Jr., Mrs. Murray Vandell, Mrs. Amaza

Spring, Mrs. Frank Long of Oakland, Mrs. Clara Belle Scott. Mr. and Mrs. Doyle have been spending the winter here. A score of friends enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Farnham at a New Year's party. Among the invited guests were Captain and Mrs. Crisp, Lieutenant and Mrs. Conger Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Hawley, Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Doyle of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. William Miller of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Sale, Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt, Mrs. B. B. Keith, Mrs. Charles Ryland, Mrs. White, Mr. Nance. Mrs. Kenyon entertained informally at luncheon Wednesday. Judge and Mrs. Hyland were hosts at a delightful dinner Saturday.

#### New Year's Eve at Tavern

Of all places where New Year's Eve was celebrated that one at which the true carnival spirit of the occasion seemed most in harmony with the environment and where spontaneous enthusiasm marked the proceedings was Techau Tavern. There is something about the tradition of this hospitable cafe which lends itself admirably to such entertainment. No expense is spared to give pleasure to the guests and there is always an air of refinement and respectability which appeals to the most critical. Among those present was Col. Charles F. Hanlon, the well known San Francisco attorney, bon vivant and royal entertainer. Covers were laid at his table for twenty notable guests, among them Lillian Russell and Anna Held.

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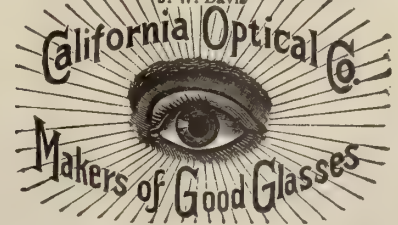
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## Meditations in a Music Hall

By Theodore Bonnet

There is solitude for meditation even in a crowded music hall. This I discovered at the Orpheum last Sunday afternoon when a storm was raging in O'Farrell street. There I meditated on womanly beauty. My meditations were induced by one of the fairest of fair women. One of the large audience smiled on by Lillian Russell, I applauded her beauty, herself and all that she did to amuse. A great beauty is Lillian Russell. Sweet she is, too, and gracious and lovely in her dignity; of mein and manner, I meditated, that appeal to the male mind searching for the quietudes rather than the exultations of the passionate life. A pronounced type of beauty is Miss Russell's, but I am no stickler for any type of womanly beauty. I have admiration for every type in accordance with the suggestion of the connoisseur who said that in the matter of admiration it is not bad to have several maladies. Far be it from me to exalt Diana above Venus, or Minerva above the shy Arethusa. After all, there is no such thing as an accepted standard of beauty, but assuredly there is such a thing as the beauty of Lillian Russell. I know because I have admired it from the first day I met her, which was not nearly so long ago as she might cause one to believe by her self-twitwitting witticisms in the course of her delightful monologue. On this I meditated at the Orpheum, and on the hill-wind freshness of her beauty and of how desirable it is that a painter should preserve this beauty for posterity

that posterity might know the woman we of this generation admired. Think of what canvas has done for us! On this I meditated at the Orpheum. I thought of the historic beauties whose portraits I have known, whose lives I have read. How many the painters, I reflected, that immortalized beautiful women; how many the poets that sang imperishable lyrics of fair ladies who held them thrall! Passed before me in review la belle Hamilton, the gay Ninon, more than one Gainsborough, a Roman contadina, the typical Sicilian with the lissom Greek figure, the plump, luscious Countess of Grammont of Lely, with her tapering fingers holding her corsage as though she feared something was in need of restraint. The Langtry of Watts, the Ellen Terry of Sargent—photos of them I have seen somewhere. Now what is more interesting, I meditated Sunday afternoon, than the study of types of womanly beauty! Especially what is more interesting than the study of famous beauties who wielded the imperial sceptre over the hearts of men? I think we all love to look on womanly beauty. At any rate some of us spent a lot of time in the Fine Arts Building during the Exposition, wandering from canvas to canvas, studying not only the elaborately arrayed but the austere ungarbed. Dress I have discovered has very little weight with some men, and few appear to be sensible of the propriety of admiring the nude only in sculpture. But to return to the fair Lillian, and to get back to ordered

sequence, as the enemies of discursiveness call it, here is beauty, such beauty peradventure as the beauty that "launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of Ilium." Here is a woman with eyes of strange lights and depths of shadow, a woman to make another Lovelace immortal by giving inspiration for a flawless lyric. I may be writing not wisely but too rhapsodically, but nevertheless I'll bet Petrarch had not finer fuel for the firing of his muse; and I'm no gambler; only a lover of womanly beauty, one who has lamented that we have no counterfeit presentment in pigments of the lady to whom the poet of the Song of Songs cried "Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the fields, let us lodge in the villages." So, mindful that all flesh is grass I call for the painting of a portrait of the lovely lady who, by the way, is doing something more than looking beautiful at the Orpheum, for Lillian Russell has brains as well as beauty. Also, by the way, let me assure you that the Orpheum has something besides Lillian. It has, for instance, Ben Ryan and Harriette Lee who rocked the audience with laughter more violently than any Orpheum audience was ever rocked before. And there is a minstrel by the name of Comfort with a lyric tenor voice of such beautiful quality that it makes you sad to think it is not receiving the cultivation which is necessary for its preservation.

## Gossip of the Theatre

### The S. F. Quintet Club

Next Tuesday night at 8:45 in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis, the San Francisco Quintet Club will give the first concert of its second series for this season. The program will consist of a Mozart Quartet for flute and strings, the exquisite string quartet in A major by Schumann and a Quintet for piano and strings by Sgambati. Tickets may be had at Sherman Clay, Kohler and Chase's and the St. Francis news stand. At the second concert Thursday night, January 20, the Concerto by Bach for harpischord, flute and violin with string accompaniment will be given for the first time in this city.

### The De Gogorza Concerts

Emilio De Gogorza, the eminent Spanish baritone, will give two concerts on Sunday afternoons, January 23 and 30. At his first concert Mr. De Gogorza will sing old operatic classics by Monsigny and Gluck, romantic German lieder by Rubinstein, Brahms and Strauss, three Spanish gems by Alvarez and Granados, J. Alden Carpenter's settings of Tagore's poems "On the Seashore of Endless Worlds" and "When I Bring You Colored Toys," a group of English ballads including "Sally in our Alley," "Why so Pale and Wan," "Mother o' Mine" and "To Anthea," and the modern French gems "Lied Maritime" by Vincent d'Indy, "Lever d'Aube" by Ropartz and two Debussy works. There will be a complete change of program for the second concert. Mail orders for either event may be addressed to Will Greenbaum at Sherman Clay. De Gogorza will not sing in Oakland this season. For its third concert this

season the Peninsula Musical Association will present De Gogorza in a special program at Stanford University on Thursday night, January 20.

### "Twin Beds" at the Cort

The appeal of "Twin Beds," Margaret Mayo's

laugh festival, which opens at the Cort Sunday evening, lies in its naturalness, its witty dialogue, its slang, its clean theme and its hilarious situations. Salisbury Field of San Francisco and Margaret Mayo, the authors, disregarded French farce, and kept within wholesome boundaries. They were wise: Selwyn and Company pre-



THE SAN FRANCISCO QUINTET CLUB

Which will give a fine program of chamber music in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis Hotel next Tuesday night. This will be the first of a series of three concerts to be given during January and February.



sented "Twin Beds" to crowded houses for over a year on Broadway.

#### Broadhurst and His Play at Alcazar

Next week the Alcazar's Lytell-Vaughan company will give the first production here of "The Law of the Land" by George Broadhurst, author of "Bought and Paid For," "The Man of the Hour" and other successes. Broadhurst is coming up from Los Angeles to direct the rehearsals. "The Law of the Land" was a great success in New York last season, running a year with Julia Dean in the leading role. This will be played by Evelyn Vaughan.

#### Gauthier and Devi at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will have as headliners Eva Gauthier, prima donna, and Nila Devi, prima ballerina, in international songs and dances. The association is a novelty. Dancing to vocal accompaniment is a continental custom introduced in Europe, as in the East, by Eva Gauthier and Nila Devi. They are assisted by a quartet of dancing girls. Bayone Whipple and Walter Huston will present their mysterious comedy "Spooks" with grotesque songs, strange dance and weird music. A spectacular riding novelty is offered by the society equestrians James Dutton and his two pretty assistants. Earle Reynolds and Nellie Donegan will introduce a beautiful combination of skating and dancing. Miss Donegan's dresses are marvels. Bert La Mont and his cowboys in their round-up of mirth and melody are a fine sextet. Ben Ryan and Harriette Lee in "You've Spoiled It," Comfort and King in Junie McCree's "Coon

Town Divorcons;" George Austin Moore and Cordelia Haager in songs and stories; and the second installment of the ten-reel "Uncle Sam at Work" will be in the bill.

#### Third Pair of Symphony Concerts

The third pair of symphony concerts of the San Francisco Orchestra, Alfred Hertz conductor, will be given at the Cort Friday afternoon, January 14, at 3 sharp and Sunday afternoon, January 16, at 2:30 sharp. The program will include the Overture "Iphigenia in Aulis" of Gluck which was arranged by Wagner, the Symphony, G minor, opus 54 of Mozart, the Concerto, D major, for violin, opus 61 of Beethoven, the soloist being Louis Persinger, the concert-master of the orchestra, and "Don Juan," Tone Poem (after Lenau) of Richard Strauss. Persinger the violinist who will be the first soloist of the season, enjoys recognition as one of America's most gifted artists. After studying under Hans Becker he graduated in the famous old Royal Conservatory at Leipzig. No less a personage than Arthur Nikisch wrote that young Persinger was "one of the most talented pupils Leipzig Conservatory has ever had." Later he studied with Ysaye. He has given concerts in all the great cities of Europe and America. Tickets for the concerts will, in future, be on sale at Sherman Clay, Kohler and Chase, and on the days of concerts at the box office of the Cort.

#### "Colonial Days" at Pantages

"Colonial Days," a pretentious musical offering, will head the show at Pantages next week.

Melodies of early Virginia days, minuets and quaint costumes make it delightful. There are fourteen in the company. S. H. Dudley, the colored minstrel, with his comedy trick mule is a feature. He has a playlet "The Stranded Minstrel." Lasky's seven "Hoboes" return with a revised edition of "Knights of the Road." Herr Bolke will present "Creo," an artistic illusion. Anita Heymans, a well known local



RALPH ERROLLE

The American tenor who will sing at the Tuesday Morning Musicales at the St. Francis Hotel

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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c

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EVA GAUTHIER AND NILA DEVI  
Next week at the Orpheum



singer, will make her debut in popular songs. Les Aarados are daring acrobats. The fourth installment of "The Red Circle" will be shown.

#### Tuesday Musicales at St. Francis

A most interesting announcement to society and musical folk is that of Rudolph Aronson, director of the Riviera Italian Grand Opera Company and formerly manager of the Metropolitan Concert Hall, New York, who purposes giving eight Tuesday Morning Musicales in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis, beginning January 11 at eleven o'clock. The most noted vocalists and instrumentalists will be presented and these musicales will be similar to those given with so much success in New York where they enlist audiences of the most exclusive set. The first program is particularly alluring. One of the vocalists will be Tilly Koenen, the famous Dutch contralto. Miss Koenen who created a marked sensation on her first appearance in this city, six years ago, is a prime favorite all over the concert world. She has many warm admirers here who will welcome her return. The other singer will be Ralph Errolle, the well known American lyric tenor who will be heard in numbers by Puccini, Giordano, Barthelmy, Hue, Pessard, Fontanailles and Cadman. The instrumental soloist will be Elsa Ruegger, the 'cellist who has no equal among her sex and whose fame is world-wide, her selections being a Sonata by Pietro Locatelli and compositions by Schumann, Saint-Saens and Popper. Uda Waldrop

will preside at the piano. Box and seat reservations may be made by addressing Rudolph Aronson, room 315, Hotel St. Francis.

Midas found all he touched turned to gold.  
"Just my luck, with a copper boom on!" he complained.

#### ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68344, Dept. No. 16.

JOHN SULLIVAN, Plaintiff, vs. W. J. HYNES, administrator of the estate of Hope A. Britting, also known as Hope A. Breutting, deceased; JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the amended complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said amended complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2nd day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. BRUNNER, Deputy Clerk.

WM. F. ROSE and BRUCE GLIDDEN,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
614 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-10



EDITH MAXHAM

Who plays an important role in "Twin Beds" at the Cort Theatre, starting next Sunday evening, January 9th

## ALCAZAR THEATRE

PHONE KEARNY 2

Commencing Monday Night, January 10th  
Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

**BERT LYTELL-EVELYN VAUGHAN**  
And Their Own Company of Distinguished Players

In the First Production in This City of the Big, Vital, Compelling Play of Heart Interest

### "THE LAW OF THE LAND"

By George Broadhurst

Author of "Bought and Paid For"

Produced Under the Personal Direction of the Author  
PRICES—Nights: 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees: 25c, 50c

**CORT**

**LEADING THEATRE**  
Ellis and Market

Phone Sutter 2460

Last Time Saturday Night MARGARET ILLINGTON  
In "The Lie"

COMMENCING SUNDAY NIGHT, JANUARY 9  
Selwyn and Company Present

The Laugh Festival

### "TWIN BEDS"

By Salisbury Field

and

Margaret Mayo (Author of "Baby Mine")

Nights and Saturday Matinee, 50c to \$1.50  
BEST SEATS \$1.00 WEDNESDAY MATINEE

**PANTAGES**  
VAUDEVILLE

MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON

Frank Bohm Presents

Vaudeville's Most Elaborate Musical Offering

"COLONIAL DAYS"

S. H. DUDLEY AND HIS MULE

"The Stranded Minstrel"

LASKY'S SEVEN HOBOES

"Knights of the Road"

Herr Bolke Offers the Mysterious Illusion

CREO

"Creating" a Beautiful Woman from

"A Rag, a Bone and a Hank of Hair"

EIGHT PANTAGES FEATURES

**ST. FRANCIS HOTEL** COLONIAL BALLROOM

TUESDAY, JANUARY 11, AT 11 A. M.

First of the

**TUESDAY MORNING MUSICALES**

(Direction Rudolph Aronson)

ARTISTS:

TILLY KOENEN, Contralto

RALPH ERROLLE, Tenor

and

ELSA RUEGGER, 'Cellist

Apply for seats and boxes at Room 315, Hotel St. Francis

#### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 70203.

LILLIAN E. BERGES, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's cruelty and intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. I. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS WILSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
2536 Hilgard Ave., Berkeley, Cal. 12-18-16



## Smoking Mark Twain's Cigar

(Continued from Page 7.)

Mark Twain immediately began talking about the weather. He said Hannibal was not nearly so hot in June when he was a boy.

Next day I took another tack. I bought two good cigars—ordinarily good, at any rate—and proffered him one of them. Generosity, like charity, should begin at home. I never had thought of offering him a cigar. It was I who had been selfish, not Mark Twain.

He put my cigar in his right-hand vest-pocket, far from the madding crowd of his own cigars, thanked me most graciously, and said he would "use" it later. Then he took a Mark Twain cigar from the other pocket and smoked it.

I did not light my cigar. I intended to save it. It was the mate to the cigar I had given to Mark Twain. I could go away and say, ever afterward: "Mark Twain smoked one of my cigars."

There was some little satisfaction in that. And then I could pull out my cigar and say: "It was the twin brother of this one, and wore a pink garter, mate to this garter."

Guiltily I reflected that I might, in time, become so bold as to make the claim that my cigar really was one of Mark Twain's, which he had given me. I might come to believe it myself, after years of spiritual ossification. So I lit my decrepit pipe and puffed proudly.

One evening, in this same town of Hannibal, there was a session of seven of us in the side room of the hotel cafe. The other five were three originals of "Huck Finn" and two originals of "Tom Sawyer." Each claimed the distinction with genuine pride.

Mark Twain really was not cruel—at times. He was kind-hearted—about everything but his cigars. He did not deny in their presence that these old fellows were "Hucks" or "Toms." Privately, however, he intimated to me that he was "Tom Sawyer" himself and "Huckleberry Finn" was a lad named Blankenship, long years dead and done.

Later we went around to a side street and he identified the house where "Huck" had lived. It was a shed-like shanty, reached through an alley from the house on the next street where Mark Twain claimed to have lived when he was masquerading as "Tom Sawyer." I took a photograph of "Huck's" home, and I am mighty glad that I did, for I have learned that the shack burned down a little later. I wish now that I had taken a photograph of Mark Twain's cigar—which also was burned.

"I don't believe that either of these three dear old boyhood friends of mine ever read 'Huckleberry Finn,'" said Mark Twain to me on the side. "They seem to stand high in this community, and two of them have been giving me their pedigrees. Their fathers were respectable. Still, if it gives them any satisfaction to imagine they were 'Huck,' what's the harm? I'm not to blame, am I?"

"'Huck' was a pretty bad boy in some respects," I hinted. "He drank and chewed—and smoked, didn't he?"

"He drank and chewed, anyhow," admitted Mark Twain, pulling out a Porto Rico.

Simultaneously I pulled out a match and made another sulphurous stripe on my new pants. I knew the tramp wouldn't mind. I lit my pipe with the remains of that match. I was getting to be economical. The supply of Porto Ricos was inexhaustible.

These smoke-thoughts have caused me to wander away from that evening in the cafe. It was prolonged into a morning session. The seven of us sat and talked. That is, Mark Twain talked. He was in his most delightful

mood. Things he said that blessed night have made me love him ever since, even in spite of his corner on cigars.

He said that usually he wrote eighteen hundred words a day when he was working. I told him that usually I wrote five thousand words a day, but my price per word was so much lower than his that I had to do it: I couldn't buy smoking material unless I did.

Then Mark Twain turned the subject to avoid encroaching upon his cigars. He told me when and where he wrote his serious book about Joan of Arc, and how he worked time and time about on that and "Pudd'nhead Wilson."

That must have been almost as difficult as smoking two cigars at a time—one of his and one of mine.

We drank mild mint juleps at this session. I think it must have been the mint that made Mark Twain give me one of his cigars. Yes, that was the great occasion upon which he made the presentation.

I glanced at my watch when he did so. It was five minutes of three a. m. I recorded the observation in my notebook. Never can I forget that hour and minute. I had achieved the Pole! It was a Porto Rican pole, but what matter?

In reckless extravagance I had put by my pipe and lit my cigar—the twin to the one I had given Mark Twain.

"Why, I didn't know you smoked cigars," said Mark Twain. "You've never had that pipe out of your mouth since we met. Here—try one of mine."

After I recovered I said to him bluntly that I wouldn't smoke his cigar—I would keep it as a memento of the happy occasion and the first Missourian, willing it to my heirs and assigns with instructions to hand it down to the seventh generation.

Mark Twain was touched.

"I've heard of hero-worshippers before," he said, brokenly, "but I've never heard of a smoker who is hero enough not to smoke a cigar when he has one on hand, if it is the only one he has. I still don't believe you smoke cigars."

"Only," I admitted, "when friends are kind enough to give them to me. I have a family to support and consequently cannot afford to support a private merchant marine."

It seemed that Mark Twain suspected me of hinting at something, but he remained silent. He was smoking the day's forty-eighth cigar, and no doubt was worrying about the forty-ninth, which he had handed to me.

Before I retired, a few minutes after this incident, I encountered the night clerk in the hotel. He had a face that shone like the full moon or the post-midnight sun. He was visibly elated. His voice was a crow as he button-holed me and cawed:

"Mark Twain gave me one of his cigars. I'm going to keep it all my life—wouldn't lose it by smoking it up for a million dollars!"

"I don't believe he gave you one," I said, doggedly. "I know him too well. You're trying to put one over on me. Let's see it."

The night clerk pulled out the cigar I had given to Mark Twain. I recognized it by the pink garter. I suppose the clerk still has that cigar.

Late that day, after having passed several sleepless hours in bed, my brain too insurgent with success to think of slumber, I returned to St. Louis.

"Mark Twain gave me one of his cigars!" I shouted at the first acquaintance I met on the street.

"Was it a good smoke?"

"Holy Smoke, man! Smoke? Do you think I'd smoke up a cigar that Mark Twain gave

me—the only one? Huh! You're totally devoid of sentiment. You're a dull, hopeless, helpless slug! You lack imagination, romance—"

"Lemme see this here wonderful Mark Twain stogie," demanded the slug.

"If you'll promise not to touch it," I assented. "I'm going to wrap this Mark Twain cigar in perfumed ribbon, put it in a glass case with gilt edges, and preserve it as a souvenir of a great man and a glorious occasion, so that a hundred years from now my descendants—if I ever have any—may remember their illustrious ancestor by this—"

I put my fingers into my vest-pocket and explored its nether deeps. I turned pale. I gasped. I trembled and tottered.

Then I recalled that after eating dinner on the train I had wanted to top off with a smoke. Of course, one couldn't smoke a pipe in a dining-car and remain in polite society. So I had smoked the only cigar I had in my pocket.

It was the Mark Twain cigar, and I had smoked it without knowing its identity.

And, just between friends, it was a rotten smoke!

—Reedy's Mirror.

## An American's Influence in Europe

(Continued from Page 6.)

nor is it easy today to imagine a successful landing on a coast provided with the modern defenses. The power of a crushing offensive seems to have weakened, and the notion of deciding a war by a naval battle to have vanished. What remains is an enhanced power of slow pressure, and an ability to penalize commerce, which steam and wireless telegraphy have greatly reinforced. The seas may never again see the spectacle of a modern Trafalgar. But the basis of Mahan's argument remains. Sea-power is still a condition of successful warfare on a world-wide theatre, and it is still the basis of world-empire.

Captain Mahan retired from active service after forty years of service November 17, 1896. He entered the Naval Academy from New York in 1856. He served on the Pocohantas of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron in 1861-62 and was commissioned lieutenant commander June 7, 1865. He was president of our Naval War College from 1886 to 1889, and he was a delegate to the Hague Conference in 1899. In addition to his works on the influence of sea-power he wrote a life of Admiral Farragut and a life of Nelson.

### CERTIFICATE OF DOING BUSINESS UNDER A FICTITIOUS NAME

No. 2473.

Ten Cent Internal Revenue Stamp Affixed and Cancelled. KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, that I, Herman D. Gildmacher, do hereby certify that I am transacting business in the State of California, under the fictitious name and style of Citizens Commercial Co.; that my full name is Herman D. Gildmacher; that I reside at 1424 Gough Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that my principal place of business is at 525 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that I am the sole owner of said business.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand this 21st day of December, 1915.

HERMAN D. GILDMACHER.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 21st day of December in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a notary public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Herman D. Gildmacher, known to me to be the person, described in, whose name is subscribed to, and who executed the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same. Witness my hand and official seal, at my office, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal)

A. J. NAGLE, Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 27, 1915.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. B. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Mining shares, "war stocks," industrials and specialties were stronger and more active, but railroad shares were neglected. Higher prices for copper metal at last exercised a legitimate influence on the market, and bullish sentiment was helped by the activity in general business and in export trade. The embargo on freight for the seaboard is giving interior merchants and consumers a better chance to get what they need, and the railroads are handling vast quantities of short-haul freight. Sterling exchange was higher than at any time since last September, which increases the profits on export sales. Copper metal was quoted at 23 cents a pound in New York, and it was strong in London. This is the best price touched since 1907, and it was reported that a single order for 120,000,000 pounds of the metal had been placed by the British Government, which would be the largest transaction of the kind in the history of the metal trade. Including this and other export sales with the domestic sales, the total for the week would exceed 200,000,000 pounds sold at twenty to twenty-one cents a pound. Selling agencies are now talking 25 cent copper, and the statistical position of the metal is very strong. Mexican Petroleum sold at a new high level, and other oil shares were firm. Sugar shares were irregular, though the trade outlook was favorable. Steel common and other steel and equipment shares did not respond fully to favorable trade reports. The shadow of threatened labor troubles is beginning to affect industrials, and many operators predict strikes in the coal regions and amongst certain classes of railroad employees. Labor is scarce and high wages are being paid to men of inferior skill. The munitions factories have drained men from other trades and are paying them higher wages than they can get elsewhere, and this is demoralizing some important industries. Speculators and investors will have to take the labor situation into account very carefully, for strikes are likely to do more harm than usual because there is no surplus labor on which to draw. Apart from the labor situation, the outlook for American industries could hardly be better.

**Wheat**—It is a long time since we have had so unyielding a wheat market as now, and many of the uncompromising bears are about ready to capitulate, so strong and persistent is the buying power. We think it is a case of over-staying—relying upon exhausted influence for results which were recognized long ago as inactive. The market has been given a new incentive and the most powerful of any, that rule in creating cereal prices, viz.: an urgent and a continuous demand for raw material. It was not heralded as last year, when the atmosphere of every session was saturated with reports of heavy export takings, but was artfully concealed until its volume was such as to demand attention and cause an appreciation

from low point resembling the upheavals of last fall. The movement in the Northwest continued sufficiently heavy to cause skepticism and the short interest was increased on all the advances until it was large enough to become a power when suspicious, and that is the reason for the 35 cent advance from low point, and which continues to exist as a factor combined with a larger public interest than has existed for months. It is, we think, a broad bull market, and destined, with the usual reactions, for much higher price levels.

**Corn**—This market was sympathetically strong with wheat, and it is thought that with weakness in that cereal, corn prices would hesitate or decline. Good people, including many who have stayed with this advance from 54 cents, are now willing to concede that the pace is a little fast. This, being interpreted, means that they do not believe a further addition to the quotations is justified at this particular time. They have not deserted their old tenets of higher prices,—simply have postponed the realization. They see a disposition upon the part of the Western farmer to take present prices for cash property, and are offering more freely. Local receipts are growing only moderately, while the avenues of distribution are narrowing, and this does not always mean a continuance of a bull movement. They are also asking for the disposal of their consignments, with promise to fill advance sales later, which does not disclose a very firm belief in the permanency of present levels. We believe that the corn movement will soon start, and continue to increase, as did the wheat in October, when everybody was deriding the Government estimates and asking for a reason for its nonappearance. Whatever may happen later, we think it the proper time to take profits on corn and await the movement developments later on.

**Cotton**—Another week of see-saw market, with prices fluctuating in a narrow range. Liverpool prices were strong, and higher, but freight rates kept advancing, which interferes with export business. Spot prices hold up well and spinners takings are large. Business in the textile trade could not be better, and prices are firm. Receipts of cotton are normal for this season of the year, and it looks as if the bulk of the cotton has already made its appearance. Southern banks are amply supplied with funds to carry the remainder of this crop indefinitely, and we are reliably informed that possibly 90 per cent of the cotton carried into the New Year will be held for 15 cents or higher. At the rate the stock in Liverpool is decreasing, it will not be long before English spinners will force their Government to furnish the necessary vessels to bring them cotton. Ships are ample, but are now engaged in transporting troops and munitions of war and in carrying grain. These vessels can, and soon will, be diverted to the use of the cotton trade. So, after all, the holder

of spots need not be frightened by such temporarily-bearish features. We have the cotton and the English have to have it, and it's a safe bet that they will soon find the way when a scarcity becomes evident.

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 69821.  
JULIA GREGORY, Plaintiff, vs. CORWIN I. GREGORY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CORWIN I. GREGORY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's having for more than one year, last past, immediately preceding the filing of her complaint willfully and without cause deserted and abandoned plaintiff; also for care, custody and control of the minor children of plaintiff and defendant, to-wit: Vivian Gregory and Rose Gregory, and alimony, counsel fees and costs of suit; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of November, A. D. 1915.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANKLIN P. BULL,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
637 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-11-10

## BYRNE & McDONNELL

### MEMBERS

New York Stock Exchange  
New York Cotton Exchange  
Chicago Board of Trade  
San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange  
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(THE GERMAN BANK)

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HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner  
Haight and Belvedere

DECEMBER 31ST, 1915:

Assets .....\$61,849,662.02  
Deposits .....58,840,699.38  
Capital actually paid up in Cash ..... 1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds ..... 2,008,962.64  
Employees' Pension Fund ..... 211,238.93  
Number of Depositors ..... 67,406  
Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock  
P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M., and  
Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock  
P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending December 31st, 1915, a  
dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was  
declared.

## E. F. HUTTON & CO.

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## DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (The German Bank), 526 California street; Mission Branch, corner Mission and Twenty-first streets; Richmond District Branch, corner Clement street and Seventh avenue; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1915, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1916. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1916.

GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.  
1-1-2

## DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market street, near Fourth. For the half year ending December 31, 1915, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1916. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1916.

H. C. KLEVESAH, Cashier.  
1-1-2

## NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

AGREEMENT, made and entered into between M. I. SOMMERS and R. J. HERTS,

## WITNESSETH:

WHEREAS, the parties hereto have heretofore been engaged in the general and outdoor advertising business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of SOMMERS and HERTS, and

WHEREAS, the parties hereto desire this day to dissolve said partnership,

NOW, THEREFORE this agreement WITNESSETH: First: That said partnership is this day by mutual consent hereby dissolved.

Second: The said M. I. SOMMERS does hereby assume and agree to pay all the obligations, debts and liabilities of every kind whatsoever, now or which may hereafter become due in connection with said partnership business.

Third: The said R. J. HERTS in consideration of the assumption of all of said obligations by said Sommers, does hereby sell, assign and transfer unto the said M. I. SOMMERS all of his interest in and to the partnership business and all of his right, title and interest in and to all outstanding accounts, contracts, leases and property of every kind and nature belonging to or used in or intended to be used in connection with the aforesaid business.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties hereto have hereunto set their hands and seals at San Francisco, California, this 2nd day of December, 1915.

(Seal) M. I. SOMMERS,  
(Seal) R. J. HERTS.  
LOUIS H. BROWNSTONE,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
San Francisco, Cal. 12-19-4

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69542.  
SADIE A. McNEIL, Plaintiff, vs. LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of November, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.  
H. D. GILDMACHER,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
525 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-10

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN HOWARD EVERETT, deceased.—No. 19958

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of ELLEN HOWARD EVERETT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Jas. M. Shields, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN HOWARD EVERETT, deceased.

SAMUEL J. LEE,  
Executor of the estate of Ellen Howard Everett, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1915.

JAS. M. SHIELDS,  
Attorney for Executor,  
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-5

CRESTA BLANCA WINE CO.,  
168 EDDY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

## TELEPHONE FRANKLIN 1836

for a  
TOURING CAR, LIMOUSINE OR TAXICAB

## THE WHITE STAR LINE AUTO TOURING CO.

## TARIFF

7 Passenger Touring Cars \$2.00 Per Hour

7 Passenger Closed Cars \$2.50 Per Hour

Special Rates by Week or Month

TAXICAB RATES FOR SHORT TRIPS

DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE

Our Taxi Service is most reasonable and unexcelled. We use seven passenger closed cars for this Service which bear no mark of identification signifying a rent car. The "Zone" rate applies to all Taxi service so when ordering a car ask for Taxi Tariff.

## THE WHITE STAR LINE AUTO TOURING CO.

TELEPHONE FRANKLIN 1836

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68185; Dept. 10.

GERTRUDE JEANETTE HARMON, Plaintiff, vs. WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of September, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

WEINMANN & CUNHA,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

## CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

No. 2449.

Ten Cent Documentary Revenue Stamp Cancelled.

The undersigned William S. Van Cott, residing at number 1950 Jones Street, San Francisco, California, hereby gives notice and certifies that he is individually transacting business under the fictitious name and style of W. S. Van Cott & Co., that the principal place of business of said W. S. Van Cott & Co., is situated at number 440 Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that his name in full is William S. Van Cott; that he is the sole owner of said business and that there is no other person or persons having any interest whatsoever therein.

Dated: December 2, 1915.

WILLIAM S. VAN COTT,  
W. S. VAN COTT.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
City and County of San Francisco.—ss.

On the 2nd day of December, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, before me, A. K. DAGGETT, a Notary Public in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared William S. Van Cott, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Seal) A. K. DAGGETT,  
In and for the City and County of San Francisco,  
State of California.

Endorsed: Filed December 9, 1915.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. 12-18-5

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

## DIVIDEND NOTICE

FRENCH-AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS (Savings Department), 108 Sutter street. For the half year ending December 31, 1915, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1916. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1916. Money deposited on or before January 10, 1916, will earn interest from January 1, 1916.

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Typewriters Rented and Inspected

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Expert Repairing

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San Francisco Depot: Key Route Ferry

Oakland Depot: 4th and Shafter Ave.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ADELE AMOS, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, WILLIAM HENRY AMOS, as Executor of the last will and testament of ADELE AMOS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Henry Ach, Room 710 in the Flatiron Building, No. 544 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ADELE AMOS, deceased.

WILLIAM HENRY AMOS,  
As Executor of the last will and testament of Adele Amos, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1915.  
HENRY ACH, ESQ.,

Attorney for Executor,  
544 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-12-5

## DIVIDEND NOTICE

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 706 Market street, opposite Third. For the half year ending December 31, 1915, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1916. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1916.

C. B. HOBSON, Cashier.

GEO. HAAS & SONS

Fine Candies

Four Stores



# STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

## The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

(HIBERNIA BANK)

SAVINGS BANK ONLY

DATED DECEMBER 31, 1915

### ASSETS

1—Bonds of the United States (\$6,888,000.00), of the State of California and the Cities and Counties thereof (\$6,201,175.00), of the State of New York (\$2,149,000.00), of the City of New York (\$1,450,000.00), of the State of Massachusetts (\$576,000.00), of the City of Chicago (\$300,000.00) the actual value of which is .....	\$18,093,195.46
2—Cash in Vault .....	2,928,349.14
3—Miscellaneous Bonds (\$4,655,000.00), the actual value of which is .....	4,271,073.45
	\$25,292,618.05

They are:

"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco Terminal 4 per cent Bonds" (\$250,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$30,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$83,000.00), "Pennsylvania Railroad Company 4½ per cent Bonds" (\$100,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" (\$544,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" (\$400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$334,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$150,000.00), "Gough Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$20,000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" (\$1,340,000.00), "San Francisco Gas & Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" (\$510,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Company 4 per cent Bonds" (\$50,000.00), "German House Association 6 per cent Bonds" (\$101,000.00).

4—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is .....	34,864,183.01
--	---------------

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State (\$34,774,183.01), and the State of Oregon (\$90,000.00). Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is .....	302,560.00
--	------------

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations or other securities.

6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco (\$1,931,315.31), and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$1.00), and Alameda (\$7675.07), in this State, the actual value of which is .....	1,938,991.38
7—(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is .....	997,455.90

The Condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds.....	230,739.38
TOTAL ASSETS .....	\$63,626,547.72

### LIABILITIES

1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is .....	\$59,844,084.07
Number of Depositors .....	87,632
Average Deposit .....	\$682.90
2—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds \$	230,739.38
3—Reserve Fund, Actual Value .....	3,551,724.27
	3,782,463.65

TOTAL LIABILITIES .....	\$63,626,547.72
-------------------------	-----------------

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,

By CHARLES MAYO, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,

By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

CHARLES MAYO and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said CHARLES MAYO is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

CHARLES MAYO, President.  
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of January, 1916.

CHAS. T. STANLEY,  
Notary Public in and for the City and County of  
San Francisco, State of California.



# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVII. No. 1221

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 15, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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California's Highest-Price Jurist

Why General French Was Removed

The Clockwinder Meets a Teetotaler

England's Worship of a Poet's Beauty

Official Plans to Keep Children Childlike

*Read the January Lantern*





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Overlooking Lake Merritt and the Mountains.  
The most picturesque location in America,  
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in the heart of the city, the mountains  
in the background, and the Bay.  
An ideal home for refined permanent  
guests.

European Plan: From \$1.50 a day up

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Write for our extraordinarily low per-  
manent rates.

CARL SWORD, Manager

Typical of California

## PALACE HOTEL

Since 1875

THE HISTORIC HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO  
NEW MANAGEMENT—NEW POLICY—EUROPEAN PLAN ONLY

Rates from \$2. per day upward

**FAIRMONT HOTEL**  
THE MOST SUPERBLY SITUATED HOTEL IN THE WORLD  
Under Same Management

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Hotel St. Francis Announces The  
**CLUB ROOM SPECIAL**  
A BUSY MAN'S LUNCHEON  
BEGINNING JANUARY 10TH, 1916  
**50 CENTS**

SERVICE FROM 11:30 TO 2:00

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UNSURPASSED CUISINE  
(a la carte service)

DANCING EVERY EVENING

Private Banquet and Dining Rooms  
Table d'Hôte Dinner in Terrace Every  
Sunday—4 to 8 p. m.

\$1.00 Per Plate with Wine

Vocal and Instrumental Entertainment

## HOTEL KENSINGTON

Northeast corner Geary  
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A high grade family and commercial hotel, catering  
to refined patronage. Seven-story steel and concrete  
structure; 150 rooms, each with bath. Rates, \$1.00  
to \$2.50 a day.

UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE RATES TO  
PERMANENT GUESTS

INSPECTION INVITED

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an air of refinement and respectability

Informal Dansant Every Evening at Nine  
Except Sunday

Under the Management of A. C. MORRISON

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Opposite Columbia Theatre

Connected with Cecil Hotel and  
under same management.

350 rooms, single and en suite.  
Newly Furnished—Strictly First Class

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REOPENED

New and beautiful dance floor. Select instrumental  
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NOTARY PUBLIC

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Along the Mission Trail and through  
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Across the Sierras and over the Great  
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Skirting majestic Mount Shasta and  
crossing the Siskiyou.

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The Golden State Route through the  
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Two Daily Trains to New Orleans via Los  
Angeles, Tucson, El Paso, San Antonio and  
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Steamers to New York.

Four Daily Trains to Chicago via Ogden and  
Omaha; or via Denver and Kansas City to  
St. Louis. Shortest and Quickest Way East.  
Four Daily Trains to Portland, Tacoma and  
Seattle—through Oregon and the Pacific  
Northwest.

Two Daily Trains to Chicago and St. Louis via  
Los Angeles, Tucson, El Paso and Kansas  
City.

Southern Pacific Service is the Standard

Best Dining Car in America

Oil Burning Engines—No Cinders, No Smudge, No Annoying Smoke

Awarded Grand Prize for Railway Track, Equipment, Motive Power and Safety—First Appliances,  
San Francisco Exposition 1915

FOR FARES and TRAIN SERVICE, ASK SOUTHERN PACIFIC AGENTS



# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVII

San Francisco, January 15, 1916

No. 1221

Published Weekly by  
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)  
88 First Street, San Francisco  
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor  
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

## The Mysterious House

Among the many mysterious, if not inexplicable, phenomena of this Dispensation at Washington is Colonel House. Of Colonel House—the flesh-and-blood House—the American public knows little or nothing. As a personality Colonel House is a proposition for which we have no symbol expressive of quantity. We know only from rumor that in this great Democracy for the time being he incarnates Power Behind the Throne. We hear that he pilots the government, but we know not in what constitutional capacity. It has been said that he is an embodiment of the Kitchen Cabinet. We know that in the prenuptial days his home served as a retreat from the madding crowd and that during the honeymoon he was able to break in and deflect the President's mind to affairs of state, but what precisely his functions are, or what his qualifications for directing the destinies of the nation by proxy apparently nobody knows. His antecedents, his mental equipment, his intellectual resources, his tastes, his temperament, his prejudices and his prepossessions—these are matters of which we are absolutely ignorant. That he is a man of superb reticence is obvious enough, but reticence is not an infallible sign of high moral character or exceptional ability. Nor is the rule of the reticent the ideal rule of Democracy. In the ideal Democracy the people choose their own Government, and command the confidence of their servants. Fortunately the people of this Democracy have successfully cultivated the virtue of patience, and though they would like to solve the House mystery they will continue to bear with this shrinking violet from Texas. Colonel House is once more a minister plenipotentiary to Europe. The object of his mission we learn from the New York World, which is an authoritative source of information, being a strong Administration organ. According to the World the mysterious Colonel is going to reform the diplomatic service. It appears that there is a row on among our Ambassadors. Walter Hines Page has been indulging his self-importance of late, and he has not been as courteous as he ought toward Mr. Penfield at Vienna and Mr. Gerard at Berlin. Mrs. Penfield has been complaining that she has not been getting things from the London shops owing to the negligence of Ambassador Page. For the same reason Ambassador Gerard has been having trouble with his London tailor. These are not the only matters to which

Colonel House will give his attention. He will instruct Ambassador Marye to handle his mail more expeditiously, and he will caution all Ambassadors that they must not show any personal feelings they happen to entertain as individuals, either in favor of the Central Powers or the Allies.

## Our Newspaper Oligarchy

According to Mr. W. H. McCarthy San Francisco is a city governed by newspaper editors. Presumably Mr. McCarthy knows whereof he speaks. He had several years experience as a public servant. He took an active part in the affairs of our municipal government, he was steeped in its atmosphere, in touch with its mainsprings, on familiar terms with his associates, and he was sensitive to the influences by which they were swayed in the exercise of their functions. Speaking of the mayor and the supervisors he says that our public servants are guided only by the newspapers. He adds: "We have in this city an absolute oligarchy of the press." This is no fresh contribution to our general stock of information, but as the dictum of one who has served the people, and who presumably knows why the people are governed as they are it may serve that eminent personage the man in the street as material for reflection. Of course we all know that the newspapers are the schoolmasters of the common people—God help them! Also we all know that public officials everywhere are influenced by the press. But when the press represents all shades of opinion it may do more good than harm. Now unfortunately the press of San Francisco is unlike the press anywhere else. The daily press of this big city is a kind of trust. We have fewer newspapers now than we had thirty years ago, and the few that we have are organized for the benefit of all. If our press is not always a unit on public questions, very often it is nearly so. And certainly the times are few when it reflects all shades of opinion. It is a parochial press devoted rather to the prejudices and personal interests of the proprietors than to the general interest of the public. To its own interest it sometimes gives the color and aspect of the public interest, as, for instance, when all the proprietors got together the other day to demand special facilities for automobiles. Their concern was not the convenience of automobilists but the demands of the automobile business which has become the greatest source of revenue to the newspapers since the slump in real estate, a slump, by the way, for which they were responsible with their agitations for bond issues. Our newspaper trust is perhaps the most immoral trust in this country, for one of its objects is the control of the courts in the interest of the news-

papers and against people whom they have libeled. It is a violation of the cardinal rule of the trust for one newspaper to publish the news of the trial of a libel suit against another. A newspaper oligarchy indeed! A pretty tough newspaper tyrant, we should say. How can there be personal liberty in a city where such a combination exists? No wonder our newspapers are for direct government. No wonder they are for that darling contrivance, the recall, that makes it perilous for a judge to claim his soul as his own. San Francisco is a press-ridden city where personal liberty is at the pleasure of a parochial press much given to private vengeance, a few illustrations of which might serve to startle this community out of its lethargy. The press is good or evil according to the characters of those who direct it, and unfortunately though the characters of some of our press directors are repellant to the average citizen, the extent of the tyranny they exercise is beyond his conception. San Francisco is much in need of more newspaper competition.

## To Save Hall Rent

Some folks are of the opinion that there is nothing so important to mankind as discussion. They have been told that discussion winnows truth from error, and they have concluded that truth is always to be discovered by debate. It has not occurred to them that in the search for truth a great deal depends on the intelligence employed. Their notion is that wherever there is discussion there is bound to be light. Hence they argue that it is essential to the welfare of this country to promote discussion. It is these people who are behind the movement that has for its shibboleth "The public schools for public discussion." They are demanding that the public school be converted into a public forum after school hours so that the people of the village, or the parish, or the neighborhood may assemble in the evening for the solution of the burning questions of the day. This is a good plan for the saving of hall rent, and certainly it would do no harm to indulge the talkers for talk sake, though it might make more work for the janitor. But if the higher sociologists are to be thus accommodated we hope there will be no discrimination against the soapbox philosophers who spread the light in the open highway where they have only their own enthusiasm to keep them warm. If public discussion is as important as some people believe we should greatly encourage the very earnest orators who discuss political economy in the public streets. Among them you will find many serious thinkers who come just as near to discovering the truth as some of our leading academic debaters in solemn convention assembled.



### Hearst for Prohibition

The Hon. William Randolph Hearst has seen the light, not as Saul of Tarsus saw the light, suddenly and unexpectedly, but after mature reflection and calculation. We have suspected for some time that Mr. Hearst was going to see the light. When the Hearst papers were publishing the obviously inspired Jess Willard serial some months ago we had a prelibation of the very latest Hearst policy. After pocketing the profits derived from the advertisements of the liquor interests for more than a quarter of a century Mr. Hearst has espoused the cause of their enemies, the captains of an organized hypocrisy with an overflowing treasury. The light that shone on Mr. Hearst was reflected from Westerville, Ohio, where the manipulators of the greatest political machine in the United States have their headquarters. Mr. Hearst explains that he entered the fold out of his great concern for "public morals and public righteousness." How like our noble native son! For many years the only consistency that we have observed in certain quarters is the consistency of endeavor to make righteousness and Hearst synonymous terms in the public mind. But all the while they remain for rhetorical purposes a striking antithesis. For despite the great breadth of his phylacteries Mr. Hearst wears the aspect of a stuffed prophet of morality and gives one the impression that a rip in his raiment would leave him knee-deep in sawdust. Even now when he becomes brother to Bryan on the prohibition bema and receives the blessing of Billy Sunday one gags at his pious professions as though they were so much cant out of the same bottle that was uncorked when he quit selling space to the lotteries and packed a page with the small ads of the clairvoyants. However profound the sincerity of this amazing Hearst, however extraordinary his sensitiveness in the matter of decency and the higher moralities it always seems as though it is the fructuosity of a cause above all else that appeals to his enthusiasm. It was so even when he got behind the German propaganda in the interest of the white race. He would have had us believe that he was thinking

of the morals of all the world when he began firing the imagination of the assassins who puts bombs in ships and munition works, but we were sceptical. We remained so when this eminent moralist and patriot, much to the delight of Professor Munsterberg, demanded an embargo on munitions, advocating at the same time the violation of a fundamental principle of neutrality and the abandonment of a vital policy that has been a safeguard of this country for more than one hundred years. As a pro-German and anti-American was Hearst blinded, as his apologists say, by his hatred of England? Bless your innocent heart Mr. Hearst is the most impersonal of men. The distinguished gentlemen never takes count of anything that does not affect his own immediate interest. He is the impassioned partisan only of himself. Our greatest sportsman, he plays none but his own game, and for that he has his own rules. To him men are only pictures, or puzzles of Euclid. When they serve his ends, as the Tammany leaders once did, they are the most upright of civic patriots. When they oppose and disappoint his ambition, as Elihu Root once did, they are anathema forever, or at least until there comes an opportunity and willingness for them to be used. Mr. Hearst is at once a good hater and the most placable of men. No blind partisan was he when abusing the Administration for not helping Germany by destroying the advantage England had won on the sea. Always he has his emotions well in hand, and so when it dawned on him that it would be expedient to soft-pedal his pro-German proclivities he began masking his batteries behind an affectation of patriotic hostility to England. Now hardly anybody of intelligence at this late day is to be persuaded to take seriously Mr. Hearst's pretensions to morality or patriotism. As to prohibition, after a prayerful, and let us hope conscientious, analysis of his conversion we have come to the conclusion that his convictions are not more than skin deep. We remember that not long ago the Hearst papers were of the opinion that the evils of prohibition were worse

than the evils that result from the abuse of liquor, and we know that the evils of prohibition are now more manifest than they were some years ago. For example, they are so glaring in Maine, where drunkenness is more common than in the British isles, that after fifty years of prohibition the self-respecting people of every community in the State are urging the repeal of the law. Mr. Hearst knows the truth, but he also knows that the prohibition propaganda has grown rich and powerful. We may guess wrong as to the precise circumstances of his conversion to prohibition; but of this one may be certain,—that it was not impulsive. It may be that he expects only to garner a rich harvest at his many subscription counters in daily journalism; but now that he has reinforced his papers with the cinema for the moulding of public opinion he will certainly make a lot of money off reels; for the prohibitionists are strong for the movies. These are important considerations to the great moralist. They are of much greater importance than the advertisements of the breweries and distilleries which, as a matter of fact, are a very small source of revenue. What the liquor interests spend throughout the country for advertising each year is but a fraction of what the prohibitionists with their flying squadrons and subsidized newspapers spend in a single State campaign. Hence it is fortunate for Mr. Hearst that he may square his moral scruples with his business interests at a time when the prohibition wave is still gathering force. When the reaction comes, as of course it will, Mr. Hearst will have just as many moral reasons for beating the backwash as he had for mounting the crest. Indeed his enthusiasm may wane at any moment; for it is not only the liquor interests of California that object to prohibition. Mr. Hearst may find that it does not pay to enlist with the Ohio prohibitionists in what they regard as their greatest fight—the fight to make our great wine-producing State dry. The old State has many thousands of citizens left who love California as she is, the California of tradition, of romance, of devotion to the principle of personal liberty.

## Perspective Impressions

The three Grapejuice Bills—Bill Bryan, Bill Sunday and Bill Hearst.

Boy-ed  
Ak-ed

Is there any etymological connection?

Dr. Aked compares Henry Ford to Lincoln. We approve of the aphorism concerning comparisons.

A new one: The gentleman who looked as though rheumatism had twisted his limbs or that he might have been too close to a premature blast, explained that he got that way trying to stand behind President Wilson's foreign policy.

Are the liquor interests of California going to take their Hearst medicine lying down?

An item of minor importance: Chancellor Jordan is out of bed and once more talking for talk sake.

Preparedness is all right, says David Starr Jordan, if it is spelt with a small "p." He'd better look out, or we'll spell his last name with a small "j."

The scrap at Sacramento served to remind us that the forms of self-government are everywhere frustrated or subverted by private interests which by force or trickery substitute themselves for the public will in the determinant acts of government.

Any attempt to see politics steadily at Sacramento in these days of direct government yields a sense of bewilderment.

Speaking of a Fairbanks-Johnson ticket the New York Post asks if any combination could inspire greater enthusiasm among the cartoonists. What about a Roosevelt-Ford ticket?

Progressive leaders are saying that if the Republicans do not nominate their Teddy Woodrow Wilson will be the next President. This is a new species of "frightfulness," but we are not frightened. To the patient at this writing the professor is a bitter pill, but the nomination of the Colonel would have the effect of a sugar coating. So we should worry.



## Varied Types

CCLXIII—GEORGE E. GALLAGHER

By Edward F. O'Day

Quite a good deal of attention has been directed lately to our high schools. Conditions in these institutions have come in for considerable criticism. The dissatisfaction has had nothing to do with standards of scholarship. So far as we know, our high schools are all that they should be in that particular. The criticism has concerned itself with what may be called the social activities of high school children. Under this head are included fraternities and sororities. Under this head too may be included the gentle pastime of hazing which appears to be the favorite social activity of the boys at Lowell High. These social activities have been called to the attention of parents by an unfeeling Board of Education which disapproves of them and swears by all the gods of scholarship that they must cease. This hard-hearted board declares that fledglings in their first long trousers and long dresses must stop preening themselves on the social superiority that is supposed to inhere in two or three letters of the Greek alphabet. This most unreasonable board has issued a ukase that youngsters must no longer test the quality of their fellows by warming their stockinged feet with a baseball bat or compelling them to jump off a twenty-foot sand-bank. It is needless to say that these cruel pronouncements have made the Board of Education exceedingly unpopular with a great many boys and girls just blossoming into their teens. There are even parents who incline to the view that the board is old-fashioned, reactionary, unprogressive and way behind the times. But the board is a callous board, a hard board, a knotty board so to speak, and it cares little about this lack of sympathy. It dares believe that the great mass of sensible parents is in accord with its views and backs its campaign to discourage precocity and keep children childlike.

The president of the Board of Education is a fighting Irishman with a shock of curling hair, a fluent command of forthright English and considerable capacity for getting what he goes after. George E. Gallagher was a mighty good supervisor when Mayor Rolph picked him out for president of the Board of Education. There had been trouble in the board, and the mayor wanted the trouble ended.

"George," the mayor said to Gallagher, "there are elements of discord in the Board of Education. Jump in and fuse them, harmonize them. Let us have peace in our school department," or words to that effect.

"Jim," answered George, "we'll have peace if we have to fight for it," or something like that.

And there was peace until recently when the frats and the hazing suddenly loomed up as deeply rooted evils that demanded ruthless decimation. I asked Chief Deracinator Gallagher to tell me about it.

"The high schols," he explained, "have fallen into the hands of the students. They are being run by student control. The students are organized and have taken hold of the reins which belong in the grip of teachers and principals. In every high school there is a student body. Membership costs fifty or seventy-five cents the half-year, and the student who doesn't join is barred out from all school activities such as athletics, debating, dancing, music and so forth. In addition to this fee there are special assessments from time to time.

"The Board of Education is determined to do away with all this foolishness, and we are in-

sisting on the co-operation of the principals and teachers in our attempt. If they are not competent to help, we shall get competent people.

"We feel that we have crushed snobbishness in the high schools. The frats and sororities are a thing of the past. In thirty days from now every high school pupil will be asked to state on his word of honor that he is not a member of any such society. After that any pupil found to belong to a frat or sorority will be expelled from school.

"The hazing accident at Lowell in which a boy had both his legs broken called for action in the matter of student control a little earlier than we had intended to take it. By precipitating matters the accident has drawn the evil of student control forcibly to the attention of parents. There are a few unthinking parents who side with the children in this matter, as they did in the matter of frats. These think that their children should have all sorts of leeway and indulgence. But the more serious-minded parents realize that their children are at high school for certain very definite purposes with which such indulgence is altogether incompatible.

"These parents rightly expect that their children shall be entrusted to competent teachers who will send them home at night in the same moral condition in which they left home in the morning. The board is determined to see that this expectation is fulfilled no matter what drastic action is necessary. It is a platitude but an important one that the children of today are the citizens of tomorrow; the quality of their citizenship depends greatly on the character of their teachers.

"We have some fifteen hundred teachers in the department. The big majority of them are the most competent and most conscientious teachers in America. But unfortunately there are sandwiched in with these some weaklings who have not been reckoned with strictly enough in the past. In a couple of the high schools the children run these teachers. Instead of the teachers dictating to and managing the pupils.

"We are living in a day of what may be called 'hydroplane education.' This board is determined to bring education back to terra firma. All the snobbishness and foolishness must be wiped out. Young Mister This or Miss That must be John and Will, May and Louise again. The idea of school children being 'mistered' and 'missed' by their teachers! These youngsters are taking on the ways of men and women before they pass through childhood.

"When I first went on the board I thought the rules against dancing and so forth were too strict. I have learned to regard them as right. I am not a pedant or a pessimist, but I think that parents should be stricter with the growing generation, that they should give them their social activities as they once administered sulphur and molasses—in homeopathic doses.

"There is no fanatic on this board. I think it is as sane a Board of Education as ever sat. If the parents meet us in the spirit in which we are trying to meet the children there will be a better feeling and a stronger opportunity to promote the welfare of the children.

"Why should high school children be allowed to ape the manners of college and university students? This is what they are trying to do

with their frats, sororities, dances, hazing and student control. The ordinary boy or girl enters high school at thirteen or fourteen and is graduated at seventeen or eighteen. Is it right to see lads of this age wearing the loud clothes that are the university fashion? and the girls overdressed, with ultra-fancy shoes, and hair elaborately done? Some of these little girls go to school looking like moving picture actresses. It is a sad thing that they can't be kept boys and girls when they are still in their first teens. It is my idea, and the idea of the whole board, that the tendency toward what may be called 'social uplift downward' must be stopped.

"We have in our public schools the brightest, sweetest and most beautiful children in the United States. For heaven's sake, let us have them remain children; let us help them to retain all the engaging graces and charms of childhood instead of indulging their precocious tendencies and allowing themselves to cultivate all the outward ways of their elders. They are only children, and being children they are prone to forget that they are children. Let us give them our assistance in this matter, for they need it.

"We have stamped out the frats. The hazing seems to exist only at Lowell. We have heard of none at Mission or Polytechnic. We will soon stamp that out, and with it the evil of student control. We will restore the control of the high schools to the principals and teachers to whom it belongs. And then our schools will be what they should be. For it must be said that outside the frats the mingling of the children in the intermediate and high schools has always been on a sound democratic basis.

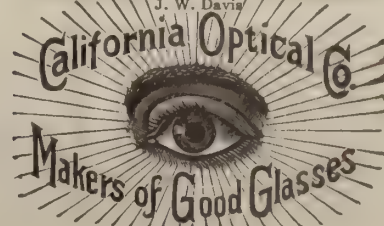
"Housing conditions in the schools are improving steadily, and within the next few years we hope to have the best equipped school department of any city of our size in the country. With these buildings, with such children as we have and with our ideal climatic conditions it is the fault of the parents, of the Board of Education, of the principals and teachers if our schools do not develop the right kind of men and women."

### A New Year's Resolution

#### Easy to Keep

A New Year has dawned upon us and we are all growing older—but why should we call attention to our age, especially if we have reached that point where two pairs of glasses are necessary. Resolve this year that you will improve your personal appearance and efficiency by wearing the new "Caltex Onepiece" Bifocals—reading and distance corrections are combined in one lens. The nuisance of changing glasses is entirely eliminated when you wear "Caltex Onepiece" Bifocals.

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# Germany in War Time

By a Friend of the Entente

As a Swede resident in London since 1908, and sufficiently known to the British authorities as a pro-Ally (doubtless owing to their private examination of letters I had written to Sweden expressing my views on the war), I felt, when I was commissioned by The Times to spend a month in revisiting Germany and Austria, that I was in a position to see the countries from a more or less British standpoint.

When I reached Stockholm in October I was glad to find, after a week's stay in a city I know extremely well, having lived there for many years, that Swedish opinion, in spite of desperate German endeavors and the increasingly close connection between Sweden and Germany, is not by any means hostile as a whole. The old affection for France still remains in Sweden. More truth is now getting into Sweden about the war than in its early stages, when the German propagandists made so vigorous an attempt to capture public opinion.

I entered Germany by boat from Trelleborg to Sassnitz in company with a number of Swedish farmers. There was no elaborate examination of passports for Swedes. The formalities were few. One was merely asked where one was going in Germany and why.

During the five hours' journey to Berlin I observed very little difference in the trip as compared with normal times. The midday meal in the train cost me 3s., for which I obtained soup, fish, meat and vegetables; bread was extra. It was not, as I had expected, made of flour and potatoes, but of wheat and rye. The compartment in which I sat with three of my compatriots was frequently inspected by a mysterious stranger in plain clothes, who obviously was some sort of police functionary. At the Stettenerbahnhof, at which we arrived to the exact minute, I saw the first sign of war in Germany—the absence of taxicabs. The old four-wheelers with iron tires were on the streets again, just as they were when I was a student at Berlin University. And the Berlin cab horse has not been improved by the war.

I have been asked whether there is much obvious difference between the Berlin of today and Berlin as it was before the war, and, frankly, I must say there appears to be very little. The differences in Germany are only to be discovered by minute inquiry, and chiefly in the smaller towns.

It is not always easy to find out much from conversation, even with friends, in Germany during this war time. Practically every German thinks alike. The people I associated with were professors, doctors, lawyers, business folk, wives of soldiers at the war, and some friends connected with the Government. I had gathered in Stockholm some impressions of the undiluted confidence of the German people, and I very soon found confirmation of it in the dinner talk at my pension. Our company consisted of officers passing through Berlin, their wives, two German-American ladies and the usual mixed class of people that one gets in a boarding house of the better type. Their conversation was of the war and how well things were going and of the concerts, shopping, and the rest of the trifles of life. I knew that to get at facts one would have to delve deeper than one could do in that sort of society.

The Germans are always easy to train in the matter of opinion, and public opinion is so greatly influenced by the newspapers and the

beflagged maps that meet the eye everywhere that a stranger, not knowing Germany well, would believe that everything in Germany is as it appears on the surface. It is best that I should say at once that I found none of the extreme views as to German shortages and sufferings that are held in England and in France but, on the other hand, there are many inconveniences that may easily become grave difficulties.

Paraffin oil is practically unobtainable in Germany. It is distributed under police regulations, being carefully measured out in homeopathic doses according to the requirements of a household.

Among the shortages which I personally observed was that of copper, of which, however, Germany has not yet called up her supplies. She has made an inventory of copper. Some works belonging to an acquaintance of mine were obliged to furnish a list last May of copper in their possession. They supplied the list, but have never heard any more on the subject.

It cannot be too well understood by English people that numbers of German regulations are precautionary. It should also be understood that in regard to certain commodities scarcity is often more or less local, and the prices vary greatly throughout Germany, even the prices laid down by the military authorities in the different districts. Take the question of milk. In certain parts of Germany there are no regulations. In other parts milk tickets are issued, by means of which those with babies can buy over a quart a day for each infant. In such districts only those with children can purchase milk before 9 a. m.; afterwards the sale of that which is left is open to anyone. I see the price of butter much discussed in the English press. Now, I noted the price of butter in three places. At one time it rose to nearly 3s. an English pound in Berlin. When I was there it was reduced to 2s. 3d. a pound. In a small town in West Prussia, which I had better not name for reasons connected with my identity as the writer of these reports, the maximum price of butter was fixed at 1s. 6d. an English pound. At Nuremberg it was 1s. 10d. a pound. The rise in the price of butter is due to (1) the demand for fat substances, and (2) the raising of prices by the farmers owing to the absence of external competition from Siberia.

Of the rubber shortage I had abundant evidence everywhere. The use of motor-cars has been more and more restricted. India-rubber tires are only permitted in very rare cases. I give one example. A friend who had a factory some distance from his home to which there was no direct access by railway was allowed to use only one of his three motor-cars, and then only on the road from his factory to his house. No pleasure trips in the car were permitted. Gradually taxicabs are disappearing. No new tires are allowed to be sold for them, and as the tires wear out the vehicles are withdrawn from the streets.

As there are two fatless days a week and two meatless days a week, the thrifty German housewife has her full share of domestic dilemmas, though I must confess that I heard very little more than the ordinary feminine grumbling such as one is accustomed to hear in connection with excessive charges of tradesmen or of the smaller trifles of life.

How long will the war last is a question

which is asked more more frequently in Germany than in England. If one German or Austrian puts this inquiry to another, the reply is usually, "Two or three months more," and the authority quoted is that of "an officer home from the front." Only four times during my journey, which embraced a considerable number of large and small towns, did I ever hear a variant, for the thought betokens the wish.

The first was in course of conversation with a German who had resided eleven years in England and has none of the cocksureness assumed at the moment among his countrymen. He had been employed in a capacity which made him intimately acquainted with Great Britain. Now and then he is able to procure an English newspaper. He told me that the censorship conceals much internal discontent, both in Germany and Austria, as to food and the war. He spoke of great trouble in Berlin early in November. During a pleasant country walk and while out of earshot of passersby he confided to me his impression that, successful as the Central Powers are at the present time, they were calculating without the British navy and British stolidity of character. He believes the blockade will cause such trouble as to bring the Germans to their knees. Like half the people one meets in Germany and Austria, he shared the belief that the great issue of the war will take place in Egypt.

In some circles in Berlin I encountered the view that coincidentally with the battle for the Suez Canal will take place another thrust at Calais, and there were signs of further activity against the English and French in the West. The Calais part of the German exploits is not one they care to dwell upon. Such as discuss it either pretend that the capture of Calais was never seriously undertaken or that the position is now such that if Calais is wanted they can take it at any time.

Others evince a critical attitude towards the German generals on the Western front. Now, while there is much muttered criticism in Germany of the Government as regards food mismanagement, every German, having been a soldier, thinks he is in a position publicly to criticize generalship, and German criticisms of their commanders lack nothing in force. Undoubtedly the average German—and especially the Prussian—has a much fuller comprehension of military affairs than any other people in the world. Inefficiency he will not tolerate. The degommé, as they say in France, would make a small army list in itself. As a rule, very little is said, but the offender is "broken." France and Flanders have been the grave of many German military reputations.

Any suggestion of mine that the war will result in anything but a complete victory for

(Continued on Page 17.)

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# The Curious Case of Pilkington

By Eden Phillpotts

The hobbies of men are manifold, and it is not an unusual thing to find a fellow-creature take joy of his wine-cellar; but in the case of Leonard Pilkington this peculiar interest had reached a point only to be described as irrational. The collector is often a little mad, but what shall be said of a man who collects wine as another collects old china, or postage stamps, or first editions?

Being our next-door neighbor and an acquaintance, we knew him well. He was not a tidy man, not a man of fine intellect or decisive character; but his cellar was a picture. Upon it he poured out all the energy, intelligence, and application that he possessed. Where another would have devoted a leisured life to reading, gardening, games, or social activities, Pilkington chose for his prime interest the collection of wines and liqueurs. He was, of course, profoundly learned on the subject, and his library, so to call it, consisted almost entirely of works devoted to the vine. He had too his special treasures, his unique store of "champagne cognacs" and ancient brandies, his historical ports, his clarets from classic chateaux, his authentic marvels from the vintages of the early nineteenth century.

The bins were most beautifully arranged with labels, printed inscriptions, and electric lights. He had invented many contrivances for his bottles; indeed, few children are so well looked after. Needless to say he had none, and his wife, being a sane and self-contained woman, felt small interest in the collection. Pilkington himself drank but little. He hated to destroy the symmetry of the arrangements, or break into a dozen of anything supreme. He was in fact a miser, and as the ordinary miser is said to love handling his gold and loathe spending it, so this man rejoiced to be in the silent company of his priceless liquids, but hesitated to drink them. A small-minded, harmless lunatic he might have been considered; but he was kind outside the limits of his craze and delighted to show his cellar to enthusiasts and enlarge upon the superlative contents. His wine lore, his anecdotes, his fund of information were denied to none; but here the entertainment ended: he would descant, but not decant; and as the outside of a wonderful bottle of wine is not the most interesting part of it, people soon fought shy of Pilkington's entertainments and regarded him with well-merited scorn. This however caused him no inconvenience. His argument was that when inviting friends to see and admire your treasures you are not expected to give them away at the same time, and he did not perceive the difference between the feast of the eye, or mind, as represented by objets d'art, and the Barmecide entertainment offered by bottles from which it is not proposed to draw the corks. But what is a bouquet if we are not to smell it? What is a notable nectar of old time if we are not to taste it? I think Pilkington had drunk pretty well in his day, and knowing the divine joy of each fine thing from experience, needed now only the outside of a bottle to revive memories of the bliss they represented. At any rate he seriously declared to me that for a connoisseur the spectacle of his hoarded liquids should be sufficient without material realization!

Himself he certainly drank less and less, yet, what with rearranging, adding, making new catalogues, and so forth, he spent more and more time in the brilliant recesses of his cellar.

Then came the war, and after Germany had put the fear of Count Zeppelin into this great nation and caused it to go in darkness, excepting

on moonlight nights, there is no doubt that Pilkington had the time of his life. For to suit his own purposes he affected the direst dread of bombs and practically lived with his collection. He suggested getting up a sitting-room in the depths beside it; but this Mrs. Pilkington, who felt no fear of Zeppelins, declined to consider; though her husband now began to live a life even more subterranean than usual. Indeed, he seized the opportunity to re-plan his cellars from top to bottom and introduce several ingenious contrivances he had long considered and now brought to perfection.

It was an unwholesome life, but he kept well and happy; and it served to distract his attention from the war, which his wife deemed very desirable. For he was nothing if not a patriot, and the welfare of England and her ultimate victory were always on his lips.

Then came our strike scandals and the great agitation for increased temperance. During the space of a fortnight, after the King and Lord Kitchener banished alcohol from their tables, I saw nothing of Pilkington; but in the meantime, of course, many celebrated men and still more of no public renown had followed his majesty's example. Whether the passing self-denial of regular small drinkers, who found a glass or two of wine or a thimbleful of spirits assist digestion and help good temper, really aided England in her struggle it is impossible to say; but many thousands took this courageous step and some were undoubtedly the better for it, while some suffered physical discomfort without personal gain. Those who habitually enjoyed more than was desirable continued to do so, and in their cases the consciousness of asserting themselves probably added to the pleasures of consumption.

In the case of Pilkington, he told me with a sigh that he had sealed his wine-cellar and his occupation was gone. I urged him to do no such thing, and pointed out that the mere technical act of sealing a cellar was nothing. I took the opportunity to hint that-as he seldom opened a bottle of anything worth drinking—for himself or anybody else—it made no difference, and that to potter among his bottles as usual could not seriously retard the progress of the Allies or delay their inevitable success. But he answered, with a good deal of irritation, that a principle was a principle, and that if I thought him not strong enough to make sacrifices for his country, I was very much mistaken.

A fortnight later the man's wife, in tears, came to see me. The deterioration of Leonard Pilkington had begun. He never visited his wine-cellar now, and was devoting all his time to reading about the war. He suffered, in fact, from acute insomnia, and took care that Mrs. Pilkington should do the like. He had grown light-headed, in her opinion, and looked ten years older.

She implored me to reason with Pilkington and I did so, out of consideration for her; but it was a failure. In fact the man, now evidently suffering from severe nervous irritation, allowed himself to be very rude to me and directed me to avoid his society in future. He said it was no time for non-combatants to twaddle.

Then Mrs. Pilkington made him see a doctor for his sleeplessness, and the physician prescribed fewer newspapers and a little whisky before going to bed. Though he had whiskies that would

have graced the banqueting tables of Olympus, Pilkington refused to break his seals. He purchased whisky however, letting it be generally known that his medical man had ordered him to do so. Thankful that he had proved so reasonable, we hoped that his long-suffering partner might now enjoy a period of peace. But far from it. Another fortnight passed, and then one afternoon Pilkington himself called. He came to express regret for his incivility to me, and before he had been in my company for five minutes I made the appalling discovery that the man was under the influence of liquor. He told me every old joke that had ever been made about the war, and permitted himself to jest most offensively at the expense of Russia! I tried to calm him, but he refused to be calmed, insisted on singing "Tipperary," endeavored to dance, and exhibited the mental downfall of a man until now held at least respectable, if weak and eccentric.

An hour later, after Pilkington had left me, I called on his medical man, who also happened to be my own, and found Mrs. Pilkington descending the steps as I arrived.

Being an old friend, I hesitated not to speak of her unfortunate husband, and finding that I knew the dark secret, she made no attempt to conceal it, but took me back to our physician. Pilkington, it seemed, had become intemperate simply for lack of anything better to do. She told me how she had fought with him and striven to save him to no purpose; and then we hatched a plot and the doctor assisted us.


Mrs. Pilkington was to fall ill, and her medical adviser would prescribe an old and precious vintage no longer to be purchased, but none the less known to lie in Pilkington's cellar. Humanity must thereupon break the seals and restore the fallen man to his solitary occupation.

"Once put the boundless resources of his cellars at his disposal and he will certainly cease to drink," I assured them. And Mrs. Pilkington agreed with me.


It seemed fantastic, even incredible, yet we were not mistaken; for when Pilkington heard his wife was suffering from obscure neurasthenia and must drink imperial tokay—the older the better—we had him at our mercy. I don't think he would have broken the seals for anybody but his wife; for her however he permitted himself to do so, and, what is more, at her entreaty promised not to renew them.

He recovered immediately, gave up whisky from that moment, and did not even join his wife in the tokay. But the heroic woman drank half a bottle a day for a fortnight, and assured me that nothing more thoroughly unpleasant in her experience had ever before been prescribed by a physician.

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## Poems About San Franciscans

X—JAMIE MCGINN

By James Linen

"Jimmie" McGinn was for many years San Francisco's best known undertaker. His place of business was on Market street opposite Powell. Old-timers must remember it well. The windows were uncurtained, and the coffins ranged in symmetrical rows could be seen from the street. So could the men who made McGinn's their headquarters, a coterie which sat around those windows smoking, telling stories and laughing as heartily as if the shadow of death were miles away. McGinn was a pudgy little man who went cleanshaven and wore a priest's Roman collar. He was frequently mistaken for the well known Father Gallagher, a fact which pleased him but did not please the pastor of St. Joseph's. McGinn was a philosopher. Meeting a friend on the street one day he mentioned that he was going to collect his bill for services rendered a family which had suffered a bereavement a few days before. The friend hinted that such haste was in bad taste. "Me boy," said McGinn, "collect while the tears are fallin'!" He made a great deal of money, but did not collect it all, for there always have been and always will be people who dislike paying the undertaker. Yet he never refused to officiate at the funeral of a poor man whose relatives had no way of paying the bill.)

Have you never yet heard of odd Jamie McGinn,  
With a fine honest face and a warm heart within?  
He looks on the street like some jolly good brick,  
With one eye on the Church, and one on Old Nick.

It is said he was knighted, and guess ye for what?  
A blue coat with brass buttons and fancy white hat;  
Just as soon will you find one untainted by sin,  
As to find such another as Jamie McGinn.

With the smiles of good-humor that beam on his face,  
There's no son of St. Patrick can dance with such grace;  
As none but strict saints would small failings condemn.  
The woman all love him, and Jamie loves them.

Counting beads for his soul and cash for his till,  
He forgets not good things which the inner man fill;  
He cheers up his spirits with drops of pure gin,  
Like a sensible man,—droll Jamie McGinn.

With a heart big and warm, he is kind to the poor,  
And ne'er drives the needy away from his door;  
May his life be as long as hair grows on his chin,  
The queer wag and witty knight, Jamie McGinn.

## The Spectator

### Our Highest-Price Jurist

Learning from the press despatches that Secretary Franklin K. Lane has many friends urging the President to appoint him to the Supreme Court of the United States, I wish to expedite the suggestion that if another Westerner is to be elevated to that high dignity Justice William P. Lawlor's qualifications ought to be considered in advance of those of our former city attorney. Mr. Lane is a man of great ability, but whereas he never had an opportunity to vindicate his judicial temperament Justice Lawlor has for years been making it clear that judicial temperament is the one quality that fits him for the bench. Moreover, whereas Mr. Lane has been turned down by the people of this great State Justice Lawlor has been turned up. Justice Lawlor is the people's jurist. The people discovered him. Critics in the legal profession were as far from recognizing the ability of Justice Lawlor as were the literary critics of England from perceiving the genius of Bunyan. Like "Pilgrim's Progress" Justice Lawlor is essentially a popular discovery. The people of California overcoming Justice Lawlor's modesty, pitchforked him from obscurity into the highest tribunal in the State, and there he has made clear the soundness of popular judgment in technical matters by proving himself the highest-price jurist in the world. Scoff not at my assertion. Presently I will prove it to you.

### His Judicial Deliberation

Justice Lawlor has served his friends, the people, on the Supreme Bench one whole year. During that year he made judicial history with greater deliberation than was ever displayed on any bench anywhere under the sun. And such is the potency of Justice Lawlor's personality that he imparted the rhythm and tempo of his deliberation to the whole tribunal. Justice has been taking her tortuous course with measured tread since Justice Lawlor mounted to his high place on the willing shoulders of the people. So cautiously has she picked her way along that impatient litigants have been complaining more than ever of the law's delays. Justice Lawlor has held his somewhat more alert associates in judicial restraint. This he has done by devoting

much time to the polishing of his English. Like Flaubert Justice Lawlor loves the precise word. He has spent so much time searching for that word that he wrote only two opinions in the whole year. Hence the high price that the people pay for his decisions.

### The Record

Despite Justice Lawlor's studied and scholarly self-restraint his associates have been speeding things up somewhat in their old-fashioned way, thus marring somewhat the efficiency of him as a drag-chain. I have been looking up the records and I find that during Justice Lawlor's first year, while he was exercising his rhetorical technique at a becoming pace, the jurist from Los Angeles, Mr. Shaw, was burning the midnight oil. Justice Shaw turned out ninety opinions while Justice Lawlor was writing two. Happily Justice Henshaw helped to keep down the average by writing seventy-four. But in Justice Henshaw's case illness co-operated with Justice Lawlor, for Justice Henshaw was ordered out of town by his physician, and he was away two months. Justice Lorrigan was similarly restrained. He was on the sick-list six months and wrote only twenty-three opinions. Again, in the case of Justice Melvin, the doctor prevented him from beating the barrier, but he came through with sixty-three opinions, thus keeping the average up. Justice Sloss wrote fifty-six and even Chief Justice Angellotti who is not expected to write any of the department opinions wrote fifty-two of the opinions in bank and dashed off a department opinion too. Justice Lawlor wrote one in bank and one in department.

### He's in Kipling's Class

Obviously Justice Lawlor has qualities that should appeal to a watchful and waiting President. For Mr. Wilson is a lover of the literature that maintains an endless quarrel with idle sentences. Like Justice Lawlor he knows that the starry word is worth the pains of discovery. No "unpremeditated song" for him, but the perfect line, the perfect phrase, the perfect word. Now I am not affirming that Justice Lawlor is a complete stylist; only that he is

for deliberation and esthetics. Justice Lawlor's early education was neglected, and he is improving himself at the expense of the dear people who put him where he is not for his speed but for his loyalty to them. Years ago they put him on the Superior Court bench, and there he studied criminal law at their expense. In their haste they elevated him to the Supreme Court before they gave him a chance to study civil law, and so with the principles of civil law removed from his understanding he perceives the need of deliberation. This perception combined with his sense of his style which he is cultivating puts him on a level with Kipling as an author. I forget just how much Kipling is paid by the word for his stuff, but I know Justice Lawlor tops him. Eight thousand a year is Justice Lawlor's salary. Two opinions a year at eight thousand a year is going some, but there is the effort to be considered, the effort to make the beauty and energy of the imagination articulate.

### A Liquor Ad

I found my friend who winds the ferry clock sipping a whisky toddy in Jack Welch's Embarcadero saloon. There was a look of mock consternation on his expressive face as I greeted him.

"Don't let the Examiner know you saw me here," he said. "I wouldn't lose Bill Hearst's friendship for half a dozen toddies. Or if you must tip it off to the public that you caught me warming the inner man, make it plain that I take my alcohol in innocuous quantities. Hearst doesn't object to that."

"What do you think of the Examiner coming out for prohibition?" I asked.

"I think somebody on the Examiner will lose his job today," answered the clockwinder.

"What for? For drinking?" I asked.

"No," answered my friend, "I don't believe Hearst has insisted on all his employees taking the pledge—as yet. But I noticed a whisky ad in this (Monday) morning's paper."

I expressed incredulity.

"Fact," said the clockwinder. "The Examiner advertises the sale at auction of the stock and fixtures of a South of Market saloon. 'Com-



plete stock of imported and domestic liquors, whiskies, sparkling and still wines, beer, etc.' is the way it reads. That's a whisky ad, isn't it? Heaven only knows how many people will be corrupted by reading it. I suppose the clerk who let it get by will be canned."

"Do you think this prohibition stunt will help the Examiner?" I asked.

"It's helping the Examiner out of a lot of homes I know of," responded the clockwinder. "I'm thinking of giving it up myself. I'll miss 'Bringing Up Father' a good deal, but I suppose they'll expurgate him."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, all the humor of Mr. Jiggs consists in his attempts to get down to Dinty's place and hoist one, doesn't it? Hearst won't stand for that any more. Mr. Jiggs will probably switch to grapejuice. It's a great world, isn't it?"

With which bromide the clockwinder pocketed his change and started for the door.

### The Clockwinder Meets a Stranger

Before the clockwinder could get away he was stopped and introduced to a stranger at the bar. The stranger called for a lemonade with a dash of syrup and then glanced at his wrist watch.

Calling for a high ball the clockwinder remarked that his friend Bill was going to put the whole State on the lemonade wagon.

"Who is your friend Bill?" the stranger asked.

"Bill Hearst. He's going to put the Demon Rum out of business."

"I'm glad to hear it," said the stranger. "I'm a prohibitionist myself. Down in our club we never drink any liquor. We are all teetotalers."

"Where is your club?" the clockwinder asked.

"Down in Long Beach. Let me know if you're ever down that way and I'll give you a card to my club."

At this moment the clockwinder remembered a pressing engagement and made for the ferry tower.

### No Prejudice Against Dope

A little later the clockwinder was reading the Examiner in the pendulum room. "So Hearst isn't going to take any more whisky ads!" he remarked to his friend Gus Hartman, the distinguished statesman who had dropped in to talk over affairs of state.

"So I hear," said the former Senator.

"But I see he's still running the patent medicine ads."

"Well, there's big money in patent medicine ads, ain't there?"

"I hope you don't think my friend Hearst cares anything about money," said the clockwinder in tones and accents of reproach. "Mr. Hearst is a great public benefactor. He's our one best bet among philanthropists. Money! What does he care about money?"

"Nothin' at all, I suppose," Hartman replied,

"except when he needs it, and you know things have been going kind of bad for him in Mexico and some of the papers ain't paying, and if he didn't take the patent medicine ads he couldn't afford to refuse the whisky ads."

"But it's immoral to publish such things. Most of these patent medicine fakers are obtaining money under false pretenses. Some of them, I hear, are not only robbing people but killing them."

"Well, that's all right. Hearst isn't an official protector of dampfools. He's just a newspaper publisher."

"I suppose you're with him in the prohibition fight," said the clockwinder in disgust.

"Well, I'm not against him. He isn't hurting my game. He's only for prohibiting rum. As long as he doesn't bother about wine I don't care. If a man isn't prosperous enough to drink wine he isn't qualified to drink at all. That's the way Hearst feels about it."

The clockwinder expressed his emotions by throwing the Examiner into the fire, and telephoning a subscription to the Chronicle. Then turning to Hartman he said: "I'm not much of a moralist, but if the wine men stand in with the Hearst brand of Puritanism I'll be against wine."

### Balkan Blunders

From an occasional correspondent in London I learn that it is now generally admitted by the press, leading statesmen and military experts that the whole Balkan campaign was bungled. "Our action in the Balkans thus far," my correspondent writes, "has been all that the enemy could have desired. We allowed Germany to prepare her plans; we agreed to Russia forcing them, and then, when they were under way, we began to send our forces piecemeal for the enemy to meet in detail. General Serrail was sent out with an impossible commission. He had to keep in touch with the Serbs, help them to hold off the eastern thrust of the Bulgars, and have one eye over his shoulder on the dispositions about his base. With a handful of troops, he had to assist in the capture of Veles, and with little more he was to hold the Tchernadorean position. What more can any general ask of fate than that she shall present him his enemy in pieces, so that he can oppose his whole force to the always inferior details, and punish each separately. This, in effect, has been the result of the Allied plan in the Balkans, to which, under French insistence, we reluctantly assented."

### At Saloniki

My correspondent describes the situation at Saloniki thus: "Saloniki stands at the head of an inlet, and an entrenched position has, therefore, to be widely-flung to safeguard it. But there are natural obstacles, east and west, which should form the basis of a formidable defensive cincture. To the east lies a series of ridges,

some two or three feet in height. Westward lies marshland; and, between the two flank defenses, there are several small summits, about the Vardar valley, which should form strong links in the defensive chain. The average distance of these defensive points is over ten miles, and General Serrail, the defender of Verdun, should know how to make the best of them. As an entrenched camp, Saloniki has one defect, balanced by a corresponding advantage. The defensive line, resting upon an inlet, must be a circle, all but the sector which the sea fills. This means a long line; but as the sea enters to the centre of the circle the defense works have available an almost illimitable supply of ships' guns. Howitzers mounted upon pontoons, monitors with their huge guns, even battleships can enter at will and should be able to cope with anything the enemy can contrive."

### Why French was Removed

The London press, according to my correspondent, is not having much to say on the change in the command of the army in France, but it is generally agreed that it was a wise change. When it was announced a writer in the London Nation said: "Sir Douglass Haig's appointment to chief command in France and Flanders is a great relief, especially to those who feared that the long-discussed, long-postponed change would never come." It is now admitted that Sir John French blundered more than once in Flanders. He is said to have been "a little undecided and a little over-sanguine," and he is criticized for having made Bruges and Ghent his objective in October, 1914. One critic says that "the task assigned to the heroic but shattered 7th Division showed that he had failed to take the right measure of his enemy's force or of his own."

### Idolizing Rupert Brooke

A few months ago few of us had ever heard of Rupert Brooke. It was his death during the Dardanelles fiasco which brought him to general attention. The magnificent war sonnets which were published just about the time of his pass-

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ing every borrowed an adventurous interest from the romantic circumstances of his end in the Aegean. He took his place immediately with England's great soldier-poets; his cold brow was decorated not only with the singer's bays but also with the patriot's crown, for he had died in his country's service in the time of his country's greatest need. And now everybody is reading Rupert Brooke. His volume you will find on the library table in every household where there is any pretense of acquaintance with the latest excellent things in literature. It is Rupert Brooke's hour. Critics celebrate him; papers publish his picture and his war sonnets; literary coteries discuss him with more enthusiasm than discrimination. Rupert Brooke is being idolized by the impulsive admirers of poetry. This I think a bad thing. The pendulum always swings backward as well as forward. There is sure to be a reaction against the idolizing of Rupert Brooke.

#### The Celebration of His Beauty

I have been reading not only Rupert Brooke but also a good many of the things which have been said about him. I find everywhere what seems to me too insistent a harping on the young poet's physical beauty. I feel that the dead man is unfortunate in being thus celebrated. Rupert Brooke was no doubt a handsome fellow; his picture indicates as much. The picture with which we have become familiar strikes me as affected; there appears to me to be a little too much pose in the position of the head and the unbuttoned shirt front. Nevertheless Brooke must have been good looking. But does that excuse the gushiness of the tributes which have been lavished on his personal appearance? In a biographical sketch I have just read—you will find it at the end of his collected poems—he is referred to as "a golden young Apollo," and the man who uses this phrase proceeds as follows: "He stretched himself out, drew his fingers through his waved fair hair, laughed, talked indolently, and admired as much as he was admired." H. W. Nevins describes him thus: "Loose hair of deep, brown-gold; smooth,

ruddy face; eyes not gray or bluish-white, but of living blue, really like the sky, and as frankly open; figure not very tall, but firm and strongly made, giving the sense of weight rather than of speed and yet so finely fashioned and healthy that it was impossible not to think of the line about 'a pard-like spirit.'" Nevins adds that the whole effect was "almost ludicrously beautiful." And Walter de la Mare says that "with him there was a happy shining impression that he might have just come—that very moment—from another planet, one well within the solar system, but a little more like Utopia than ours." Another writes: "To look at, he was part of the youth of the world." Another who used to swim with him tells us gravely that he wore no stockings and that "'Rupert's mobile toes' were a subject for the admiration of his friends!" George Edward Woodberry, writing an introduction to the poems, tells us in the very first line that Brooke was "fair to see."

#### In Doubtful Taste

It seems to me that this ecstatic celebration of the poet's personal appearance is in doubtful taste, to say the least. There is a note of effeminacy in all this which displeases. Brooke was doubtless a manly fellow, but manliness is apt to be lost sight of where good looks are so gushily insisted on. The ultimate effect of this sort of thing is always bad. We have the recent case of Oscar Wilde. All of us can remember the time when the recrudescence of Wilde's literary fame began. It was coincident with the publication of "De Profundis." Imperfectly balanced critics were swept off their base by the beauty of that document, and there ensued an idolizing of Wilde which had a very harmful effect upon his fame. There was the identical insistence upon his physical beauty which we are being treated to now in the case of Rupert Brooke. Wilde too was an Apollo; adjectives usually restricted to the description of feminine charms were freely appropriated to his celebration. It was a sickly outburst, and it brought the natural reaction. Men who had known Wilde well were disgusted, and they went to extremes in their correction of the false picture. Arthur Ransome gave us details about the disease from which Wilde suffered. Alfred Douglas told us about his bad teeth and his greasy complexion. And so on. The people who had been picturing Wilde as a Greek god, as a "pard-like spirit" were terribly shocked. It all goes to show that you cannot exaggerate without inviting reprisals from those who know the truth. And these are pretty certain to exaggerate defects, either in a spirit of malice or just as a protest against the pagan exaltation of physical attractions. So why cannot we be a little calm, a little judicious about the praise of Rupert Brooke? Though he was as beautiful as Francis Thompson was ugly, the fact will not add one cubit to his poetical stature. The true physical beauty of a poet consists in the lines impressed upon his countenance by thought, by suffering, by communion with the world of spirituality. In that sense Dante was beautiful. Rupert Brooke died at twenty-eight, too young to achieve that beauty. How nature endowed him physically does not matter in the least.

#### Sterling's Remarkable Sale

"The Evanescent City," George Sterling's latest book of verse, was delivered by the binder to the publisher Aleck Robertson on Saturday, the eighteenth of December. Beginning that night which was a night remarkable for the volume of shopping done, the book had a record-breaking sale. By Christmas two-thirds of the edition had been exhausted. The edition

consisted of three thousand copies, so this means that in one week's time two thousand copies were sold. This is a most unusual sale for poetry. Many a well known poet regards himself as most fortunate if a book of his after being on the market two or three years sells up to a thousand copies. And here is a book of poetry that sold up to two thousand in six days! The book will probably go into a second edition. Two other books of Sterling's recently published, the Yosemite and Exposition Odes, have also enjoyed remarkable sales. It is quite apparent that Sterling is coming into his own.

#### A Beautiful Book

"The Evanescent City" is a beautiful book. The poem from which it takes its title is of eight stanzas, and is published one stanza to a page, with nine illustrations from photographs by that wizard of the camera Francis Bruguiere and a cover in color reproduced from a painting by Will Sparks. "The Evanescent City," needless to say, is the Exposition. I think all lovers of the best in photography are familiar with Francis Bruguiere's Exposition pictures; I need only remark that those used in this book, some taken by day and others by night, are among the finest of his achievements. The poem is one of Sterling's most beautiful efforts. He tells us that it has been his wont to stand at the ocean's shore and watch the rise and fall of the magnificent city of sunset, the spectacle

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of the death of day and the appearance of the evening star which is "the soul of dead day and pledge of peace to be." To this splendid spectacle he compares "our city of a year." It is "a rainbow fallen," and yet "within the soul its deep indubitable iris burns." It is "an anthem stilled," and yet "for its ghostly goal the incommunicable music yearns." Beauty passes, he tells us, and only at her departure do we seek her face—and find it not "this side of God." It is a poem which must speak to many souls wherein the beauty of the Exposition has been transfigured by its passing. It is a poem which all who love the Exposition will desire to possess in the fine format Robertson has given it.

#### A Joke and a Diagram

Comes now the genial Ed Price, erstwhile of the Alcazar but now one of Broadway's most successful and best liked publicity men, and favors his old friend (to-wit, myself) with a bit of war stuff.

"Every humorous paragrapher in America is going to spring this one as original," writes Price, "and I want to beat them to it. Sir Douglas Haig has been appointed commander-in-chief of the British forces on the western front. Do you get that? The American ark of peace is sloshing along in the general direction of Holland. Now if perchance they should come together what would it be a case of? You give it up? A case of Haig and Hague, of course. It is perfectly obvious. Now to diagram it for the Englishmen who have dug themselves into the trenches of the Pacific-Union Club. Sir Douglas Haig suggests a certain brand of Scotch that when properly blended with soda, is the national beverage of England. Very well. The peace conferences in Holland are held at The Hague. Consequently a case of Haig and Hague. It matters not that Haig and Hague are spelled differently. They sound alike. The first Englishman who tries to repeat this playful wheeze will probably say it's a case of Black and White."

#### A Fair Poem

I am in receipt of a communication from my friend Judge Cabaniss of the Superior Court wherein he calls my attention to a poem about the Exposition. "Though but an indifferent judge of poetry," writes Judge Cabaniss who is a good judge of poetry but a very modest man, "though but an indifferent judge of poetry, I think the enclosed verse the best I've read anent our Exposition. If you are also of this opinion (see how Judge Cabaniss tries to commit me!) and haven't been surfeited with contributions of this sort, why not print it"? Why not? So here goes:

Where gleamed the glowing western sun  
Which glorified the gates of Night  
And passed to rest, its day's work done,  
Now gleams a miracle of light!

Man borrowed from the Jovian darts  
The rarest of their radiant rays,  
Clothed them with all the prismy arts,  
And set the jeweled night ablaze.

But they must pass. Tomorrow's sun  
Will look down on the quiet Bay,  
Its age-long service scarce begun,  
Where died man's lights of yesterday.

—W. H. Anderson.

#### Special Luncheon at Tavern

The special luncheon at Techau Tavern places this café on the highest plane of purveyors to the critical, both in point of menu and service. Indeed the Tavern is one of the very few cafés in the country that maintain the high standard and reputation of the best hotels in its own and Eastern cities. No pains are spared to make these luncheons meet the desires of the most fastidious, which, taken in connection with the air of refinement and respectability for which the Tavern is noted, attract a permanent clientele among ladies and business men who demand the best cooking and service in agreeable surroundings.

### Letters

#### Anna Strunsky's Latest

Anna Strunsky Walling has given us something out of the rut in her "Violette of Pere Lachaise." The author styles it a "subjective biography," which perhaps is a better description than any critic could formulate for an account of the spirit growth of a child of the people through childhood, girlhood and youth. Perhaps Mrs. Walling intended Violette to be representative of her class but in truth she is an exception, both in her intellectual and her ethical capacities. The little girl Violette was the ward and only relative of her aged grandfather who had passed through such a period of poverty and discouragement that now, established in a poor shop opposite the entrance of the cemetery, where he earned a meager support for himself and the child by the sale of flowers to those who came to visit the graves, he was enjoying comparative luxury. Though Violette knew no other playground than the cemetery, no art but its monuments, and though her companions were of the poorest and those with whom she came into contact ever sorrowful, she was herself intensely alive and interested in life. Violette was early initiated into the society of two groups, the frequenters of the theatre, and members of a Socialistic society, and these had their part in shaping her life, for these creatures of an author's love seldom fail to reach their goal. Friendship and love and disappointment and usefulness—she found them all, and resignation and contentment, if not happiness. The conception is idealistic rather than practically realistic. It is comparatively easy to formulate

characters and conceptions of life, duty and responsibility, but quite another matter to put them into practical working order, and by the time the Violettes have learned to accept philosophies they are apt to be too old to accomplish. But "Violette of Pere LaChaise" is of that mildly spiritual order which will attract many admirers, and ought to make a popular book. From F. A. Stokes.

#### A Fine Book for Boys

"The Boy with the U. S. Life Savers" is another addition to that excellent series compiled by Dr. Rolt Wheeler with the design of acquainting the young generation with the scope and thoroughness of the various enterprises carried on under Government supervision. He has already taken up the census, the Indians, the forest reserve, the fisheries, the geological survey and the work of the Department of Agriculture. Each time, in the person of some active young inquirer or student, the details are unfolded and adults will not find their time wasted in the perusal of these well written and profusely illustrated volumes. The book under discussion has a local interest since Eric Swift who eventually becomes a member of the Coast Guard, begins his career at the volunteer Life Saving Station in our own waters. Eric has to be an expert swimmer before he can join the service, and with him we learn of the means of rescuing the drowning and restoring those apparently dead. On the Great Lakes he takes his part in the winter work where extreme cold and fierce winds complicate the labor, and later on he assists in rescues from wrecks in the open sea, and in destroying derelicts as well as in thwarting the nefarious designs of wreckers. Talks with his father as well as with his companions in the service reveal the difficulties of lighthouse construction, and there is one graphic chapter detailing the successful efforts of the service in saving from starvation the crews of the whalers locked in the ice above Point Barrow. All the various incidents related in the book are transcripts of real occurrences and if the boy who reads it is not inspired to do likewise, at any rate he cannot avoid having a mighty respect for the men of the service and the Government that supports it. From Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

#### "Making the Movies"

Perhaps there is no other subject in the world today which can command the universal interest of "the movies." Every one, old and young, goes. Magazines are devoted to the industry in every branch and the high-priced performers of the camera-cult can always turn another penny by writing up biographies for the newspaper syndicates. Therefore Ernest A. Densch has merely followed the beckoning hand in putting into a small handy volume some forty brief chapters which he has entitled "Making the Movies." There is always a question whether it is quite wise to reveal professional secrets, but in these days of unfaith when the tiny toddlers are too wise to believe in fairies, and Santa Claus, many times duplicated, has degenerated into a familiar street beggar, perhaps there is too little mystery left to be worth while to guard. At any rate, if Mr. Densch has told a few secrets already half-guessed, he has told some other things which add interest for the more thoughtful observer, and dispel the illusion that all the effects are produced by trickery. The little book—it contains fewer than two hundred pages of print—will be sure to interest any one of any age into whose hands it may fall. It is a companion volume to the same author's previous work "Playwriting for the Cinema." From the Macmillan Company.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## The Mystifying Heiress

Will somebody please marry Miss Ruth Boettcher of Denver? If this young lady remains single she'll give us all brainfag. Ordinary minds find it a dreadful task trying to keep up with the rumors of her engagement to this, that and the other fellow. And no sooner do you pin a rumor down for examination than along comes a denial, with an entirely new rumor treading blithely on its heels. It's too much for any but a giant intellect. Is Ensign Hamilton Bryan engaged to Ruth? Nobody seems to know for certain at this writing. The ensign thinks he is. His mother who used to be Linda Bryan and is now Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale thinks he is. As Mrs. Hale is a sensible woman with considerable newspaper experience she is presumed to know what she is talking about. But Ruth's father thinks she is not engaged to the young tar. And Ruth has yet to be heard from. She's an heiress with some such sum as ten or twenty or thirty millions coming to her, and she ought to know her own mind.

## Previous Announcements

Heaven only knows how many times Ruth has been reported engaged. In one single season down at Del Monte rumor had her engaged to at least three men. One of them was young Havemeyer of the sugar family. Another was our own Harry Scott who has since married the former wife of Worthington Ames. Still another was Joe Eastland who has also married since then. There was quite a turmoil when these three conflicting rumors were blown up to town on one breeze. And nothing came of it all. When the storm was over Ruth emerged from the hurlyburly unengaged. Now comes another imbroglio.

"Of course they're engaged," says Mrs. Hale.

"Of course they're not," says Papa Boettcher.

Both are good authorities. But which is the better, the mother of Ruth's rumored fiance or Ruth's papa? It is too much for me. I sit back and await developments.

## Anna Held Lectures

What shall we do with our actresses when they are not acting? One answer would be that we should let them alone to enjoy social life or domesticity like other people in their hours of leisure. But that is not the way the Oakland Chamber of Commerce answers the question. "Get them to lecture for you," says the Chamber of Commerce of Oakland. Fitting the deed to the word the Chamber of Commerce invited Anna Held to lecture on the war. Miss Held is a busy woman in her hours of leisure, if I may be permitted an Irish bull; but she is a

very good natured, obliging woman, so she consented to lecture for the chamber. When the word went out that the actress was to lecture on the war in the big assembly hall of the Hotel Oakland there was a flurry among chamberites. It is asserted that every member who did not happen to be sickbed or out of Alameda county was on hand half an hour before the lecture commenced, and judging from the size of the throng it must be so. The hall was jammed. There were many chamberites there who had previously shown no interest whatever in the war. It is supposed that their interest was in the lecturer rather than in the lecture. Miss Held had never lectured before. She commenced her lecture with considerable trepidation. But after breaking the ice she surprised herself by her lecturing facility. She warmed to her task and grew eloquent. In half an hour's talk she described Paris in war time, its wounded, its serious demeanor, its new sober beauty. And she talked preparedness too, but preparedness for defense not for aggression, for Miss Held is intensely and patriotically French and does not approve of the Germanic brand of preparedness. When the lecture was over she received salvoes of applause. It was such a success that this week the chamber had another actress lecture in the same place, this time Lillian Russell. Who will be next, I wonder?

## At the Freak Party

Too bad Mrs. McCutchen barred all us men from her freak party. There were many sights I should have enjoyed immensely. Thus, I should have dearly loved to see Augusta Foute in her mermaid costume. Augusta had an elaborate marine headdress and a black satin bathing dress "jauntily abbreviated." And I'd have loved to see Miss Lloyd Meiers in her soldier suit of olive drab; and her sister Mildred in her rakish pirate togs all stained with gore, and her fierce mustachios. And the pajama girls! Think of seeing Ruth Welsh, Julia Van Fleet and Marion Baker in pajamas! I'm willing to bet they were as fetching as Pauline Chase, the original pink pajama girl. No doubt the purple cows impersonated by Ethel McAllister and her chums Frederica and Cora Otis were amusing, but didn't these girls go back a long way for an idea? And why didn't the papers publish pictures of the mermaid or the pajama girls instead of the purple cows? We'd rather see a mermaid or a pajama girl than a purple cow any day.

## Mrs. Spreckels' Work

The wonderful work of Mrs. A. B. Spreckels for civilian victims of the war in France and Belgium goes splendidly on. Mrs. Spreckels began by helping individual artists impoverished by the war. Then she founded a fund for the Parisian widows and orphans of artists, writers and sculptors who fell in battle. For this work she undertook to sell over \$30,000 worth of books and reproductions of Jacquier's now celebrated picture of General Joffre. This work has been thoroughly organized and is proceeding well all over the country. The funds are forwarded through the local French Consul, M. Neltner, to the Minister of Fine Arts in Paris. Next Mrs. Spreckels conducted the sale of the great black opal presented for the purpose by Percy Marks of Australia. She also organized the performances given by La Loie Fuller and her company

at the Columbia. Part of the funds so collected have gone to the ambulances working for the hospitals of the Countess van den Steen de Jehay; part to the relief of authors and artists. And now Mrs. Spreckels is working on her great tombola. This work began a year ago in Paris when Armand Dayot and Arsene Alexander, both Inspectors-General of Fine Arts, together with Miss Gabriel Bloch and Miss Fuller undertook to make a collection of five hundred signatures. This was the basis of Mrs. Spreckels' tombola enterprise. She has the autographs of the greatest men of France, Belgium and Italy. She has purchased works of art, thereby aiding the artists directly, and presented them to the tombola. Today all the world is sending her prizes. There are to be ten thousand prizes for the tombola, and she will have these and more. The objects of this enterprise are three: relief of the widows and orphans of artists in Paris; a fund for the relief work of a lady in waiting to the Queen of the Belgians; and a fund for the ambulance train working between France and Belgium with lowries for transporting supplies and ambulances for carrying children and wounded.

## Expensive Youngsters

It takes \$8,950 a year to keep each of the late Mary Crocker Harrison's girls. This fact came out in New York a few days ago when the Supreme Court approved the accounting of the estate for 1913-14 made by the two trustees, Henry T. Scott of this city and Francis Burton Harrison, the father. The two girls Virginia Randolph Harrison and Barbara Harrison, live at Manila with their step-mother and their father who is Governor-General of the Philippines. Originally an allowance of \$900 a month was made for each girl, but this amount was reduced on the suggestion of the father. The payment of \$8,950 for each daughter was made to the Governor-General at the rate of \$750 a month for eleven months and \$700 for the twelfth. Henry T. Scott testified that the payments were for clothing, schooling, living expenses and music. The personal expenditure for Barbara Harrison was \$2,115. Mary Crocker Harrison, daughter of the late George Crocker, and sister of Jennie Crocker Whitman and Templeton Crocker, was killed in an automobile accident on Long Island in 1905. She left an estate valued at three millions, in equal shares to her husband and the two infant daughters, the latter part in trust. The estate has practically doubled in value since. The trustees reported that Miss Barbara's fund is now worth \$1,717,337, while the principal of Miss Virginia's share is \$1,776,117. So it will be seen that while the two little girls live high they can afford to do so.

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The present wife of Governor-General Harrison, whom he married in 1907, was divorced from Dr. Roland Cox Jr. She is the daughter of Henry I. Judson of Brooklyn.

#### Will Gwin's Concert

I suppose young Will Gwin might be described as a war hero, although I don't think he would relish such celebration. At any rate he saw the worst horrors of war for nine long months. He was attached to the British hospital corps in Paris and was one of those despatched to Serbia after the first Austrian invasion had been repulsed and a more terrible invasion of the unhappy country had followed. I refer to the typhus invasion. Gwin fought the deadly plague until last September, and when he came home on leave of absence for three months he had the satisfaction of knowing that his efforts and the efforts of his associates had won a complete victory over the fearful epidemic. There is no typhus in Serbia now, to speak of—and there are no free Serbians. Germany rules the little Balkan country. But in Greece there are thousand on thousands of Serbian refugees in the most pitiable condition of poverty. For the benefit of these William Gwin Jr. will give a song recital. It will take place in the ball room of the St. Francis on Monday afternoon at three o'clock. We have heard Gwin's voice before, and we know what a fine voice it is. Raised in the cause of charity it should have many hearers. The concert, it goes without saying, is under distinguished patronage. Gwin will sing a number of charming old French songs, and will be accompanied by the skilful and sympathetic Achille Artigues. In a few days Gwin leaves for Paris en route to Saloniki and the hospital corps. May he take a goodly sum with him!

#### Mrs. Dosch Here

Mrs. Elsie Sperry Dosch, wife of the magazine writer, is still with her folks Mr. and Mrs. George B. Sperry, at their country home White Oaks near Redwood City. Her two children are with her. Mrs. Dosch's health is much better since her return to California and she will probably remain all winter. Arno Dosch is off for the war again. He wrote a friend in San Francisco the other day that he was leaving in two hours for France and the trenches, with a writing commission from the New York World. Dosch was with Irvin Cobb, Will Irwin and John T. McCutcheon on the famous jaunt through Belgium which ended with their imprisonment for blundering into the German lines.

#### Paul Jordan Smith to Lecture

Paul Jordan Smith is to give a course of six lectures on "The Soul of Woman in Modern Literature" in the Art Gallery of Paul Elder and Company on consecutive Thursday afternoons at 3 o'clock, commencing January 20. The first lecture will be "Henrik Ibsen—The Prophet of Spiritual Emancipation."

#### At the Cecil

A profusion of lilies of the valley and violets adorned the table at the luncheon presided over by Mrs. John Charles Doyle Tuesday. The function was given in the private dining room, and after luncheon there was bridge. Mr. and Mrs. Doyle have been passing the autumn and winter here, and will return to their home in

Los Angeles Monday. Miss Edith Bull has been spending the past ten days. Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Watson of New York will sojourn during the winter months. Mrs. L. H. Long of Santa Barbara was hostess at a beautifully appointed luncheon Monday. It was a farewell affair; on the following day this charming society woman left for her home in Southern California. Ernest Geary has taken an apartment for the winter. Among the prominent Easterners at the hotel are Mr. and Mrs. John Crawford and their charming daughter Miss Crawford. They arrived this month from their home in New York. Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Symmes accompanied by their little daughter have moved to the Cecil where they will make their home.

#### At the Somerton

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Barr of St. Louis were hosts Monday at a luncheon in the palm room.



EMILIO DE GOGORZA

The eminent Spanish baritone who will appear in concerts at the Columbia Theatre on the Sunday afternoons of January 23 and 30

Captain and Mrs. R. H. Baird, U. S. A., are stopping with their family. Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Mann of Baltimore have come out for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. McDaniels of Philadelphia gave an elaborate dinner Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. James R. Clark complimented a dozen friends at dinner Wednesday evening. Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, Mrs. D. H. Davis and Miss Eva Davis who have been guests for the past month complimented a score of friends Monday at an impromptu tea. These charming women will leave the last of the week for their home in Wilmington, Del. Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Deane of Washington, D. C., are being extensively entertained by their San Francisco friends. A bridge party was the diversion chosen by Mr. and Mrs. John H. Morgan when they entertained Monday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan are from St. Paul and have made many friends during their sojourn here.

#### Fashion Show for Charity

The "Revue des Modes" to be given at Scottish Rite Hall on the evenings of Monday,

Tuesday and Wednesday, March 1, 2 and 3, for the benefit of the French wounded promises to strike a new note in entertainments for the sufferers across the water. The committee in charge consists of Mesdames Walter S. Martin, Charles Templeton Crocker, George T. Cameron, C. Frederick Kohl and Augustus Taylor. The costumes will be furnished by San Francisco firms. The gowns, hats, furs, jewels and other paraphernalia are being designed in London and Paris. The models will be society maids and matrons, with the exception of the matinee intine when the frills and fancies will be displayed by professional models for the exclusive gaze of milady. The "revue" will be put on in the same manner as the French revues in Paris. A "compere," personified by one of San Francisco's talented bachelors, will introduce each number with quip and jest, the lines of the skit being written by a well known librettist of the Bohemian Club. The costumes will be introduced by living pictures. After a few moment's pose the models will walk out from the picture and down upon the stage where they will the better display the modes. Something unique in the extreme is promised in the way of stage hangings and settings.

Mrs. Exe—Your maid is too familiar. You should make her keep her place.

Mrs. Wye—If I make her keep her place she'd leave her job.

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## Gossip of the Theatre

### A Delightful Concert

Though one can never tire of the three B's a dash of Dukas now and then is not to be despised. Some folks say that a little bit of titillation of the ear is very well in the drawing room; that three minutes of it in the course of an evening or afternoon are quite pleasant; but more than that of it with a big band and a conductor perspiring over it—that is too much. Very solemn persons will tell you that a whole afternoon of ear-tickling done by a big band and a big conductor is like crushing a butterfly under a steam-hammer. This may be quite true, but yet a conductor may be applauded of the multitude and at the same time approved by artists. And this I should say is what a conductor should aim at in San Francisco, where, whatever may be said about taste for music and passion for music, there is still much to be done for the education of the public. This I fancy is what Mr. Alfred Hertz was thinking last week when he arranged his symphony concert program. He gave us a dance poem from Dukas's "The Peri," a narrative poem one does not have to follow too closely. He gave us some of Grainger's folk music and the Scheherazade symphonic suite of Rimsky-Korsakow. The whole performance was delightful; and nothing in the rendering was lacking. The music was free, fresh and picturesque. It seemed to me that Mr. Hertz missed nothing. He set broad-flowing rhythms going for us and he extracted all that could be extracted for us from melody that was like running water. It was sparkling music that appeared to please the musicians as much as it pleased the audience. Mr. Hertz compelled a precision that only magnetism achieves. It was as though the artists were collaborating joyfully with him. They followed every movement with fidelity, and the result was a tone quality that was worth going a good distance to hear.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

### Twin Beds and Their Occupants

I remember a naughty story about twin beds by that sly fellow Marcel Prevost. As might be expected Captain Prevost (he is serving "somewhere in France") rumbled his twin beds till the very coverlets blushed. It was a very witty and rather improper story. I don't recall the details sufficiently to repeat them here—and shouldn't do so anyway. Balzac also wrote about twin beds. He devoted quite a lot of space to them in his tiresomely cynical "Physiology of Marriage." So twin beds are by no means new to literature. But insofar as American dramatic literature is concerned, twin beds belong to Margaret Mayo and Edward Salisbury Field by right of discovery. These two were quite well equipped for the dramatization of twin beds. Margaret Mayo dramatized a single bed in "Baby Mine," and it's only a step from one bed to another. Miss Mayo has made the crossing with satisfaction to all concerned. As for Field—our old friend "Childe Harold"—I seem to remember a book of his called "The Purple Stockings," a vivid, engaging bit of open work. It goes without saying that the man who could write successfully of purple stockings would find no difficulty with twin beds. The subjects are cognate, sympathetically allied to each other. Obviously, therefore, Margaret Mayo and Edward Salisbury Field were predestined to success when they tackled twin beds. While very interesting in themselves, twin beds are of course not as interesting as their

occupants. Our authors have put a couple of very interesting persons between the sheets. One of the twin beds receives the dainty body of Juliette Day who is a cuddlesome young wife in the play. The other twin bed, it goes without saying, is reserved for her husband; but as this is a farce it goes without saying that he never occupies it. His pajamas and his twin bed are occupied by a jingled tenor. It is this tenor's intoxication of love which makes the farce funny, but it is another sort of intoxication which makes him mistake another married man's room, bed and pajamas for his own. He goes to bed fuddled and wakes up with the headache of the morning after. It is funny



TINA LERNER

The famous pianist who will play at the Tuesday Morning Musicales at the St. Francis Hotel

but not improper. For a souse the tenor behaves wonderfully well. There is the utmost discretion even in the manner in which he undresses. I need not say that there are delicate complications, nor need I mention that these are all unraveled in the end without any hurt to the young wife's reputation. This is American, not French farce. There are a few philosophical observations on twin beds scattered through the play. One that embodies an objection to twin beds pleased the audience vastly. It was voiced by the tenor's wife. She disapproved of twin beds because "when a man sleeps alone he gets too independent." That is worthy of Mrs. Caudle, the famous curtain lecturer, and as there is a little of Mrs. Caudle in every wife, it probably explains why twin beds are not more popular than they are. The play ends with one couple moving their twin beds into juxtaposition and the other couple breaking theirs up. We are to suppose that both couples were happy ever afterwards.

—Edward F. O'Day.

### The De Gogorza Concerts

Emilio De Gogorza will be heard in two delightful programs of songs and operatic excerpts in French, German, Italian, English and Spanish at the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, January 23 and 30. At the first concert his offering will include old classic arias by Gluck and Montsigny, modern lieder by Rubinstein, Brahms

and Strauss, two compositions of that gifted American A. Aldrich Carpenter, a group of ballads including such favorites as "Sally in Our Alley" and "Mother o' Mine," works by d'Indy, Guy Ropartz and Debussy and gems of Spanish song by F. M. Alvarez and Enrique Granados, the composer who is now in New York to superintend the production of his opera "Goyesques" at the Metropolitan. At the second concert an entirely different program will be given. The sale of seats will open Wednesday at Sherman Clay where mail orders may be addressed to Will Greenbaum. Next Thursday night, January 20, De Gogorza will appear at Stanford University under the auspices of the Peninsula Musical Association.

### Maud Powell in Oakland

Maud Powell, the violin virtuosa, will resume her tour with a special program in Oakland on Monday night under the auspices of the Music Section of the Oakland Teachers' Association. The concert will be given in the new Auditorium Opera House.

### The S. F. Quintet Club

The second concert of the San Francisco Quintet Club's series will be given in the St. Francis ball room next Thursday night, January 20. The program will be of exceptional importance and interest, as two works will be given for the first time in this city. These are a Concerto by Bach for harpsichord, violin and flute accompanied by violin, viola, 'cello and contra-bass and a Quartet for piano and strings by the young Russian master Lekeu. Besides these numbers the exquisite Trio for violin, viola and 'cello by Beethoven will be given. Tickets at Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase's.

### The Gabrilowitsch Appearances

In addition to appearing as the first visiting star soloist with our symphony orchestra, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian "poet of the piano" and composer, will be heard in one recital program and in a joint concert with his gifted wife Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch who is a contralto lieder singer. Mme. Gabrilowitsch is the daughter of Mark Twain.

### Destinn and Matzenauer

It is the consensus of opinion among the music lovers of New York that Emmy Destinn saved the opera season at the Metropolitan. Since she has rejoined the company the interest in the season has been remarkable and efforts have been made to have her cancel all her concert dates and remain in New York, but she will devote the month of February to fulfilling her contracts with Will Greenbaum. Another artist who has done great work this season is the leading mezzo-contralto Margarete Matzenauer who has saved half a dozen performances by jumping in at the last moment. She too will pay her first visit to the West this season. She will be accompanied by the tenor Ferarri-Fontanna who has had the distinction of singing leading tenor roles with the Boston, the Chicago and the Metropolitan companies.

### Second Week of "Twin Beds"

Selwyn and Company's "Twin Beds" which is at the Cort will start upon the second and last week of its engagement Sunday evening. The cast includes Juliette Day, P. Paul Porcasi,



Marian Lord, J. Morrill Morrison, Editha Maxham, Eleanor Wilton and William Weston. Another popular priced matinee will be given on Wednesday in addition to the regular Saturday matinee. The ever-popular "Peg o' My Heart" comes back to the Cort for a single week, beginning Sunday, January 23.

#### Broadhurst Play at Alcazar

Next week will be a red letter one for the Alcazar and the Lytell-Vaughan players, for it will mark the first production in this city and at popular prices of the big play "The Law of the Land," by George Broadhurst, author of "Bought and Paid For," "The Man of the Hour," "Today," and other widely known successes. Further, this drama will be produced under the direction of the distinguished author himself, Mr. Broadhurst coming up to San Francisco from Los Angeles, where he is at present visiting, to attend all the rehearsals. "The Law of the Land" was a great success in New York last season where it ran an entire year with Julia Dean in the leading role. This is the part that will be played by Evelyn Vaughan next week, and the Alcazar idol will have the full capability of her art tested. Bert Lytell will be seen in the role opposite to Miss Vaughan.

#### Evelyn Nesbit at Orpheum

Evelyn Nesbit and Jack Clifford will head the new show at the Orpheum next week. Miss Nesbit says she does not care to take advantage of the incident that made her a witness in the most sensational criminal case in the annals of the American courts, but trusts to her ability to win recognition from the public. With a better voice than ordinary and skill as a danseuse, in conjunction with Jack Clifford she will pre-

sent the singing and dancing novelty which made her a favorite in the London music halls. Harry Mayo and Harry Tally, formerly of the Empire City Quartette, have exceedingly fine voices. Their songs are selected with judgment. Mae Francis is a clever singing comedienne with a liberal supply of catchy songs and gorgeous gowns. She brings Clarence Caskill, an excellent accompanist. Burley and Burley are quaint comedians who impersonate a dude and a Scot. They sing, dance, talk and perform tricks. The Yardys present a European novelty in muscular development. Hamilton and Barnes, man and girl, will contribute a merry act of catchy songs and witty sayings which they call "Just Fun." "Are We Prepared?" the third of the series of motion pictures authorized by the United States Government will be exhibited. A special feature will be that popular comedienne Eva Taylor and her company in the one-act sketch entitled "Suspicious of Hubby" by Lawrence Grattan who is also Miss Taylor's leading man. The only holdovers will be James Dutton and company, the Society Equestrians and Eva Gauthier and Nila Devi in "Songmotion."

#### Fourth Pair of Symphony Concerts

The fourth pair of concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz conductor, will be given at the Cort Friday, January 28, at 3 and Sunday, January 30, at 2:30. The program will be made up entirely of Wagner numbers and should be of peculiar interest, as Mr. Hertz held for thirteen years the post of chief Wagnerian conductor at the Metropolitan and is steeped in the traditions and ideals of the master. The program includes the Prelude from "Parsifal," two numbers from Isolde's Love Death, and Anton Seidl's arrangement of

Tristan's violin; the dramatic overture from "The Flying Dutchman;" the "Siegfried Idyll;" and the Prelude to "The Mastersingers." The "Vision of Tristan" has never before been performed in San Francisco. It gives great opportunity to Louis Persinger and Horace Britt, violin and 'cello soloists respectively. Tickets on sale at Sherman, Clay and Kohler and Chase and at the Cort on the days of the concerts.

#### Second Tuesday Morning Musicale

The second of the "Tuesday Morning Musicales," so auspiciously started this week, will take place in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis on January 18, at eleven o'clock, when another program of exceptional interest will be offered. Impresario Rudolph Aronson has made a delightful innovation in musical affairs here

## SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ - CONDUCTOR

#### THIRD SUNDAY CONCERT

Tomorrow 2:30 O'clock

#### CORT THEATRE

Soloist: LOUIS PERSINGER, Violinist  
PROGRAM

Symphony, G. Minor, Op. 54.....Mozart  
Concerto, D. Major, for Violin, Op. 61.....Beethoven  
"Don Juan," Tone Poem (after Lenau)....Richard Strauss

#### FOURTH PAIR OF CONCERTS

#### CORT THEATRE

Friday, Jan. 28, 3 O'clock; Sunday, Jan. 30, 2:30 O'clock

#### WAGNER PROGRAM

1. Prelude, "Parsifal." 2. Tristan and Isolde, "Prelude and Isolde's Love Death." 3. Tristan's Vision (arrangement by A. Seidl). 4. Overture, "Flying Dutchman." 5. Siegfried Idyll. 6. Prelude to the "Mastersingers of Nurnberg."

PRICES—Friday: \$2, \$1.50, \$1, 75c; box and loge seats, \$3. Sunday: \$1, 75c, 50c; box and loge seats, \$1.50. Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase, and Cort Theatre days of concerts only.



EMILIO

## DE GOGORZA

Famous Spanish Baritone

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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays)—10c, 25c, 50c



EVELYN NESBIT

Next week at the Orpheum



by presenting this series and the interest manifested by society and musical folk is very great. The instrumentalists for the second concert include two great pianists, Tina Lerner and her husband Vladimir Shavitch, and Antonio de Grassi, the eminent violinist, and the vocalist of the morning will be Laure de Vilmar, the famous American dramatic soprano. Tina Lerner is among the greatest of pianists while Vladimir Shavitch has created a big sensation whenever he has played here. Miss Lerner will play the Gavotte of Sgambati, a paraphrase on a Strauss waltz by Tausig and two Chopin numbers. The concluding number of the program will be a suite for two pianos by Arensky, played by herself and Mr. Shavitch. Signor de Grassi's numbers will include the Faust Fantasia by Wieniawski, the Corelli-Tartini-Kreisler Variations, "Chanson Meditation" by Cottonet and the Waltz Caprice by Nandor Zsolt. Mme. de Vilmar will be heard for the first time here in concert recital, her numbers including the Jewel Song from "Faust," Salome's aria from Massenet's "Herodiade," and selections by Schubert, Tosti, Gluck and Hildach. The accompanist for the morning will be Fred Maurer. Seats at Sherman Clay, Kohler and Chase's and at Room 315 Hotel St. Francis.

#### Aerial Marvels at Pantages

The Four Casters, a quartet of aerial athletes, is a headline attraction at Pantages next week. The men have been featured for several years with all the big circus shows. Another

feature is Knox Wilson, the former musical comedy star who was leading man with Anna Held and starred in "Miss Nobody from Starland," "A Broadway Honeymoon," "A Stubborn Cinderella" and various other Broadway successes. The Four Vagabonds are the singers of the big hit "The Totem Pole" which was a box office winner for two seasons on the circuit. Jack Henderson who played the role of the half breed is the director of the Four Vagabonds, and the efforts of the quartet are exceptionally fine. Hannah Leach and Jack Holland, international dancers, will present a new series of the latest dances. "The Girl of the West," a dramatic episode with Al Luttringer and company, Jarvis and Harrison in "Flirtology," and Everett and White, acrobats, with the fifth sensational installment of "The Red Circle," will round out the bill.

Geography can be made quite an interesting study for the youthful mind. That is the view of, at least, one teacher, who endeavors to train the child mind on novel lines.

One day she took France as the subject of the lesson, and started off with the question:

"Now, in this terrible war, who is England's principal ally?"

"France!" came in a chorus from the eager youngsters.

"Quite right," she beamed. "And now can any of you give me the name of a town in France?"

"Somewhere!" shouted one small boy, promptly.



JULIETTE DAY  
In the merry farce "Twin Beds" at the Cort

Into the room of a country editor came a bluff old farmer with his 18-year-old son.

"I've come for a little information, sir," he said hopefully.

"I shall be delighted to do what I can for you," was the polite reply.

"Well, this son of mine wants to go into the literary business, and I thought you would be able to tell us if there was any money in it. It's a good line, isn't it?"

"Y-e-es," replied the editor, hesitatingly. "I've been at it myself for a good many years, and"—

The farmer thereupon looked round at the shabby office, and then at the shabbier editor.

"Come on, Willie!" he ordered. "Back to your plowing, my lad."

## ST. FRANCIS HOTEL COLONIAL BALLROOM

Tuesday, January 18, at 11 A. M.

### SECOND OF THE TUESDAY MORNING MUSICALES

(Direction Rudolph Aronson)

#### ARTISTS:

TINA LERNER, Pianiste  
VLADIMIR SHAVITCH, Pianist  
ANTONIO De GRASSI, Violinist  
LAURE De VILMAR, Soprano  
FRED MAURER, Accompanist

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Compelling Play of Heart Interest

### "THE LAW OF THE LAND"

By George Broadhurst

Author of "Bought and Paid For"

Produced Under the Personal Direction of the Author  
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## CORT

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Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays  
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### "TWIN BEDS"

By Salisbury Field  
and

Margaret Mayo (Author of "Baby Mine")

Nights and Saturday Matinee, 50c to \$1.50

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Former Musical Comedy Star with Anna Held; "A  
Stubborn Cinderella," "The Honeymoon Trail,"

"Miss Nobody," etc.

HANNAH LEACH AND JACK HOLLAND

International Dancers

Who Appeared before Royalty by Command

JARVIS AND HARRISON

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## Germany in War Time

(Continued from Page 6.)

Germany was received either with laughter or contempt, except by the four wise folk I encountered. The laughter was often forced, I thought.

The second of these four was a professor at Munich. He said: "After all, it is England that we have to fight. These Englishers are not so different from us. They have long heads and long, long purses, and are, I have no doubt, already doing much that we know nothing about. We are feeling the pinch, whatever the Government may pretend. We do want peace." His impression was that the war would last until either England or Germany was exhausted. He admitted that he was not popular among his fellows for saying this, but he had the courage, rare in Germany, to make his remarks before a number of people who disagreed with him.

Just as in England people are a little inclined to exaggerate the immediate economic difficulties of the Germans, so the Germans altogether misunderstand the English attitude towards Zeppelins and submarines. Because I had been present in London on the occasion of the Zeppelin raid of September 8 I was always received with interest and curiosity by those who knew of the fact. Ten years of exaggerated optimism with regard to Zeppelins have so convinced the Germans of the "frightening" effect of these machines that a large number of educated Germans believe that in the long run attacks on London will end the war. I ridiculed the notion, but with not much result, for when a German is face to face with a flat contradiction of that which he believes he grows angry.

But the Germans genuinely and increasingly fear the blockade.

The third person who expressed the view that the war would last a long time was a retired mercantile commander who had been all over the world. He knew about Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa and India, and had great admiration for English seamanship. He did not believe in the "frightening" theory. Though a very patriotic German, he told me that he was always regarded as pro-English. "The English will never cease until they get rid of the Germans from Antwerp," he had told his friends. "The sea is everything to the English," he said to them, "and they will concentrate their efforts on getting the Germans out of the coast line."

A fourth person was a Prussian governess who had lived long with English families, and was almost outspokenly pro-English. "Wait until the English get conscription," she told some people at a pension at Prague. "What is the use of conscription when the war is over?" was the reply of a disgruntled wounded Hungarian officer. "But the war is not over," she said, "nor is it likely to be so long as we Germans make ourselves disliked all over the world and unite our enemies under the English." Privately she told me of the suppression of all sorts of food and of anti-war riotings in Berlin, with shooting of the mob. The atmosphere of Prague, as I shall show shortly, is not favorable to Prussianism, for in Bohemia one can very often speak English openly in the streets.

The four exceptions I have indicated should not blind one to the fact that German unity of opinion is still absolute on the two or three months basis of the length of the war. Many of the people want an early peace beyond doubt, but the army rules.

At ——— I made careful inquiries regarding the prisoners' camp. I was assured that though, owing to their obstinacy, the English were not

popular in the camp, they received exactly the same food as German soldiers. I cannot prove this, because I was not allowed to go to the camp, but I was assured by a kind-hearted woman who had taken some interest in the camp that the food was of a nature that the Russians regard as luxurious. "They appear to be omnivorous," said my informant, "for they always eat up what the other prisoners leave as well." The French, I was told, were somewhat dissatisfied with the food, and the English always grumbled. This is, of course, but hearsay, but I made minute indirect inquiries. On this point I would remark that the treatment of prisoners probably varies in each of the 300 camps in which they are confined. At no place did I see English soldiers working in the fields. That seemed to be reserved for the Russians, while the French and English, I was informed, are working in the factories.

As I have already hinted, the usual German version of the war is something like this: Belgium is ours for all time, the French cannot drive us out of France, Russia is believed to be without arms and ammunition (and will be very leniently treated in the matter of peace), the Italians cannot advance, Serbia is finished, the road to Constantinople is open, and now only remains the cutting of the main artery of the British Empire, the Suez Canal, and a good peace is assured.

The time of the ending of the war is always within two or three months. As I have said before, the opinion is in every case based on the evidence of soldiers back from the front.

The nations which comprise the Entente Allies should understand, and never forget, that Germany is ready for peace at any moment, but —and the "but" is the most important word in the sentence—on terms that, on close examination, would be found to be entirely and absolutely to her advantage.

I have no doubt that she was ready to discuss terms twelve months ago, or that she will discuss them three, six, or twelve months hence. When the Imperial Chancellor states that the longer the war goes on the harder will be the terms, he means that Germany will endeavor to extract an amount of compensation in territory or otherwise such as Germany thinks she has earned up to any given date.

The terms on which, I believe, the Germans would make peace today are as follows. I do not speak with any authority, but I have been sufficiently in close touch, during my month's trip, with Germans who know the general trend of German thought to know what is behind the German mind at present. First and foremost is what is called the "Free Rhine." For that reason the Germans will fight for Antwerp until the last. Coincidentally with the retention of Antwerp, they desire to bring such pressure to bear upon the Dutch, either by cajoling them or by frightening them, as to compel Holland to give up her rights at the mouth of the Scheldt.

This may be accomplished by the extension of the German Customs Union to include Holland, whereby she would become, of course, a vassal State. Belgium would also be included, but probably as part of Prussia, on the same system as the rule of Alsace-Lorraine. I read in the German papers that there is a considerable party in Germany against territorial annexation: I did not encounter such people. I am certain that there are no Germans opposed to the control of the conquered districts by the Alsace-Lorraine plan.

The idea that I sometimes meet with here that, by some vague military act or some pressure, the Germans will suddenly evacuate Belgium is, on the face of it, ridiculous. A Spanish

friend of mine whom I met again in Berlin, after many years, has lately been invited by the German authorities to join in a tour of inspection in Belgium in order that he might impress his countrymen, not only with the fact that Belgium is completely under the thumb of Germany, but that Germany has given the services of many of her best officials and is spending vast amounts of money on the reorganization of the country. Who is to pay for all this work? Why should the Germans be taking over Belgium lock, stock and barrel, rebuilding bridges, making new railway lines, and the rest, if they have any idea of abandoning it?

But they have, in fact, no such idea. Their peace terms do not include the evacuation of Belgium.

Just as the Germans are reorganizing Belgium, so they are trying to accustom the Poles to their rule. Both in Belgium and in Poland stringent orders have been given that an immense amount of tact is to be used in dealing with the populations. Germans who have been to Poland since the occupation tell me that new railways are progressing, electric light has been set up in places where it never existed before, universities have been opened, and the free use of the Polish language is permitted. Every consideration is given to the inhabitants. It sounds too good to be true, and it is too good to be true! German tact is as heavy and indigestible as a German Christmas feast. When applied to international affairs it is always based on an erroneous judgment of the psychology of other nations.

There is a peace party in Germany. The stronger the blockade, the more rapidly will that party grow. Today the numbers of the peace party are minute compared with those great numbers of Germans who are drunk with the victories which began with Antwerp and have ended with Nish. And it is idle to pretend that the Germans have not had great victories. It is a mistake on the part of the Allies' Governments and newspapers to state constantly that places like Antwerp and Warsaw are impregnable, and then, when they have fallen, to declare, like the fox with the grapes, that their fall is of no importance.

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The general market continues to fluctuate in the trading market, but with greater resistance offered to liquidation and bearish pressure, and with developments suggesting a restoration of technical strength which may be preparatory to discounting, by advances later, the underlying fundamental factors of admittedly greater constructive strength. There may be a little more liquidation met in some of the war industrials, but the railroad list displays a tendency to break away from this influence under the leadership of New York Central, notwithstanding foreign selling. Copper stocks reflect excellent absorption, including Anaconda and Inspiration. The record-breaking U. S. Steel tonnage report may exert a favorable effect on prices. Several international houses seem to have open orders to sell large amounts of our securities on bulges. This is real liquidation, and not manipulation, and these offerings will have to be absorbed before higher levels are established. Nobody knows how much stock held by foreigners is for sale, but it seems certain that the New York market can absorb all they have left. While large blocks of securities hang over the market, no great advance can be expected in railroad shares and bonds, but for all Wall Street knows, the selling may be over.

**Wheat**—The wheat market has resolved itself into a conflict between the influences of the domestic as against foreign situation. The statistical position at home is, upon its face, favorable to lower prices, but it is more than offset in the small stocks and increasing requirements abroad. Europe is far-sighted insofar as her breadstuff supplies are concerned, and her purchases may be increased from a knowledge of the fact that this country can by no possibility produce as much wheat as last year, because it is now too late to restore the acreage already abandoned, and it has never been possible heretofore to harvest within a large per cent of the area sown to grain, on account of the winter killing, the possibility of drought or incessant rain as last year, to say nothing of the menace of insect damage, which is already forecast by the Government. All this was long ago discovered by the long-headed providers of European necessities, and they have no source of accumulation as economical as from the United States and Canada. Argentine freights have advanced to 132 shillings since Friday, and it is beginning to be a serious matter to obtain vessel room at any cost. The corn movement is urgent and competing for tonnage with wheat. We expect to see a continuous demand for our wheat at advancing prices.

**Corn**—The special Government report was immediately construed as bullish. The frost damage in the ten leading States was 40 per cent greater than last year. According to this showing, the crop of commercial corn will be about

300,000,000 short of 1914. As we understand the report, it does not claim that this large per cent of damaged corn is a total loss,—only that it did not mature; and it gives no specified time as to when this data was gathered. Immature corn can improve in quality, as is shown by the arrivals from Dakota and the northern sections of Iowa, provided the right kind of weather follows its gathering. It has been freely admitted that some of the grain considered as rotten has been restored to the No. 4 grade, and better, by the cold weather, and it will be well to consider also that 24 cents takes care of a great deal of calamity. We are not committed to low-priced corn, but we believe that the bullish effects of the frost damage will be seen next spring, if at all; and our advice to customers is to wait for reactions. There are quite a few reasons for advising against coming into the market as a purchaser on the crest of a big bulge.

**Cotton**—There was no new feature to the cotton market the past week, and prices did not show much change from the previous week. In some quarters, the idea is fixed that diminishing supplies abroad, particularly in Liverpool, will soon bring about a revival of export business, and that such a revival will stimulate the American markets and advance prices to new high levels. Predictions are heard that a strong bull market will develop this month. There were some reports from the South of a better export business, which tended to strengthen the faith in a bull market to come. Liverpool correspondence suggests that the British trade has begun to realize the strength of the Southern holding movement, and foreign bulls are said to believe that ultimately England will be compelled to pay the South its own price. However, faith in higher prices is by no means unanimous in the New York trade. Some of the recent operators express the belief that the next important movement will be downward rather than upward, and they base this view on the knowledge that there are large stocks of cotton in the South which must either be sold or carried over into the next planting season. They believe that as the time for planting arrives, some of these spots will be liquidated to realize funds for the next crop preparations. On the other hand, Southern visitors lay stress on the stubborn attitude of holders and the abundance of money at low rates seeking investment. The export market appears to hold the key to the situation.

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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. HINDES, deceased, No. 20170; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, STETSON G. HINDES, Administrator of the estate of MARY E. HINDES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. S. Spelman, 244 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said MARY E. HINDES, deceased.

STETSON G. HINDES,

Administrator of the estate of Mary E. Hinds, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 15, 1916.

J. S. SPELMAN,  
Attorney for Administrator,  
244 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

1-15-5

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco,—No. 70203. LILLIAN E. BERGES, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's cruelty and intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS WILSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
2536 Hilgard Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

12-18-16

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## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69542.  
SADIE A. McNEIL, Plaintiff, vs. LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of November, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.  
H. D. GILDMACHER,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
525 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-10

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68185;  
Dept. 10.

GERTRUDE JEANETTE HARMON, Plaintiff, vs. WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of September, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.  
WEINMANN & CUNHA,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

## CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

No. 2449.

Ten Cent Documentary Revenue Stamp Cancelled.

The undersigned William S. Van Cott, residing at number 1950 Jones Street, San Francisco, California, hereby gives notice and certifies that he is individually transacting business under the fictitious name and style of W. S. Van Cott & Co., that the principal place of business of said W. S. Van Cott & Co., is situated at number 440 Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that his name in full is William S. Van Cott; that he is the sole owner of said business and that there is no other person or persons having any interest whatsoever therein.

Dated: December 2, 1915.

WILLIAM S. VAN COTT.  
W. S. VAN COTT.STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On the 2nd day of December, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, before me, A. K. DAGGETT, a Notary Public in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared William S. Van Cott, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Seal) A. K. DAGGETT.  
In and for the City and County of San Francisco,  
State of California.  
Endorsed: Filed December 9, 1915.  
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk. 12-18-5

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## ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68344,  
Dept. No. 16.

JOHN SULLIVAN, Plaintiff, vs. W. J. HYNES, administrator of the estate of Hope A. Britting, also known as Hope A. Breutting, deceased; JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the amended complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said amended complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2nd day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By H. BRUNNER, Deputy Clerk.  
WM. F. ROSE and BRUCE GLIDDEN,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
614 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-10

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 69821.

JULIA GREGORY, Plaintiff, vs. CORWIN I. GREGORY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CORWIN I. GREGORY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's having for more than one year, last past, immediately preceding the filing of her complaint wilfully and without cause deserted and abandoned plaintiff; also for care, custody and control of the minor children of plaintiff and defendant, to-wit: Vivian Gregory and Rose Gregory, and alimony, counsel fees and costs of suit; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of November, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
FRANKLIN P. BULL,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
637 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-10

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KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, that I, Herman D. Gildmacher, do hereby certify that I am transacting business in the State of California, under the fictitious name and style of Citizens Commercial Co.; that my full name is Herman D. Gildmacher; that I reside at 1424 Gough Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that my principal place of business is at 525 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that I am the sole owner of said business.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand this 21st day of December, 1915.

HERMAN D. GILDMACHER.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 21st day of December in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Herman D. Gildmacher, known to me to be the person, described in, whose name is subscribed to, and who executed the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same. Witness my hand and official seal, at my office, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal) A. J. NAGLE,  
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.  
Endorsed: Filed Dec. 27, 1915.  
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By W. B. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk



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U. S. Bonds.....	2,015,600.00
Other Bonds and Securities.....	1,507,452.03
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.....	120,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....	249,999.20
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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVII. No. 1222

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 22, 1916

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Mrs. Gary Points the Way for Blingum

*Read the January Lantern*



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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVII

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## For the Pork Barrel

Now for a Federal inheritance tax! It has been proposed in Congress, and doubtless it will come in time as did the Federal income tax. Such is the trend of the times that it is only the shortsighted who cannot see the dawn of that golden age of democracy when all the thrifty will be paying the penalty of their thrift by compulsory contributions to a Federal and State inheritance tax fund and to a Federal and State income tax fund. Even now there is a strong sentiment in favor of reducing the burdens of the plain people by discouraging thrift among the enterprising and successful. This sentiment is especially strong in the South, where the income tax collector has hardly anything to do, and where it would be preposterous to suggest an inheritance tax. Activity in the South is chiefly of a political nature, and the most enterprising of men are the jobchasers. At this time it is worth while to reflect that of the fifteen or twenty important committees of the House of Representatives there is but one presided over by a Northerner—Fitzgerald of New York.

## San Francisco Charged With Fraud

"The Hetch Hetchy Fraud." So runs a headline in an editorial column of the New York Times of January 9 marking a brief discussion of our municipal scheme to build a power plant in the Hetch Hetchy Valley and to go into the business of selling power instead of piping water. According to the Times San Francisco was given permission to ruin "a great national wonder place that was priceless, and should have been a precious possession of the American people forever, in order that it might have a water supply." This permission was obtained, according to the Times, by false representations. "Save us, or we perish of thirst" was the cry from San Francisco, says the Times. And it was a lie, that journal asserts, for "San Francisco had other and adequate sources of water supply," a lie that "is now impudently admitted." Are these assertions to be allowed to go unchallenged? Will the good gentlemen, the honorable gentlemen, the vociferously moral gentlemen, who

fathered and nursed the Hetch Hetchy project and made approval of it a test of civic virtue—will they, we ask, suffer the fair name of this glorious city to be thus besmirched? Perish the thought! Yet it requires some courage for the higherups to draw any attention to themselves nowadays. For it may not be long before the dear people become a little inquisitive about Hetch Hetchy, and if they do who will want to be remembered as a party to the project? Even now it would not be too early to scamper to cover.

## Our Easy-Going Bar Association

The president of the Bar Association of San Francisco complains of the "apparent lack of standing of the association with the public." At the meeting at which this complaint was uttered the Bar Association, with the acquiescence of the president, endorsed for appointment to the Supreme Court of the United States a professional politician with a glad hand and a glib tongue, a nice, pleasant gentleman who was once a lawyer, but who never tried a case of any importance in his life and never enjoyed any distinction at the bar. In justice to this gentleman it should be said that in these days of unbridled democracy when the character of the judicial branch of our government is rapidly dropping to the level of the executive and legislative branches he measures up to the popular standard. But of a bar association we expect a demand for something higher. To the bar associations of the country we look for pride of profession, for devotion to ideals and to inspiring tradition. Yet here is our association at a critical time in the history of our country endorsing a Lane when it might have endorsed a Taft. And its president wonders at its apparent lack of standing! He wonders if the Examiner may not have supplied the explanation when it pointed out the indifference of the association to the misconduct of lawyers. Singularly enough he has not thought of the complaisance of the association when a judge who had given a decision in his favor was brutally attacked by the Examiner, and when notice was served on all the judges that it would be dangerous to incur the displeasure of the Examiner. To be sure it is unfortunate that the bar association tolerates the misconduct of lawyers; but what we need is a bar association that will promote moral courage on the bench and express its indignation when newspapers attempt to coerce judges.

## Let Us Watch and Wait

Why the precipitance of our great statesman from Los Angeles—the Hon. John D. Works? This is a question for psychologists to resolve if they would enjoy a little intellectual exercise. Sen-

ator Works is one of the calmest, least excitable of statesmen, one of the most patient, least impulsive of pacifists. By temperament a good watcher, a fine waiter, to him war is so abhorrent that he would have closed our markets to the Allies as soon as German ships were swept off the seas. As Senator Lodge has pointed out, if this country had reversed a condition created by the war, the condition in which Germany was placed by her enemies, we should then be in the war ourselves; but Senator Works, though a jurist, was unable to perceive this very simple proposition. He was just as obtuse in this matter as the blindly disinterested Mr. Hearst. Also he was equally crazy for peace. His case would be precisely the case of Mr. Hearst were it not for this: whereas Mr. Hearst has been for peace in Europe and slaughter in Mexico, Senator Works has been for peace everywhere. Senator Works was opposed to intervention in Mexico even after we intervened against Huerta and promoted anarchy through the bandit Villa and later through old Blunderbuss Carranza. Hence the psychological puzzle. Calm, consistent, unimpassioned Senator Works, exemplar of Christian scientific serenity, suddenly flew off the handle, as the highbinder said of his hatchet when explaining that the homicide was accidental. And so this noble statesman, first fruit in California of the new American principle of electing Senators by direct vote of the people, was caught in the act of trying to stampede the Senate for intervention in Mexico. Old Grizzlehead was as impetuous as young Hotspur Hearst, who uttered a shriek for war in the land of non-productive ranches like unto that evoked by an accidental explosion some years ago on a battleship called the Maine. Now, there ought to be something done in Mexico. Something ought to have been done long ago. If we had long ago resented the insults heaped upon us in Mexico in all probability greater respect would have been shown us of late on the high seas and many lives might have been spared. But having stupidly arranged with the A. B. C. Governments for the recognition of Carranza it would seem a little indiscreet to pronounce him impotent merely because of the slaughter by bandits of a little band of Americans. A shocking and most deplorable outrage to be sure, but outrages against American citizens, even against American women, have grown common in Mexico; and though hitherto we were under no moral obligation to tolerate them, President Wilson was much admired for his patience. Perhaps among the indignant ones who, like Senator Works, are now clamoring for intervention, are to be found some of the faithful by whom the President was formerly acclaimed for watching and waiting.



### The Drink Question in England

Shortly after the outbreak of the war there was very earnest agitation for prohibition in England, where there are prohibitionists of the same mental obliquity and moral obtuseness that characterize the tribe in this country. To the prohibitionists of England the triumph of their cause was a consummation more devoutly to be wished than the defeat of the Central Powers. The struggle for national existence concerned them less than a scheme to get total abstinence by Act of Parliament, and to that end they were willing to split the Government. As a consequence they made a greater uproar than was caused by the agitation for conscription. All of which was very pleasing to the prohibitionists of this country, who, through their many subsidized news agencies, created the impression that national prohibition in England was assured. They were elated at the prospect, believing that the British example would give impetus to the great Puritan propaganda of the United States. Now England has furnished us with an example, but our prohibitionists are not saying anything about it. Having created the impression that there was an overwhelming sentiment in England for prohibition, and that the greatest statesmen of that country were for total abstinence, they have deemed it wise to say nothing more. Nor have the organized liquor interests done anything to spread the truth. We believe the organized liquor interests of the country have a press bureau somewhere in the Middle West, presided over by a brewer of Milwaukee, but what that bureau accomplishes nobody knows. Certainly it is no match for the press bureau of the prohibitionists at Westerville, Ohio, which is one reason why the richly endowed prohibition propaganda has made great progress through the years. The liquor interests themselves may keep well informed, but the prohibitionists keep in touch with the general. And hence it is that we have heard nothing of the example that has been furnished by England, or of the fatal consequences of prohibition in Russia. The truth about England is that the prohibitionists there met with defeat and that regulation of the liquor traffic has met with most gratifying success.

### How the Problem was Solved

The truth respecting the solution of the liquor problem in England in wartime is of interest to the people of California because we are about to be plunged into another prohibition campaign and threatened with the destruction of vast property interests. Now we have learned from the London press that the statesmen of England never thought seriously of total abstinence as a remedy for the drink evil, not even for the period of the war. Yet the drink evil was evident enough a year ago, for there was much misery and poverty in England, and there was an unprecedented strain on human emotion. Eager to take advantage of the situation in the interest of their precious "cause" the prohibitionists attempted by a furious

propaganda to introduce what the Saturday Review described as "a social revolution by which they would destroy property wholesale and deeply affect the habits of the whole nation." But the people of England solved their problem temperately and decisively. They solved it, according to the Review, by "rejecting all the insane and enormously silly schemes of the prohibitionists and pondering quite a different solution." The whole case is expounded in the Review, which being a paper that reflects the opinion of the educated people of England, is the one we have consulted on this important subject. "The public," says the Saturday Review, "can now afford to smile at the whirling propaganda of the early days when drink was viewed as the first and foremost enemy, to be extirpated before anything further could or should be done." That was a most mischievous agitation because, as in this country, it provoked indignation and set the people by the ears at a time when it was important that the people of Great Britain should be united. Even in time of war the English people, whose fidelity to the principle of personal liberty is traditional, resented the pernicious meddlesomeness of their hidebound bigots and made it quite clear that they would not submit to legislation in furtherance of puritanical prejudices. "In the midst of the dangerous agitation," says the Review, "the Government retained its balance, and one by one the three 'main and heroic remedies' suggested by the teetotalers—'prohibition, nationalization of all drink, taxation—were rejected.' Thereupon, the Review adds, 'those who had clamored for a grand attack upon all liquor under cover of a patriotic concern for the welfare of the munition and transport industries at once lost interest in the Government plan which had resolved itself into simple and practical remedies against proved and measurable evils.' Three measures were taken to abate the evil: Saloons were closed, not permanently, but between certain hours; the practice of treating in saloons was prohibited and the quality of ardent spirits was fixed by law. The immediate result according to a report of the Central Control Board was 'a fall of forty per cent in the prosecutions for drunkenness.' How different from what happens in this country where prohibition means the propagation of blind pigs, more drunkenness, a market for 40-rod whiskey and the consumption of wood alcohol by mistake. The success of the English plan, says the Saturday Review, 'has thrown into high relief the folly and rancor of the late prohibition campaign.' According to Lord D'Abernon, the chairman of the Central Control Board, the man who has attended to the business of enforcing the regulations, the plan has proved successful because the regulations are reasonable and because the remedies 'are limited to serious evils.' In other words, or as the Saturday Review expresses it: "The regulations appeal to the common sense of the country and are therefore loyally accepted." "Yet," says the same journal, "the regula-

tions are drastic and uncomfortable, affecting as they do the habits of thousands of workmen and cutting down the profits of thousands of public houses. But the workers themselves have cheerfully acquiesced. The man who out of mere custom or imitation insists on drinking to excess, when it is the free and usual thing to do, is apparently willing to acquiesce in an abstinence which affects everyone alike and is recognized as dictated not by a vindictive or prejudiced propaganda, but by national necessity." Surely there is a lesson in all this for us, but will it be heeded? Of one thing we may be sure—it will not be heeded by our prohibitionists, for they are not for solving the problem. The solution of the problem would put them out of business.

### The Sage of Palo Alto

Chancellor David Starr Jordan is always available when we need a peg to hang a few comments on, and for that we love him. We find that our most typical American scholar, after addressing those children of larger growth of the Commonwealth Club, who mistake dogmatism for argument when it emanates from a school master sat down and wrote an article for the Yale Daily News on the danger of military service. So we return to Chancellor Jordan for a brief study of the kind of thought and expression that is most grateful to the tired business man when he goes to an academic oracle for relaxation. "Within certain moderate limits," says Dr. Jordan, "the protection of a nation has no relation to force." Here we find Dr. Jordan employing language to obscure his thought. Presumably a military establishment manifestly inadequate for defense is in Dr. Jordan's philosophy a case of protecting a nation without force. Thus we have military service within "moderate limits," and our army therefore has no relation to force. Presumably then it is merely ornamental, a kind of symbol of our faith in the principle of non-resistance. Now we come to a Palo Alto epigram: "Military defence does not insure against war, but is intended to promote victory in case of war." Here is compact wisdom depending on no long chain of reasoning; a comprehensive survey of the whole of a great subject at once. This is what passes among men with far-flung ears as an aphorism. Specimens of this sort of wisdom are more abundant in the speeches of Jordan than in the writings of Thucydides or the Satires of Horace. But whereas the aphorisms of the ancients are seldom exactly true, going, like any proposition epigrammatically expressed, more or less beyond the strict truth, Dr. Jordan's aphorism is a compound of the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The whole proposition is simply this,—that military defense, which has not the virtue of making war impossible, has the sinister purpose of preventing defeat and destruction. Dr. Jordan, it is to be inferred, is a pacifist to whom the ideal of victory is abhorrent, even the idea of a victory won after a desperate resistance.



## Varied Types

CCLXIV—GEORGE BROADHURST

By Edward F. O'Day

Leaving the breakfast room in the Harding home where Mrs. Harding, Arthur Brockland the secretary and Chetwood the butler had been doing everything in their power to conceal the facts of Robert Harding's death, and Dr. Whittridge and Police Captain Pritchard, the latter representing "the law of the land," had been doing all they could to discover the facts, I sought out Martin Merle in the foyer and told him I wanted to meet George Broadhurst.

"He's sitting in a box," said the only press agent in the world who draws down royalties from plays.

And he led the way to the boxes. But Broadhurst had disappeared from the box.

"He's in Bert's dressing room," said the only press agent in the world who has written a Passion Play.

And he led the way to Bert's dressing room.

It was rather shocking to find out, when we passed from the front to the rear of the stage, that all the people lately assembled in the breakfast room had lost interest temporarily in the death of Robert Harding. Instead of following clues the policemen were lounging in the wings and chatting with the stage hands. The ultra-professional Dr. Whittridge had taken off his frock coat and his whiskers, and I was able to recognize Addison Pitt behind the grease paint. Mrs. Harding who had left the breakfast room on the verge of a breakdown to go to her boudoir, was just disappearing within Evelyn Vaughan's dressing room. Brockland the secretary, I noticed as we passed him, had a smudge of red paint on his cheek where he had pretended to have a scar. And I heard Police Captain Pritchard address him as "Tead" while he called the captain "Amsdell." Most shocking of all, Robert Harding who had been shot to death by his wife at the end of the first act, was walking about, by no means looking like a ghost. He answered to the name of Luce when Martin Merle saluted him. Hard on the heels of these bewildering discoveries we found the hero Geoffrey Morton chatting with George Davis, the business manager of the Alcazar. They were talking not crime but business. The only press agent in the world who ever wrote a play for Dick Jose called Geoffrey "Bert" and was not rebuked.

"Is Broadhurst in your dressing room, Bert?" asked Martin Merle.

"Yes, he's chatting with Walter Anthony," answered the hero.

Just then the chat came to an end and I was presented to the distinguished playwright. He didn't look the least bit like a distinguished playwright, or at any rate, like my idea of what a distinguished playwright should be. I remember perfectly the first night "Kindling" was played in this city, and I remember perfectly the appearance of Charlie Kenyon, the distinguished playwright who wrote it. Charlie satisfied my idea of a distinguished playwright on a first night—he wore the best fitting and most fashionable evening clothes I ever saw. George Broadhurst didn't wear evening clothes. He wore a baggy old suit of a detestable brown color, a black derby and yellow shoes with buff uppers. He also wore large round spectacles and a part in the middle of his hair. He proved to be a little, narrow-shouldered fellow where I who had mentally transferred the "broad" from his name to his frame, expected a six-footed, broad-shouldered husky. The real George

Broadhurst resembled Queed or a university instructor or a very mild-mannered commuting bookkeeper—anything but a distinguished playwright. I almost expected him to shrink behind Bert Lytell's trunk from the terror of an interview. But of course nobody judges by appearances any more, and in five seconds it was apparent that George Broadhurst had no idea of shrinking from an ordeal he has probably experienced five or six hundred times.

"You are an old-timer here," I said, occupying Bert's other chair and getting down to business.

"Yes," answered Broadhurst. "I came here twenty-two years ago to be treasurer of the old Bush street theatre, and I closed the house. Then just as Mike Leavitt was going to fire me I resigned on the ground that my conscience wouldn't permit me to work for a man who wore a silk hat with a sack suit."

Saying this George Broadhurst laughed a quiet little laugh, such as a bookkeeper might laugh over his ledger.

"How did you happen to come here?"

"I was editing a paper and managing a theatre in Grand Forks, North Dakota, when M. B. Leavitt came to town with 'The Spider and the Fly.' I drew a contract for the use of the theatre, and when Leavitt read it he said my talents were being wasted in Grand Forks. He said a man who could draw a contract like that, without a hole in it for him to crawl through, ought to be working for him. He offered me the job in San Francisco, and I took it.

"I succeeded Jake Gottlob as treasurer of the Bush, Jake going to the California. The old Bush street was on its last legs. It couldn't stand the competition of the California under Al Hayman. The first thing Leavitt did was to take me to all the newspaper offices and introduce me as the man who was going to put the Bush on its feet. He told them I'd pay up all the back bills. The first week we lost four hundred dollars. The second week we made two hundred, and Leavitt wired me for six hundred. It was a way he had. When he didn't get the money he came to town, and when he found that whatever cash came in was going out again for those back bills he decided that our business methods didn't agree. He said I wasn't much of a treasurer."

Before Broadhurst reached this point in his narrative Bert Lytell had re-entered the character of Geoffrey Morton by patting his hair with a military brush and had fled at the callboy's warning. Now the door of the dressing room opened quietly, and George Davis peeked in. After treating me to a dumbshow which I regarded as quite interesting but entirely unintelligible, George poked his head in at Broadhurst and said:

"They want you in the box."

"Tell them to go to the devil!" said Broadhurst, not truculently but as a bookkeeper might say it to the cashier behind the cashier's back.

"But I want you to see this act," said Davis, addressing the distinguished playwright but giving me a knowing look.

"I've seen it before—lots of times," said the author.

"I'll only keep Mr. Broadhurst three minutes," I told Davis, and after more pantomime for my exclusive entertainment the tallest theatrical manager in town withdrew.

"And so," continued Broadhurst, "I knew I was going to be fired. I didn't see Leavitt,

and the Bush was about to close. So I voiced my conscientious scruples about working for a man who wore a silk hat with a sack suit and resigned.

"Meanwhile we had had some very hard times. I remember one week when the Baroness Blanc was playing there—"

"Was the Baroness a good actress?" I asked.

"In more senses than one she was a bad actress," answered Broadhurst. "She was traveling at that time with Yeungling, the brewer's son. There was no money to pay salaries, so I went to the Baroness and delicately intimated that I had known actresses who hypothecated their jewels in distressing emergencies of that sort.

"'Me pawn my diamonds!' said the Baroness. 'I'd sooner go to work behind a counter for twelve dollars a week and earn an honest living!'

"You see, the Baroness was no Isabella of Spain.

"When I resigned I was stranded. Jake Gottlob got me transportation to Chicago. That ended my San Francisco experience. I got a job in Chicago, and wrote my first play, 'The Speculator.' It was a success. So was my second play, 'The Wrong Mr. Wright.' Nobody would touch my third, 'What Happened to Jones,' so I had to produce it myself—"

At this point Addison Pitt entered the dressing room. He still wore Dr. Whittridge's grease paint; but his manner was not medical, it was stage-directorial.

"Bert wants you to watch him in this boudoir scene," said Pitt. "He's nervous about it, and wants your frank criticism."


The stage director winked at me, and I found the wink quite as interesting but also quite as unintelligible as George Davis's dumbshow. However, we got up and went out. In the wings George Davis explained the mysterious signs.

"At the end of this act," he said, "there will be calls for the author, and if he had stayed in the dressing room we'd never drag him out. But sitting in the box he can't escape. You understood what I was driving at, didn't you?"


"Perfectly," I lied.

George Davis is not only a good theatrical manager but an amazingly correct prophet. At the end of that act there were calls for the author. Sitting in the box the author could not escape, but had to allow himself to be led to the stage where he cut a very bashful figure at first. I don't think the regular Alcazarans who demand sartorial perfection can have thought much of his baggy sack suit or of his black derby (which he didn't know what to do with). But it wasn't his first response to the call of "author" by any means, and when he remembered to tell a couple of stories he was saved.

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## Perspective Impressions

Antiquarian note: The London papers still carry advertisements of Macassar Oil.

General Carranza seems to be worrying more about that Tia Juana race track than about serious matters.

England no longer expects, but requires, every man to do his duty.

The war has long since passed the "Tipperary" stage.

Let me see! What was that good resolution you made twenty-two days ago?

As we understand the matter, this professor across the bay who doesn't approve of the Bible has been re-writing Bob Ingersoll's "The Mistakes of Moses."

What in the world will Fred Eggers do with those books?

The Prohibition party turned down Bryan. Will it stand for Hearst?

What has become of the old fashioned sewing machine agent who went about with a sewing machine clamped in back of his wagon?

We could see no virtue in Ford's scheme to "get the boys out of the trenches before Christmas" until we realized that he had made it easy for the vestrymen of the First Congregational Church to get Aked out of Post street before the end of January.

Swedenborg's hell is one in which everybody is incessantly engaged in the endeavor to make everybody else virtuous. The road to it leads from the Middle West to Los Angeles.

Surely it is gratifying to President Wilson to find that his policies have brought about an affinity between Roosevelt and Hearst in the sight of the people.

The Bar Association of San Francisco has endorsed Franklin K. Lane for a justiceship of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The appointment of Mr. Lane would please the Bar Association of San Francisco because the gentleman lived for a time in this city. Here he served the taxpayers who rewarded him.

The only office to which a citizen of foreign birth is ineligible under our Constitution is the Executive. Therefore Mr. Wilson may make a Supreme Court justice out of Mr. Franklin K. Lane.

Seven former presidents of the American Bar Association have asked Mr. Wilson to appoint William Howard Taft to the Supreme Court not on account of any geographical consideration, but because of the gentleman's universally acknowledged fitness. Mr. Taft never lived in San Francisco, but San Francisco owes him a huge debt of gratitude of which our politicians have served to remind us.

## German Hatred of Americans

By Theodore Bonnet

The other day Karl von Wiegand, a press correspondent, returned from Germany and reported that there was much bitter hatred of this country in Berlin. Now comes Gustav C. Roeder of the New York World staff with the same information and many instances of a more or less impressive character. One hears a great deal of German hatred these days, and curiously enough it is often Germans that tell us about it. I say curiously enough because hatred, as Goethe points out, is such an absurd thing. It is especially curious that Germans should be made to appear enthusiastic in their hatred, for they have done a lot of complaining about the scarcity of friends in the world. The explanation may be that some Germans are of the opinion that if they tell us often enough how bitterly they hate us we shall conclude we have earned their hatred and become humbly and fearfully penitent, and perhaps grovel a little. Whatever the explanation, the constant reminder is certainly to be deplored. I cannot see how it is doing Germany any good. Its tendency is to make Americans impatient.

According to Roeder, who has made two trips to Germany since the war, people are saying in Berlin, "We hate the Americans and everything that comes from America." Roeder declares that this sentiment was expressed "over and over again" in his presence. "And what is worse," he adds, "they actually mean it; mean every word they say." I wonder how Roeder knows that they actually mean it. He writes like one who reads the heart. "There are many," he says, "who go so far as to openly declare that they despise our people." And he naively adds: "There seems to be no telling how far such hatred may go." Is Mr. Roeder intent on alarming us? Perhaps Mr. Roeder is in error when he writes of "our people." Possibly Mr. Roeder is a German. Whatever he is he loves to rub it in. He says that though expressions of hostility are heard mostly among middle-class Germans "there are many of the highest standing in the Fatherland who will denounce you when you tell them that you are

an American." Also, "Most of the upper class people simply content themselves with ignoring an American. They don't talk about him or his country, but they do an awful lot of thinking."

Were Mr. Roeder a good American or a good sensible, level-headed German he would not write in that vein. There is venom in that vein. He writes as though he would embitter the feelings of Americans, not as one who is mindful of the fact that there is little of philosophic serenity in Germany these days. The emotions of all the belligerents in Europe are unstrung, and men are reasoning not with their minds but with their hearts. Maybe after the war is over, when the passions of men have subsided, the Germans will not hate us at all. Now what good does it do to keep harping on the subject of German hatred? Let the Germans hate us if they think we have wronged them, but let us make allowance for their state of mind. There is hostility to us in England as well as in Germany, for in England we are accused of being indifferent to the cause of civilization, and Englishmen, too, accuse us of being greedy, but they are not making a lyric of their hatred.

Sometimes it seems as though all this talk of German hatred were in the nature of a rhetorical Zeppelin intended to frighten us. Surely there has been a great deal of forewarning. But how absurd it all is! If Germany has a genuine grievance against this country and intends to wring satisfaction out of us it is at once very kind and slightly imprudent for her to serve notice on us. I am of the belief that she is not conscious of such a grievance, else why should she not expound it? Gustav Roeder and all the other correspondents that irritate us by discussing German hatred explain that Germans hate us because we sell munitions to the Allies. But this is not a genuine grievance as they very well know. Urging the sale of munitions as a motive of hatred is manifest intellectual dishonesty. It is worse than that: it is incredible stupidity. It may deceive middle-class Germans in Berlin who,

by reason of their overwrought emotions are susceptible to facile appeals to their very natural prejudices, but in this country the poison is harmless even in the case of the average reader of a Hearst paper. No, I am wrong; it is not harmless; it makes Americans angry. If the Germans have fewer friends in this country now than they had a year ago it is because of the propaganda for an embargo on munitions and because we are told every little while of German hatred. It is good Christianity to love those who hate you, but we are not all good Christians. If we must be hated we prefer to be hated in silence. And we don't like to be told we are hated because our Government permitted us to sell munitions just to gratify our greed, thus violating neutrality and the principles of humanity. We don't like it because it is not true. Yet such is the material of the putative grievance in which German hatred is grounded. As the truth is that our Government could not put an embargo on munitions without making the United States an ally of Germany and inviting the hostility of her enemies it appears that we should have had to go some distance out of our way to retain Teutonic friendship. As a matter of fact, as Secretary Lansing has pointed out, we should have had to abandon a policy as old as the nation itself, the policy of keeping our markets open to all belligerents and thus doing for one and all what we would have them do for us in the event of our being in need. We might have abandoned this policy

(Continued on Page 17.)

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# The Real Lloyd-George

By Robert McTavish

The most conspicuous personality in the public life of Great Britain today is David Lloyd-George, "Cleon turned Coriolanus," as G. K. Chesterton recently described him. Formerly a splendid demagogue, in the hour of his country's need Lloyd-George became a leader of men—a leader of aristocrats and democrats, of Liberals and Tories. A few years ago Lloyd-George was one of the best hated men in England, especially in the fashionable clubs, where he was regarded as the arch-enemy of the landed gentry and aristocracy of Great Britain. There was great rejoicing in those clubs when Lloyd-George was involved in the Marconi scandal a few years ago. That was a very unsavory scandal. It appeared that the humble Welchman, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, had been lured by his associates in the Cabinet into speculation by which he could not lose owing to "inside information" of which the Government was possessed. He was caught taking advantage of his position. His enemies were assured of his downfall. But Lloyd-George went into the House of Commons, admitted that in a moment of weakness he had done something that was in the nature of a violation of the proprieties, and his eloquence saved him from disgrace. Lloyd-George is perhaps the most eloquent man in England. He is not an impassioned orator, like Governor Johnson. He does not vituperate and denounce. It is what he says rather than how he says it that counts.

Owing to his working-class origin it is generally supposed that Lloyd-George is in strong sympathy with Trade Unionism. He is not. On many occasions in the course of his political career he has been brought into contact with the great trade unions, and his relations with them have never been other than entirely civil and friendly; but it has always been obvious that Trade Unionism represents a form of working-class aspiration which he does not understand and does not like—to which, indeed, he is definitely antipathetic. Under ordinary circumstances this peculiarity of his—though it very nearly led to the wrecking of his insurance act—is of no great consequence, since the trade unions are, politically speaking, quite capable of looking after themselves.

A short time ago a writer in *The New Statesman* said that Lloyd-George was not the man to handle the munition problem because the men of the trades unions had no confidence in him owing to his habit of suppressing the truth. This is a familiar charge against the cunning Welchman. Several times since the outbreak of the war it has been pointed out in London papers that he had been suppressing the truth for the purpose of preventing certain subordinates from getting credit due that he might get unearned glory for himself. Even in the midst of war many bitter attacks are made on Lloyd-George. Here is a specimen from a London journal:

"We do not believe he deserves half the suspicions of which he is the subject. His rhetorical methods are cheap, but they cannot fairly be called dishonest any more than his Marconi speculations could fairly be called corrupt. He is slim without being underhand, he lacks sincerity without being a hypocrite, he lacks principles without being 'unscrupulous.' It is as impossible to remain angry with him as it is really to respect him. His charm of

manner and quick understanding disarm opposition in the conference room as effectively as does his friendly patter on the platform. 'I have got here a 4.5 shell,' he told the Trade Union Congress; 'I brought it here for Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. I thought I would not come altogether unarmed.' But it is just this jaunty friendliness that is the danger; for to organized labor Mr. Lloyd George is a Greek bringing gifts. Mr. Lloyd George may understand the psychology of the Welsh peasantry, but of the solidarity and the independent spirit of the English working class he has apparently no glimmering. He underrates both their patriotism and their intelligence. He irritates them with pin pricks and threats. He can win their momentary applause almost as easily as Harry Lauder and almost as often as he pleases; but he can never win their confidence. In the opinion of many of the most competent judges the bitterness of anti-capitalistic feeling which at present prevails throughout large sections of the labor world has never before been equalled. All over the country, in mines and workshops, masters and men are expecting the conclusion of peace to be the signal for the greatest industrial struggle this country has ever known."

All of which may be true, but thus far Lloyd-George has been very successful in handling labor problems. It was he, I remember, who averted the big railroad strike with which the United Kingdom was threatened in 1908. He negotiated every detail between the determined railroad magnates and the no less obstinate trade union leaders. That was the Welchman's first great triumph in public life. He was then, at the age of forty-four, president of the Board of Trade. He had been representing Welch constituencies in the House of Commons for seventeen years.

There are obvious limitations in the Lloyd-George make-up which may prevent him from obtaining the distinction of the premiership. From his boyhood the spokesman of the non-conformist conscience in Wales, his mind is so rigidly Puritan that the warm human qualities seem weakness to it. He is respected and feared, but he is not beloved, even by the Welsh miners whom he stirs to frenzy. It is said that he has no real recreations whatever, for he plays golf in a dilatory sort of way as if he were thinking more of disestablishment or the abolition of the House of Lords. All that goes by the name of culture appears mysterious if not irreligious to him. If he attends a public banquet he eschews the drink and never tastes the delicate viands. He knows nothing of painting, while all sculpture is said to be to him a manifestation of pagan indelicacy. He is in short the typical Puritan reformer, save in the matter of superior intelligence. He has the reformer's passion for revolt against everything save Puritanical tyranny. When he was a boy at school he organized a revolt in behalf of the nonconformist children against the famous education act and won. The act was amended.

David Lloyd-George was brought up under the eye of a village shoemaker, his uncle, for when he was two years old David lost his father. His mother, the daughter of a Nonconformist minister, went with her several children to a Welsh village known as Llanystumdwy, in that South Carnarven region which rallies around Lloyd-George today so devotedly as to earn for him the title of the Parnell of Wales. David never

had the advantage of a university training, but his shoemaker uncle learned what French he could and taught it to his nephew, along with much geometry and no little science. The book that most influenced Lloyd-George in the formative period of his life, when he was about sixteen, was "Sartor Resartus." The Welsh lad confesses that he was inclined to irreligion at this time, but Carlyle, whom he devoured, made him spiritual, rebellious and a Christian of the most fervent type. Lloyd-George never read novels with much relish and it is said of him by all who know the man intimately that he eschews fiction of the current sort as a baneful influence. Macaulay he loves, historical literature being the foundation of the considerable private library he has accumulated in the cottage where he dwells with his wife and daughters at Criccieth, in Carnarven, Wales.

At sixteen he had become a lawyer's clerk and by the time he was of age he had become a solicitor, that is to say, a member of that subordinate branch of the British legal profession upon which the haughty barrister secretly looks down. His local celebrity dates from the time he advised the population of a village to break into a cemetery and exhume a corpse in defiance of the village pastor. The issue was whether or not the dead man should be buried beside his daughter. Lloyd-George roused the countryside over the question, which was ultimately decided in favor of that Nonconformist conscience. At twenty-seven he found himself elected to the House of Commons over the head of the squire of the village in which his shoemaker uncle had brought him up to loathe all clerical influences heartily.

At that time his style of oratory was not what it is today. It was the kind that flourished at the street corner gatherings of the Salvation Army. It was a loud and gesticulating mode of speechifying, filled with references to the law of God, punctuated with roars from the audience and tending to conclude amid scenes of turbulence and the activities of the constabulary. Once in a while the orator and his audience burst simultaneously into a hymn that re-echoed among the surrounding hills. His methods, like his antecedents, were thought vulgar in London, where the House of Commons had no particular desire to hear him at any time; but back in South Carnarven, among the mountain wilds, his gestures, his allusions to the fortitude of Job and his confidence in God's eternal justice, set forth in the ornate Welsh of which he is a master, made him an uncrowned king. Today his style is somewhat polished, but the keynote of his oratory is a note of defiance. His gospel is revolt against ecclesiasticism. He illustrates nothing with an apt story. He is without personal magnetism. The great charm of his character, so far as it may be said to possess charm, is his amiability, which not the utmost longing of his soul for a fight can altogether suppress. It may be that he has lost his temper somewhere some time, but the public sees little evidence of it when he is off the platform. Deferential when contradicted, clothed with meekness of manner as with a garment, disposed to hearty laughter at each burning point of controversy, he remains none the less the most bellicose fomenter of political discord who ever established a great career upon the basis of a positive genius for conciliation.



# Poems About San Franciscans

XI—FRANCIS PALOU

By Richard E. White

(Friar Francisco Palou may be termed a San Franciscan because he was actively connected with the foundation of this city. He came here in June, 1776, and celebrated the first Mass at the new Mission Dolores on the 29th of June that year. He was the friend and successor of the great Junipero Serra; also his biographer. In addition to the valuable Life of Serra he wrote "Noticias de la Nueva California." Some day, perhaps, we shall have a statue to his memory.)

Good Francis Palou lived for many a year  
At the old mission of Saint Francis—then  
Far from all culture, books or learned men;  
A little Indian settlement—and here  
The story of Junipero's career  
To coming time was given by his pen.  
And who more fit to write? His playmate when  
A youth, in manhood friend sincere;  
Who journeyed with him over land and wave;  
Who vigil by his dying pillow kept;  
Who closed his eyes when at the last he slept  
The sleep that none can wake us from; who gave  
His body sepulchre, and o'er him wept  
As weeps a brother o'er a brother's grave.

## The Spectator

### An Opinion by Lawlor, J.

"I see that Justice Lawlor has written another opinion," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Senator Gus Hartman as though he had heard the news of a great calamity.

"I do say so," said the clockwinder. "I've just been reading it in The Recorder. I tell you he has written another opinion."

"All by himself?"

"All by himself. No other judge signed it. 'Lawlor, J.' That's the way it winds up."

"Gee! Already this year!" Senator Hartman exclaimed. "Perhaps he's going to write one a month this year."

"Well, I don't know about that. Twelve opinions in a year is a good many; that is twelve of the kind my friend Lawlor writes. You see, the little judge has resolved to build up a reputation as a dissenter."

"What's that—a dissenter? Sounds like an army disease."

The clockwinder bestowed a look of commiseration on his friend the statesman. "A dissenter, Gus, is a judge who makes it a practice of knowing more than all the other men on the bench put together. His job is to find out when they're wrong, and shout it at the top of his voice to the fellows out on the street."

"Is it a good job?" Hartman asked.

"Yes," said the clockwinder, "it's a good job if you're big enough to hold it, but I'm getting nervous about my friend Lawlor. In this case I speak of it wasn't worth while writing a dissenting opinion. It's the case of a man convicted of a very serious crime. Justice Lawlor's associates decided that the conviction was improper, that there was not sufficient admissible evidence to justify the verdict. Now what's the use of Justice Lawlor's opinion? Why did he write one?"

### The Folly of Wasting Time

The clockwinder paused for a reply. For a few moments Senator Hartman affected inattention.

"Oh, all right," he finally observed, "I'll bite; why did he write an opinion?"

"I don't know," said the clockwinder. "The point I'm trying to make is that his dissenting

opinion doesn't make the slightest bit of difference. The defendant has gone free. Judge Lawlor can't put him back in jail. The judge has proposed no new principle of law, nor overturned any old one. His opinion is just talk for talk sake. He has just wasted his time and—"

"Perhaps he thought he could reverse the Supreme Court. You know the little judge has a lot to learn up there."

"As I was about to say he has wasted his time, and his time is very precious, more precious than any other judge's time. The time he spent writing that useless opinion and speculating as to what went on in the bathroom might—"

"In the bathroom?" Hartman exclaimed pricking up his ears.

"Yes, it was one of that kind of cases, and the little judge who has a lot of enthusiasm for detective work spent a lot of time in the bathroom. He wasted time there before he ever started to write the opinion and—"

"I don't get you, Steve," said Hartman.

"I mean he went over the testimony about what happened in the bath-room very minutely, weighing the evidence and conjecturing whether it was likely from all the circumstances—the pulling down of the shade, the this thing and that thing—whether, I say, the defendant might have been committing a crime or merely washing his hands. And all to what purpose?"

"I don't know, but I guess it was spicy reading."

"That ain't the point," said the clockwinder solemnly. "The point is that the little judge in whose welfare I am deeply interested, and who is falling so far behind in his work that lawyers are complaining and people are talking, shouldn't be wasting time on elaborate futilities. How can he keep up if instead of making decisions he spends his time getting nowhere with dissenting opinions?"

"Why don't you have a talk with him and give him a little advice?"

"That's what I want to do, but he's working so hard he hasn't time to see anybody."

### They Do a Little Figuring

Senator Hartman took a seat at the clockwinder's desk, picked up a pencil, scratched his head and began making figures.

"What are you doing?" the clockwinder asked.

"I've got a problem in arithmetic I want to

work out. I read last week that your friend wrote two opinions last year for which he received eight thousand dollars. That's his salary, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's what he gets, and he's worth every cent of it."

"And I also read that Justice Shaw who made the record for the year, beating Justice Henshaw by about fourteen, wrote ninety opinions."

"That's right, but what about it?"

"Well, let me see," said Hartman, again scratching his head, "I used to do a lot of figuring at Sacramento when I was in the Senate, but I'm a little rusty now. If Justice Lawlor gets eight thousand for two opinions, that's at the rate of four thou. apiece and if Justice Shaw wrote ninety opinions at the same

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rate the State owes him \$352,000, for we paid him only as much as we paid Lawlor."

"That's one way of figuring it," said the clockwinder. "But there's another way. If Justice Shaw gets \$8,000 for writing ninety opinions, and we hired Justice Lawlor at the same rate he'd be owing the State something, wouldn't he?"

"Well, of course," said the Senator, musing as he spoke, "but he's your friend, and you shouldn't figure it that way. Remember, he's writing dissenting opinions."

As we are all so chaste now that only ministers fall from grace, it is customary to speak of the Merry Monarch in terms of disapprobation.—A Hero of Anti-Puritanism, by Theodore Bonnet in the January Lantern.

### Polk Talks of D'Arcy Ryan

Willis Polk made a talk to the Down Town Association the other day. Usually when Willis talks he has something to say, and this occasion was no exception. This is what he said:

Four years ago, Mr. W. D'Arcy Ryan came to me and said, 'Mr. Polk, I am going to illuminate your Exposition.' I was surprised, but I listened. He gave me an earful. He filled me with misgivings. He engendered in my heart, the heart of a simple man, great resentment. Why, said I to myself, should a mere lighting man speak to me, a great architect? He was insistent. I was cold, I was skeptical. He said he came to me because I was chairman of the Board of Architects. I was delighted. I said to myself, I will fix this fellow. I will call a meeting of the board. The board kicked; the board said they had not sought advice, they knew what they wanted, and when they wanted it they would ask for it. But I said, 'Let's hear him and that will end him.' So I called a meeting for 11 a. m. on the understanding that Mr. Ryan would receive half an hour's consideration. He came promptly at 11 a. m. No one left that meeting until 3:30 p. m. The first one to leave was D'Arcy Ryan, and when he left he took with him the goat of every member of the Architectural Commission. From the sacred fire that burnt at the sacrificial pyre of the ancient heathen, to the candles that continuously illuminate the altars of Christendom; from the break of dawn to the present light, never was the art of illumination subject to the mastery of man. From the very beginning of time; from the creation of the sun and the moon; by torch and flame; by flint and steel; by wick and lamp; by oil and by juice

man has ever tried to solve this problem. From the savage torch; from the flaming tripod lighted to ancient gods; to the candle, the lamp and the deadly gas; yea even unto the wizard's later dream,—electricity,—has mankind striven to emulate the sun, the moon and the stars. Now comes Walter D'Arcy Ryan and he has done it. As Thomas A. Edison said, I now defer to 'that man Ryan.'

No, Traddles had not changed. God bless him, Traddles could never change!—Mr. Thomas Traddles, by Edward F. O'Day in the January Lantern.

### Broadhurst Tells Stories

George Broadhurst is not only one of our best and most successful playwrights; he is also a story teller in the class of Nat Goodwin, Augustus Thomas, Walter Kelly, Louis Nether-sole, Willie Collier and others. Called upon quite unexpectedly for a curtain speech at the Alcazar Monday night when the third act of his thrilling play "The Law of the Land" had ended in tumults of applause, Broadhurst sought to evade the predicament by bowing, and when this failed to satisfy the audience, took refuge in story-telling. A play should speak for its author, he said, not an author for his play; but if the author must speak, the difficulty was in knowing how to begin. And that reminded him of a story. The race was about to begin, but the starter had difficulty in bringing one of the horses to the barrier. The horse backed and turned and reared till the starter's patience was exhausted, and finally he talked to the horse and the jockey as nobody but a starter or a football coach ever talks to anybody. The jockey was a colored boy, and he felt called upon to explain.

"You see, sah," he said, "this yere hawse is a cab hawse, and he nevah starts till he hears the door slam. And you see, sah, they ain't no door!"

### One on Brander Mathews

Continuing, Broadhurst admitted that he had had some successes on the boards, but also pleaded guilty to some failures. And that reminded him of the night the Society of American Dramatists gave a dinner in honor of Bronson Howard. The menu card contained the names of Bronson Howard's plays. Thus, there was soup a la Young Mrs. Winthrop, fish a la Shenandoah and so on. Professor Brander Mathews of Columbia was one of the speakers. He remarked that he had always considered a banquet a joyful occasion, but that this banquet seemed to be an exception. Years before, he said, Bronson Howard and he had collaborated on a play called "Peter Stuyvesant." It was a bad play, and a failure. He was quite willing to admit that. But why, on an occasion supposed to be joyous, should "Peter Stuyvesant" be

printed on the menu card to call up sad memories?

"If you notice, Professor," spoke up Gus Thomas, "it is listed under the head of cheese!"

People always ask, "Who was she?" What the devil does that matter? It's what you are that counts.—Who Was She? by Algernon Blackwood in the January Lantern.

### Hanna on the Job

I noticed the other day that American Consul General Hanna had advised the State Department from Monterey, Mexico, that Americans were concentrating at Monterey, Torreon and other places where Carranza troops were in a position to afford them protection. Hanna also informed Washington that good order was being maintained and that Carranza was in earnest in his efforts to improve conditions and protect gringos. Hanna might have added that nothing within his own power would be left undone for the welfare of his distressed compatriots. Hanna makes a specialty of protecting Americans, and is not averse to the limelight during his activities. Hanna's wire meant that Hanna was on the job, and for Hanna to be on the job means for Hanna to be in the limelight. It's hard for a Latin-American complication to get far without providing a neat little limelighted place for Phil Hanna. This man who used to publish a little newspaper in the Middle West, has had his share of attention since he entered the consular service.

### Bluffing a Dictator

A good many years ago Phil Hanna was consul at La Guayra, Venezuela, when a little revolution broke out. A military martinet in command of the town announced himself dictator, and needing money to carry on his activities seized a bunch of American and German residents in the place and locked them in the town jail. They were informed that they would be released when they had made certain cash contributions to the revolutionary war chest. Hanna was notified of the situation, and, locking up the consulate and leaving an extra sized American flag flying, he marched up to the headquarters of the dictator. They were, of course, in "the palace." The dictator is always in a "palace," and it's always "the" palace, even if it's made of adobe and has no windows.

"Mr. Dictator," said Hanna, "I note that you have locked up a number of Americans. Permit me to introduce myself as the American consul."

The dictator asked what interest that fact had for him.

"It signifies that I am here in the name of my Government to demand that these Americans be released instantly," replied Hanna.

"Can't do a thing for you," replied the general. "They've been told that when they cough up they'll be turned loose."

"They'll be turned loose without coughing, and

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without delay," retorted Hanna. "I desire, in the name of my Government, to say that if the Americans and all the European citizens whom you have locked up are not released by 6 o'clock this afternoon I shall proceed to shell the town!"

"To shell—what'll you shell it with?" snorted the dictator. "Why, you haven't an American ship within a thousand miles and you know it. Better tell the boys to come to the box office and pay. And say, Mr. Hanna, don't pass me any more of that American humor, for I'm in no mood for joking."

"What I said," replied Hanna with frozen faced dignity, "was that if those people are not released by 6 o'clock I'll shell the town."

And he marched out again.

#### An Anglo-American Alliance

Hanna knew perfectly well that there wasn't an American ship nearer than New Orleans, and he knew the dictator knew it. But he had something up his sleeve. He went back to his office and waited patiently, meanwhile sending a clerk down to the water front to watch things. The day wore on to mid afternoon. Hanna was getting nervous. He must make good somehow. At last his messenger returned.

"Two British cruisers are coming into the harbor, sir," he reported.

"I knew they were due today," replied Hanna. "Now, you get word to the commander about what we've done here and tell him it's very important for him to come and see me. I can't call on him first, in the conditions that exist."

At 5 o'clock that afternoon three very impressive officers in the uniform of the British navy came ashore and marched straight to the American consulate.

"Rear Admiral Boughen, commanding her Britannic Majesty's naval forces in this port," said the chief of the uniformed functionaries.

Hanna slouched out of his chair, shook hands all round and explained his scrape. The naval man wanted to know how he could best serve the necessities of the moment.

"Just go back on shipboard and begin clearing those vessels for action in the most ostentatious way you can," replied Hanna. "I'll do the rest."

#### The Dictator Succumbs

In twenty minutes the upper works of the British cruisers were being stripped, getting ready for business. As soon as the necessary time had elapsed to assure that these facts would have duly impressed themselves on his dictatorship, Hanna started for the palace again. He didn't have to wait for admittance.

"Have the American and European prisoners been released?" he asked.

"They have not," replied the dictator.

"Then permit me to say that at 6 o'clock sharp, as I mentioned this morning, I begin shelling this town!"

"Where's your American ships?" persisted the dictator.

"The two British cruisers that have entered the harbor today are under my orders," replied the American consul, "and we'll blow you and your town off this coast before morning if you don't perform. Do you get it?"

The dictator didn't know whether it was bluff or not; but at 5 o'clock and 59 minutes the prisoners were turned loose.

Hanna got a promotion for the job. He is the sort of man O. Henry put into many a story.

I am sure that if President Wilson had lived in the days of Charles the Second he would have been canting with the Puritans.—A Hero of Anti-Puritanism, by Theodore Bonnet in the January Lantern.

#### Proof Against Blandishments

Everybody in Oakland knows William Jordan. For many years he was in charge of the Oakland office of the Call. He became mayor's secretary when Mott took office, but returned to newspaper work when John L. Davie was elected. He is now assistant city editor of the Chronicle. It is unnecessary to remind his many friends that Billy possesses a keen wit. Week before last Jordan became suddenly ill and was taken to Providence Hospital. He was attended by Dr. O. D. Hamlin, one of the best physicians in the State and a great friend of newspapermen. It was thought at first that Jordan had appendicitis, but fortunately he escaped that affliction. However he was very ill. While he was at the hospital many friends called upon him. Miss Bessie Wood, an Oakland undertaker and a friend of Jordan's for years, sent him a bunch of flowers. Jordan from his sick bed acknowledged receipt of them thus:

"Many thanks, but the lowest bidder will get the job."

I think that Tommy Traddles turned out to be more of a man than James Steerforth.—Mr. Thomas Traddles, by Edward F. O'Day in the January Lantern.

#### Earnings of the Call

I met F. W. Kellogg, the publisher of the Call, the other day and found him wearing a smile that would not come off. I asked the wherefore of the jocund face and was informed that the good showing made by the Call during the past year accounted for it.

"Our advertising earnings," said Kellogg, "increased \$92,528 over the year 1914, and our circulation earnings increased \$116,679 over 1914. What do you think of that as a tribute to the Call?"

Breathless he stooped, to ravish from its place The little tender knot of silk and lace.

—The Rose, by B. C. in the January Lantern.

#### Which Is Right?

The Examiner says that the art exhibition now open at the Fair Grounds is "virtually self-supporting." The Chronicle says that it is actually losing money, and gives figures to prove it. The Examiner says that the attendance gives "indisputable proof" that the city appreciates art. The Chronicle says that the exhibition "is not proving so profitable as was hoped" and that receipts have run steadily behind the cost of maintenance. There are no figures in the Examiner; there are numerous figures in the Chronicle. Which paper is right?

Until a person thinks for himself upon the common little everyday things of life, he's not really alive—independent, true, real.—Who Was She? by Algernon Blackwood in the January Lantern.

#### Masefield Returns

Twenty odd years ago John Masefield, now one of the most famous of living English poets, paid his first visit to America. Last week he landed in New York to pay his second visit. He was met by a crowd of reporters. He took a room at the Knickerbocker. He was wel-

comed as America believes great men should be welcomed. Twenty years ago, John Masefield was the same John Masefield that he is now. But then he had only the seeds of greatness, and his welcome was different. No re-

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porters greeted him at the New York pier to find his opinion about cosmic affairs. Nobody cared anything about his opinion, though he doubtless had a tolerably good one. For the boat he stepped from was no ocean liner, and he, instead of being a distinguished passenger was a "hand," a humble sailor. He didn't take a room at the Knickerbocker on that first trip. Instead, he roamed about town, looking for an odd job, and stumbled, by some chance, into the bar of the Columbian Hotel at 5 Greenwich avenue, where he was engaged by its kindly proprietor, Mr. O'Connor, to wash glasses and perform other useful, but humble tasks behind the bar. Though his welcome on this trip was different, there is plenty of evidence to show that Masefield is truly the same. For the day after he arrived for his second visit he went down to visit his old home before he left New York on his lecture tour.

#### Where He Used to Work

Mr. O'Connor smiled when he told a New York reporter of his former employee's call.

"I was out when he came in," he said, "but my boy was behind the bar, and Mr. Masefield

says to him, 'You're one of Mr. O'Connor's boys, aren't you?' What do you think of that—after all these years? My boy wasn't more than six when he saw him last. And then Mr. Masefield asked after every one in the place, and told that worked near by; he remembered 'em all, and asked for 'em by name. And twenty years since he's seen em! Not changed a bit, he isn't. Not the least set up, or superior—and he won't ever be. He's not that sort."

"How old was he when he worked for you?" the reporter asked.

"Well, he must have been nearly 20, and a nicer, quieter lad you never knew. A perfect gentleman, he was. I never knew him to go out at night—not once. As soon as he got done his work, you'd see him grab a book and upstairs to his room to read it. He was always studious. But he was nice to be with, too; friendly with everybody."

O'Connor was plainly glad to hark back to the time when he harbored a genius unawares.

"He didn't do any writing that I know of when he worked here, and he didn't get any idea from the writers that live around here in Greenwich Village, for he didn't know any of

them. Kept to himself always. He worked pretty hard, too."

"How much did you pay him?"

"Well," said Mr. O'Connor, with a slight smile, "I s'pose he must have made \$15 a month!"

Charles Stuart worshiped Beauty in all its manifestations. He loved painting, architecture, poetry and music. Worse than all he loved a pretty wench.—A Hero of Anti-Puritanism, by Theodore Bonnet in the January Lantern.

#### Tavern Souvenirs

Always alert to provide its guests with souvenirs of the highest merit, the management of Techau Tavern presented each lady last Saturday with a beautiful little bottle of La Boheme Perfume. This is a de luxe perfume of rare and delicate odor and was received with such approval that it is certain to rival in popularity Parfum Mary Garden or any other of the famous scents favored by milady. La Boheme will be the ladies' souvenir at the Tavern for some time to come.

## A Great Achievement

Invited to have dinner at the terminal hotel of the transcontinental Lincoln Highway, cautiously I inquired where it was. It is thus that a San Franciscan occasionally betrays his provincialism, or, to be more precise, his parochialism. I wonder how many San Franciscans know where and what the terminal hotel of the transcontinental Lincoln Highway is. Of course the average motorist knows, but we are not all motorists. Nowadays the average motorist is an expert in geography and a connoisseur of hotels. If San Francisco is his home he knows his Oakland and every inch of the 235-mile stretch of beautiful boulevards across the bay. He has been to the Hights (Joaquin Miller's home), on the tunnel drive to Walnut Creek, over the Lincoln Highway and the State Highways, and of course he has been at the hub from which radiate all the automobile touring roads. The hub is the Hotel Oakland, and the Hotel Oakland is the terminal hotel of the Lincoln Highway.

The Hotel Oakland is the biggest achievement of the city across the bay. It was the

first visible sign of the absolute independence of that city, and consequently it marked a new era in the life of the community. It was formerly the boast of Oaklanders that theirs was a home city, which it is, but there were public-spirited citizens in Oakland who saw no reason, save one, why Oakland was not more than a home city. The one reason was that Oakland had no hotel of metropolitan atmosphere. So they built a fireproof hotel at a cost of \$2,000,000, a hotel at once massive and beautiful, and no longer was Oakland merely a home city.

As a matter of fact Oakland, the center of a community of 300,000 people, is a thriving industrial city, and there is a great deal of social activity over there of the kind that requires the very facilities which the Hotel Oakland supplies. To make the hotel all that it was intended to be it was essential that the management should be in capable hands, and that rara avis, the right man, was found in the person of Carl Sword, formerly assistant manager of the St. Francis. Mr. Sword is a man

who has had a world of experience in the hotel business, and he possesses in an eminent degree the qualities essential to success in the business of managing a hotel.

Today therefore there is nothing lacking in Oakland. The city has one of the most beautiful hotels in the world, beautiful of aspect and beautiful in the prospects it affords. It is but a few minutes walk from the fashionable shops and clubs, and only a few blocks from Lake Merritt, the beauty spot of the city, which, by the way, is the ideal nucleus of a civic center and has been so pronounced by experts. The men who gave this hotel to Oakland are well deserving of public esteem as public benefactors, and I doubt not that what they did is appreciated, for I hear that it has increased the value of real estate ten per cent, and I know that it has had a very pronounced effect on the social life of the city. Formerly Oaklanders did their elaborate entertaining in San Francisco. Now they do it in the Hotel Oakland. Formerly theatrical stars, when they played in Oakland lived in San Francisco. Now they live in the Hotel Oakland.



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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Mrs. Gary, Innovator

Mrs. Elbert H. Gary, the wife of that very distinguished millionaire who is famous for his price-fixing and political dinners, bids fair to eclipse her husband in the firmament of national attention. Mrs. Gary is a woman of originality, she is a born innovator. The hackneyed ways of social usage are not for Mrs. Gary. She is a social progressive, with a hearty contempt for tradition. In the opinion of Mrs. Gary the conventions are not ruts in which we must plod undeviatingly, but points of departure for adventurous and picturesque excursions. Certain social customs, with Mrs. Gary as with Hamlet, are more honored in the breach than in the observance. And it is Mrs. Gary's distinction that she knows how to apply her convictions in such a manner as to appeal irresistibly to the sort of human nature which she sees about her. I am inclined to think that Mrs. Gary knows more about human nature than that close student of the subject, her prandial husband.

## Concerning Bridge Prizes

Mrs. Gary is not unaware that the conventional manner of selecting prizes for bridge parties has an all but universal sanction. Hostesses are wont to select bridge prizes for their beauty, their daintiness, their strictly feminine appeal. Bridge prizes should have a practical value, but they should not serve vulgar utility. A nice discrimination teaches the expert hostess just how expensive they should be—not too cheap, because cheap prizes argue a hard fist, and not too expensive, for that argues ostentation. Mrs. Gary knows all this, but she is too independent to be bound by it. Mrs. Gary has the rugged indifference to precedent which marks the pioneer. Mrs. Gary is a pathfinder, a trail blazer. And as I have said, she mixes her originality with a profound knowledge of human nature. Mrs. Gary is quite aware that the women of the social set in which she is a leader have a profound respect and an abiding affection for money. She knows that they measure people by the size of their bank accounts, that they rate their acquaintances by the reports supplied by Bradstreet and Dun. And so, when Mrs. Gary gave a bridge party the other day she took her guests by surprise and made social history. For Mrs. Gary's bridge prizes were shares of United States Steel preferred stock. There was a prize for every table, and every prize was a share of U. S. Steel preferred. Of course nobody had to tell the well posted, intelligent woman who play bridge at Mrs. Gary's that U. S. Steel pfd. is worth \$117 a share. It was a pretty thought, and a nice compliment to Judge Gary who is the head of the U. S. Steel Corporation.

## Setting a Style

Need I point out that Mrs. Elbert H. Gary has set a fashion in bridge prizes which other bold hostesses will lose no time in following?

Certain rumors which have come to me from various great cities of the East indicate that Mrs. Gary will be very extensively imitated at the bridge parties of the next few months. A report comes to me from Cincinnati that a charming woman of the celebrated Heinz family will give a bridge party at which the prizes will be pickles. There will be fifty-seven tables, and the prizes will be in the same numerical variety. Another report comes to me from Chicago that a famous hostess of the great Armour family will give as prizes at her next bridge party a hundred head of Texas steers on the hoof. Still another report comes to me from Pittsburgh that one of the Carnegie clan has chosen as her next bridge prizes a dainty carload of bessemer steel rails. There are many other similar reports pouring in, but I shall only mention one other because it involves an interesting problem. This is to the effect that a feminine member of the King C. Gillette family is eager to follow the new fashion, but is still in some doubt as to the suitability of safety razors as bridge prizes.

## Down at Blingum

It is the merest commonplace of social information that Blingum always keeps abreast of the very newest fads. It follows that the matrons of that charming settlement will yield to Mrs. Gary's idea the tribute of imitation. I look for Mrs. Carolan to give as bridge prizes an assortment of Pullman tickets (lowers, of course). Perhaps Mrs. McBean will give sections of iron-stone pipe. Perhaps Mrs. Henry T. Scott will give shares of telephone stock. Perhaps Mrs. Gus Spreckels will give barrels of sugar. And Mrs. Folger, coffee by the tin. If the fad is carried out in accord with Mrs. Gary's example guests at bridge parties will have to bring motor trucks with them to carry their prizes home.

## Another Orchid Fancier

The Coryell "House of Orchids" down at Lloyd's, Menlo Park, supplies most of the orchids for the local flower market. This "House of Orchids" was immortalized by George Sterling in a wonderful poem which gave the title to Sterling's third volume. At present there is nothing like the Coryell orchid house. But there will be when Herbert Fleishhacker puts his latest plan into execution. Mr. Fleishhacker too is going to have an orchid house on his country estate. Herbert Fleishhacker knows how to do things. He will have experts in orchid culture to superintend the gathering and planting of the rarest species. His orchid house will be an ornament of the countryside, and the Coryells will have to look to their laurels when his orchids begin to bloom.

## Doctors' Daughters' Fashion Show

A fashion show will be held in the court of the Palace Hotel on the fourth of March for the benefit of the San Francisco Maternity and the home for Incurables. It will be given by those charitable ladies, the Doctors' Daughters. The Doctors' Daughters specialize in "home" charities, and hope for the same generous response which has been accorded their charitable endeavors in the past. Among the models who will take part will be a number of local society girls. The patronesses of this fashion show are: Mrs. James A. Black, Mrs. William Matson,

Mrs. Max Sloss, Mrs. Walter Fennimore, Miss Suzanne McEwen, Mrs. Ernest McCormick, Mrs. George W. Hooker, Mrs. Charles Page, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. M. H. De Young, Mrs. Herbert Fleishhacker, Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Miss Laura McKinstry and Mrs. Charles Slack.

## The I. Y. C. Fete

San Francisco is living up to its reputation for pretty girls. The Cinderella contest inaugurated by the Indoor Yacht Club is bearing fruit aplenty. The prettiest and most queenly girl of those sending their photographs with name and address to the committee will be made the feature at the Fete in Fairyland which will be staged by the club in behalf of the kiddies of San Francisco at the Civic Auditorium Saturday evening, February 12. She will also be presented with a handsome diamond laville. Dr. Alfred Roncovieri, Justice Frank Kerrigan, Judge Franklin A. Griffin, Ned Greenway and Frank W. Kellogg are members of the committee which will select the winner. Photographs should be sent to the clubhouse, number 4 Eddy street. From the moment when Mother Goose with the other characters famous in nursery rhyme appear on the beautifully decorated stage at the Auditorium until the soft orange and blue flashes from the Exposition scintillators play upon the "Birth of Venus" the spectators will be enthralled by the spectacle. The production will be far from the ordinary. It will be a spectacle filled with beautiful features. The whole Auditorium will be decorated as it never before has been. One of the features of the dansant will be the loss of Cinderella's slipper and the wedding of Prince Charming.

## St. Francis Monday Musicales

The second concert of the series of Monday Morning Musicales in the St. Francis will be distinguished next Monday by the appearance of Katherine Heyman, pianiste, and Eugenia Argiewicz-Bem, violinist. Miss Heyman will receive a very warm welcome here, for she is a California girl. Born in Sacramento, she went abroad seventeen years ago, and has appeared in all the great musical centres of Europe. Miss Heyman has played with the Boston Symphony, New York Symphony, Berlin Philharmonic and London Philharmonic, and while with the Panama Exposition Orchestra she was selected by Saint-Saens to play his concertos under his direction. This is Miss Heyman's first appearance as a soloist in San Francisco. Miss Eugenia Argiewicz-Bem has had a very brilliant career in Europe ever since, at the age of seven, she made her debut in Petrograd. This talented young Polish artist has played with the leading symphony orchestras both in

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this country and in Europe. She toured the Old World with Teresa Careno. Like Miss Heyman, Miss Argiewicz-Bem will make her first appearance in San Francisco as a soloist next Monday.

#### A Big Social Event in Washington

The Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, of Dublin, Ireland, who are touring the United States and Canada, were the guests of honor together with the National Council of Women, at the grand entertainment and ball given by the members of the Woman's Benefit Association of the Maccabees at the Raleigh Hotel, Washington, D. C., Friday evening, January 14. It was an event of great interest to women, the Woman's Benefit Association being the largest benefit society in the world. Miss Bina M. West, the supreme commander, gave the address of the evening and the Marchioness of Aberdeen presided. Other prominent speakers were the Marquis of Aberdeen, Dr. Kate Waller Barrett, Senator McCumber of North Dakota, Representative S. D. Fess of Ohio and Mrs. Eva L. McNett, past supreme commander of the Woman's Benefit Association, of New York. The guests of honor were conducted to the platform by forty young girls carrying American flags and flags of the Association, Washington commanders of local reviews acting as ushers. The Marchioness of Aberdeen is an honorary member of the Woman's Benefit Association of Victoria Review, British Columbia, and her life has been devoted to woman's work in various fields of endeavor. Her revival of the art of lace-making among

the Irish peasants has done much to improve economic conditions in Ireland and her interest in the work of women extends to this country and to those who are striving to better conditions for women in the home and in the industrial world. Miss Bina M. West, the head officer of the hostess Association, is one of the foremost women in the world in fraternal benefit work.

#### At the Cecil

Dr. and Mrs. Farnham will be hosts at a dinner this evening. Covers will be arranged for Mr. and Mrs. B. Grant Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Clough, Mr. and Mrs. John L. McNab, Mrs. Mary E. Hyde, Dr. H. A. Hess. Mr. and Mrs. Miller entertained at dinner Sunday evening. Mrs. Martin who is spending the winter gave another dinner on the same evening in the private dining room.

#### At the Somerton

Major Timothy Keleher who has been staying at the hotel entertained ten at dinner Monday. After the repast the party attended the Orpheum. Lieutenant and Mrs. F. D. Helm of the United States navy are guests. The latter was hostess at an impromptu luncheon Tuesday with covers for eight. Mr. and Mrs. E. Spencer of Hudson, N. Y., are making their first visit to San Francisco. Lieutenant J. F. Huling of the U. S. navy is sojourning with his family. Miss Mary H. Horton of Seattle is having a delightful visit, and she is the recipient of much attention. Lieutenant Snow of the navy gave a supper dance Thursday. H. C.

White of Portland has come down for a ten days' sojourn. Mrs. J. F. O'Brien of Los Angeles presided over a luncheon of eight covers Thursday.

#### Events in the Elder Gallery

The third reading of "Great Modern Plays" by Leo Cooper will be the American "Children of Earth" by Alice Brown, the ten thousand dollar prize play produced at the Little Theatre in New York. This will be on Wednesday, January 26, at 10:45 a. m. The second lecture in the course of "The Soul of Woman in Modern Literature" by Paul Jordan Smith will be given on Thursday afternoon, January 27, at 3 o'clock in the art gallery of Paul Elder. The subject will be "August Strindberg—The Man Worshiped and Hated." Eugen Neuhaus, assistant professor of decorative design at the University of California, is to give a course of six lectures under the title "Painters, Pictures and the Public" in the art gallery on consecutive Tuesday afternoons at 3 o'clock, commencing January 25. The first lecture is on the subject of "The Significance of Art." Subsequent lectures will be "The Artist's Point of View Versus the Public's," "The Laws of Pictorial Composition," "Harmony and How It Is Achieved," "Rhythm as Found in Nature and in Pictures" and "What Color Means to an Artist."

Mike—Oi say, Pat, what is eugenics?

Pat—Thim is the people who select their fathers and mothers.



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## Miss Vaughan in "The Law of the Land"

By Edward F. O'Day

O Evelyn, fair Evelyn! words fail me when I try  
To tell the sorrow in my heart, the tear within my eye!  
Was ever husband more a beast than Harding was to you?  
Had ever wife more plausible excuse to be untrue?  
So beautiful, so sweet you were, and yet so harshly treated,  
So past-endurance outraged by his cruelties repeated.  
You fell, alas; but even so—'twas not in vulgar fashion;  
You rose above your weakness, you curbed your guilty passion.  
You strove your best for duty's sake to play the wifely part  
Toward one who had no mercy in his cruel, cankered heart.  
You bore his sneers, his insults, but your mother's blood rebelled  
When o'er your boy's frail body his horrid whip he held.

And desperate, beside yourself, before the lash descended  
You pressed the deadly trigger, and his evil life was ended.  
'Twas sin, 'tis true, that led you to this awful consummation—  
But who am I to cast the stone of righteous castigation?  
To say the truth, fair Evelyn, my mind thought not of blame,  
But turned to see you shielded, to have you saved from shame.  
I ranged myself with Brockland, with faithful Chetwood too;  
I thrilled when Geoffrey Morton announced what he would do.  
Not I alone, but everyone who watched you Monday night  
Felt lifted up beyond himself to true heroic height.  
And that, I think, fair Evelyn (perhaps you will agree),  
Is why a play like this enjoys such popularity.

It lets us humdrum mortals feel that we are not without  
The stuff that breeds our heroes—great souls and courage stout.  
We tell ourselves, believing it, that in a crisis we'd  
Do just as these brave fellows did to serve a lady's need.  
But would we? Who pretends to know? Perhaps it's just as well  
That we're not tried—one's bravery one never can foretell.  
You stood the trial right nobly, you faced the bitter test;  
To save your guiltless lover the hard truth you confessed.  
Small wonder, fairest Evelyn, the law's rough voice was mute,  
For though you'd slain a husband, that husband was a brute.  
And so the law was cozened of its grim, its wonted due—  
And we trust that life was kindly to the boy and Jeff and you.

## Gossip of the Theatre

### Vaudeville In Its Variety

There are week when the headliner at the Orpheum doesn't matter much, so much there is beside to pale the ineffectual fires of the stellar attraction. Such is the case this week, though the headliner is Evelyn Nesbit, a young woman who once played a very long engagement as a headliner in real life. At the Orpheum, though elaborately arrayed and also elaborately unarrayed she has somewhat less distinction than other performers. I much prefer to hear Eva Gauthier sing and see Nila Dev dance. Eva Gauthier is a vocalist whose pretensions are all in her voice. She does not represent herself on the program as formerly of this grand opera company or that, but she sings, and she warms the audience with the brilliance of her art. The performance given by Nila Devi and Eva Gauthier is compact of beauty and charm. It is called "Songmotion," which may be a good word, but which is certainly an imperfect title. There is more of legmotion than songmotion in the act and there is also a combination of melody, rhythm and color. There is a good one-act farce at the Orpheum this week, called "The Suspicions of Hubby," which reminds me that one-act plays are said to be undesirable in vaudeville. I have seen many one-act plays that I did not desire to see in vaudeville, and that I was sure were undesired by the audience, but I have observed that when a good one-act play comes along, a one-act play such as Barrie writes, or such as the one Mary Shaw appeared in, or the one that Eva Taylor is giving this week, there are many visible signs of appreciation in the theatre. There are times when a one-act play is a most welcome means of filling an appetite at the point of becoming jaded. What, I suppose, may be termed typically vaudeville, the kind that appeals to the critical Sunday night houses, are the doings and sayings of Mayo and Tally and Hamilton and Barnes, but how easily one may be bored by the kind of entertainment they provide. It is a wise program-builder who sandwiches between two typical

music-hall stunts, even the best of them, an Evelyn Nesbit, however diminutive her offering. This young woman, who might have stepped out of one of Baudelaire's poems or a tale of the grotesque and arabesque, is more than satisfying curiosity at the Orpheum.

—Theodore Bonnet.

### At the Symphony

"My dear, there's Mrs. Soandso. She must be bored to death!"

These uncharitable words came to my ears as I sat in the Cort last Friday afternoon waiting for the symphony concert to commence. I couldn't help taking a peep at the speaker. She was a rather overdressed matron, one of that class of concert-goers who tolerate music for the sake of the intermissions, a class, fortunately, that is slimly represented at the symphonies. Getting the range of her victims with a lorgnette expertly manipulated she kept up a rapid fire of comment until the baton of Conductor Hertz hushed the entire audience. I looked about me to discover the well known Mrs. Soandso who was presumably bored to death. I did not find her. Nor did I observe a single bored expression anywhere about me. Boredom has many musical settings, but it rarely invades the Cort on the great Friday afternoons. Imagine anyone in that large audience being bored, for instance, by Mozart's Symphony in G Minor! This wonderful composition, one of Mozart's last and written in the incredibly short space of ten days, held all in its spell to the very last note. The first and second movements written in the sonata form made inattention or indifference simply impossible, while the minuetto movement was genuinely charming in the daintiness and sweetness of its passages. For a while it seemed that the "no encore" rule might be broken, so great was the applause. It is evident, however, that Conductor Hertz is not to be swayed from the conviction that repetition or deviation only serves to break where all should be unified. So the Mozart Symphony closed with a recapitulation of the passionate

form of the opening. The second number was Beethoven's Concerto in D Major, with Louis Persinger as soloist. Mr. Persinger is the concert master and does his work well. His technique was shown to excellent advantage in the rapid passage work. That his rendition was an unqualified success was announced loudly by the enthusiastic audience. The program closed with the tone poem "Don Juan" by Richard Strauss. This composition, based upon extracts from Lenau's "Don Juan" carried us away by the beauty and emotion of its passages. It is energetic, inspiring, wonderful. Taken as a whole the program was a great success, but only what we have come to expect from the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

—The Music Lover.

### Grand Opera Season at Cort

Alice Nielsen and Alice Gentle as the featured singers of a grand opera season are names to conjure with, but the claim is made that the La Scala Grand Opera Company will disclose a number of stars of the first water at present not so well known to San Francisco, when that organization appears at the Cort for its two weeks' engagement beginning January 30. Prominent among those expected to thrill music lovers is Rosina Zotti, a lyric soprano of great reputation in Italy, and the original Zingari when that Leoncavallo work was put on at the San Carlo Theatre, Naples. Lina Reggiana, the coloratura soprano, is another artist who is expected to score, as is Claude Albright, contralto whose Kundry in "Parsifal" was a sensation of the Berlin opera. The lyric tenors include Giuseppe Vogliotti, Mario Rodolfi, Ariside Neri and Gerlomo Ingarr. Giuseppe Corallo, the leading dramatic tenor, is another of whom the organization is particularly proud. His Done Jose in "Carmen" is said to be a noteworthy singing and histrionic achievement. Marino Aineto, Bartolomeo Dadone, David Silva and Gino Santini are included in the list of baritones. The principal basso, Olinto Lombardi, is well known here. The company num-



bers 134 persons, including a chorus of fifty. There will be an orchestra of forty-five under the guidance of the magnetic Chev. Fulgenzio Guerrieri, the "man who conducts without a score." The scenery and costumes will be new. Following is the repertoire for the first week: Sunday, January 30, "Mme. Butterfly," featuring Rosina Zotti; Monday, "La Boheme," featuring Alice Nielsen; Tuesday, "Carmen," featuring Alice Gentle; Wednesday matinee, "Mme. Butterfly," featuring Rosina Zotti; Wednesday night, "Rigoletto," featuring Alice Nielsen; Thursday, "Carmen," featuring Alice Gentle; Friday, "Mme. Butterfly," featuring Rosina Zotti; Saturday matinee, "La Boheme," featuring Alice Nielsen; Saturday night, "Il Trovatore," with Gentle, Corallo, Dadone and Lombardi.

#### "Peg" Returns to Cort

The ever popular "Peg o' My Heart" will be the attraction at the Cort for a single week beginning Sunday night. This is announced by Oliver Morosco, the producer, as the final visit of the charming J. Hartley Manners play which, it will be remembered, crowded the Cort to its capacity on its two previous visits. This time the part of the roguish, lovable "Peg" will be played by Florence Martin who played it with great success during the memorable Boston and Philadelphia runs of the piece. This is the only company playing "Peg o' My Heart" this season, so Producer Morosco has had the advantage of giving it the best players his various companies had to offer. The company includes Fred Bruce Tiden, Madeline L'Estrange, York Erskine, Edmund Dalby and Lillian Kemble Cooper.

#### "It Pays to Advertise" at Columbia

That it does pay to advertise is the lesson "It Pays to Advertise," which Cohan and Harris are sending to the Columbia for two weeks starting Monday night, with matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays, aims to teach. The play is about advertising purely and simply. A farce, it is said to amuse in the highest degree. It is all so wittily written, so perfectly constructed, that it could be played by almost any actors. It is nearly what is called "actor proof." But it comes here presented by the George M. Cohan Theatre company intact, direct from a fifty-two weeks' run at the home theatre. Every member of the cast was selected to play his or her part by Mr. Cohan himself.

#### De Gogorza at the Columbia

Emilio De Gogorza, unquestionably the foremost concert baritone before the public, will give his first concert at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon at 2:30. The program will include old masterpieces by Gluck and Monsigny, modern German lieder by Rubinstein, Brahms and Strauss, two of J. Alden Carpenter's settings of poems by Tagore, a group of songs in English, another in French and three of the exquisite Spanish songs which no one else sings like this splendid artist. The numbers in Spanish will be "La Partida" (The Parting), "De Aquella Maja Amante" (From That Loving Maja) and "The Tra-lal-la with Guitar," the two last songs being by Enrico Granados. The final De Gogorza concert will be given Sunday afternoon, January 30, when in addition to groups of Spanish, English and French

songs the artist will be heard in selections from the operas "Don Giovanni" by Mozart, "La Roi de Lahore" by Massenet and "The Barber of Seville" by Rossini. Tickets at Sherman Clay.

#### The Gabrilowitsch Concerts

On Tuesday night, February 8, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the famous Russian pianist-composer, will give his one and only recital in San Francisco this season. So many requests have been received by Manager Greenbaum from those who find it impossible to attend afternoon concerts that an evening date was decided upon. The program will be a most delightful and unhackneyed one. It will include the "Schumann Sonata" in G minor, two original compositions by Gabrilowitsch, twelve Chopin "Preludes," three "Lyric Pieces" by Grieg and half a dozen other interesting numbers. On Friday afternoon, February 11, at the same hall a joint concert will be given by Gabrilowitsch and his gifted wife Clara Clemens, the daughter of Mark Twain. Mme. Gabrilowitsch is a contralto and is said to be an exceptional interpreter of lieder.

#### Second Week of "Law of the Land"

"The Law of the Land," written and staged under the personal direction of George Broadhurst, has smashed every known Alcazar record. Produced for the first time in San Francisco last Monday night after a run of one entire year in New York, it scored a splendid success, and O'Farrell street took on the aspect of Broadway. It was just like the premier of a new play. Broadhurst himself was present and



FLORENCE MARTIN  
Who will appear as "Peg o' My Heart" at the Cort



EMILIO DE GOGORZA

The world famous baritone who will appear in concert this Sunday afternoon, January 23, and on Sunday afternoon, January 30, at the Columbia Theatre



when he was called upon for a speech he took advantage of the opportunity to pay the management of the Alcazar, Bert Lytell and Evelyn Vaughan and their splendid company of players and the producing staff of the theatre the highest compliment possible when he stated that no New York theatre could have done better. Since Monday night "The Law of the Land" has been playing to capacity business, and it goes without saying that it will be continued for a second week.

#### Chic Sale at Orpheum

Evelyn Nesbit and Jack Clifford will continue next week at the Orpheum. Miss Nesbit's costumes are very beautiful and costly. Next week will be the last of their engagement. They will introduce new songs and dances. Ralph Dunbar's Singing Bell Ringers, five men who are fine instrumental and vocal musicians, will render melodies and songs of yesterday and today. With them is Lloyd Garrett, the famous boy soprano. Charles (Chic) Sale, the successful boyish interpreter of bucolic types, will be a special feature. He depicts in rapid succession the different people at a country school entertainment. The Harmony Trio consists of Billy Golet, Dave Harris and Charles Morey who are experts on the mandolin, banjo, guitar, violin and Hawaiian ukulele, and the possessors of excellent voices. Dressed as Roman gladiators the two Tuscano Brothers give a performance of battle axe juggling. Dancing, from classic to modern, is gracefully done by the Ziegler Sisters and Johnny Singer. Eva Taylor and her company in their laughable success "Suspicious of Hubby," and Mayo and Tally in new songs are included in the attractions. The fourth of the "Uncle Sam at Work" motion pictures will conclude a thoroughly delightful program.

#### Fourth Pair of Symphonies

The fourth pair of concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz conductor, which will be given at the Cort Friday afternoon, January 28, at 3 and Sunday afternoon, January 30, at 2:30, will be devoted entirely to Wagner. San Francisco is fortunate in having in Alfred Hertz the man whom Henry T. Finck in his great "Wagner and His Works" declared "has no superior in Wagnerian conducting." Mr. Hertz has arranged a program filled with the most interesting works of the great master. The program: Prelude, "Parsifal," "Tristan and Isolde," Prelude and Isolde's Love Death; Tristan's Vision (arrangement by A. Seidl); Overture, "Flying Dutchman," Siegfried's Idyl; Prelude to the "Mastersingers of Nurnberg." It will be remembered that the

first performance of "Parsifal" outside of Bayreuth was given at the Metropolitan under the musical direction of Mr. Hertz. The "Vision of Tristan" will be given for the first time here, and great opportunity will be given Louis Persinger, the concertmaster, and Horace Britt, principal of the 'cellos who play the music of the opera allotted to Tristan and Kurneval. The wonderful prelude and the "Love Death" will precede Tristan's Vision. The "Prelude to the Mastersingers" will be given by Mr. Hertz in a more joyous form than San Francisco has enjoyed it heretofore. Seats are on sale now at the box offices of Sherman Clay, and Kohler and Chase and the Cort on days of concerts only.

#### Maurice Samuels at Pantages

Maurice Samuels and his players who achieved one of the biggest successes of the Pantages circuit two years ago, will return with their touching playlet of emigrant life "A Day at Ellis Island." Little Tony Rizzo, the brilliant young violinist, remains one of the bright spots of the sketch. The little folks will enjoy the antics of Barnold's dog and monkey actors. The trained animals have a comedy with full stage equipment called "A Hot Time in Dogville." A troupe of Arabian acrobats styled "Ten Toozoonis" will present gun spinning and fast tumbling. The Hazel Kirke trio will offer a revue of popular song and modern dance numbers. Miss Kirke was the original Nell Brinkley model. Seymour Freith, another of the three, is the composer of "No Wedding Bells for Me," "They Say He Went to College" and other hits. Princeton and Yale have a slang classic which should be one of the fun hits of the show. Helen Lowe, former prima donna of "The Pink Lady," and the sixth episode of "The Red Circle" will round out the show.

#### Next Tuesday Morning Musicales

Another well satisfied audience of musical and society folk attended the second of the "Tuesday Morning Musicales" given by Ru-

### SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ - - - - CONDUCTOR

Fourth Pair Concerts, Cort Theater

Friday, January 28, 3 P. M.

Sunday, January 30, 2:30 P. M.

Selections from Compositions of

## RICHARD WAGNER

"Parsifal," Prelude; "Tristan and Isolde," Prelude and Isolde's Love Death, and Tristan's Vision (arranged by Anton Seidl), first time here; "Flying Dutchman," Overture; "Siegfried Idyll;" "Mastersingers of Nurnberg," Prelude.

PRICES—Friday: \$2, \$1.50, \$1, 75c; box and loge seats, \$3. Sunday: \$1, 75c, 50c; box and loge seats, \$1.50. Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and Cort Theatre, days of concerts only.

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EMILIO DE

## GOGORZA

Famous Spanish Baritone

### COLUMBIA THEATRE

This Sunday Afternoon (January 23) at 2:30

And Sunday Afternoon, January 30

Tickets, \$2, \$1.50, \$1. NOW ON SALE at Sherman, Clay & Co. and Columbia Theatre

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Coming—GABRILOWITSCHE

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New Songs and Dances

IN CONJUNCTION WITH

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RALPH DUNBAR'S SINGING BELL RINGERS. Featuring Lloyd Garrett, Famous Boy Soprano; HARMONY TRIO, Singers and Instrumentalists; TUSCANO BROTHERS, Battle Axe Jugglers; ZIEGLER SISTERS and JOHNNY SINGER, Classic and Specialty Dances; EVA TAYLOR & CO. in "Suspicious of Hubby," MAYO and TALLY, Sweet Singers; UNCLE SAM'S PROTEGES AT WORK AND AT PLAY; CHARLES (CHIC) SALE, Impersonator of Humorous Rural Characters.

Evening Prices 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c

Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays) 10c, 25c, 50c

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Matinee Thursday, Saturday, Sunday

2ND AND POSITIVELY LAST BIG WEEK

BERT LYTELL-EVELYN VAUGHAN

And Their Own Company of Distinguished Players

In Their Big Dramatic Sensation

#### "THE LAW OF THE LAND"

Written and Staged by George Broadhurst

PRICES—Evenings: 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees: 25c, 50c

NEXT WEEK: "THE SHOW SHOP"

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#### "PEG O' MY HEART"

By J. Hartley Manners

With FLORENCE MARTIN as "Peg"

And a Selected Morosco Cast

Nights, 25c to \$1.50. Best Seats \$1.00 Wednesday and Saturday Matinees

JAN. 30—LA SCALA GRAND OPERA COMPANY, Featuring Alice Nielsen and Alice Gentle

## PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE

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THREE BIG HEADLINERS

MAURICE SAMUELS & CO.

The Sterling Character Actor in His Touching Incident of Emigrant Life  
"A DAY AT ELLIS ISLAND"

BARNOLD'S DOG AND MONKEY ACTORS

"A HOT TIME IN DOGVILLE"

Introducing "Dan," the Original Drunken Dog

SIXTH EPISODE OF PATHE'S THRILLING SERIAL

EIGHT ALL-STAR PANTAGES ACTS



ALICE NIELSEN

Coming to the Cort January 30 with the La Scala Grand Opera Company



dolph Aronson in the Colonial Ballroom of the St. Francisco this week and the novelty of the idea and the excellence of the program served to make the affair an emphatic success. The morning was rainy but the attendance was much larger than at the first concert. For the Musicales of next Tuesday at eleven o'clock another goodly gathering is assured. The soloists will be Mme. Bernice Pasquali, the well known prima donna from the Metropolitan Opera House who has been singing with La Scala Opera Company in Los Angeles; Jack Hillman, the popular baritone; and Louis Persinger, the distinguished violinist and concert-master of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Mme. Pasquali will sing the aria from Bizet's "I Pescatori di Perle" and selections by Moskes, Debussy, Vanzo, Horsman and Catalani. Mr. Persinger will play "La Folia," by Corelli, the Kreisler Rondino on a theme by Beethoven, the Spanish Serenade by Chaminade-Kreisler and Wieniawski's Mazurka. Jack Hillman who is just completing a very successful concert tour, will have a wide range of songs, including compositions by Strauss, Franz, Paladilhe, Massenet, Rummel, Grant-Schaefer, Beach and Huhn. The accompanist will be Uda Waldrop, which assures the artists the very best of support.

"Which would you rather have—two bags with three apples in each, or three bags with two apples in each?"

That was the catch question a certain teacher put to her class.

While most of them were still struggling with the intricacies of mental arithmetic, one lad waved his hand wildly.

"Yes, Frankie?" asked the teacher.

"Please, miss," gasped the small boy, "I'd sooner have three bags with the two apples in each of 'em."

"But there is no difference. Why do you say that?"

"Because there'd be one more bag to burst," replied the boy, promptly.

Dorcas—So you're going to keep up the fight for equal suffrage?

Mrs. Dorcas—Sure we are. The girls will dig in for another winter campaign.

## German Hatred of Americans

(Continued from Page 6.)

with propriety at the outbreak of the war, but the only Germans who asked us to do so then were the German publishers of a paper in Milwaukee, and they were denounced by Germans for doing so. For at that time Germany was able to buy in our markets. Not until long after our manufacturers had accepted large orders and we had pledged out national faith to carry out contracts that extended over a period of months was the propaganda for an embargo opened. And then an embargo could not have been construed as anything but a treacherous act of hostility to the Allies. Surely Germans should not be eager to let the world know that they hate us for refraining from treachery. If intelligent Germans do hate us their hatred must be due to a misunderstanding for which certain Americans of the Hearst brand are largely responsible.

Maybe the statesmen of Germany might have pointed a way for us to render aid to the Fatherland with propriety, but the fact is they never did so. Apparently they preferred to let their agents in this country procure our co-operation by wanton abuse and other means more or less devious. And as we sat tight we are now hated.

With all the events that have marked the history of the unprecedented upheaval fresh in one's mind one might drift to the conclusion that we ourselves should be justified in hating by way of reprisal. But hatred is a mean passion, and reprisals are barbarous. For Germany in the throes of a death struggle, we should have pity, not hatred. Nor need we worry about the hatred that the distraught people of Germany have for us. Whatever be the outcome of this war the Germans will find that a little friendship here and there will be more in line with their requirements than objects of hatred. Meanwhile we can well afford to let them draw solace from the great little passion.

But alas, with what fury they do hate us! Give ear to Gustav Roeder:

"An American traveling in Germany today is subject to all kinds of abuse. It is no use to complain about it either, because the police would never declare in favor of the complainant

in such cases. It is best to remain absolutely silent if the traveler wants to carry on his business without interference. One would have to look very hard to find a defender in Germany as against a German who has loaded you down with abuse just because you happen to carry an American passport in your pocket."

Again: "All Americans are murderers! They ought all to be hanged!" Germans have been heard to say many, many times. And especially come such exclamations from women. Those living in the country are more bitter toward Americans than are those who make their homes in the big cities. In the country villages the loss of lives is felt much more than in towns and cities. In the country places, and especially in winter time, people have more leisure hours to discuss the war. Men come home from the front on leaves of absence and they tell how the American-made shells are killing off their comrades by the wholesale. No wonder, then, of the ever increasing dislike against everything American."

Mr. Roeder's correspondence abounds in stories of insults to Americans in Germany. He makes it appear that it is advisable for Americans to keep out of Germany at present. But perhaps Mr. Roeder is exaggerating. Perhaps he belongs to the Security League and wishes to rush us into preparedness with a big P.

Willie Willis—Pa, what's "artistic temperament?"

Papa Willis—It is a fellow, who, when he gets a rejection slip, would rather get drunk than lick the editor.

## ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

Tuesday, January 25, at 11 A. M.

THIRD OF THE

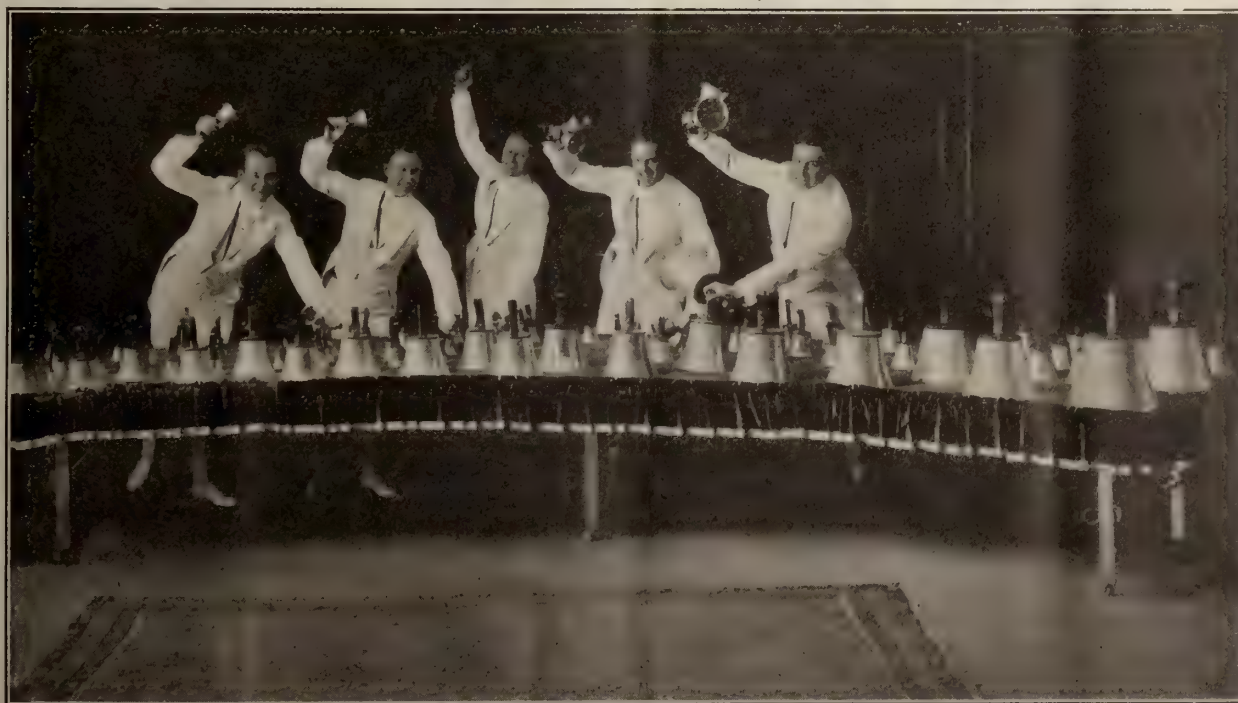
## TUESDAY MORNING MUSICALES

(Direction Rudolph Aronson)

### ARTISTS:

MME. BERNICE DE PASQUALI, Prima Donna Soprano  
JACK HILLMAN, Baritone  
LOUIS PERSINGER, Violinist  
UDA WALDROP, at the Piano

Seats on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase and St. Francis Hotel.



RALPH DUNBAR'S SINGING BELL RINGERS  
Next week at the Orpheum



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Trading in the standard stocks last week was quiet, with very little change in prices. There were several attempts made to start a selling movement by making a drive at the so-called "war stocks," but the attempts failed. The action of the stock market has clearly shown the presence of two strong forces opposing each other and as a result, the average of the active stocks has not greatly changed from last week. The strength of the position in the United States and the extreme ease in money has led to continued buying of stocks, while the reverse conditions in Great Britain has led to continued sales in our market. The really significant thing about it has been the ease with which the foreign selling has been absorbed. It must be recognized also that Congress is a factor, and especially as there is a tendency to treat important problems as a matter of politics or expediency, rather than from the standpoint of economic truth. Not only does Congress maintain a running debate disclosing in many quarters a woeful ignorance or indifference to the facts of the situation and the needs of the nation, but the most delicate questions bearing on our relations with foreign Governments are likewise dragged into the arena of partisan debate. It would be unnatural for large financial interests to ignore the obvious incapacity, sectional prejudice and narrow partisanship that form so large a part of the debates in Congress, and were it not for the presence of reason and sanity in the White House, there would be good cause for fear. As it is, Congress is more of a restraining influence than an actual menace to the business of the country, and as in the case of the foreign selling, the stock market is apt to prove superior to its influence.

**Wheat** has exhibited an exceedingly strong tone through the week, recovering very rapidly from several spells of depression, and on each rally reaching about the former high level of prices. The export demand has been the most salient feature in the market, various markets reporting an excellent demand, and the sales, therefore, have been probably larger than during former weeks. News from abroad indicates a strong situation there, with an urgent demand and no especially large quantity available, owing to the difficulties confronting ocean shipping. It is apparent, however, that vigorous action toward providing ocean tonnage is being taken by the British Government; whether this means that more of our wheat is to be taken remains to be seen. This action, no doubt, is intended toward the Argentine and Australian crops, and it might very possibly mean that greater quantities may be taken from these countries, to our disadvantage. There is no immediate prospect of large shipments from Australia. Despite the facts that may be enumerated as having a tendency to depress values, the market continues strong and the demand, to all intents, as comprehensive and persistent as heretofore. Some

apprehension was excited by the recent cold spell through the fear that winter wheat is not in a state to withstand severe temperature, but apparently no damage has been accomplished, and the snow covering is rather general. The primary movement is running quite a little below last week's, and the shipments are considerably above last year. The clearances for the week should run about the recent average proportion. We are of the belief that the situation does not contain a sufficiently strong factor to stimulate values above the level now prevailing.

**Corn** is ruling at a somewhat higher level, there being, recently, free covering by shorts and a resumption of the demand through commission houses. The recent advance is based, in a great measure, on the figures issued by the Government giving the feeding value of corn. This announcement indicates a much smaller percentage of commercial corn than might be apprehended from the large total figures. Liverpool continues quite strong, and the Argentine shipments keep of moderate proportions. There was thought to be some export inquiry this week, but aside from this, the Eastern demand is not of any great note. The market displays a remarkably strong tone, and apparently is not weighted with any particular long interest, providing the action of the market is a criterion of the situation. Nevertheless, it would be safer in making purchases to await some reaction.

**Cotton**—Aside from the political situation and lack of shipping facilities, conditions are distinctly bullish. There is no doubt but that the holder of spots can keep his cotton longer than the spinners of the world can afford to go without it. American mills are running to their fullest capacity and some are working day and night. We feel confident of much higher prices soon. We have had another week of see-saw market, with prices covering about the same ground as last week. Liverpool markets are firm and advancing but so are freight rates, and this curtails exports. Outside speculation is very light and the local professionals try to scalp the market. There is very little in the news, one way or the other, at present, to move prices.

## MANUFACTURING SIN

Painting the horrors of many pleasant indulgences, such as smoking and dancing, drinking and going to movie shows, has been the occupation of many of our reformers for twenty or thirty years. We are pretty well awake to the dangers which lurk for our impressionable and suggestible city youth. We know the danger of masquerade balls, and all the degrading evils of close dancing have been borne in upon us. The pictures offered us include descriptions of weeping mothers and fathers speaking with tremulous voices. It is all agitating, and we wipe out one sin factory after another.

But the question cannot help presenting itself whether or not these agitated defenders of virtue are not themselves in the business of manufacturing sin.

An unfortunate pedagogue, whose son is under arrest, attributes his downfall to the early use of cigarettes. Cigarettes more than any other single influence wreck the lives of boys, in his opinion. He has probably opposed cigarettes all his life.

But was it not the prohibition rather than the cigarettes themselves that wrecked the life of this boy?

If society were to prohibit, to take an extreme case, any removal of headgear in public places, if society came to regard such an act as immoral and destructive through rendering the offender liable to colds in the head, would not the violators of this rule of conduct be led to more and more despicable things? By denouncing the cigarette smoker and classifying him with the backsliders on the way to perdition, the simple and pleasurable operation of smoking a cigarette must be done in secret—the smoker is to a certain extent an outlaw and ready for more distinctly unsocial things.

Our evangelization of the liquor problem has left us with the spectacle of more prohibition and also more drunkenness than France and Germany. If any headway has been made against these habits, we suspect it is because they are inefficient, not because they are morally degrading. For do not our reformers to some extent manufacture sin and make outcasts?

—Chicago Tribune.

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DECEMBER 31ST, 1915:

Assets	\$61,849,662.02
Deposits	58,840,699.38
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,008,962.64
Employees' Pension Fund	211,238.93
Number of Depositors	67,406
Office Hours:	10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.
For the 6 months ending December 31st, 1915, a dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was declared.	

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**SUMMONS (Divorce)**

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69542.  
SADIE A. McNEIL, Plaintiff, vs. LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of November, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) By H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.  
H. D. GILDMACHER,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
525 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-10

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Estate of ARTHUR D. DAVIDSON, deceased.—No. 20203; Dept. No. 9.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of ARTHUR D. DAVIDSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ARTHUR D. DAVIDSON, deceased.

JULIETTE M. DAVIDSON,  
Executrix of the last will and testament of  
Arthur D. Davidson, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, California, January 22, A. D. 1916.  
A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Executrix,  
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 22-1-5

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Estate of MARY E. HINDES, deceased.—No. 20170; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, STETSON G. HINDES, Administrator of the estate of MARY E. HINDES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. S. Spilman, 244 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said MARY E. HINDES, deceased.

STETSON G. HINDES,  
Administrator of the estate of Mary E. Hinds, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, January 15, 1916.  
J. S. SPILMAN,  
Attorney for Administrator,  
244 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-15-5

**SUMMONS (Divorce)**

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 70203.  
LILLIAN E. BERGES, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's cruelty and intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) By H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
GEORGE AUGUSTUS WILSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
2536 Hilgard Ave., Berkeley, Cal. 12-18-17  
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**ALIAS SUMMONS**

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68344, Dept. No. 16.

JOHN SULLIVAN, Plaintiff, vs. W. J. HYNES, administrator of the estate of Hope A. Britting, also known as Hope A. Breutting, deceased; JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the amended complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said amended complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2nd day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) By H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By H. BRUNNER, Deputy Clerk.  
WM. F. ROSE and BRUCE GLIDDEN,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
614 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-10

**SUMMONS (Divorce)**

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69821.

JULIA GREGORY, Plaintiff, vs. CORWIN I. GREGORY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CORWIN I. GREGORY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's having for more than one year, last past, immediately preceding the filing of her complaint, willfully and without cause deserted and abandoned plaintiff; also for care, custody and control of the minor children of plaintiff and defendant, to-wit: Vivian Gregory and Rose Gregory, and alimony, counsel fees and costs of suit; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of November, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) By H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
FRANKLIN P. BULL,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
637 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-10

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IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand this 21st day of December, 1915.

HERMAN D. GILDMACHER.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 21st day of December in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a notary public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Herman D. Gildmacher, known to me to be the person, described in, whose name is subscribed to, and who executed the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same. Witness my hand and official seal, at my office, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal) Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.  
Endorsed: Filed Dec. 27, 1915.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By W. B. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.



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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVII, No. 1223

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 29, 1916

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This Company announces that it has written during the year 1915,

**3453 POLICIES**

representing

**\$6,851,288.00**

of insurance on which the first premiums have been paid to the Company in cash, being a gain over the year 1914 of

**890 POLICIES**

representing

**\$1,692,563.00**

of insurance. The Company now has

**8866 POLICIES**

in force, representing

**\$18,039,131.00**

of paid for insurance, being a gain for the year of

**\$3,576,660.00**

The Company now has admitted assets of

**\$2,067,623.83**

which represents a gain during 1915, in admitted assets of

**\$265,122.99**

The total premium income in 1915 was

**\$675,343.61**

This shows a gain in premium income over 1914, of

**\$137,152.27**

During 1915 the Company's income from earned interest on invested assets and other miscellaneous sources increased to

**\$107,787.20**

### *The Steady, Substantial Growth of the Company Since Organization is Clearly Shown by the Following Record:*

Dec. 31st	Admitted Assets	Net Interest Earned	Policies in Force	Paid-for Insurance in Force	Premium Income
*1910	\$1,372,063.41	\$ 19,996.11	468	\$ 1,551,850.00	\$ 42,935.85
1911	\$1,385,825.62	\$ 55,208.41	1884	\$ 5,140,775.00	\$200,098.74
1912	\$1,461,792.41	\$ 75,148.56	3997	\$ 9,384,550.00	\$362,604.61
1913	\$1,605,812.11	\$ 82,226.35	5486	\$12,064,528.00	\$465,190.44
1914	\$1,802,500.84	\$ 93,159.18	6867	\$14,462,471.00	\$538,191.34
<b>1915</b>	<b>\$2,067,623.83</b>	<b>\$107,787.20</b>	<b>8866</b>	<b>\$18,039,131.00</b>	<b>\$675,343.61</b>

\*First Policy issued July 13, 1910

THE COMPANY'S TOTAL INCOME DURING 1915 WAS OVER  
**SEVEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS**

THIS REPRESENTS A GAIN IN TOTAL INCOME OVER THE PREVIOUS YEAR OF OVER

**ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS**

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVII

San Francisco, January 29, 1916

No. 1223

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John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

## The Wherefore of the Awakening

There is so much talk nowadays of the hatred that Germans have for Americans some folks take it for granted that the preparedness propagandists are inspired chiefly with fear of Germany. Of course this is not true, but it is illustrative of the mischief that has been done. There was agitation for preparedness long before the war, when we were afraid of Japan, and that fear has not subsided. The leaders in the movement for preparedness are concerned less about the menace of any particular people than about the utter defencelessness of their country. Not by the war in Europe was it first made manifest to us that we ought to bestir ourselves. Some of us were made sensible of the true state of affairs when we began swallowing insults from Mexico and it appeared that President Wilson was increasing his popularity by his determination to keep us out of strife. It was not that we were too proud to fight, but that we were actually afraid to fight. Why gloze the truth of the matter? Let us be honest with ourselves and for the moment avoid the national sin of hypocrisy. Of course we were not afraid of the Mexicans; not afraid that they might lick us; but we were afraid that they might put us to a lot of costly trouble, or, what was worse, make it easy for the Japanese to take advantage of our unpreparedness. We kept out of trouble in Mexico not because of our instinctive love of peace but because we were not game enough to incur the cost of violence. There had been so much preaching of pacifism, so much stewing in the sauces of materialism, so much tolerance of the flabby sentimentality of the feminists in trousers as well as in skirts, that as a people we were actually exhibiting the unmistakable signs of national decay. It was because men with red blood in their veins were alarmed at the signs of the times that they began the agitation for preparedness.

## When a Nation Is Despised

If today there is reason for us to be in dread of Germany it is because of our milk-

and-water attitude toward Mexico. We are told that the Germans hate us, and that "there is no telling how far their hatred may go." It would be nearer the truth to say that the Germans despise us, for the Germans are a brave people, and they admire the policy of blood and iron. Undoubtedly we are despised by representatives of the militarist Government of Germany. Some there are that despise us for not being able to appreciate their soldierly achievements. Only a little while ago a writer in the Dusseldorf *General Anzeiger* expressed his contempt for us on account of our failure to regard the Germans as the conquerors of the future. What the German Consul-General at New Orleans thinks of us we know from his letter to "Dear Herr von Papen." Speaking of this country he says: "May here also the day of reckoning come and our Government find again the iron determination with which alone one can make an impression here." To be hated by a people is not so unfortunate as to be held in contempt by them. Even a hidebound and hopeless pacifist may understand that pacifism when it becomes so great an obsession, so firm a policy, as to inspire the contempt of a powerful, militarist nation is far more conducive to war than preparedness—even preparedness with a big P.

## Reactionary Progressives

We are glad to see the Christian Soldiers marching back. They tell us there is to be no compromise with the party from which they apostatized to bullmoosia; that if there is to be a united front presented to a watchful and waiting Democracy it must be achieved by the renunciation of Republican principles and the nomination of a standard-bearer acceptable to the Progressive sanhedrim, but their talk is not consistent with their formal declaration of principles. True they have reiterated principles that were uttered four years ago, but also they have affirmed the need of "a re-awakening of older Americanism," and they have denounced the Administration for "repudiating the faith of the forefathers." If this doesn't imply a reaction to fundamental Republican principles and a repudiation of fundamental Progressive principles what does it mean? Older Americanism and the faith of the forefathers are the only two important things the Bull Moosers foreswore when they undertook to get control of the Republican machine for their own aggrandizement. All their other principles were trivialities designed to give verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing profession of superior virtue. Have we forgotten that "clutch of the dead hand of the Founders?" Ah, the felicity of the phrase! And how they did ring the changes

on their catch-words! Come to think of it that "dead hand" was the inspiration of Progressivism. The very starting point of Progressivism was the grave of those forefathers whose faith President Wilson has been denounced for repudiating. It was to make progress beyond the reach of the "dead hand" of our fathers, to get as far away as possible from the "older Americanism" of the antiquated Constitution that the Progressive movement was started. The Constitution and the Supreme Court of the United States, the great balance-wheel of our government, the arbiter of all constitutional rights between the States and the nation and between the citizen and either are all that survives of our "older Americanism," and it was to submerge them that the Colonel and his followers exhausted their venom glands. There is nothing in all our institutions so novel and striking as the jurisdiction with which our Supreme Court is vested; nothing so original, so American; nor was there anything so detestable to the Colonel in his heyday as that peculiarly American principle. Not satisfied with denouncing it the Colonel went up and down the land—to employ a short and ugly word—lying about it. His followers of the Heney type, preferring to denounce men rather than principles went up and down the land uttering the falsehood that the principle was the handiwork of Chief Justice Marshall. That great incarnation of the "older Americanism" was held up to scorn for having corruptly "read into the Constitution" the principle of the power of the Supreme Court to pass upon the constitutionality of an Act of Congress. Our Supreme Court is our one non-political machine; and whatever else up to Roosevelt's day was thought to require amendment or change, the principle of that tribunal's jurisdiction remained not only unimpaired and unchallenged even by the boldest and most radical reformer. It remained for the Progressive party to attack that one unimpaired institution and to attempt to destroy by misrepresentation its one safeguard—the confidence of the people. This is the party that is now declaring that it was born for a high moral purpose and that it hopes to revive the faith of our forefathers.

## Hearst for a Business Man

Mr. Hearst is in favor of electing a business man for President—a Gary perhaps, but of this we are not informed. For so many years that our memory runneth not to the first of them Mr. Hearst has been intolerant of the business man. With great industry and perseverance through the years Mr. Hearst has been inventing ways and means of saving the nation from the business man's iniquities. It was by



his abuse of business men, by his successful efforts to hamper them, check them, restrain and penalize them, that he vindicated his affection for the dear people. Where Mr. Hearst led, our politicians and statesmen followed. In time the trusts were curbed; and by dint of diatribes and comic cartoons and all the divers instrumentalities of yellow journalism for exciting suspicion, envy and hatred class was arrayed against class somewhat to the disadvantage of the business man and the employer of men. The very natural consequence was commercial paralysis; for the frightened business man saw the wisdom of letting enterprise wait on legislation. He perceived the danger of thrift and industry in a country wherein the only acceptable proof of honesty was a profession of idealism. Fortunately the times are changing. Sanity is returning. The best proof of it is the alert Mr. Hearst's pronouncement in favor of the election of a business man to the Presidency.

### A Grievance

When the motor-car was only the toy of the rich it provoked a good deal of profanity. In those days there was a strong public opinion against the motor-car, especially in rural regions where punctures were frequent and rules of the road rather stringent. The farmer abominated the gasoline wagon, the dweller in urban communities regarded it as an affliction. In time it became the ambition of the poor, now it is the servant of everyone; and the man in the street who formerly sneered at what he pronounced an intolerable luxury has come to recognize it as a dire necessity. Yet there are some of us to whom the devil wagon is still an intolerable instrument of torture. Public opinion, having been seduced, has ceased to protest against its arrogant ways, but the individual who values his nervous system has not become reconciled. Nor is he without the hope that some day our civilization may become sensible of the enormity of the nuisance from which society suffers in consequence of the prevalence of the motor-car. It is not merely that the motor-car has made the life of the pedestrian more hazardous, or that it has greatly increased the difficulty of getting about in large cities; it is principally the sudden starts one is given by the horrible noises that are made as cautiously one picks his way across a thoroughfare. The raucous shriek of a motor-car horn is a violent assault on the nervous system, and some drivers make this assault out of sheer malevolence. There is really no need of this horn, and therefore the use of it should be prohibited. The only purpose of the horn is to enable the driver to intimidate pedestrians. The average driver appears to be of the opinion that by blowing his horn he achieves the right of way no matter at what speed he is going. Now of course this is not so, but pedestrians have been encouraging the motor-car driver in his arrogance by tamely submitting to whatever pranks he is

pleased to play. But what redress have we? None perhaps save what we may care to take in the violence of resentment. Maybe in time pedestrians will organize like the automobilists and do for themselves what the law neglects to do.

### The Need of Laughter

What a serious and solemn people we Americans are! How gravely we take the human comedy provided by our politicians! This is comedy abounding in provocations to merriment, hilarity and gusty laughter. Life is a solemn enough pilgrimage, and the world would be very dark if laughter should dry up and the human comedy turn to gloom. Now, we ought to be very glad whenever there is any occasion to draw us out of our natural sobriety by appealing to our sense of the ludicrous. It is well to laugh even immoderately at times, not merely to show one's appreciation of a jest, but rather for the benefit to be derived from relaxation and wasting one's breath. Laughter is healthful exercise, solemnity is deadly; but there are many people who pull long faces when they ought to be roaring their heads off. Every man should cultivate high spirits, and to that end he should practice laughing at jokes on himself. No man can ever become a connoisseur in folly and unreason until he has learnt how and when to laugh; nor will a man ever be able to protect himself against folly and unreason until he has developed that keen sense of humor which is a sense precedent to the acquisition of commonsense. Our politicians are playing jokes on us every day, and of these jokes some of us are never sensible. They only make us lugubrious. Here today is Hearst pointing the finger of scorn at President Wilson for changing his opinion about the single term principle of the Baltimore platform. Mr. Hearst has summoned the American people to join him in a spasm of moral indignation at a time when his friend once more, Colonel Roosevelt, is clamoring again for that third cup of coffee. Hearst is not the only person bristling with indignation because of Mr. Wilson's change of opinion. Editors in the East are abusing Mr. Wilson for having exercised his influence to hold up a resolution in Congress by which it was proposed to limit the presidential tenure to one term. This resolution was in accordance with Mr. Wilson's pledge, but Mr. Wilson has altered his views. Now why take the thing seriously? Have we not known for many years that Mr. Wilson was very unsteady in his views? When he was being groomed for the Presidency did he not forswear the principles of democracy that he taught at Princeton, principles that had become embarrassing? "Bosh," he called them without a blush. According to the *New York Sun*, before Mr. Wilson became President he achieved a reputation as a private citizen, a politician and a State official "for repeatedly, systematically and remorselessly kicking away from the ladder the rungs that had already served their full usefulness to his ascend-

ing brogans." The *Sun* adds, "The one term pledge merely went the way of George Harvey and of James Smith Jr., not to mention other temporarily esteemed facilities for climbing and assistants in personal uplift." So let us not indulge in the hypocrisy that expresses itself in our holiest horrors. Mr. Wilson is a fine specimen of latter day democracy, a man with some of those familiar human traits for which even his antithesis of Oyster Bay was distinguished. It is of such stuff that we fashion our heroes, and instead of joining in the laughter of the gods in the background we take on a tinge of melancholy and our spirits drop.

### What's the Matter With Kansas?

Prohibition, according to all accounts emanating from the Holy of Holies in Westerville, Ohio, has been conducive to prosperity wherever it has been tried. How often have we been told by the veracious orators of the cause of the great fatness of the land within the borders of the once bleeding State of Kansas! A little while ago the savings banks of Kansas were packed to the roof with the fortunes of affluent farmers. So we were told. Kansas was flowing with milk and honey undiluted save by an occasional stream from a secluded still. Somewhat amazing then is this outburst of lamentation from that great journal the *Kansas City Star*: "Every Kansan who knows anything about his own State knows that its public institutions are suffering from lack of funds." We venture to suggest that there is one renowned citizen of Kansas who knows nothing of the kind; or, at least, will not acknowledge it if he does know it. Of course we mean the Hon. William Allen White of the *Emporia Gazette*, who loves his State because it is dry. Years ago Mr. White attracted some attention by shrieking this question through his editorial megaphone: "What's the matter with Kansas?" After reading the *Star* editorial we feel disposed to ask the question ourselves. "The condition of the Kansan prison at Lansing," says the *Star*, "is a disgrace to the State, but the governor last winter vetoed an appropriation for sanitary cells for the prisoners because the State was so poor." If this isn't a libel on the great dry State then there are some colossal liars among the professional prohibitionists of Westerville. It is bad enough for the State to be poor, but fancy the State having prisons after forty years of prohibition! Prohibition is guaranteed as an absolute cure for the criminal instinct, and we are told that the money we lose when we abolish liquor licenses we no longer need, since the police and the criminal courts and the jails cease to be of any use. Obviously this isn't true of Kansas. The State appears to be in a pitiful plight. The *Star* says that even the schools have greatly deteriorated, and that the "public roads are mudholes." The editor winds up in this naive fashion: "Kansas is first in nothing now—except wealth." He might have added hypocrisy.



# Varied Types

CCLXV—C. M. WOLLENBERG

By Edward F. O'Day

"See, that one used to be in charge of the safe deposit vaults of a bank. But he couldn't keep away from the stock market."

A fine face this old fellow has. He is smoking a corn cob, playing solitaire with a tattered deck.

"That one was one of the best pattern-makers in the city. He got rheumatism in the shoulder, and fell out of the running. The union gave him some money lately, and it came in handy; he needed some new teeth."

The retired pattern-maker is talking to a young man, a square-shouldered fellow with a good countenance. It is surprising to find a young man in this company.

"Going blind," says my cicerone; "but it hasn't reached the stage for an operation yet."

Instinctively I look at the eyes. They are peering eyes, and there is sadness in them; but you'd never suspect the imminent tragedy. Something constricts my heart, and I turn quickly away.

"There is our librarian, a remarkable man. He used to be amanuensis for Cope and Boyd, the great lawyers of early days.

"And that old fellow used to be a contract surgeon in the United States army. Had his feet frozen in Alaska."

The old surgeon is playing the piano in the hall where the moving pictures are shown, playing it not badly.

"The old boy just behind you claims he invented the dredger with which the valley lands were reclaimed. He has a lot of papers to prove it. Says he was robbed by millionaires."

And so it goes. A trip through the poor house with Superintendent Wollenberg is an essay "De Senectute" which he who runs may read. It's depressing of course, but there's a salutary lesson behind it all. These are the days of efficiency. A man is measured by his success in the tussle for money and position and fame. Here are those who couldn't maintain the pace, the fellows who were looking the other way when opportunity beckoned. It is very easy to moralize over their fate. And very fatuous. No, the salutary lesson is not one of warning but of pity. Let us not take these unfortunates as horrible examples. That is unkind and uncharitable. Let us rather take them to our hearts.

"They are like children," says Wollenberg. "They must be humored. Their little troubles seem very big to them, but a sympathetic hearing works wonders. Sometimes they are naughty, and you feel like spanking them. Only they are too big to spank."

Most of the men seem quite happy. There is a pipe in every mouth, the beloved pipe that yields a joy money cannot give nor misfortune take away. They are great hands at reading a newspaper. Doubtless they have their private opinions of Rockefeller and Carnegie and the rest who stand for all that they have missed; and perhaps it is not altogether a favorable opinion. And there are pinochle players all about you who show no sign of playing less zestfully because the stakes are matches.

Denizens of a poor house. Broken men. Down-and-outers. Fighters who have lost the decision to life and can never come back. Racers left at the post. Well, what of it? I think there is less bitterness here than among the winners in life's handicap. I think there are hearts

within these ravaged old breasts that are as clean as yours and mine. I shouldn't wonder but that the proportion of souls saved is larger here than in our fashionable clubs. Sin sent some of them here, but more came through weakness and misfortune. The world was too much for them. They have found relief. They are taking alms. It is more blessed to give than to receive, and these receive, thus permitting the givers to earn blessings.

It seems to me that the women are not as happy as the men. They are not so gregarious. They do not laugh as much.

"How are you, tonight, Maggie?" asks the superintendent.

"Poorly, Mr. Wollenberg, poorly," says Maggie in a mournful voice.

One might expect that all would feel poorly in a poor house. But if the men do they conceal it. The women seem to feel the oppression of their surroundings. They are of course more sensitive. And they have lost more. Among the fourteen hundred inmates here there are three men to every woman. The bad old world takes better care of its women than of its men. Those that find their way hither have had more than their share of misfortune. No wonder they sit apart and brood, with worn hands folded in their laps and eyes that seek the floor. Many of them must be thinking of their children. Or of the children that might have been.

The week has two red-letter nights, according to Superintendent Wollenberg. These are the nights when moving pictures are shown.

"This hall is always jammed," he said. It is a large hall. "The comedy films are liked best. Charlie Chaplin is a great favorite." You see, they are children of a larger growth.

And romances! Who would expect romances in the poor house? Yet these old people fall in love.

"The janitor of the chapel," says Wollenberg, "is very sweet on the caretaker of the altar. They sit in a pew and spoon."

You see, it is a little world in itself. Because these men and women are public charges, because they are serving life sentences for the crime of poverty they do not cease to be human. They have journeyed over the hills to the poor house, but they have not left their hearts behind. Indeed, a few are so flirtatious that they need curbing. There is Kitty who was once the toast of the tenderloin. Poor Kitty! Her beauty is gone; even its ghost does not come back to haunt her. And she is paralyzed. But Kitty would exchange a caress for a sack of tobacco if the rules did not frown on such barter.

Some earn a little money by waiting on table, bedmaking and the like. Some get a little now and then from relatives and friends. Here again human nature shows its unconquerable power. There are hoarders, and there are spendthrifts. From time to time inmates die and leave wills. Then it is found that they had become public charges under false pretenses. There are a few hundreds, a thousand or two in the bank. The spendthrifts are among the men mostly. These go out by permission, and sometimes they do not return but must be sought for. There are two places to look for them. One is the Frenchman's at Sunnyside. The Frenchman sells wine at a nickel a quart. The other place is a blind pig on Eighth avenue kept by two women.

"I'd like to close those two places," says

Wollenberg. "And I will close that blind pig before I'm done. Only it is hard to get evidence."

I suppose a tour of this place would give some people the horrors. You pass in review the senile, the paralytic, the maimed, the bedridden. Many are almost "petrified in body and mind," as Wollenberg puts it expressively. And yet I think it is a false sensitiveness which shrinks from the contemplation of such aspects of the world we live in. The same sun shines for these poor folk as for the rest of us, and they take the same warmth from its beams. They share the rain with us. Their weaknesses are on parade; ours are politely masked. Their appetites are identical with ours; the difference is in the opportunity of indulgence. Many of them must have an acuter sense than we of the rewards of a future life. I should like to hear some of them preach on the text: Vanity of Vanities, and all is Vanity.

There are two old men. They hobble by each other without a greeting. What's the matter? Well, they quarreled last night when they were going to bed. One wanted the window open, the other wanted it shut. Are we different from that? Our tremendous disputes, are they really more important?

There are two old women with their heads together. One cups her ear to miss no word of what the other is whispering. What are they doing? Gossiping! You two petted buds of society, is your gossip so different from theirs? Is it not apt to be more malicious?

There are trials here, of course. Man is made to mourn, even in the poor house.

"The tobacco allowance is not sufficient for a heavy smoker," says Wollenberg.

It depressed me very much to hear that. Would that I were in a position to spare the heavy smokers of the poor house that grievous tribulation!

## WHAT DOUBLE VISION GLASSES MEAN TO THEIR WEARERS

There is nothing that plays a more important part in life than the eyes, yet they are conscientiously neglected. Glasses should be the very best obtainable and properly fitted so that the best results may be obtained. This is particularly true of double vision glasses or bifocals. The newest and best bifocal is the "Caltex Onepiece" as it is ground from one piece of perfect ophthalmic glass and combines reading and distance corrections in one lens. "Caltex Onepiece" Bifocals make two pairs of glasses unnecessary—do away with the constant changing of your glasses. Do not call attention to your age for when worn have the appearance of regular glasses.

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## Perspective Impressions

Democratic statesmen gladly promise to increase Federal revenues 100 millions by means of the income tax.

And the Hon. Champ Clark shrewdly observes: "Preparedness shall not interfere with public building construction."

"Safety first" according to the Democratic gospel means preservation of the integrity of the sacred pork barrel.

The only man who seems to be getting any pleasure out of the war is Colonel House. For him war is just one junket after another.

We've been reading the advertisements of auctioneers in the daily papers, and now we know where Dr. Aked got his literary style.

We don't hear much of the Iron Cross these days.

So Roosevelt is to sail the Spanish Main. He will be at home there.

Are we to be plagued all this year with articles entitled "Should Women Propose?"

President Wilson was too busy to visit our Exposition, but he can spare the time for a political "swing around the circle."

The rumor that President Wilson has been thinking of appointing Mr. Taft to the Supreme Court is incredible. It implies a power of discernment that Mr. Wilson has never exhibited since he met Colonel House.

In all probability there will be several kings and a few princelets out of a job after the war.

In all probability the ancestors of the present generation of Rumanians reached Europe by way of Missouri.

The rain has enabled Los Angeles to realize her ambition. The strip to San Pedro having been overflowed Los Angeles is a seaport.

According to the International News Service Colonel House is expected at the Vatican where it is hoped "his presence" may result in steps toward peace negotiations. Yet it is popularly believed that there are some very wise men at the Vatican.

## The Peace Pilgrimage

By Theodore Bonnet

Mr. John D. Barry is now giving us the log of the Oscar II, writing a prose odyssey, as it were, of the wanderings of the wandering wits embodied in what Mr. Cecil Chesterton calls Mr. Ford's "careful of brother and sister idiots." As a journalist Mr. Barry is always entertaining in his leisureliness and discursiveness. He has the unfathomable charm that lies in simplicity and naturalness, but in his odyssey he is somewhat fettered by certain ethical considerations. For it was not in the capacity of newspaper correspondent that Mr. Barry accepted Mr. Ford's hospitality. Mr. Barry was one of the molecules of the pacifist body. He went over to help pull the boys out of the trenches before Christmas. In other words he was implicated in the expedition, even more so than was Sancho Panza in the futilities of his master. Hence, though one enjoys reading the amiable and kindly Mr. Barry in the Bulletin, one cannot but be mindful that his attitude toward the excursion was not impersonal. It is not the untrammelled Mr. Barry that we are reading; not the Mr. Barry with the salient humor of the Uebermensch, but the Barry who was recently a disciple of Don Quixote Ford and an intellectual associate of Ben Lindsey and Doc Aked; the Barry who unhappily incurred the disfavor of Madame Rosika Schwimmer, who isn't a madame at all but who ran the whole show.

How unfortunate that Mr. Barry incapacitated himself from his professional duties! He might now be telling us all about Rosika. Such is the urbanity of the man that notwithstanding the friction between himself and the lady he tells us only that Rosika was broke and futilely trying to raise money to get back to her home in Europe when she met Ford and induced him to charter a ship and pay the freight. I am sure that Mr. Barry, were it not for his having been part and parcel of the mission, would make us more intimately acquainted with the interesting lady who made an angel out of Ford. But this is only Monday. He may come through later. Meanwhile I am reading the New York Sun correspondent, who was not concerned about the boys in the trenches. He writes of Rosika as a mysterious person who surrounded her official position with secrecy and engendered a feeling of distrust. When Henry fell sick, she fell sick, too, and the Sun man said it was "extraordinary" that both should

have fallen sick at the same time; "just at the moment when the opportunity presented itself for their greatest exertions." Why extraordinary? I wonder. Quite natural, I should say, that a man and a lady, both bearing great responsibilities, should take sick simultaneously in mid-winter in Norway, especially when, as the correspondent tells us, the reception they got at Christiania was very cold. It appears, according to the Sun, that Ford and his freight were taken seriously only by a few clergymen, a band of undergraduates and some college professors of the Jordan type. All the peace-makers were very much disappointed, says the Sun man, that "nothing whatsoever had been done toward according a reception to the visitors, distinguished as they believed themselves to be." He declares that during the voyage "it had been announced by Mme. Schwimmer or by one of her many spokesmen or spokeswoman that we undoubtedly would be lavishly entertained, as she had made arrangements by wireless for our reception." Upon their arrival it was learned that wireless messages had poured into the telegraph office at Henry's expense, addressed to committees of arrangements that never existed. Many of the messages remained undelivered.

Not only the American newspaper correspondents, but the journalists of Europe have furnished much interesting reading on the subject of the Ford excursion. The European journalists inform us of the impression made on the belligerents by the Ford enterprise. After all this is what is really important—how the belligerents felt about it. For to make any headway at all the Fordites had to be taken seriously in Europe. They went to Europe to make certain proposals. Were they welcome? They were not. The fact is they were regarded as ignorant, presumptuous bores, with a very imperfect conception of the principles at stake. The expedition was an insult to the intelligence of the Allies, and this apparently is something that none of the pilgrims is able to understand. Hence the withering sarcasms that were poured out by the literary men of France and England, and the many shafts of satire that fell from the impenetrable hides of Ford and his guests.

The Ford expedition inspired many witticisms, some of which will live in literature. Here, for example, is a song, entitled "The Peace of Petrol" written by G. K. Chesterton:

He has many a car and chuffer  
(Still the bugle, sheathe the sword)  
So I left my mates to suffer  
All because of Mr. Ford.  
Ford, Ford, Ford of many millions,  
Ford of many motors in the Park;  
And our lord will laugh like thunder at the  
Good Cause going under  
When we stab it, to oblige him, in the dark.

We'll give up the blasted place  
(Drop the bugle, break the sword)  
For one smile upon his face,  
O the shiny face of Ford!  
Ford, Ford, Ford; the French are falling,  
And the Serbians on the mountains lying stark,  
All their eyes on us, disdaining, and it ain't no  
use explaining  
That a millionaire has bought us for a lark.

O the motors he can make!  
(Sell the bugle, pawn the sword)  
We'll be humbled for his sake,  
Break our faith and keep our Ford.  
Ford, Ford, Ford—till Death remove him  
To a place on which it's needless to remark,  
And the rich whose minds are muddy, who  
consider honour bloody,  
Go down to their damnation in the dark.

G. K.'s brother, Cecil Chesterton, expounds the expedition along psychological lines. He regarded it as the typical freak or a typical American millionaire. He says that the American millionaire "even when he is spending his money on freak dinners and the like, is merely a grotesque barbarian whose apings of civilization make the same sort of appeal to our sense of humour as the proceedings of the black Parliaments of the Reconstruction. It is when he begins to regard his money as a Sacred Trust that he becomes an affront to God and man."

Mr. Chesterton adds: "The American plutocracy taking itself seriously is an appalling sight. At least, it is appalling to its victims, however amusing to outsiders. As regards Mr. Ford, of Detroit, we can hardly number ourselves among the victims, for nobody seriously supposes that his preposterous pilgrimage will have the smallest effect."



# Hunger in Germany

Authentic News of Conditions in Berlin from the Press of that City—Germans Singing the Marseillaise

By Robert McTavish

What is the truth respecting conditions in Germany? Reports are widely at variance. One day we hear that there is hunger in Germany; another, that there is an abundance of food. The Allies, we know, are depending a good deal on their blockade, which is tightening, but if the synthetic food manufacturers of Germany are giving the people all they want to eat, and the chemists are making substitutes for the things needed in the manufacture of shells and explosives of all kinds, then the blockade is nothing more than an inconvenience. But there are scientists who can prove to you that the Germans are going round in a vicious circle; that one ingredient in a manufactured synthetic substitute is one ingredient less in some natural product which the people cannot go without. If for instance fat is needed for glycerine it is also needed for food, and some day there must come a pinch. Now according to the German press the pinch has come already. Berlin papers are doubtless more reliable than the word of the average correspondent, and according to Berlin papers there is much hunger in Germany.

It has been asserted in the Reichstag that the German food supply is ample and starvation is impossible but the press continues to print denials of the authorities' assertions and gives indications of the ever increasing pinch of the hunger caused by the British blockade. The Berliner Zeitung says: "It is difficult to imagine that things could grow worse just now without some crowning disaster. The masses of the people are hungry all day long, many articles of food having reached a price wholly beyond the reach of the families of the working class. Hunger renders the people sullen and deprives them of all joy in victories, though all the bells are ringing and flags wave. The children are underfed, pale and wan, looking like fading flowers."

From this we see that there is really something in the report that there is not sufficient milk in Germany. There is certainly not an abundance of food. The people are practicing a very rigid economy. "Vorwaerts," the Socialist paper, "voices a strong protest against the attitude of officials who continue to exhort the poor to economize. "For the midday meal," "Vorwaerts" says, "one must not arrange matters according to his wish, taste or habit, but must select those foods which are most cheaply obtained. He mustn't eat red cabbage if green cabbage is essentially cheaper. You aren't to stiffen yourself with belly cuts of pork if it is cheaper to eat sour potatoes. Butter is scarce and dear. Cheap lard is not to be had. Grumbling won't help. You must think things out and make ends meet. You are advised to hold over water in which sausages have been boiled, which is described as an extraordinarily nutritious fluid, rich in fat. This fluid with plain boiled potatoes is enough for an entire meal. One must break the habit of eating bread, butter and sausage for supper. If more cabbage or sauerkraut is cooked for dinner than is required that which is left over warmed up and served with a steaming, mealy potato tastes better than fresh boiled. Meanwhile the scientists are continuing their efforts to discover new foods."

The "Berliner Tageblatt" says: "A valuable new food has been produced by Veterinary Surgeon Alois Walz, director of the municipal

slaughter house at Graz. He has succeeded in extracting from ox blood its albumen in such a manner that both the odor and taste of the blood is entirely removed. The result is a coarse, yellowish powder which has been tested under the name of haematalb in the hospital at Graz, in soup kitchens and elsewhere. It has proved an excellent substitute for chicken. Haematalb is soluble in water and is equally adapted for preparations of vermicelli and macaroni as in pastry. It also yields an admirable beef tea."

That there is much dissatisfaction with the war in Germany is clear from the reports of anti-war demonstrations in Berlin that come to the outside world through neutral countries. A big demonstration occurred a few weeks ago on the Schlossplatz, the largest open space in front of the Imperial Palace. After shouting "We want peace!" and "Hoch Liebknecht!" (the only Socialist deputy who has agitated openly and boldly against the war) a procession was formed to march down Unter-den-Linden to the Wilhelmstrasse, which contains the Chancellery and the Government offices, and to the Reichstag a little farther on. Opposite the Opera House a short halt was made; the crowd sang a verse of the "Marseillaise" and gave cheers for the international proletariat. Meanwhile the isolated policeman on duty had given the alarm by telephone and by the time the head of the procession reached the corner of the Neustadtische Kirchstrasse a squadron of mounted police came riding up the Linden at full tilt from the direction of the Brandenburg Gate. The procession at first halted irresolutely, and then, to avoid being ridden down by the police, who were brandishing their swords very fiercely, turned and ran, but soon rallied, and stood their ground in the Linden, between the Friedrichstrasse and the Schlossplatz. In front of the Café Bauer the "Marseillaise" was sung again, and on the other side of the street, opposite the Café Victoria, the crowd sang the German Song of Labor. Then the mounted police charged repeatedly, belaboring the people with the blunt edge of their swords until the bulk of the crowd had been driven into the side streets, their direct retreat having been cut off by another force of police which had hurried up from the Alexanderplatz to surround the Kaiser's palace. The spectators at the windows of the Café Bauer and at other buildings along the Linden witnessed the vigorous police attacks on the crowd and in particular heard how the officer commanding the mounted gendarmes urged his men to use their swords with effect. "Slash at them," he shouted, as he set the example at the head of his troop. In one of the pauses in the struggle the voice of a woman was heard: "Our husbands must bleed at the front, and here they want to slaughter the wives." A score of women or thereabouts who had received sword wounds were removed in ambulances and about fifteen men and women were arrested. After the crowd had been driven away from Unter-den-Linden some of its units reassembled on the Gendarmenmarkt, where the "Marseillaise" was sung lustily until more mounted police appeared and dispersed the gathering. About an hour later there was another demonstration on the Belle Allianceplatz, and long after midnight groups of persistent demonstrat-

ors were parading the streets singing and shouting sedition. On the following day the executive committee of the German Socialist party issued a circular to the district committees in Berlin which contained a warning against public demonstrations, and added: "The severe provisions of martial law enable those who commit indiscretions to be punished mercilessly; rash acts and useless sacrifices do no good, and under the present conditions injure not only the individual concerned, but the whole Socialist movement. We request you to notify the members of your district organization accordingly, and to treat this communication as confidential." But thousands of copies of the executive committee's warning were hectographed; each copy was headed "A Shameful Document," and the anti-war Socialists distributed them broadcast to stir up feeling against their leaders.

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**Mr. Facing-Both-Ways**

The Hon. William R. Hearst wishes it to be understood that he is not a prohibitionist. Therefore he has written a second letter to the editor of the Examiner to make his position clear. Doubtless this letter was in response to a hurly-burly from the editor made at the suggestion of the business manager, for the circulation of the Examiner has been dropping like the circulation of a Russian Vodka drinker after a debauch. In all probability there will be a call for another letter before long, for the circulation of the Chronicle has been increasing very rapidly, and apparently the old subscribers who are "stopping" the Examiner don't care whether Hearst is for total prohibition or only for partial prohibition. Indeed, in this respect they are like the professional prohibitionists themselves, the captains of the dry industry in Westerville who are financing the propaganda. These men who handle the enormous funds contributed by non-conformist bigots and higherups in quest of abstinence are for total prohibition, but they are eager to divide the forces that are opposed to them, and as the clockwinder expressed it, "that's where Hearst comes in." So Hearst is rendering satisfactory service when he pretends to be against prohibition and limits his opposition to "so-called medicines containing opiates or alcohol in habit forming quantities." The professional agitators who hope to make California dry, hope to achieve success by effecting a quarrel between the wine interests and the beer and whisky interests. Their stratagem was conceived by the General Staff at headquarters in Westerville, and Hearst is supplying the guns for the smash. But the liquor interests have not been deceived, as is evident from the fall in circulation and the second letter to the editor.

**A Mission of Conciliation**

Hearst's second epistle, by the way, did not come as a surprise. The man in the street knew about it forty-eight hours before it appeared in print. He knew of it because representatives of the Examiner had been around to the wine men assuring them that Hearst had no prejudice against wine. The wine men and the beer men were told that Hearst was sorry there had been a misunderstanding, and that the Examiner would soon publish another letter explaining that the great publisher meant no harm to anybody but the purveyors of ardent spirits. The wine men and the beer men professed to be delighted to hear that our foremost native son had no prejudice against them and they have shown no disposition to fight back, thinking it advisable to keep their own counsel and let the Examiner circulation seem to fall automatically. For our timid business men are just a little afraid of the Examiner. To them Mr. Hearst is a Fee-faw-fum, not a fantastic hobgoblin, but a genuine monster whose hostility it is dangerous to incur. In proof thereof they point to the first page of Tuesday's Examiner whereon the inchoate American Robespierre gives warning of the cyclopic power that may lift the hatches from the mountain and let the lava pour from the bowels of brimstone.

**"Beware of Bill"**

Read the Examiner of Tuesday, and you will see how vicious the plutocratic moralist is prepared to be now that he is losing subscribers. Speaking of a meeting called by liquor men the Examiner says: "The Examiner hopes that every person in San Francisco in favor of drunkenness and the drug evil will attend this meeting." Further: "The Examiner, if permitted to report the meeting will endeavor to give the best account of this meeting. It will try to print as many of the names of those present as possible." In other words: "Beware!" This

specimen of browbeating is perhaps unprecedented in the history of American journalism. There were days in California long ago when this sort of journalism was practiced, but not without well-grounded misgivings. It is the sort of journalism that makes men with red corpuscles in their veins somewhat impatient.

**Hearst as an Alcohol Advertiser**

In his second letter to his editor Mr. Hearst not only expresses his aversion to advertisements containing alcohol in habit forming quantities but says that as the Hearst papers always carried on a vigorous crusade against whisky his instruction "did not necessitate any new departure." All of which is somewhat misleading. Mr. Hearst derives a great part of his income from makers of patent and proprietary medicines that contain alcohol in large quantities and also habit-forming drugs. In the very issue in which his second letter appeared I find an advertisement for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which is said to contain "properties of good old fashioned roots and herbs." Now this compound ought to be at least as good a tonic as Peruna and for precisely the same reason. Peruna is 18 per cent alcohol and so is Lydia Pinkham's compound. In other words, it has more than three times the alcohol that beer contains. It is as strong in alcohol as Rexall's Rheumatic Remedy; almost as strong as Paine's Celery Compound, which is 20 per cent alcohol, and which I believe (though I'm not sure) I have seen advertised in Mr. Hearst's paper. Surely he has no conscientious scruples against alcohol when advertised as celery.

**The Misleading Mr. Hearst**

Mr. Hearst is misleading when he says that he has "always carried on a vigorous crusade against whisky" and that his instructions did not "necessitate any new departure." Thus he implies that there has been no change of policy subsequent to the time when the affluent propagandists of Westerville, who have money to throw to the birds, marked California for slaughter. The truth is there has been a big change of policy; and though I hate suspicion, which is a poison more deadly than a Hearst editorial, I must confess that I am suspicious of Hearst, as suspicious of him now as when he began urging an embargo on munitions. The Examiner formerly accepted whisky advertisements. Now they are rejected. Here certainly is a change of policy. Not only does Hearst now refuse whisky advertisements; he is conducting a campaign for partial prohibition. The Examiner is now making war on the Demon Rum. It was only the other day that Hearst discovered that whisky was not a specific for colds. He gave us interviews on the subject in which it was set forth by a political doctor that there is nothing more injurious than whisky to the patient suffering from la grippe. Now why should Mr. Hearst be so eager to warn us against whisky in general terms, thus deliberately misleading us,

while at the same time advertising anti-kamnia tablets for acute and chronic rheumatism. Is Mr. Hearst doing this sort of thing merely for pleasure? I refuse to believe it. I know many a poor journalist who needs the money but who would not take money to advise people to take anti-kamnia for rheumatism or anything else.

**The Coffin Cure for Pain**

It is not to be gainsaid that whisky is not a cure for la grippe, but when prescribed by a physician who knows how much the patient should take, it may be very beneficial at certain periods. But what about anti-kamnia? Here is a habit-forming drug pronounced by the American Medical Association, under the head of Great American Frauds, a dangerous drug. From the same authority I learn that anti-kamnia is one-half, and sometimes sixty-eight per cent, acetanilid. This is a drug that depresses the heart. It is reported by the American Medical Association that a package of anti-kamnia that went through the mails and was labeled "No heart effect" had enough acetanilid in it to kill a man. But doubtless the American Medical Association is not good enough authority for Mr. Hearst; else why should he have said in an advertisement this week that thousands of physicians agree "that anti-kamnia tablets should be given preference over all other remedies for the relief of the pain in all forms of rheumatism." This of course is a joke. It probably means thousands of physicians agree that anti-kamnia will remove pain by removing life if taken in sufficient quantities. But this is grim humor that should not appeal to the moral Mr. Hearst.

**Dope Versus Alcohol**

If Mr. Hearst is crusading for morality and not for the rascals who have made a profitable business out of prohibition it would be well for him to read a little book called "Alcohol Hygiene and Legislation." The author of this book, Dr. Edward Huntington Williams, is a quite respectable authority. He stands much higher in the scientific world than the political doctor whom the Examiner interviewed about whisky. He was formerly associate professor of pathology in the State University of Iowa, and he was associate editor of the tenth edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Dr. Williams will make it clear to Mr. Hearst that it is worse to advertise some of the "patent" or "proprietary" medicines than to advertise a good brand of whisky. Dr. Williams says that many of the nostrums contain not only a higher percentage of alcohol than the concentrated alcoholic beverages but many of them contain the habit-forming drugs as well. He quotes a report of the Internal Revenue Department showing that there are manufactured in this country 287 preparations, which under the guise of tonics, bitters, rheumatism cures, nerve restoratives, dyspepsia cures, contain from 30 to 90 per cent of al-



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cohol. On all these preparations the Internal Revenue Department imposes a special tax as alcoholic medicinal preparations. "They are manufactured," says Dr. Williams, "in prohibition as well as in non-prohibition States." For instance Brown's "Vim Nerva Tonic" and "Brown's Tonic Bitters" are manufactured in the prohibition State of Tennessee, and "Gentian Bitters" is manufactured in Kansas City, Kansas. Dr. Williams, by the way, thinks it of some importance that people should learn of the many diseases that used to be attributed to alcohol and which science has found to result from other causes.

#### The Fate of Madeline Bouton

A strange story comes to me from Paris where, I am told, it has been current for some time in circles usually well informed. This strange story is to the effect that Madeline Bouton, formerly an actress well known on the American stage, has been incarcerated since the early months of the war in a Russian prison. The crime charged against her, I am informed, is the very serious one of being a spy in the interest of Germany. Of course it is impossible to verify the story, and I give it for what it is worth because it comes to me on respectable authority. At the same time I am not unmindful that similar stories have been told of other men and women, only to be disproved later on. One of the most recent instances was that of Claude Grahame-White. We were told that the celebrated aviator had been shot as a spy in the Tower of London; and yet we know now that Grahame-White was never under suspicion. It may prove that there is a mistake regarding the reported fate of beautiful Madeline Bouton, and I sincerely hope there is.

#### Well Remembered Here

Beautiful Madeline Bouton is well remembered in this city. She came here to play at the Baldwin with that wonderful Palmer stock company to which old-timers refer with the most enthusiastic superlatives. Julia Arthur who has recently returned to the stage, was the leading woman of the company which included besides Madeline Bouton, May Brookyn, J. H. Stoddard and Wilton Lackaye. One of the local triumphs of this company was "The Dancing Girl" in which Madeline Bouton showed herself an actress of superb ability. The company had a tragedy to darken its stay in San Francisco when May Brookyn committed suicide in the Golden State Hotel where she was stopping. In her farewell note she spoke affectionately of Madeline Bouton, referring to her by her pet name of "Boots."

#### Her Subsequent Career

About sixteen years ago Madeline Bouton was married in New York to Baron von Nympsch who was the American agent for a champagne firm. Baron von Nympsch took his bride to Germany where his mother had a position at court. In Berlin the American baroness met General the Count von Nostitz, a very wealthy elderly Russian who soon fell violently in love with her. The result was a divorce from the Baron von Nympsch followed by Madeline Bouton's marriage to her Russian admirer. They went to live in Paris. There Madeline Bouton sought to enter society, but found herself opposed in her social ambitions by the Russian embassy. She persisted however, and by the aid of her husband's money and her own beauty and charm of personality she at last managed to make a fine social position for herself. She was even received by the Russian Ambassador.

In time, however, gossip busied itself with her name, linking it with that of a handsome young German named Benson who was attached in some official capacity to the German embassy in Paris. Shortly before the outbreak of the European war Madeline's husband, General the Count von Nostitz, took notice of this gossip and transferred his establishment from Paris to St. Petersburg. Shortly after he and his beautiful American wife were settled there Benson appeared on the scene, this time attached to the German embassy in the Russian capital, and the gossip was revived. With the outbreak of the war, so the story goes, came startling developments. Benson was arrested, it being said that he had been caught red-handed in spying for the German government. It is said that he was shot. At the same time, if my informant is correct, the beautiful wife of the Russian general and count was likewise charged with the offense of spying and was imprisoned. It is a melancholy story, but there is always the chance that some of its particulars are erroneous.

#### Los Angeles Heard From

"Here's a hot one, even if it has to do with near-zero temperature," writes a San Franciscan whose business has exiled him temporarily in Los Angeles. "It's not the only thing I've had a laugh over since I came to this Pacific Coast metropolis of the Middle West, but it's seasonal because it's a weather story. You know Central Park down here? It's the breathing spot at Fifth and Hill. You must know it. Sometimes it's called Cafeteria Square because it impinges on the automatic food emporia. A Lost Angel can sit in Cafeteria Square and feast his eyes on Boos Brothers' place, Colby and Reed's and the rest of the charming factories where eating is a game of solitaire and it's always your deal. Cafeteria Square is a favorite haunt of the transplanted Iowans and Kansans and Nebraskans. They sit there early in the day, saying their morning prayers and waiting for the cafeterias to open. And after feeding they return to the benches in Cafeteria Square and ply their toothpicks. (You know Los Angeles might be defined as the city where the toothpick has a position in society.) It's a great thing to watch the toothpick wielders in Cafeteria Square. I go there often. On Christmas Day, for instance, the noise of the toothpicks was almost deafening. But I'm drifting away from my story."

#### The Unwelcome Icicles

"To return to my muttons. I suppose you know that in summer time thermometers are in evidence everywhere in Los Angeles. Especially when there's an eastern hot spell, and the papers report people dying in New York and Chicago. At such times Los Angeles points to the thermometer and asks if there is such weather to be found anywhere else. And I suppose you know that the thermometers disappear as by magic when a hot wave hits Los Angeles. That's an old story, of course. Well, in the course of my anthropological studies in Cafeteria Square I happened on a new variation. It was a very cold morning when I strolled into Cafeteria Square, and I noticed quite a crowd gathered around the fountain in the middle of the park. I went over to see what was the matter. Matter enough! It was so cold that there were good sized icicles in the basin of the fountain! That of course was unusual enough to draw a crowd in Cafeteria Square. But here's the funny thing. While I was standing there a man came along with a camera and started to take a picture of the icicles. Then for the first time I noticed that there was a copper on the job. That copper rushed over and stopped the photographer.

"You can't photograph that," said the copper.

"Why not?" said the camera man.

"Orders from headquarters," said the copper.

"Can you beat it? You see, that picture might be circulated, and it would never do to let the world know that such a thing as an icicle ever invaded Los Angeles!"

#### Polk Announces Himself

At the last meeting of the Downtown Association a leaf was taken out of the book of the Rotary Club. That is to say, everybody who attended the meeting was asked to stand up when his turn came and announce his name and the character of his business. This was part of a "get together" program. Willis Polk was among those present, and Willis may be trusted to infuse gaiety into any gathering. When his turn came he arose and said:

"My name is Willis Polk. I am a candidate for Governor on the Prohibition ticket."

#### What England Thinks of Us

The British attitude toward neutrals is described in a letter by an Englishman who recently returned to England after years of

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absence. He says: "No virile man is neutral in this war," expresses the English view, and while every Englishman can see his country pouring out blood and treasure to win the liberty of the world, it is humanly if not logically exasperating to have the neutral exact his pound of flesh whenever the niceties of the rules concerning bystanders are not observed to the letter. This exasperation justifies itself when the fighting man remembers that the complaining neutral is all the while filling his pockets out of the proceeds."

However, according to this Englishman, Official England is not exasperated. "In the Government departments," he says, "there is keenness to know what America thinks, to know how Americans feel, to sound the forces behind American opinion, to have the British Government and people stand upright in the eyes of America. In the departments no one says, 'Why does not America come in?' but all hope America will stay out. England has the war in hand. She has the men, she has the money. She needs the open markets." The writer explains why conscription has not been extended to Ireland. It appears that Ireland has contributed more men to the army than Scotland. To Kitchener's call 3,000,000 men responded from all parts of the Empire, and of the enlisted men now under arms 81.30 per cent are English; 9.44 Irish; 7.85 Scotch and 1.41 Welch.

#### Talk of a Dictator

Here are some excerpts from the correspondent's letter:

"As long as America's markets remain open to us, all is well," said a member of Parliament. "We are fighting for our lives, and Americans ought to realize what our existence means to them. We don't ask them for anything but fair play and kind feeling. We hope they won't stand on legal technicalities."

No time limit. That about expresses the military view also.

"We can break through the lines at any time, but the cost in lives is prohibitive."

"Democracy is a splendid thing in peace times, but it is awkward in time of war," was the comment of a Cabinet Minister on the rumblings from the ranks of labor.

"But France! Is not that a democracy?"

"France has been practically under a dictator since the war began."

"Then you favor a dictatorship in England?"

"No one favors it, but it may come to that."

"Is there one on the horizon?"

He made no answer. But the rain and fog sit so heavily on London that one's horizon is narrow. They say the fog will lift one of these days. It may be a political omen.

#### Incorrectly Named

One of the profoundest, most inspiring, most haunting, most beautifully imaginative and most piercingly true poems I've head in 'steen weeks is entitled "Vision" and comes from the pen of Benjamin De Casseres whose very name is like a line of futuristic poetry. It reads thus:

On a sudden I beheld

Long queues of light hanging down the back of Space

From heads hidden in the Fourth Dimension—  
Heads, I vow, of the Great Mandarins of some transcosmic China

Who confer eternally, coronerwise, on our smaller destinies.

The only fault I have to find is with the title. This gem should not be labeled "Vision." I suggest "Soused."

#### What Caused His Death

From an occasional correspondent in London I learn the details of the death of Rupert Brooke, the most popular of the war poets. My informant gives me the statement of a young officer invalidated home from the Dardanelles. This officer whose name is not mentioned was a friend of Brooke's. Here is the statement:

"Poor Rupert Brooke! I am afraid I was the unwitting cause of his death. Brooke spent every moment off duty in writing poetry. Most of it seemed pretty sad sort of stuff to me, because he always seemed to be writing his own epitaph. But other men tell me it was some of the best work he had ever done. I read one piece he wrote about a sunset. I don't know anything about poetry, but it struck me as having the real color in it. Some days later, while on duty, I came across a wonderful view. I went to Brooke and told him about it. He was as keen as mustard on seeing it. We only had to climb a small hill about two miles away from camp and we arranged to go together next

day. As it happened, I was put on special duty. Brooke had to go alone and, I suppose, because he wasn't on duty he didn't trouble to wear any head covering at all, spending hours there in the scorching sun. He came back with sunstroke. Soon after he died. I meant to take charge of his poems. Unfortunately, the commanding officer grabbed them. Still I daresay they will be published some day."

#### As to The Lantern

The February Lantern will soon be out, and meanwhile reports from the news stands are that the January issue of this stimulating little monthly has been selling like the proverbial hot cakes. It is not hard to account for this. The January number opens with an article by Theodore Bonnet called "A Hero of Anti-Puritanism." This hero is that irresponsible ruler the second Charles of England. Why Charles is worthy of commendation in these days of recrudescing puritanism is most convincingly and most entertainingly set forth. Those who love Charles Dickens and his world of men and women will find "Mr. Thomas Traddles" to their taste. This is a biographical essay on one of the most beloved of the Dickens characters written sympathetically by Edward F. O'Day. There is an unusual sort of story called "Who Is She?" written by Algernon Blackwood, a writer whose fame is increasing so rapidly that he threatens to become a cult. The January number lacks nothing except dullness.



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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## The St. Francis "Bouchee"

Comes now the very latest daintiness of ultra-fashionable entertainment and makes a toothsome appeal to the fair sex which will not and cannot be resisted. It is something for which the feminine mouth has been watering a long, long time. It is therefore something which fills a long-felt want, something which was predestined to popularity, something which had not its way to make in the world of fashion because its position was settled before it arrived. It is the afternoon "bouchee" and it is now soothing the feminine palate every afternoon in the tea room of the St. Francis Hotel. The "bouchee" is significant. It is a dainty mouthful for a philosopher as well as for a society girl. It is a sign of these our times when women insist on having their own social clubs, their own athletic clubs, their own tobacco, their own way. Sister, nowadays, demands the right to do most of the things brother does. Why not, she argues. Is she not as capable, as well endowed mentally, almost as well endowed physically as brother? Of this ultra-modern self-assertiveness which makes the woman of today such a marvel to the woman of yesterday and such an amazing phenomenon to the woman of the day before yesterday, the "bouchee" is the very latest and certainly the most piquant symbol.

## With the Cocktail

I need not tell my readers who are all au courant with the things that are being done this season that the woman of today likes her afternoon cocktail quite as much as her big brother does. Nor that she is in the habit of taking it every afternoon in our luxurious cafes and in our great hotels. There are of course many women who still prefer afternoon tea. It is purely a matter of taste. The tea-drinkers are quite as much in evidence as the cocktail-drinkers. Tea is an established institution. It has centuries of use behind it. The cocktail is, comparatively speaking, a newcomer in woman's world. It is an institution still subject to improvement. And the improvement has come in the shape of the "bouchee." When big brother takes his cocktail in the wine room of the St. Francis he combines it with a little something from the sideboard. The white-coated gentlemanly attendant slices him a nice juicy sandwich of roast beef or spreads a little cheese on a sandwich for his delectation. Or big brother helps himself to an olive or two, or a forkful of appetizing salad. It is the custom of the country. A delightful custom. And why should not sister share its delights? She is sharing them now. The "bouchee" was provided to fill the deficiency in feminine entertainment at cocktail time. Only the "bouchee" is not provided free, gratis and for nothing as the service of the sideboard in the wine room is. Sister pays for it, pays a trifling sum which she

never misses from her well-filled Parisian bag. The "bouchee" as served now at the St. Francis consists of ripe olives, finger sandwiches, a scoop of American cheese, saltine crackers and saratoga chips. Is it not dainty? Is it not toothsome? Does it not go well with the cocktail? A feminine chorus answers, It does!

## A Picture Worth Seeing

Everybody is going to the Park Museum and the Palace of Fine Arts these days, and while my interest in fine art remains unabated, the picture I'd give a few pence to see is a work of art made at Truckee by a movie man. His inspiration came on the spur of the moment, he turned his ready crank and got a most interesting film. Briefly, it is a picture of Mrs. Fred McNear sliding off a roof into a great pile of snow. It was not a solo performance, for Mrs. McNear was chaperoning a bevy of buds who all slid with her, all of whom contributed to the picturesqueness of the performance. If the picture is exhibited I shall certainly not miss seeing it.

## She Is Not "Madame"

So much attention has been directed toward Madame Rosika Schwimmer, the feminine leader of the Ford procession round Robin Hood's barn, that it is worth while pointing out that despite the prefix she uses she is not a married woman. It is related that shortly after she came to America to lecture on universal peace and other tenets of the pseudo-science of jordanology, she was asked in a large company of women why M. Schwimmer had not accompanied her. Among those present when the question was put were Jane Addams and some other well known spinster propagandists.

"There is no M. Schwimmer," answered Rosika. "I adopted the 'madame' when I came to the United States, knowing that spinsters have no standing in this country."

There was a silence while Jane and the other spinsters present recovered their equanimity.

Mrs. Thomas A. Hays left on the Matsonia last Wednesday for an extended visit to Honolulu.

## Off for the East

Those two pluperfect experts in the science of hospitality, Boniface James Woods of the St. Francis and Mine Host John Tait of the place where Pavo Real spreads its gorgeous plumage, are off for the East, traveling in company. Before they left town they were honored with a jolly dinner at The Family where many a toast was drunk to their good health and happiness. They stop first in Chicago to visit friends and then proceed to New York where a host of intimates await to give them the freedom of the city. In New York the two men will be guests of honor at the annual banquet of the Great Western Travelers' Association. It was to attend this banquet that their trip was made. James Woods will then go South to Florida and to New Orleans which once upon a time he called home, and will return by way of the Grand Canyon. John Tait's plans do not take him farther than New York, but they are subject to change and he may complete the swing around the circle with

Mr. Woods instead of turning back the way he came. When they get back we may look for the introduction of the very latest wrinkles at the St. Francis and Tait's.

## Events at the Hotel Oakland

Mrs. Telden C. Smith was hostess at a dinner party last Saturday night. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Tibbitts, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wentworth, Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Scott. The Saturday Night Dinner Dances are becoming very popular. Quite a few reservations have been made for this Saturday night. Amongst these are Miss F. Merry to entertain a party of fifteen friends and Mr. F. St. Sure who will have twelve guests. Mrs. Horace L. Hill of New York has taken apartments. The Oakland Civic Center had a lecture in the Ivory Ball Room Thursday afternoon. Also on Thursday the Scandinavian Singers had a concert in the Ivory Ball Room. This Saturday the Collegiate Alumni will have a luncheon in the South Room at 1 o'clock. About one hundred guests are expected. Considerable interest is being shown in the Ladies' Relief Society card party to be held on the second of February. An unusually large number of tea reservations have been made.

## "Dollar Day" Coming

St. Valentine's Day will also be "Dollar Day" in San Francisco, which means that everyone who can possibly afford the outlay will be solicited to contribute one hundred cents to help the city's poor through the medium of the Associated Charities. Arrangements for the collection of the money are fairly under way, and it is confidently expected that the total receipts will exceed those of "Dollar Day" a year ago, when the most sanguine hopes were more than realized. Then the donor of each dollar was given a certificate of membership in the Associated Charities. This year the certificate will enable him to obtain free admittance to a St. Valentine dance and vaudeville entertainment in the Civic Auditorium. The dance will be informal and the best available talent is being secured for the cabaret performance. At least 2500 volunteers will collect the dollars. The city is to be divided into eighteen districts, and in each the collectors are being systematically organized so that no possible subscriber will be overlooked. In the residence sections every dwelling will be visited by one or more collectors bearing credentials. Every business store and office and factory in the downtown district will be similarly invaded. Headquarters of the "Dollar Day" campaign

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have been established at 511 Sutter street, with Harry R. Bogart, secretary of the Associated Charities, directing the work in conjunction with an executive committee. Robert M. Eyre has charge of the dance and vaudeville arrangements, and an energetic committee is assisting him in procuring novelties.

#### Father Perrin's Concert

Father Arch Perrin of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin is a devoted worker among the prisoners of San Quentin and Folsom as well as among ex-prisoners and their families. To raise money for this worthy cause of his there will be a concert in the ball room of the St. Francis on Tuesday, February 1, at nine o'clock. The artists will be Katherine Heyman, pianist; Mrs. Reginald Brooke, soprano; and Noel Sullivan, basso. A splendid program has been arranged. There are numerous distinguished patronesses, but Father Perrin is not a little proud of his list of patrons which includes the following: Governor Johnson, Senator Phelan, Mayor Rolph, Archbishop Hanna, Bishop Nichols, Rabbi Meyer, J. J. Smith, the warden of Folsom, Captain Howland, the commandant at Alcatraz, General Bell, Leigh Sypher, James Woods, Chief of Police White, and Judges Cabaniss, Dunne and Griffin.

#### I. Y. C. Fashion Show

Dame Fashion is about to settle in San Francisco. Local merchants are all enthused over the big 1916 Spring Fashion Show which will be held at the Civic Auditorium Saturday evening, February 12, in conjunction with the Indoor Yacht Club Fete in Fairyland. Live models will display all the latest spring styles from a revolving platform erected in the center of the huge auditorium under the glare of fifty Exposition scintillators. Everything from shoes to exquisite spring millinery including fancy ball gowns, hosiery, lingerie, elegant furs, natty tailored suits, bathing suits and gentlemen's attire will be shown in the biggest fashion show that has ever been staged in the West. No doubt the recent success of the fashion show at the Exposition has prompted the local merchants to give the public another view of what American designers can do in the fashion line.

#### At the Somerton

One of the most elaborate social functions of the season took place Monday evening at the Somerton when the House of Church Women of the Diocese of California gave their fifth annual banquet. The dining room where the banquet was held was beautifully decorated with potted plants and palm leaves. The tables at which the 146 guests were seated were garlanded with red carnations and maiden hair ferns. Mrs. Richard H. Kessler was toastmaster for the occasion, and during the dinner clever speeches were made by the different guests. One of the delightful features of the evening was the singing of Mrs. N. A. Koser who sang several solos that were heartily appreciated by those present. Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Brand of Cleveland arrived this week. Lieutenant and Mrs. J. S. A. Hulings, U. S. N., entertained informally at luncheon Monday. On the following day they left for Vallejo. Among the other navy folk who have been stopping at the Somerton are Lieutenant and Mrs. F. D. Helm. Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Spencer who own a palatial residence on the Hudson and are spending a portion of the winter in San Francisco were hosts Tuesday at a dinner dance in the palm room. Mr. and Mrs. U. O. Anderson of Seward, Alaska, are making their headquarters at the Somerton during their visit in this city. They complimented a dozen friends at dinner Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Norback, prominent

society folk of St. Paul, are stopping at the Somerton. A luncheon was given by them Tuesday, and eight friends enjoyed their hospitality. Among recent arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. Daniel H. Mann of Omaha, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Koch of New York City.

#### At the Cecil

Among the delightful entertainments at the Hotel Cecil was the bridge party at which Mrs. Borger was hostess. Four tables were in play, and after a number of closely contested rubbers delicious refreshments were served. Among the guests were Mrs. Edward McClelland, Elizabeth Pratt, Mrs. Keith, Mrs. F. Farnham, Mrs. Foote, Mrs. Graff, Mrs. Rylands and Mrs. Rowley. Mrs. Keith who makes her home at the Cecil entertained recently at an evening bridge. The guests included Dr. Damkroeger, Mrs. Ames, Mrs. Ahearn, Mrs. Edward McClelland and Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt. Mrs. Keith also complimented a dozen of her friends at luncheon Wednesday. The affair took place in the private dining room. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bates and Miss Edith Bull are spending several days. Mrs. M. L. Washburn gave an informal luncheon Wednesday, and on the following evening entertained with eight covers at dinner.

#### Events in the Paul Elder Gallery

Eugen Neuhaus, assistant professor of Decorative Design of the University of California, will give his second lecture on "Painters, Pictures and the Public" Tuesday afternoon, February 1, at 3 o'clock. The subject will be "The Artist's Point of View Versus the Public's." The fourth morning in the series of "Interpretative Readings of Great Modern Plays" by Leo Cooper will be given on Wednesday, February 2, at 10:45 a. m. Mr. Cooper will read three one-act plays by Giacoso, Tchekoff and Lady Gregory. On Thursday afternoon, February 3, at 3 o'clock, Paul Jordan Smith of the English Department of the University of California will speak on Robert Browning, "The Ideal Lover." This will be the third lecture in the series "The Soul of Woman in Modern Literature." Albert I. Elkus will give a course of six lectures on consecutive Saturday afternoons, commencing February 5, at 10:45 o'clock. The subject of the course will be "The Evolution of Music to Its Present Aims and Structure." The first lecture will be "The Music of the Greeks— and Melody in Music."

#### New Perfume at Techau's

Once more has the management of Techau Tavern, ignoring expense, secured a delightful article for presentation to lady patrons. This new souvenir is a perfume de luxe known as La Boheme, a delicate and refined scent which is sure to become quite as popular as Parfum Mary Garden or any of the most famous perfumes of the day. La Boheme, in dainty little bottles, will be distributed to the ladies each Saturday until further notice.

#### Precedent

Mr. Saphead—The family gave me a set of hair brushes for Christmas.

Miss Kutting—How nice!

Mr. Saphead—Solid ivory, too.

Miss Kutting—How appropriate.

#### Super-Agility

Smart Young Man—What do you think of Smith?

Indignant Old Gentleman—Smith, Sir! He is one of those people that pat you on the back before your face and hit you in the eye behind your back.

#### A Horrible Possibility

"You look worn to a frazzle, Mr. Idiot," said Mr. Brief, the lawyer, as the Idiot took his place at the Breakfast Table.

"I am," said the Idiot, sinking wearily into his chair. "I dreamed last night that the Pacificos of the Oscar Tooth had returned and got to work on the magazines; and I read articles entitled 'How to Do Europe on Nothing a Year,' 'Fording the Atlantic,' 'Sponging to the Front,' 'The Trencher in the Trenches,' 'A Birdseye View of Bellona, by one of the Birds,' 'Rollo's Visit to the Kaiser and What Didn't Come of It,' 'Half Seas Over with the Unemployed,' 'Schwimming with Schwimmer,' 'Much Ado About Nutting,' and—"

"That'll do," said Mr. Brief, ringing the fire alarm. "It's a wonder to me you ever came to."

It is almost as easy to call a man down on the 'phone as to call him up.

Some people never take anything that doesn't belong to them except advice.

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## "It Pays to Advertise"

By Edward F. O'Day

I said: "I'll see this jolly play!  
I've read an ad about it;  
The ad declared that it was good,  
And I've no cause to doubt it."

I saw the play. My action proves  
Publicity is wise;  
The ad that drew me to it shows  
It pays to advertise.

I saw the play. I laughed out loud  
From start to final curtain;  
And left contented, for I'd had  
My money's worth, that's certain.

And having, then, an hour or two  
To pass in pleasure, idly,  
I hied me to a great cafe  
That advertises widely.

I lit a weed that's known to all  
Who have the reading habit;  
Assuaged my thirst with famous beer,  
And dallied with Welch rabbit.

Then home to bed, but sad to say,  
My sleep was nightmare-haunted;  
And through my dreams a flock of most  
Amazing visions flaunted.

First came a man in B. V. D.'s  
And nifty Boston garters  
Who filled his "P. A." jimmy pipe  
With pills that looked like Carter's.

"Uneeda Biscuit?" thus he spoke;  
"It's Ivory—it floats."  
And lo! he gave me Mellin's Food  
That turned to Quaker Oats.

Just then the Redfern Corset Girl  
Passed, whispering endearments;  
I blushed, and gave her Koveralls—  
She showered me with Spearmints.

And as she passed, a little girl  
With baby face afoam  
Offered me a King Gillette  
For the Fairy in my home.

"Re-tiring time," this infant said;  
(I think I heard aright)  
And lit the Gold Dust Twins to bed  
With an Eveready Lite.

Then down the street of Spotless Town,  
With a Goodyear for a hoop,  
The Dutch girl came in chase of dirt  
And fell in Campbell's Soup.

And Johnny Walker stooped to milk  
The sleek Carnation cow.  
"Eventually," I heard him say,  
"It's Borden's—why not now?"

"Why, there's a Reason," Postum cried,  
And slipped a heavy halter  
About the neck of Durham's Bull  
As strong as Gib-a-raltar.

"There's Three-in-One," cried Resinol,  
"And Colg-eight makes eleven;"  
The Conklin told the Waterman  
That Heinz had 57.

Then rain came down—it was not rain  
But Grape Nuts big as buns;  
And through the mist of Kellogg flakes  
Came Rastus, shot from guns.

Just then Big Ben began to whirr  
And Klaxoned me to rise;  
But the moral of my nightmare was—  
It Pays to Advertise!

## Gossip of the Theatre

### The De Gogorza Concert

To attend a concert of Emilio de Gogorza is to be assured of a program composed by a classicist of songs of all periods and all schools, each song sung with a beautiful voice and flawless artistry, satisfying alike to the ear and the soul. A large audience was thus gratified on Sunday at the Columbia. Old French, old English, modern French, English, Spanish and German songs followed one another with luscious affluence. The singer this time sings with a restraint traceable, as in that of Mme. Gadski's case, during her recent visit, directly to his accompanist. Helen M. Winslow plays with the accuracy of the sun and the coldness of regions to which its rays seldom penetrate. Her art is admirable, but it has not the warmth of sympathy. Senor de Gogorza is a great and gifted singer, and he is not without emotional power or the temperament that generates and transmits emotion. His musical nature has the profundity of the ocean, but on Sunday much of Senor de Gogorza's singing was of the placidity of the inland stream. Oh! for an Edwin Schneider or a Uda Waldrop for every great singer! Mr. de Gogorza in the Debussy numbers in the dazzle of nuance almost thawed the frigid accompanist, and in the picturesque J. Alden Carpenter songs he sang a world of heart throbs.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

### Perilous Juggling

Indian jugglers tossing brass balls, keeping four in the air at the same time, caused William Hazlitt to marvel at their extraordinary dexterity. "Man," he exclaimed, "thou art a wonderful animal! Thou canst do strange things, and thy ways are past finding out." A wonderful animal, indeed, easily surfeited and never

quite satisfied with his accomplishments; always adding new touches, surpassing today the ingenuity of yesterday; always inventing new means of quickening his brother's imagination; for the imagination of this queer animal man is avid of novelty. And so from the Indian jugglers tossing four brass balls we have come to the Tuscano brothers tossing the steel battle-ax. The Tuscano brothers are at the Orpheum juggling battle-axes as though they were harmless Indian clubs. These steel weapons have a keen edge, and are therefore very dangerous. The juggling of them does not merely make admiration breathless; it puts apprehension on edge. The smallest awkwardness or want of self-possession might prove fatal. One brother juggles the axes over the other's head; an ax is thrown, as a ball is thrown, and as with intent to cleave in twain, but is deftly caught by the handle. The Tuscano brothers give a performance in which technique has more than the usual value. Ordinarily technique is for the audience, as for example the technique of the Ziegler sisters and the technique of Dunbar's "Singing Bell Ringers," who are among the leading producers of agreeable distraction at the Orpheum this week, but in the case of the Tuscano brothers technique is a matter of self-protection. With technique the bell ringers avoid jangling discords. The Tuscano brothers are chiefly concerned to avoid a battle-ax.

—T. F. B.

### The Next Symphony Concerts

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz, conductor, will give its fourth Sunday concert of the current season at the Cort tomorrow afternoon. The program which will commence promptly at 2:30, is devoted

entirely to selections from Wagner. For the fifth pair of concerts which will be given at the Cort on the afternoons of Friday, February 4, at 3 o'clock and Sunday, February 6, at 2:30 o'clock, the program will have the assistance of the eminent Russian pianist, Ossip Gabrilowitsch. Four times he has toured America and his achievements have been of a character to leave no room for doubt of his place among the comparatively few distinguished masters of the pianoforte. Mr. Gabrilowitsch in 1909 married the daughter of Mark Twain and he is as great a favorite socially as he is musically. The prices of seats which are on sale every day at the box offices of Sherman Clay, and Kohler and Chase, for the Friday as well as Sunday afternoon concerts of the fifth pair, are \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00 and 75 cents. Box and loge seats are \$3.00 each. Seats are on sale at the Cort on days of the concerts only. The complete program for the fifth pair of concerts: Symphony No. 2, D major, Op. 36, Beethoven; Concerto in D minor, Mozart, Ossip Gabrilowitsch; Concertstuck, Weber, Ossip Gabrilowitsch; "Vltava," Symphonic Poem, B. Smetana.

### La Scala Company at Cort

What should prove the most pretentious season of grand opera ever given here at popular prices will be opened Sunday night, January 30, at the Cort by La Scala Grand Opera Company, headed by Alice Nielsen and Alice Gentle, and including a notable array of artists. The La Scala company embraces 134 persons, and there will be an orchestra of 45 under the direction of Chev. Fulgenzio Guerrieri, the "man who conducts without a baton." A feature of the two weeks' season will be several of the more popular Puccini operas including "Mme. Butter-



fly," "La Tosca" and "La Boheme," the last generally considered San Francisco's favorite opera. The Puccini operas have not been given here in over two years. Our own Alice Nielsen and our adopted Alice Gentle are too well known to need any introduction. La Scala company boasts of a number of singers of the first rank who are not so well known to us. Prominent among these is Rosini Zotti, lyric soprano, who created the role of Zingari in Leoncavallo's opera of that name. She will be heard as Cho-Cho-San in the opening bill, "Mme. Butterfly." Other noted songbirds are: Tina Schinetti, lyric soprano; Lina Reggiani, coloratura soprano; Claude Albright, contralto; Edith Mackie, mezzo-soprano; Giuseppe Corallo, dramatic tenor; Giuseppe Vogliotti, Mario Rodolfi, Aristide Neri, Gerolamo Ingar, Ernest Albertini, lyric tenors; Marino Aineto, Bartolomeo Dadone, dramatic baritones; David Silva, baritone; Gino Santini, baritone; Olinto Lombardi, Italo Picchi, Umberto Rubino, bassos. The repertoire for the first week follows: Sunday, Wednesday matinee and Friday night, "Mme. Butterfly," with Zotti; Monday night and Saturday matinee, "La Boheme," with Nielsen; Tuesday and Thursday nights, "Carmen," with Gentle; Wednesday night, "Rigoletto," with Nielsen; Saturday night, "Il Trovatore," with Gentle and Zotti.

#### Frank Fogarty at Orpheum

Frank Fogarty, the celebrated Irish wit who has been given the sobriquet "The Dublin Minstrel," will reappear at the Orpheum next week after a lengthy absence. His talk scintillates with humor, and especially fine are his

Celtic folk-lore stories. That delightful comedienne Mrs. Gene Hughes, with the assistance of a company, will present Edgar Allen Woolf's playlet "Youth" which furnishes enjoyable entertainment. William Rock and Frances White are too well and favorably known to require eulogy. They are in their particular line the cleverest team in vaudeville, and their act which is entitled "A Dansant Characteristique" includes a series of character songs and dances both novel and fascinating. Marie Bishop, a gifted young violinist who until last season confined her talent to symphony orchestras and concert tours, will be heard. Billy Bouncer, the celebrated English clown, will introduce his famous bouncing and bounding contest which is open to all young men. A prize is awarded the winner selected by the applause of the audience. Van and Belle, the boomerang throwers who were featured in "America" at the New York Hippodrome, will give an exhibition of their marvelous skill. Charles (Chic) Sales in his clever impersonations of rural types, and Ralph Dunbar's Singing Bell Ringers are also among the contributors to this great show. "Protecting the Ships at Sea" is the fifth installment of the Uncle Sam at Work motion pictures secured exclusively for the Orpheum circuit.

#### Second Week of "It Pays to Advertise"

"It Pays to Advertise," the farce written by Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett and produced by George M. Cohan, will be seen for another week at the Columbia. The last performance will be given Sunday night, February 6. There will be matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

#### "Motherhood" Coming

Following "It Pays to Advertise" at the Columbia will be offered the sex drama "Motherhood." The play is by Lillian Langdon and Charles Bolles. It is said that they have introduced to the stage a theme as sensational as that of "Damaged Goods." The leading roles will be played by Blanche Hall and Jack Bryce. The performance comes here from The Little Theatre, Los Angeles, where it is creating a furore at present. The advance sale of seats begins Thursday.

#### The De Gogorza Farewell

This Sunday afternoon at the Columbia Emilio De Gogorza, the Spanish baritone, will give his farewell concert. There will be classic arias by Gluck and Handel, gems of French song by Weckerlin, Massenet and Widor, three fascinating Spanish songs (which no one sings as De Gogorza does), "Canto de Presidiario," "La Paloma" and "En Casela," and a group of English songs including Sidney Homer's "The Fiddler of Dooney," Edward Elgar's "The Pipes of Pan," J. Alden Carpenter's "The Cock Shall Crow," Rogers' "Wind Song" and "Drink to Me only with thine Eyes." There will also be the "Arioso" from Massenet's "The King of Lahore," the "Serenade" from Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and by special request the rollicking Song of the Barber from "The Barber of Seville." Tickets at Sherman Clay and the Columbia.

#### The Gabrilowitsch Concerts

The only piano recital to be given by the Russian master Ossip Gabrilowitsch this season



MADAME MELBA

Who assisted by Ada Sassoli, harpist, B. Emilio Puyans, flutist, and Uda Waldrop, pianist, will be heard in concert at Scottish Rite Hall Thursday evening, February 3



OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH

The great Russian pianist, soloist with the San Francisco Orchestra, Friday and Sunday afternoons, February 4 and 6, and in recital at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Tuesday night, February 8, and Friday afternoon, February 11



will be on Tuesday night, February 8, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. The program will consist of the Sonata in G minor by Schumann, "Variations on a Handel Theme" by Brahms, a set of twelve Preludes by Chopin, three "Lyric Pieces" by Grieg, a "Burlesque" by Richard Strauss, "The Waves" by Moszkowski and two compositions by Mr. Gabrilowitsch. On Friday afternoon, February 11, at three o'clock the artist will give a joint concert with his wife Clara Clemens (daughter of Mark Twain). She is said to be an exceptionally fine singer. Her husband will play the accompaniments. His solo numbers will include the Sonata in E minor by Haydn, the Sonata in B flat minor by Chopin with its exquisite "Funeral March," Percy Grainger's "Shepherd Hey" and "Tune from County Derry," and numbers by Beethoven, Bach, Ravel and Debussy. Mme. Gabrilowitsch will sing "Die Ehre Gottes" by Beethoven, "Minnelied" and "Gypsy Song" by Brahms, "Am Grabe Anselmos" by Schubert, "Frühlingsnacht" by Schumann, a group of works by Rimsky-Korsakow, Rachmaninoff and Gabrilowitsch and a group of old Scotch melodies. Seats ready next Thursday at Sherman Clay. Address mail orders to Will Greenbaum.

#### Emmy Destinn Coming

At last we are to hear the greatest of all

the dramatic sopranos Emmy Destinn. She is the star of the Metropolitan and in the zenith of her glory, for she is just thirty-eight years of age. Destinn will sing two concerts at the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, February 13 and 20, assisted by Roderick White, the violinist. Her programs will be quite exceptional and will include such novelties as the Air from Dvorak's opera "Russalka or the Water Nixie" and the "Cradle Song" from Smetana's Bohemian opera "The Kiss." Compositions by Grieg, Liszt, Stange, Tschaikowsky and Puccini are on the list. The program will be entirely different at each concert. In Oakland Mme. Destinn will sing at the new Municipal Opera House in the Auditorium Building on Thursday night, February 17. Mail orders for any or all of the concerts may now be addressed to Will Greenbaum at Sherman Clay.

#### "The Show Shop" at Alcazar

Back to farce comedy of the merriest order is the schedule for the Lytell-Vaughan players at the Alcazar next week. The clever company will offer another big New York success in "The Show Shop," said to be excruciatingly funny. It was written by James Forbes, the author of "The Chorus Lady," "The Traveling Salesman," "The Commuters" and other big fun shows. It comes with a record of an entire year on



ALICE NIELSEN

In "The Secret of Suzanne" which will be given during the season of grand opera by the La Scala Grand Opera Company at the Cort

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FRANK W. HEALY Presents  
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(The Greatest Living Prima Donna)  
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AT SCOTTISH RITE HALL  
Thursday, February 4, at 8:30 P. M.

Assisting Artists:

ADA SASSOLI, Harpist  
B. EMILIO PUYANS, Flutist  
UDA WALDROP, Pianist

Tickets, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, on Sale at Sherman and Clay's

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FRANK FOGARTY, "The Dublin Minstrel," in Quaint, Humorous and Human Observations; MRS. GENE HUGHES & COMPANY Presenting "Youth," a Novelty Comedy Playlet by Edgar Allen Woolf; MARIE BISHOP, Violinist; BILLY BOUNCER and His Famous Bouncing Contest; VAN BELLE, Boomerang Throwers; CHARLES (CHIC) SALT; RALPH DUNBAR'S SINGING BELL RINGERS; "PROTECTING THE SHIPS AT SEA;" WILLIAM ROCK & FRANCES WHITE in "A Dantsant Characteristique."

Evening Prices 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c

Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays) 10c, 25c, 50c

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In the First Production in San Francisco of the  
Funniest Farce of the Century

### "THE SHOW SHOP"

By James Forbes

Author of "The Chorus Lady," "The Traveling Salesman," etc.

PRICES: Night, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees, 25c, 50c

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Two Weeks Only—Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

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With Alice Nielsen, Alice Gentle, etc.

Repertoire for Last Week: Sunday, "Mme. Butterfly," with Zotti; Monday, "La Boheme," with Nielsen; Tuesday, "Carmen," with Gentle; Wednesday Matinee, "Mme. Butterfly," with Zotti; Wednesday Evening, "Rigoletti," with Nielsen; Thursday, "Carmen," with Gentle; Friday, "Mme. Butterfly," with Zotti; Saturday Matinee, "La Boheme," with Nielsen; Saturday Evening, "Il Trovatore," with Gentle, Zotti.

Nights and Saturday Matinee, 50c to \$2; Wednesday Matinee, 50c to \$1.50.

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Fourteen Stunning Fashion Models in a 1916 Revue with Mirth and Music

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"The Male Melba"

POTTS BROTHERS

"The Double's Double"

EIGHT ALL-STAR ACTS AND THE SEVENTH  
EPISODE OF "THE RED CIRCLE"



Broadway. Every Lytell-Vaughan player from the stars down will be in his or her element. Miss Vaughan, Mr. Lytell, E. D. Hales, Henry Shumer, Alexis Luce, Phillips Tead, Addison Pitt, William Amsdell, Joseph Macaulay, Margaret Armstrong, Jane Darwell and the others will all be seen. They will have the assistance of a number of clever players specially engaged for this production.

### Melba in Concert

The great Melba assisted by Ada Sassoli, harpist, B. Emilio Puyans, flutist, and Uda Waldrop, pianist, will be heard in concert at Scottish Rite Hall next Thursday night, February 3, at 8:30 sharp. Since her last visit to San Francisco Madame Melba has worked like a Trojan. The directors of the Chicago Opera Association permitted her to dictate her own terms and monopolize whatever roles she wanted for "guest" appearances, and some of the biggest nights of the recent season at the Auditorium in Chicago were the Melba nights in "La Boheme" and "Traviata." With the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Philadelphia and Boston Melba had successes that were nothing short of sensational. She has earned \$164,000 for the Red Cross, \$28,000 of which was made recently in Canada, and has been the recipient of great social attention everywhere. Seats for the Melba concert are on sale at Sherman, Clay. The complete program follows: Trio Harp, Flute and Piano; Andante from concerto in C, Mozart, Signorina Sassoli, Mons. Puyans. Mad Scene (Hamlet),



EMMY DESTINN

The greatest of all great sopranos who will sing at Columbia Theatre, February 13 and 20, and in Oakland February 17

Thomas, Madame Melba. Harp Solo; Gavotte, Rameau; Minuette, Massenet; Impromptu, Pierre; Signorina Sassoli. Aria, "Sweet Bird," Handel, Madame Melba (Flute obligato, Mons. Puyans). Harp Solo; Old French Song, Perilhou; Le Rouet, Zabel; Marionettes, Tedeschi; Signorina Sassoli. Ave Maria (Otello), Verdi; Addio (La Boheme), Puccini; Madame Melba. Flute Solo, Mons. Puyans. Harp Solo, Priere, Gitana, Hasselmans, Signorina Sassoli. Waltz Song "Se Seran Rose," Arditi, Madame Melba.

### "Style Show" at Pantages

"The Style Show," a musical tabloid with fourteen pretty fashion models, will be the topping feature on the new bill at Pantages. These are several good funmakers with the production which is magnificently staged. The girls have all been chosen for their stunning figures, and the gowns, frocks and hats bear the distinctive brand of Broadway. "Oklahoma"

Bob Albright who for several seasons on the circuit styled himself the "Male Melba," is making his annual tour, using clever Cliff Carney, the young pianist, as his accompanist. Albright is one of the most popular entertainers in vaudeville. The Potts Brothers will present a rollicking English playlet which ran for a season in London, "A Double Double." The brothers are as like as two peas. The Standard Brothers have an acrobatic offering of genuine class. Bert Wiggins and Company will do juggling and comedy in "The Lonesome Soldier." Dainty Billie Seaton has a fetching personality and sings popular ballads. The seventh episode of "The Red Circle" will be shown.

### A Leap Year Answer

I have listened, Amaryllis. I have heard your story through,  
And, as I remarked to Phyllis, I believe it all is true—  
It doth ring, O quite sincerely, and it fills me with delight,  
For I love you quite as dearly as the moonbeam loves the night.

It is sweet to know you love me with the whole of your dear heart,  
And by the stars above me I would gladly do my part,  
For I find my love is burning not less ardently than yours,  
And the substance of my yearning my sincerity assures.

But—I feel that I must say it—though my lips would rather not—  
In this game of life I play it at a pace that's rather hot.  
I'm a man of many fancies for the luxuries of life,  
And I've some extravagances that might vex a willing wife.

I have clubs—some ten or twenty—and a score of motor cars.  
Father gives me money plenty for my neckties and cigars.  
As you know, I'm quite a dandy, and my costumes are au fait—  
Seven suits all spick and spandy are my portion every day.

I should say that forty thousand it now costs to play the game—  
That's the sum my dad allows, and you would have to do the same;  
So that when you come to court me I must ask one thing of you:  
Do you think you can support me in the style I'm 'customed to?

—John Kendrick Bangs.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SARAH MYERS, also known as SARAH MEYERS, also known as SARAH MEYER, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, GEORGE J. MYERS, Administrator of the estate of SARAH MYERS, also known as SARAH MEYERS, also known as SARAH MEYER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Norman A. Eisner, Esq., his Attorney, Rooms Numbers 344 and 345 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SARAH MYERS, also known as SARAH MEYERS, also known as SARAH MEYER, deceased.

GEORGE J. MYERS,  
Administrator of the estate of Sarah Myers, also known as Sarah Meyers, also known as Sarah Meyer, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, January 29, 1916.  
NORMAN A. EISNER,  
Attorney for Administrator,  
344-345 Mills Bldg., San Francisco. 1-29-5



## DEGOGORZA

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Fifth Pair of Concerts, Cort Theatre

Friday, February 4, 3 P. M.; Sunday, Feb. 6, 2:30 P. M.

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH, Soloist

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—"War Stocks" again took the lead and pushed railroad shares into the background. The new favorites were very erratic in their movements. They went down like lead and then most of them rose like corks towards the end of the week, and the only excuses given were vague tips first of peace and afterwards of large orders for war materials from Russia and other Allies. When it is remembered how other stories of war orders have been scaled down and also how little is known about the earnings and prospective profits of the manufacturers of military supplies, one is not surprised that the big banks and conservative commission houses have set their faces against a stock market boom with "war stocks" as leaders of the movement. They were going up buoyantly at the end of the week, but they have had many a set-back in the last six months and nearly all of the active ones are far below their high records of last October. The present leader of the group, Crucible Steel, is selling for about half of its high record price of last fall. Railroad shares have held their own very well, but those who looked for an advance based on the January reinvestment demand have been disappointed. Europe thought about that January demand, and sent over a lot of stocks and bonds which have been absorbed without trouble, but which checked the tendency to rise that such securities displayed at the end of the year. The amount of common and preferred shares of the United Steel Corporation which have been resold to us by Europe since the war broke out has been made public and the figures prove that English investors have parted with 56 per cent of their common stock and only 12 per cent of their preferred. They have sold freely since the common dividend was cut and finally suspended. They are probably selling other American securities that do not pay dividends or interest and are holding most of the income producers, just as they have held Steel preferred. Steel preferred received dividends through the depression and will probably be classed as an investment of the highest class. Domestic trade conditions were never better. All industrial plants of importance are busy and prices have risen to levels that yield large profits out of which manufacturers are paying higher wages than ever before. The consumptive demand outruns production in practically every line. Steel products are now so high that there is danger of a check in the purchases of railroads and builders, but there has been no speculative buying, nobody has contracted for more than he can use and there is no danger of a sudden drop.

Wheat has again made several demonstrations of strength and on one rise advanced to a higher level than had heretofore been made. The severe cold weather was in a measure responsible for this, as it created apprehension as to the

possible effect on the winter wheat crop and whether the snow covering was sufficient to afford protection to the plant. A congested condition existing at the time, and offerings being somewhat limited, the market advanced rapidly. The advance, however, failed to hold, and some disappointment was exhibited on this account, many holders realizing, as a result. The export demand is reported as of considerable proportions, but at various times there are also advices of reselling, a fact which gives rise to uncertainty, more especially as Broomhall indicates that the United Kingdom can be provided from the Canadian surplus. Argentine shipments have not as yet assumed any considerable character, although the figures of that crop have been raised and Australian shipments are getting larger. A private report issued during the week does not suggest any great quantity of wheat remaining in our hands at the end of the crop year, should the foreign demand be of reasonable size. The primary movement has decreased considerably from recent, but the visible supply is at about last year's figures. The present reaction in wheat seems to be due more or less to an overbought condition and lack of conviction as to the quantity of our wheat being sold abroad; on any reasonable decline in prices, no doubt the export demand will be of important quantity, and when this develops, we believe the market will again evince an advancing tendency.

**Corn** has displayed remarkable strength during the week, and advanced to the highest levels yet witnessed on the crop. The strength in Liverpool prices and the fact that the Argentine shipments continue moderate has diverted foreign inquiry to this country, a factor which has had considerable influence on holders. Owing to the exceedingly bad weather conditions which prevailed until recently, the movement from the country dwindled to small proportions, but the advent of cold weather is expected to alter this situation, particularly as prices are at a high level. Holders have been quite confident of their position, but as there is likely a considerable long interest in existence, realizing on a large scale is probable at any time. We believe prices should sustain a normal decline.

**Cotton**—The market last week has been characterized by a preponderance of bearish news, and has been under constant pressure until the Government ginning figures were announced showing a very small ginning for the period. This showing caused a short covering move which caused a rally of about a dollar a bale. The bearish features were predictions of an increased acreage in Egypt, the enforcement of a stricter blockade by the British, continuation of high freight rates and scarcity of shipping room and a reported falling off in the spot demand. A weaker stock market also encour-

aged selling by Wall Street firms, several of whom are thought to be rather heavily committed on the short side. The principal buyers have been several of the big local spot firms and New England spinners, who have called considerable cotton on the decline. The technical position of the market now favors the bull side and we strongly recommend buying on all easy spots.

It's mighty hard to please a woman. If you stare at her she thinks you rude, and if you don't, she thinks you lack taste.

You never know what you can do till you try, and even then you may be sorry you found out.

The difference between theory and practice is often exemplified by the advice we give and the advice we take.

The social climber would even try to make his way up an icy stare.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM ROSS, deceased.—No. 20243; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the will of said WILLIAM ROSS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of Messrs. Powell & Dow, room 1029 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM ROSS, deceased.

ELIZABETH ROSS,

Executrix of the will of William Ross, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, California, January 29th, 1916.

POWELL & DOW,

Attorneys for Executrix,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1-29-5

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Capital actually paid up in Cash .....	1,000,000.00
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**SUMMONS (Divorce)**

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69542.  
SADIE A. McNEIL, Plaintiff, vs. LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:  
LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of November, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

H. D. GILDMACHER,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
525 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-10

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Estate of ARTHUR D. DAVIDSON, deceased.—No. 20203; Deft. No. 9.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of ARTHUR D. DAVIDSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ARTHUR D. DAVIDSON, deceased.

JULIETTE M. DAVIDSON,

Executrix of the last will and testament of

Arthur D. Davidson, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, January 22, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Executrix,  
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 22-1-5

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Estate of MARY E. HINDES, deceased.—No. 20170; Deft. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, STETSON G. HINDES, Administrator of the estate of MARY E. HINDES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. S. Spilman, 244 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said MARY E. HINDES, deceased.

STETSON G. HINDES,

Administrator of the estate of Mary E. Hindes, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 15, 1916.

J. S. SPILMAN,  
Attorney for Administrator,  
244 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-15-5

**SUMMONS (Divorce)**

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 70203.  
LILLIAN E. BERGES, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:  
JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's cruelty and intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS WILSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
2536 Hilgard Ave., Berkeley, Cal. 12-18-17

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**ALIAS SUMMONS**

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68344, Deft. No. 16.

JOHN SULLIVAN, Plaintiff, vs. W. J. HYNES, administrator of the estate of Hope A. Britting, also known as Hope A. Breutting, deceased; JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the amended complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said amended complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2nd day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. BRUNNER, Deputy Clerk.

WM. F. ROSE and BRUCE GLIDDEN,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
614 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-10

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IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand this 21st day of December, 1915.

HERMAN D. GILDMACHER.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 21st day of December in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a notary public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Herman D. Gildmacher, known to me to be the person, described in, whose name is subscribed to, and who executed the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same. Witness my hand and official seal, at my office, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal) A. J. NAGLE,  
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 27, 1915.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. B. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.



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SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 5, 1916

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## *IN THIS ISSUE:*

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Elihu Root's Warning

A Belasco Play Suppressed

A Little Child—A War Sketch

Supervisor Wolfe and the Examiner

Alice Nielsen Harks Back to the Past

Why the President Changes His Mind

The Mystery of a Balkan Correspondent

Alfred Hertz Praises Our Music Lovers

Pierre Loti's Story in King Albert's Book

*Read the February Lantern*



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# TOWN TALK

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## The President's Change of Mind

"Let no man say, if he would speak the truth, that the question of perfection of national defense is a question of war and peace." Thus politely does our President inform our pacifists of the Jordan-Bryan school that their argument against preparedness is flubdub. The President speaks as though he has "inside" information that justifies him in urging that the nation arm itself against the menace of war. Admitting that he has said the need of preparedness was not pressing, he affirms that now he knows it is pressing and that there is danger of our being drawn into the "maelstrom which is surging through Europe." A short while ago he was preaching the ideal of "service to mankind." Now he believes that service should begin at home and begin at once. For the President's change of mind we should be grateful. Let us not be too curious respecting the processes by which the change was wrought. Suffice it that he is now convinced that arbitration treaties are not better than battleships for protection against foreign aggression. We need not be told that it is not a sign of senility for a man to change his views. When the cocksure dogmatist finds a new gospel we perceive a symptom of mental development. Culture is measured by a man's capacity for forming new judgments. We are glad to see that the President's brain has not stopped growing. Hitherto it has appeared that his changes of mind were on the politician's principle of trimming sails to catch the popular breeze, but now that he is taking a lively interest in national defense perhaps he may put Son-in-Law McAdoo behind him and endeavor to undo the injury that has been worked by certain vicious legislation which bears his signature. By reason of the Seamen's law, which was signed by Mr. Wilson, a Japanese steamship line has the freight business of the Southern Pacific Railroad, the United States mails are carried by Japanese ships, and Japanese companies have now a virtual monopoly of commerce in the Pacific Ocean. The President will not be criticized if he changes his mind about the Seamen's bill. President Wilson's weakness is not evidenced by his occasional change of mind, but rather by his susceptibility to impulse and impression which to him are the last words of wisdom. Too bad he has not a little of intuition, which is the essence of the prophetic, and which enables a statesman to guess right oftener than he guesses wrong.

## Brandeis the Altruist

The appointment of Louis D. Brandeis to the Supreme Court is not to be viewed as further proof of Mr. Wilson's facility in changing his mind. Mr. Brandeis is a man after our President's own heart; that is to say, a theorist and an idealist, just the sort of man who has to change his mind every little while owing to the stubbornness of realities in this workaday world. If Mr. Brandeis's changes of mind are less frequent than Mr. Wilson's it is because he is a man of greater ability and greater experience of the world. From all accounts Mr. Brandeis is a pretty good man. Like Mr. Wilson he is an altruist, but unlike Mr. Wilson, who once sought a pension out of the Carnegie Fund, Mr. Brandeis is not an academical but a practical altruist. In an interview five years ago Mr. Brandeis said:

"Some men buy diamonds and rare works of art, others delight in automobiles and yachts. My luxury is to invest my surplus effort beyond that required for the proper support of my family to the pleasure of taking up a problem and solving, or helping to solve, it for the people without receiving any compensation."

Thus we see Mr. Brandeis is a genuine altruist. We have not only his own word for it; as an attorney he has rendered public service more than once and refused to accept compensation. Whatever the defects of Mr. Brandeis, they are of the mind, not of the heart. A reformer with unbounded faith in the science of efficiency, he too has had to change his mind about principles that seemed to give assurance of the possibility of attaining perfection. This is the result of his German training, which has worked wonders of efficiency. It has been said of the Germans that as a result of their scientific training they foresaw before the war everything but what happened. Doubtless it was at school in Germany that Mr. Brandeis became attached to the principles of government which he advocates. We learn from that interview from which we have quoted that like all Progressives of five years ago Mr. Brandeis was an ardent advocate of the German principle of governmental control. He was for "increasing governmental control physically and socially" on the theory that it would reduce the "great inequalities in the distribution of wealth." There has been a very widespread change of opinion respecting this theory during the present Administration, and now we find the Progressives themselves in conference assembled demanding a revival of faith in old-fashioned American principles. And we find men of the first order of mind calling attention to the evils that have come from the principles so warmly espoused by Mr. Brandeis and attributing them to foreign education. It was only the other day that Mr. Elihu Root ad-

ressing the New York State Bar Association warned his hearers not only against those principles but against men who had imported from Europe theories of government in conflict with the spirit of our laws and institutions.

## Root On American Principles

As there is hardly any danger of the President's changing his mind about Mr. Brandeis right away it will do no harm to call attention to some of the remarks made by Mr. Root in the speech which has been pronounced "the greatest effort of his distinguished career." So we quote:

"Upon the one hand is the declaration in that great instrument, the value of which we hardly yet appreciate, the immortal Declaration, penned by Thomas Jefferson, that all men are created with inalienable rights, which governments are created to preserve (applause). On the other hand is the principle that States are created with supreme rights which all individuals are bound to observe. The one centres the system of law and order and justice upon the inalienable right of the individual, the other centres the system of law and order and justice upon the rights of the State, which subordinates the rights of the individual, and that is the fundamental question which is being fought out upon the battlefields of Europe. . . . We must be prepared to defend our individual liberty in two ways. We must be prepared to do it first by force of arms against all external aggression (applause). God knows I love peace and I despise all foolish and wicked wars, but I do not wish for my country the peace of slavery or dishonor or injustice or poltroonery (great applause). We must be prepared to defend it within as against all indifference and false doctrine, against all willingness to *submit individual independence to the control of practical tyranny, whether it be of a monarch or a majority*. Now there are certain circumstances which tend toward weakening the allegiance of the American people to the fundamental principles upon which the law of America is based. One of them is that the changes in conditions have required and are continually requiring extensions of government, governmental regulation and control, in order to prevent injustice; and we naturally turn in the creation of those new and necessary regulations to those governments which have been most efficient in regulation, and those are the governments which sacrifice individual liberty for the purpose of regulating the conduct of men; and so the tendency is away from the old American principles toward the principles of bureaucratic and governmental control over individual life; a dangerous road for a free people to travel to attain necessary results, and the danger is that in attaining those results the true principles of liberty be lost sight of. . . . Another circumstance which we ought not to lose sight of is that a vast number have come within very recent times from those coun-



tries of Europe which differ so widely in their fundamental conceptions of law and personal freedom from ourselves. The millions of immigrants who have come from the continent of Europe have come from communities which have not the traditions of individual liberty, but the traditions of State control over liberty; they have come from communities in which the courts are part of the administrative system of government, not independent tribunals to do justice between individuals and the government; they have come from communities in which the law is contained in codes framed and imposed upon the people by superior power, and not communities like ours, in which the law is the growth of the life of the people through their own recognition of their needs. It is a slow process to change the attitude of the individual toward law, toward political principles. It cannot be done in a moment, and this great mass of men, good men, good women, without our traditions, but with entirely different traditions, will change us unless we change them. Fifteen per cent of the lawyers of this city are foreign born. Fifty per cent of the lawyers of this city are either foreign born or of foreign parents. And the great mass of them have in their blood, with all the able and brilliant and good and noble men among them—have in their blood necessarily the traditions of the countries from which they came. They cannot help it. They will hold those traditions until they are expelled by the spirit of American institutions. That is a question of time. And somebody has got to look after it. Somebody has got to make the spirit of those institutions vocal. . . . The change may well be seen in our colleges and law schools, where there are many professors who think they know better what law ought to be, and what the principles of jurisprudence ought to be, and what the political institutions of the country ought to be, than the people of England and America, working out their laws through centuries of life. And these men, who think they know it all, these half baked and conceited theorists, are teaching the boys in our law schools and in our colleges to despise American institutions (ap-  
plause)."

Of course Mr. Root had no suspicion of Mr. Wilson's intention to appoint Mr. Brandeis to the Supreme Court. If he had he might have mentioned that gentleman as an exception. For after all is said Brandeis is a pretty good American though in favor of the Germanic principle of gov-

ernment. When Brandeis had that interview five years ago Mr. Roosevelt, whose education was not made in Germany, was abusing our institutions. Mr. Brandeis took occasion to say then that the Federal Constitution was not in need of amendment. He added: "Nor should our judges and courts be assailed."

#### The Price of Virtue Fixed

Wise men tell us that sociology as a practical science has failed because it has applied to the phenomena involved in practical social problems the same terminology, the same methods of observation and reasoning which are applied to the phenomena involved in speculative social problems. Of this American practitioners of social science in those great forcing plants of discontent—the universities—are not aware. If they have dissipated some popular errors they have given a new vitality to others, and they have supplied a pseudo-scientific sanction to the most absurd fallacies. Here for example are the Illinois masters of sociology presuming to determine how much money a woman must be given to enable her to preserve her virtue. They tell us that a woman cannot be virtuous on less than \$8 a week. Thus would they give a scientific sanction to the dictum that poverty is the cause of prostitution. From investigations of the social evil that have been made time and again we have learned that loss of virtue is more frequently due to temperament than to poverty. But assuming that a woman's virtue is a matter of dollars and cents are we to assume also that there is perfect equality among women in the matter of taste and craving? This would seem to be the postulate of the Illinois sociologists, else why should they bother about arriving at a wage standard for the preservation of chastity? Evidently these half-baked scientists who are spending their time trying to find out what the matter is with the world would merge all women into one class. This is in pursuance of the easy method by which all sociologists reach their solemn conclusions. They argue and think about all men under the single category of "man."

#### Astronomers in Wartime

Preoccupied on mountain peaks with

extra-mundane affairs, astronomers are too well entertained by the heavens to be distracted by trivial matters of heart interest to the inhabitants of this sublunary sphere. What is there in the trenches of Europe to interest men who have the canals on Mars to look at? But what if the canals are an optical illusion? Well, there is the new world that has just bobbed up in the Milky Way, and there are the sun spots which are always changing, supplying eternally fresh material for speculation. Civilization may be rocking on its foundation, but the astronomer is star-gazing like the Chaldean shepherd of old in a sea of light "unfathomed and without a shore." There may be no canals on Mars, but even so, the astronomers find enough in interstellar space to ensure them against ennui. One of them has just succeeded in detaching a new world from the Milky Way, one that is going at a terrific speed in the opposite direction; another has received a medal for his investigations of sun spots, and several representatives of the British Astronomical Association who have been devoting themselves exclusively to the study of Mars ever since 1909 have ventured to destroy with one blow the beautiful edifice of Martian conjecture. Percival Lowell of Flagstaff to the contrary notwithstanding, the British scientists report that Mars has no canals. They have ascertained beyond peradventure that through the years Professor Lowell has been speculating about phenomena that have no existence. This is unpleasant news. We hate to think that the Flagstaff savant has been wasting his precious time. He might have been studying Halley's Comet and figuring out how that nebulous luminary inspired the ultimatum that started the war. However, though the British discovery is discouraging, it does not disprove the theory that Mars is inhabited. Long ago it was suspected that Schiaparelli's straight *canali* were an illusion, but scientists said that nevertheless Mars might be inhabited though not by human beings like ourselves, as they could not exist there for an hour. Venus, we believe, would be a much better planet to be transported to, for it has a tolerable climate and atmosphere. If we conceive Mars to be inhabited we must also conceive a form of living being somewhat different from man, which is easy enough.

## Perspective Impressions

Colonel House has had a very satisfactory trip, all the banquets agreeing with him.

Think of having nothing to worry about except the correct Spanish name of Twin Peaks!

Colonel Roosevelt is neither too proud to fight, nor too modest to pose for a picture of himself leading a charge that was led by another.

Senator Borah says that so far as the Democratic platform is concerned he is "simply an onlooker in Venice." That's what happens when an American statesman affects literary culture.

President Wilson is not too proud to fight. He's only reluctant.

O for a President with that mysterious quality of the intellect by which men are able to apprehend the disabilities and imbecilities of the political world.

President Garfield of Williams College says we ought not to have a larger military establishment than we need. Even a militarist will not dispute this wise professorial utterance.

Of course the Filipinos are fit for self-government. Haven't they been educated on the American plan?

Wonder what Hearst really thinks of some of the pulpit-pounders that praise him?

Apropos of nothing we wish to remark that there are changes of mind which are mental and others which are political.

"Did you ever stop to think what it is America stands for?" asked the President in his Pittsburg speech. Well, the United States "stands for" a lot of things.

To the millionaires who are deserting dry Seattle for wet San Francisco we wish to say that if they'll bring some of their vintage wines along we'll gladly drink their health.



## Varied Types

CCLXVI—ALFRED HERTZ

By Edward F. O'Day

The setting sun was splashing the horizon with color as I sat with Alfred Hertz in the music room of his home at Seacliff and waited for the coffee to percolate. There are two great windows in this music room, one looking westward toward Mile Rock Light and the other north to the magnificent hills of Marin. Hertz saw me looking out toward the sunset, and forgot the coffee for a moment.

"Is it not wonderful?" he exclaimed, jumping up and gesticulating with the inevitable cigar. "I assure you, I have seen most of the beautiful places in this country and Europe, but there is none that can compare with this. Such sunsets! My wife and I drive frequently at this hour to the crest of Lincoln Park—the end of the trail—and just stand there and look. Sometimes it is so grand that I want to get down on my knees and pray. And yet so many San Franciscans take it all for granted, never look at it, never speak about it. Perhaps they do not know that there is nothing like it in the world.

"The last time I came to San Francisco," the great conductor continued, busying himself with his coffee machine, "my visit ended quite unpleasantly. It took me some time to get over that experience. But one forgets. In a few months I was longing to be back in San Francisco. This city makes a deep impression on one.

"This is my third visit. I came here first with the Metropolitan artists, the time that 'Parsifal' was given. The second visit was in April, 1906. I conducted only one performance, 'The Queen of Sheba.' But I was to conduct 'Lohengrin,' the night of Wednesday, April 18. Alois Burgstaller was to sing Lohengrin that night. He had never sung it before, and I did not think he should sing it then. It was not a role for him. The rehearsals showed that. I protested that he should not sing it. He admitted that it was not a suitable role for him, but he said: 'It is in my contract, and I shall sing it because I want the eight hundred dollars.' 'There will be a catastrophe,' I told him.

"The catastrophe came in the morning. I left my room on the top floor of the Palace in my nightgown. One learns by experience. Since then I have worn pajamas. On the street I met Burgstaller. 'Alois, I told you there would be a catastrophe,' I said, and he did not like it. He has retired since—without singing Lohengrin! At that time I was fond of driving horses, as I am now fond of driving a car. I went to the livery stable for my team, but it had been taken by the authorities. Rappold and I found a hack driver, and he drove us out to Golden Gate Park for five dollars. We would have paid fifty gladly. The hack driver was very drunk, but we managed to reach the park in safety. We spent that night in a street car, and it was an awful night. There were about fifty of us in the car, so you may imagine what it was. I was next to the property man of the Metropolitan, and first he would snatch a few minutes of sleep leaning on my shoulder; then I would get a few winks with my head on his shoulder. We have often talked of that night. All night long there was the noise of dynamiting, and to make matters worse there was a menagerie of wild animals, belonging to some circus no doubt, quite near us. We could hear the animals roaring all through the night, and we had visions of the cages breaking and a lion or a tiger appearing among us! Somebody had told us that after a great earthquake another always followed twen-

ty-four hours later, and we were waiting for that!

"I had a fever when I left San Francisco. In Oakland I bought a pair of pajamas that were too small for me. Sembrich bought a wrapper that went round her three times! I had lost everything I possessed. On leaving New York I had closed my apartment and brought everything I possessed to San Francisco, for I was going from San Francisco to New Orleans and then north again and straightway aboard a steamer for Europe. My library—everything—was lost. I came here with all I had. I left with this only."

Hertz put down his coffee cup and jumped up. From the book case top he took one of the familiar old Palace Hotel room keys. It nestled in a specially made setting of plush and gold, with a suitable inscription.

"It is a souvenir I have with me always," he said. "For a long time afterwards I could not sleep. That April day was in my thoughts continually. But the unpleasant part of the memory faded away after a while, and now one can laugh about it. And as it faded the desire to return to San Francisco became very strong.

"I am very happy here. You have here a large body of enthusiastic and discriminating music lovers. Their response to our efforts has been wonderful. It makes our hard work easy. And your music critics are very good critics, and very kind. They have what one misses in New York—a fresh enthusiasm. The New York critics are blasé. They cannot help becoming so. Here it is different. And there is the ring of sincerity about all they write. I assure you I do not say this merely because they have been so kind to me.

"When the symphony concerts started, it was planned to make the Sunday concerts different from those of Friday, to make them concerts of popular music. I opposed this. 'There is nothing too good for those who go to hear music,' I insisted. 'Let us give them the best.' I am very glad that I insisted on that. The response has been wonderful.

"The Cort Theatre is not the ideal place for symphony concerts. The genius loci is missing. If one had the power of choice one would not give symphony concerts in a theatre which is also devoted to 'So Long Letty,' to moving pictures and so forth. But in another way the Cort is admirable. The acoustics are splendid.

"Not so the Civic Auditorium. I shall make the general statement that no hall seating ten thousand people is suitable for concerts; it is much too large. And then there is the matter of acoustics. The builders of the Auditorium were thinking of size only. They paid no attention to acoustics. The echo is very bad. There is talk of improving the acoustics of the Auditorium, but those who built it sinned so badly that improvement would mean building it all over again. I shall never forget my first experience there. We had rehearsed in a small hall, and all went splendidly. Then we had a last rehearsal in the Auditorium. Some of the instruments I could not hear at all. Others I heard in the wrong place. It was terrible. After that rehearsal I collapsed completely. I had a crying spell in the car going home. My wife suggested that the concert be cancelled. But it was to be my first public appearance here, and it was out of the question not to give the concert. So we did the best we could."

"Yes," said Hertz in answer to a question, "I am very tired after a concert. I am quite exhausted. But I recuperate rapidly. I have something to eat and drink, or I chat with my friends, or play a game of chess, and in an hour or so the fatigue has disappeared. I am not conscious of this fatigue during the concert. I am thinking of the music. I am wrapped up in it. So are the players. They are splendid men; they are as responsive as the audience. I am very hard on them at rehearsal, but they do not mind. After all, it is not much if players like their leader and do not respect him. And one can only command their respect by insisting that they do their best. Is it not so?"

Of course it must be so. There is nothing this man does not know about conducting. For fourteen years he conducted Wagnerian performances at the Metropolitan. He conducted the first performance of "Parsifal" given outside of New York at the Metropolitan. He conducted the Bayreuth. And the first American performance of Strauss' "Salome." He has conducted at the great opera houses of Germany, and in London. It is a signal honor for our city that he should be conducting symphony concerts here. And it is good to know that our music lovers appreciate him—to learn from his own lips that he is happy here. The sunsets seen from the crest of Lincoln Park would not be quite so beautiful to Alfred Hertz if the public was grudging in its response to his endeavors. That would only be human, and Alfred Hertz is a very human sort of great man.

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## Two Little Refugees

*(The following story was Pierre Loti's contribution to "King Albert's Book." This book, made up of contributions from famous English and French authors, and dedicated to King Albert was published for the benefit of the Belgians.)*

"At evening in one of our southern towns, a train full of Belgian refugees ran into the station, and, poor martyrs exhausted and bewildered got out slowly one by one on the unfamiliar platform, where French people were waiting to receive them.

"Carrying a few provisions caught up at random, they had got into the carriages without even asking whither they were bound, urged by their anxiety to flee, to flee desperately from horror and death, from unspeakable mutilation and Sadic outrage—from things that seemed no longer possible in the world, but which, it seems, were lying dormant in pietistic German brains, and had suddenly belched forth upon their land and ours like a belated manifestation of original barbarism.

"They no longer possessed a village, nor a home, nor a family; they arrived like jetsam cast up by the waters, and the eyes of all were full of terrified anguish. Many children, little girls whose parents had disappeared in the stress of fire and battle; and aged women, now alone in the world, who had fled, hardly knowing why, no longer caring for life, but moved by some obscure instinct of self-preservation.

"Two little creatures, lost in the pitiable

throng, held each other tightly by the hand, two little boys obviously brothers—the elder, who may have been five years old, protecting the younger, of about three. No one claimed them, no one knew them. How had they been able to understand, finding themselves alone, that they too must get into this train to escape death? Their clothes were decent, and their little stockings were thick and warm; clearly they belonged to humble but careful parents; they were doubtless the sons of one of those sublime Belgian soldiers who had fallen heroically on the battlefield, and whose last thought had perhaps been one of supreme tenderness for them.

"The elder, clasping the little one's hand closely, as if fearing to lose him, seemed to wake to a sense of his duty as protector, and, half asleep already, found strength to say in a suppliant tone, to the Red Cross lady bending over him:

"Madame, are they going to put us to bed soon?"

"For the moment this was all they were capable of wishing, all that they hoped for from human pity: to be put to bed.

"They were put to bed at once, together, of

course, still holding each other tightly by the hand, and, nestling one against the other, they fell at the same moment into the tranquil unconsciousness of childish slumber.

"Once, long ago, in the China Sea, during the war, two little frightened birds, smaller even than our wrens, arrived, I know not how, on board our ironclad, in our Admiral's cabin, and all day long, though no one attempted to disturb them, they fluttered from side to side, perching on cornices and plants.

"At nightfall, when I had forgotten them, the Admiral sent for me. It was to show me, not without emotion, the two little visitors, who had gone to roost in his room, perched upon a slender silken cord, above his bed. They nestled closely together, two little balls of feathers; touching and almost merged one in the other, and slept without the slightest fear, sure of our pity.

"And these little Belgians sleeping side by side made me think of the two little birds lost in the China Sea. There was the same confidence and the same innocent slumber—but a greater tenderness was about to watch over them."

## "A Little Child"

By Bernard Capes

What is a miracle? "A supernatural event," says the dictionary, judging things by the limited sphere of Nature which we command. Then a baby is a miracle, because we cannot command it; and, by the same process of reasoning, all life is a miracle. So it is; but when it comes to a request for a definition the safest answer is the negative answer, as given by the Irish priest to a contentious parishioner. What exactly is a miracle?—that was the question put; and the good Father made reply: "Walk on a bit, my son, and I'll think it over." So the disputant forged ahead, and presently received a very severe kick on the reverse of his medal. "Did you feel that, my son?" "Indeed, and I did, Father." "Faith, if you hadn't, it would have been a miracle—and there you are."

I, for my part, will venture no nearer an exposition than that; and, as to the following incident, you may believe it or not as you like. It was related by a sergeant who took part in the great retreat, and if I tell it in my own words, it is because I cannot reproduce the forcible simplicity of his.

He was just a typical sergeant of the regulars—alert and perspicacious, if strictly within the limits of his professional range—and he told the story quite unaffectedly and without the slightest suggestion of a moral. The thing had puzzled him, but no more than that; and he was satisfied to class it among the inexplicable phenomena which the war had turned up from unfathomed psychologic depths, as the submarine volcano brought Kipling's monster Kraken to the surface.

The protagonist of the tale was a certain private known popularly, or unpopularly, as "Nobby;" but whether from some physical defect or some moral callosity does not appear. Only one may judge from Nobby's reputation, which was villainous, that the appellation was not in any respect complimentary. He was, to

make short work of it, a thoroughly bad lot, with a rotten record as regarded women and drink, and a very ugly and dangerous temper. Also—which may be said to follow—the creature was a good fighter and a bad retreat. He went mostly alone for that—avoided even in the general disaster—a sullen aloof figure, trudging its solitary way, with bloody bandage wrapped about its head, and eyes cast down and lips cursing.

Now, of all the emotions accompanying that long forced retreat—shame, wrath, hunger and deadly weariness—there was none, says my sergeant, which so wrung the heart of the British soldier as that caused by the sight of the miserable refugees, women, children and old men, who day after day gasped and fled and stumbled and died by the way, trying to keep pace with the rush, and whose dire necessities it was utterly impossible, in the urgency of things, to relieve. It was torturing to witness it all, said he, and not be able to hold out a hand in succor; though here and there might be seen an exhausted Tommy shouldering a poor drooping baby, while its breathless, white-faced mother hurried frantically alongside.

Nobby, of course, was not impelled to that form of humanity—not so far as we have got, anyway. It would have implied a kind of moral weakness which he would have been the last man to wish to exhibit before his fellows. Besides, there is sometimes a diffidence in vice which makes it shy of its own title to do the right thing. Call it what you will; that thing did nevertheless come to happen in the end—and that was the first of the miracle. It was heralded by the looming up ahead one day of a little roadside church, out of which came trooping a crowd of women, who had taken temporary refuge there, waiting for help to come.

There was one among these unhappy creatures

who stood right in Nobby's path. She was poorest of the poor, with an old blue shawl so wrapped about her face as near to hide it. Only her eyes looked out, piteous and entreating; and she held a little tired child against her breast—a heavy burden for such thin arms.

And then the marvel began. With a sanguinary oath, Nobby bullied the child from its mother's arms and carried it, while the woman sped alongside. "And he took it tender, and carried it tender, I tell you," said the sergeant. He was the one nearest neighbor to Nobby for the next half-dozen miles or so; and he could not see the child as it lay cuddled in the reprobate's arms, but he could hear its small voice prattling to its bearer, and it struck him with some fleeting wonder that the voice spoke in English. He did not comment much on the oddity in his own mind—what with the heat and dust and mortal fatigue a man seemed to go as if in a dream, blindly—but he never had a doubt, then or thereafter, that the child spoke to Nobby and spoke in English. And once he heard it ask of Nobby if his head hurt him much, and heard Nobby answer, "Cruel;" after which a tiny hand moved up and touched the soaked bandage—for it is a fact that the man was very badly hit.

And at last it came about that Nobby stopped and reeled, and with an effort faced the mother. He was that done, he said, he could tackle the bloomin' kid no longer—and with the word he put it into her arms. And, as he did so, from some who were passing near came an irresistible jeer of laughter—for the thing he had placed in the woman's arms was no baby at all, but an image. It was just the Bambino, which the woman—whoever she was—had salvaged from the little church, that the enemy might not in following desecrate it.

Well, who was the woman? And why did she



pick out the greatest blackguard in the regiment to carry her precious booty for her? One can guess from Nobby's dead face, which was eloquent of many things. For I have it from the sergeant that Nobby died then and there by the wayside, and that the woman gave him no thanks for his charity, because, when they

came to inquire for her and her "baby," neither was to be found. But the dead man looked very happy, as if all his pain in some wonderful way was gone.

The extreme of tragedy is the beginning of laughter; and that is where mortal sanity preserves its own. Otherwise it would not have

been remembered against Nobby, by those who witnessed the incident, that for six miles he had staggered along under the weight of a wooden doll, which he had taken for a living infant. But that was a joke about which the sergeant preserved his private opinion. He had heard the doll talk—and in English.

## A Mysterious Correspondent

He Has Brought News and Alarm to England from the Near East—Believed to Be an American

By ROBERT McTAVISH

Much curiosity has been aroused in London by a correspondent of the Daily Mail who has been gathering news in the Balkans. He has been able to meet men high up in the German army and in the diplomatic service and get interviews with them without their suspecting his identity. It was this correspondent who was a guest at the little banquet in Nish which was attended by the Kaiser and King Ferdinand. His report of the banquet was cabled to this country, and excerpts from it appeared in our dailies last Sunday. The belief is current in London that he is an American, and the American Embassy is considerably perturbed, and is making official inquiries. If he is discovered to be an American his passport will be forfeited on the ground that he is a breaker of neutrality. Two Americans now in London are suspected. One of them answers to the following description of the anonymous writer given in the Daily News of London: "He is a young journalist who has had a most adventurous career and has an extraordinary command of languages." This description fits a young Californian journalist, Mr. Herbert Thompson, who has been doing newspaper work in London for two years. Thompson has had a most adventurous career and he speaks French, Spanish and German. As he is a student of languages and has a gift for acquiring them he may have picked up a few more since his going to Europe. He has a passion for tramping, and while pursuing his favorite mode of travel in Mexico he began the study of Spanish, and some months later while tramping in Spain he spoke the language fluently. He fought with the Oregon regiment in the Philippines, he has been through the South Sea Islands and the Hawaiian Islands, and he has had a world of adventure. Assuredly he fits the description, but he is a young man of great independence of character and with certain ideals of journalism which might cause one to doubt that he would take a job on a Northcliffe paper.

Whoever the anonymous journalist be he has certainly created a big stir in England, not only by the mystery that he has created but by the news that he has given. He returned to London the other day, and in the first article published after his arrival he said: "I had not been in London twenty-four hours without realizing the great and dangerous ignorance about what Germany is setting about in the Near East." He added that he proposed to submit proof, and he began their display at once. After the banquet at Nish the correspondent took a trip on the Berlin-Constantinople express—the famous Balkan Zug. Of this he says:

"The Balkan Express is probably the handsomest train in Europe. It was designed beyond doubt for the purpose of impressing the thousands of people who see it twice a week on its way between Berlin and Constantinople. It impresses and alarms the Turks as proof of German efficiency and impresses the Germans, Austrians, Hungarians and Bulgarians. Its name is blazoned in three-foot letters on each wagon

and the engine. The carriages are decorated with flags and flowers, and every passenger wears a German flag with the words 'Balkan Zug' and the date in his buttonhole. The train consisted of four sleeping cars, one dining car and one ordinary first and second class carriage. The food aboard, doubtless for advertising purposes, was infinitely better than at Constantinople, Vienna or Berlin. One is free from the tiresome bread ticket, but at Constantinople there is a very different story. There one realizes the pressure of the war more than in any of the great capitals in the war zone I have yet visited. I was there a few months before, but today things are much worse. The dearth of the necessities of life is now of an alarming nature. The Germans who swarm the streets, Government offices and railway trains see themselves well fed and well provided for in every respect. The more one sees of the German side of this war the more one realizes that the care and attention of the entire German people is almost entirely concentrated on the army. Thus, while all the Government offices in Constantinople are shabby, as they always have been, while electric light and gas light exist no longer, the German controlled War Office, where I had an interesting interview with Enver Pasha, has been entirely redecorated outside and inside and looks spic, span and Prussian. Tall, well-dressed German soldiers are on duty everywhere. We read constantly of prisoners taken on the western front consisting largely of badly dressed old Landsturm men and boys. The Germans are not sending this class to the East. The German army in Constantinople consists really of first rate troops."

The writer expresses doubts of the accuracy of the statements printed in the Times that the Germans have 50,000 troops in Constantinople. "Fifty thousand German troops may have passed through Constantinople," he says, "but after inquiries I should put the actual number here at any one time at ten thousand. Constantinople is only a temporary depot. I stayed at the Pera Palace Hotel. The electric light was reduced to a solitary bulb here and there. There was no gas. The food was bad. Bread tickets were given for bread, which was practically uneatable. The hotel is swarming with German officers, who are grumbling bitterly at the fare, but all are talking of Egypt.

"When I returned to Asia Minor I stayed at the Continental Hotel, where things were even worse. On Gallipoli day—the day when the news was made public that the last Englishman had been driven into the sea—the town was gay with flags, there were mobs passing up and down waving banners and shouting. Notices in Turkish and German were exhibited everywhere and newspaper bulletins were rushed hither and thither by ragged boys and men. A Frenchman, who had turned Mohammedan and was staying at the hotel, said they had paid dearly for the victory. Wounded passed here in endless processions for days. Electric cars, horse carriages

and the few remaining motor cars were filled with them.

"The condition of affairs in Constantinople approaches famine. The electric tramcar service has practically disappeared. Sugar is quoted at five shillings (\$1.25) a pound, coffee at six shillings (\$1.50). The price of cigarettes has advanced about 40 per cent. Anybody who knows Turkey will understand what that means to a people who practically smoke all day. Matches are three pence a box. Of paraffin there is none left. The supply of chocolate is finished, and cheese is not obtainable apart from the horrible Tirkis kind. Mutton has advanced 40 per cent; beef cannot be had. The small Turkish eggs which were four for a penny seven months ago are now two pence each. There is no rice, but fish is plentiful, as usual. But none of these factors seems to interfere with the movement of the great German war machine. If the Turkish population goes short, the German private soldier gets his full ration."

The correspondent relates an interview with Halil Bey at the Foreign Office, which, like every other Turkish Government department, is full of Germans. The Turkish Foreign Minister said:

"We Turks need the German business initiative. We do not possess it yet. Look at what Germany did for Rumania. Germany has reorganized Rumania and set her on her feet. She is now rich and prosperous and full of enterprise. The Germans will help Turkey to become a wealthy nation. See what the Germans are doing for us in Anatolia. There 200 German non-commissioned officers are teaching our people modern farming."

Through Halil Bey the writer got an interview with Enver Pasha, which between twenty and thirty German and Austrian correspondents had sought in vain. The correspondent says that Enver is young, short, extremely well dressed—a dandy in fact. He speaks German perfectly. "Enver Pasha has a merry, twinkling eye and extremely easy manner," the correspondent says, "and he wears the Iron Cross. I asked him whether it was true that England had prepared a separate peace with Turkey and whether such a peace would have any effect. He replied that it was too late."

Enver Pasha told the correspondent that the Turkish motto was "To Egypt." He found that the general trend of opinion was that the Suez Canal would be destroyed. A German officer said to him: "If necessary we shall fill it from end to end with sand."

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# Poems About San Franciscans

XIII—FRANK UNGER

By George Sterling

(Frank Unger, one of the Old Guard of Bohemia, passed from life just before the recent Christmas holidays. Sterling was an intimate friend of his, and wrote these verses for reading at the funeral services. The chapel was crowded with men and women who had known Frank Unger well, and the picture which Sterling's exquisite lines called up affected them very deeply.)

Thou sleepest well! On all our troubled earth,  
Weary of war, what gentler heart could cease?  
O Savior! At the season of Thy birth  
Thou hast remembered that Thy gift is peace!

A voice is mute that had no word of hate,  
And one gone forth who shall not come again—  
A comrade true, a friend compassionate;  
Tender and brave, a soul without a stain.

Jesus, whose word it was that save as we  
Become as little children, meek and mild,  
We shall not enter, turn Thy face and see:  
One waiteth at the door, a little child!

## The Spectator

### A Serious Accusation

"Is Eddie Wolfe going to sue the Examiner for libel?" asked the Alan Who Winds the Ferry Clock when I looked in to pass the time of day. I replied that I didn't know.

"I shouldn't be surprised if he did," went on the clockwinder. "It was a mighty serious accusation the Examiner made against him. It may ruin him. If he hadn't been elected as a union labor supervisor it wouldn't matter so much. In fact it might be considered a compliment. It would make him stand out. I don't believe there ever was a supervisor who had it in all the previous history of the city."

"What in thunder are you talking about?" I demanded.

"I thought I made it clear that I was talking about Eddie Wolfe," said the clockwinder in a cutting tone.

"Yes," I said, "but what is it that Eddie has that no other supervisor ever had? Some disease?"

"The gout is not a disease; it's a distinction," said the clockwinder. "Except when a union labor supervisor gets it; then it's a mistake. The Examiner accused Eddie of having a gouty toe. If it ain't true it's libel. If it is true, it may ruin him. The plain people are suspicious of the gout. It smacks of plutocracy. No union labor supervisor has a right to contract it; rheumatism is all right, but the very name of gout sounds expensive."

### Gout as an Argument

"Of course," continued the clockwinder, "gout is a great argument. As the Examiner used it gout was a knock-out. 'Here is Eddie Wolfe trying to put an expert on Tom Cashin's books,' said the Examiner. 'The iniquity of this attempt will be plain to our readers when we inform them that Eddie Wolfe has the gout.' Or words to that effect. How can you answer an argument like that? I look to see it become very popular in Examiner editorials. I suppose when they disagree with Rolph they'll floor him with the statement that he has no appendix. Or if they want to get Gus White they'll just remind the public that he once had the measles, whooping cough and colic. If Chief Murphy incurs their displeasure they'll dig up the facts about an attack of la grippe he suffered from this winter. All these diseases are clenchers in argument, but of course they don't hold a candle to the gout. If I were a union labor supervisor I'd rather have Con Deasy call me 'Puck' than have the Examiner accuse me of the gout. I repeat: Eddie ought to sue the Examiner for libel."

### He Congratulates Wolfe

A little later the clockwinder met Mr. Wolfe and congratulated him on his speech in denunciation of the Examiner. "That was good stuff, Eddie," said the clockwinder. "You got that over in fine shape. The city can stand a lot of that nowadays. In the present state of the public mind I think a man could run for mayor on an anti-Hearst platform. If you can make them threaten about once a month to start a recall proposition you'll not have to worry at all."

"Evidently," said Wolfe, his eyes twinkling, "you think Hearst is making himself unpopular."

"Well, I don't know whether Hearst is doing it all by himself, but I've been wondering, now that Sam Chamberlain is no more, what he'll do the next time he wants to get a fresh hold on the public. You know Sam was Hearst's paper doctor. And he was a good one. He could make things hum. Did you know him?"

"Yes, he was a good fellow," said Wolfe.

"He knew his business," the clockwinder observed. "And he was somewhat different from some Hearst men I have met. Some nice things have been said about Sam since his death, but there is one thing that remains to be said, the thing that made him different; he earned his salary as a journalist not as a tout. He never appeared to be under any obligation to go about with a chip on his shoulder to vindicate his loyalty to Hearst. He was a conscientious editor, in his professional capacity faithful to his employer, but he never made of himself a jack-rabbit edition of his boss. His ideals and principles were his own, and he enjoyed universal esteem."

### "Marie-Odile" Suppressed

The mayor of Boston has exercised certain authority vested in him by law and has forbidden the production of "Marie-Odile." This action of their chief executive has not distracted the attention of the erudite Bostonians from their baked beans and their Browning societies, but it has stirred a tumult in the bosom of David Belasco. Our David is the producer of "Marie-Odile," and he takes more than a step-fatherly interest in the play. That it should be deleted by the Boston censor as immoral and offensive to Catholics strikes Belasco as the most amazing phenomenon in the history of the American theatre. He is stunned, flabbergasted, grieved and cast down. He never dreamed that "Marie-Odile" could give offense to anybody. It never entered the Belasco head that this play about a young nun who was so

innocent that she surrendered her consecrated virginity to a Prussian officer without thought of sin, could possibly go against the grain of any theatregoer. Belasco knows that it is a pure play. He indorses it. He destroys all possibility of doubt about "Marie-Odile" by telling Bostonians that he—David Belasco—says his prayers every night.

### Belasco's Apologia

Inasmuch as the suppression of "Marie-Odile" in Boston has evoked an apologia pro vita sua from Belasco the incident takes on an interest which does not belong to the mere commonplace banning of a play. We are all interested in David because he was born here, and started his remarkably successful theatrical career in our village. We have all read his wonderful biography as given to America in one of the popular magazines. But our knowledge of the psychology of the Belasco character is incomplete until we digest the throbbing apologia which he addressed to the mayor of Boston. "I never in my life

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produced a cheap, tawdry, salacious, nasty, vulgar, wicked play," says David. "I have no houses of ill repute in my plays; I have no women disrobing; I have no nakedness; I have nothing coarse; I have no suggestive lines, no doubtful scenes, no meaningful by-play. I hate such things. I abhor them." This sweeping assertion does not merely prove that "Marie-Odile" is a play as pure as the driven snow; it also spreads the mantle of chastity over other dramas to which the Belasco name has been affixed. For David claims the authorship of "Naughty Anthony," of "Zaza" and of "Du Barry." There was a time when we thought that all the naughtiness of "Naughty Anthony" was not in its title; now we know that it could not have been cheap or tawdry or vulgar, let alone salacious, nasty or wicked. In a simpler time we used to consider "Zaza" hot stuff; but we must revise that estimate now. In our innocence we were a little shocked at the bedroom scene in "Du Barry," for at the time when Mrs. Leslie Carter first gave us that play the bedroom with the bed occupied was little known on the stage, except when "Othello" was being given. Now we have it on the author's authority that "Du Barry" was as lacking in cheapness, tawdriness et cetera as "Marie-Odile" is.

#### Belasco's Piety

David does not rest his case on the sweeping statement just quoted. He proceeds to prove it beyond the peradventure of a Bostonian doubt. "I believe in God," he says. "I never go to bed without a prayer for those whom I love and those who have loved me. My own child, beautiful and pure, was taken from me many years ago, and yet thousands of the common women of the streets lived on. Why? I do not know, but I believe that a Supreme Intelligence orders for the best." There is little to be added to this credo. But if it does not decisively demonstrate that "Marie-Odile" is a pure play, the defect in the argumentation may be remedied by adding that David Belasco has always affected what is known as a "Roman collar," the characteristic of dress by which a Catholic priest is to be identified. That a man who wears a Roman collar would write an impure play is of course unthinkable. If there still remain some obstinate skeptics, they will surely surrender when told that David Belasco spent part of his early youth in a British Columbia monastery and thought seriously of taking holy orders. This does not happen to be the fact, but it is part of the Belasco legend and is to be found in the Belasco autobiography.

#### He Is Not Mercenary

"I don't care for money," continues Belasco in his address to the mayor of Boston. "I spend all the money I can to make my plays as nearly perfect as I can. I could save \$100,000 a year if I would economize in casts and productions. The money I do make, the money that people give me in return for the pleasure they have, I give back to them in my next production. If I were to die today I should leave nothing—nothing save a few antiques that I have gathered, and that mean a world of things to me. So, you see, I am poor." Merely remarking in passing that "Marie-Odile" must be a chaste play because it is the production of this poor but honest man, I hasten to say that there is a great deal of truth in this statement. Belasco's extravagance in respect of his productions has become a sort of mania. I had some curious facts about it from Byron Beasley, the fine actor who played the name part in "Daddy-Long-Legs" at the Columbia recently. Beasley told me that in one of the Belasco productions there was a scene in the office of

the district attorney of New York. The actual office was painstakingly duplicated for the stage. There were carved door knobs with the letters "C. C. N. Y." on them (meaning Criminal Courts of New York) as in the real office. These knobs cost about eight dollars a piece, and there were several of them. The carving could not be seen by the audience. The stationery was engraved like the district attorney's actual letter heads, another detail not observable by the audience. A letter used in the play purported to come from a Chicago hotel. The letter was actually obtained from that particular hotel in Chicago, and was actually mailed from there to Belasco in New York. And so on. As an acute student of things theatrical said to me not long ago, Belasco is never content with a simulated telephone conversation on the stage; he has a talker at the other end of the wire behind the scenes. There is not the least doubt that Belasco is not mercenary. When his plays fail—the play of the carved door knobs and the engraved stationery failed—it is not because a small fortune has not been lavished on the production of them.

#### "My Child Is Spurned"

Belasco further informs the mayor of Boston that he loves "Marie-Odile." "I am bitter that my child is spurned," he says. "I am hurt that this play, beautiful, clean, uplifting, should be questioned." It is the step-father speaking, of course. Belasco did not write "Marie-Odile." In the profundity of his step-fatherly affection he may seem to infer that "Marie-Odile" is of his begetting. But as we all know, it was written by Edward Knoblauch, the author of "Kismet." Incidentally, this step-child of Belasco's has been spurned by other critics besides the mayor of Boston. When it was produced in London not long since several critics found it offensive. Cecil Chesterton, in particular, devoted a long article to it in the weekly paper which he edits. His language must have inflicted more pain on Belasco than the action of Boston's mayor, for Chesterton described "Marie-Odile" as one of the most unclean plays that had come to London in years. It was a play, he said in effect, to make the blood of a Roman Catholic boil. Belasco exhibits so much surprise about the fault found with the play in Boston that one would almost think he had never heard of the Chesterton excoriation. It is possible too that he has never heard a more or less scurrilous song called "Marie-Odile" which reflects the view of the play taken by the man in the street. From that song it is quite evident that there are many who consider "Marie-Odile" anything but an innocent play. The man in the street does not take his idea of nuns from Boccaccio, but it looks as though Belasco and Knoblauch do.

#### Booze in Long Beach

"If," says Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the distinguished poet and essayist, in the February

Lantern, "if we made drinking open and official we might be taking one step towards making it careless. In such cases to be careless is to be sane." Mr. Chesterton is of the opinion that we do our drinking with too much of circumspection, and that if the saloons were conducted like a post office and visited by all types of people we should see less of the lunatic who wants to drink an unlimited number of whiskies. Like all of Mr. Chesterton's essays, this one on "Wine When It Is Red" though it abounds in humorous antithesis and paradox abounds also in common sense. The point he makes is that we do our drinking too seriously and as though it were sinful, instead of joyously and frankly and with a full sense of self-respect. We know that whatever is put under a ban some people will do to excess. You might make some virtues indecent by requiring that they be practiced sub rosa. Wherever there is prohibition there is a law violated, and the most notable result of prohibition is law-breaking. There is only one town anywhere in prohibition territory which has had the reputation of being absolutely dry. That town is Long Beach. Of the dryness of Long Beach I was not sceptical. I had been told that the prohibition law was observed there because only teetotalers went there to live; teetotalers of a certain brand who had no scruple against breaking divine law and no instinct for breaking the prohibition law. It appears I was misinformed, and I hasten to apologize. I have been set right by the Rev. Clyde Lee Fife, a representative of the Westerville propaganda that now has William R. Hearst for a prophet. Lecturing in Long Beach the other day the Rev. Fife asked: "Why is it that a certain Los Angeles junk dealer finds it profitable to buy bottles in Long Beach? What became of the carload of booze that came to this city on or about last November 20th?"

#### Another on Los Angeles

I told last week how the guardians of the law in the city of the Lost Angels prevented photographers from taking pictures of the icicles in "Cafeteria Square." "Can you beat it?" I asked. To which a Berkeley correspondent answers, "I sure can," and deposes thus:

"The 'metropolis of the southwest' recently found that she had a greater amount of water on her hands than she could possibly use. It was eventually decided to use the surplus for irrigation purposes in the San Fernando Valley. The Owens River aqueduct is owned by the city of Los Angeles, and therefore, in order to carry out the above scheme, it was found necessary to annex the San Fernando Valley to Los Angeles. This was done. Now, Los Angeles has an ordinance prohibiting the use of fire-arms on its streets. But the farmers in San Fernando Valley, being much annoyed by the presence of jackrabbits, petitioned the Council to allow the use of fire-arms in their war against these pests. So now the gentle tourist may be



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treated to a new diversion—that of shooting jackrabbits on the streets of the city of Los Angeles!"

### Smashing Capital

More than once I have called attention to the fact that as a result of government by commission in this State it is somewhat hazardous for capital to venture in. I realize that I am but a voice in the wilderness, but it is good vocal exercise, and I am content to know that the pocket nerve of the dear public is directly connected with its fronded ear. If Californians do not know what their commissioners are doing to them and to their State foreign capital is not lacking in information, and foreign capital is in touch with our pocket nerves. Now foreign capital is what counts. What foreign capital knows and what foreign capital thinks we may learn from that reliable and authoritative paper The Wall Street Journal. In that journal of December 28th the Railroad Commission of California is spoken of as one of the State Commissions that are engaged in "driving foreign capital beyond their borders." As a specimen of State regulation in California the Journal cites a ruling of the commission requiring the Atchison and Santa Fe Company to rebuild a line of railroad through Temecula Canyon a distance of twelve miles. The writer says that this road was built by the California Southern Company which was absorbed by the Santa Fe. It was destroyed by floods, and it was rebuilt and rebuilt until continual washouts made maintenance and operation so costly that it was abandoned. But under what the Journal describes as a confiscatory law the commission has ordered the company to rebuild the road again and maintain and operate it. The Wall Street Journal says that as the ruling virtually means confiscation it is unlikely that it will

be sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States. "But consider the folly of it, so far as real public interest is concerned," says the Journal. The folly of it is obvious enough. Aside from the folly of harassing a public service corporation and putting it to a cost that will eventually be paid by the people, it is of course folly of the worst kind for the commission to be giving examples of its tyrannical power and its mischievous asininity. But doubtless there are a few voters in Temecula Canyon, and in all probability there is somebody down there with a pull at Sacramento.

### One Less of the Right Sort

When Governor Johnson accepted Warren Porter's resignation the other day he took occasion to write a letter into which he put some feeling, some very warm and kindly feeling that undoubtedly came from the heart. Warren Porter is not a Progressive. He is an uncompromising Republican of the Old Guard that never surrenders; yet Governor Johnson did not like to accept his resignation. He held the resignation five months before accepting it, and then when he learned that the commissioner, owing to the pressure of his duties as president of the Western States Life Insurance Company, could not be induced to remain in public office he wrote him a letter expressing deep regret and saying among other things: "I am sorry that our official relations are terminated. Solely because you desire it I accept your resignation, but I do it with profound regret and with the highest appreciation of the services you have rendered to the State. I wish for you not only the compliments of the season, but the fullest measure of health, happiness and prosperity." And he meant every word of it. For Governor Johnson was one of the Old Guard himself before the exigencies of politics brought about the intimacies that he has had to endure in late years. He liked to "mix" in the old days with the Warren Porters of the Old Guard, men to whom friendship means something, men of broad sympathies and deep emotion whose temperature rises above normal once in a while. These are the men whose virtues are felt not seen, who if they pretend anything pretend that they are worse than they are. Force of circumstance has made our Governor an associate of the Chester Rowells, the Pardees and the Lissners of party politics; so naturally a sense of loneliness steals over him when a Porter quits the game. There are many Progressives holding jobs under the Governor who might resign and produce cheer where Warren Porter's resignation inspired regret. For despite his company Governor Johnson is very human.

### Kahn Under Suspicion

Congressman Julius Kahn has been telling in Washington of an incident connected with his participation in the Fourth of July ceremonies at our World's Fair. Congressman Kahn was selected to read the Declaration of Independence at that great celebration. There was such a large crowd and so much confusion that many could only hear snatches of his reading. One listener turned to a companion and said in an aggrieved way:

"What does Kahn mean by getting off all that reactionary stuff?"

"I can hear only part of his speech," said the other, "but he seems to be bawling out the English. I guess he must be pro-German."

### Such Is Fame

Bill Lange sauntered down "Gimme Lane," otherwise Peacock Alley, in the St. Francis. A girl selling tickets for charity looked up from her table and surveyed the passing beau.

"Who is he?" she asked a young man who was standing beside her.

"I'm not sure," was the answer, "but I think his first name is William."

### A Mark Twain Story

Impresario Will Greenbaum has told Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch a story about her father which she had never heard before. When Tom Maguire was running the old Bush street theatre Mark Twain was making a great success on the lecture platforms of the East under the management of Major Pond. Knowing that Mark would be a great attraction in his old home region, Maguire wired Mark:

"What will you take for thirty days in California?"

The answer came over the wire promptly:

"Whiskey and soda."

The telegram was framed; and hung in the office of the theatre for years. When the house was closed an autograph hunter paid ten dollars for it, thinking it was in Mark Twain's hand writing!

### The Great Sconchin

The latest "Do You Remember?" poet in the Chronicle has mentioned Sconchin Maloney. It was about time. To bring back to mind other great San Francisco institutions and ignore a human document like Sconchin Maloney would have been a shame. There were all sorts of characters in the San Francisco That Was, but there was only one, could be only one Sconchin. After making him Nature threw away the mould. In the bad old days of railroad politics Sconchin was on Creed Haymond's pay roll, and he used to bore the S. P. legal adviser to death with his interminable Shakespearean quotations.

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Finally Haymond decided to get rid of him by sending him on a trip to China. Tom Flynn was authority for the story that when the rest of the passengers learned that Sconchin was aboard they jumped into the ocean and swam back through the Golden Gate, preferring the hazard of a watery grave to a trip in Sconchin's company. Ambrose Bierce used to lampoon Sconchin unmercifully, but Sconchin always told his friends to pay no attention to the satirist, saying:

"His brain is so crooked that if you drove a ten penny nail into it, it would come out a corkscrew."

On one occasion Sconchin made an appearance in the police court, and things went badly for him. As he was leaving the court room he muttered "Another blot on the judicial ermine." The judge demanded that the remark be repeated.

"I was just saying, your honor," said Sconchin, "'Another Daniel come to judgment.'"

#### "The Slump in the Box-Office"

This is the title of the leading article in the February Lantern which is now in the hands of subscribers. The article is the work of Theodore Bonnet who emphatically denies that hard times in the theatre are due to the movie craze. On the contrary, he says, the movies are doing the theatre good. It is the manager who is hurting the theatre—the manager who thinks he knows his business but doesn't. The assertion would be valueless if unaccompanied by proof, and Mr. Bonnet supplies plenty of proof. There is no slump in the box office, he points out, when good plays like "On Trial" and "Seven Keys to Baldpate" happen along. There is no slump in the box office of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, or of the remarkable Seagull Theatre in Moscow, or of Antoine's Theatre Libre in Paris. Why? Because these theatres are giving people good plays; because these theatres are run by men with ideas and ideals. Mr. Bonnet draws attention to the significant fact that Antoine who is the conspicuously successful Parisian manager of today used to be a clerk in a gas company. He tells how the Seagull Theatre, perhaps the greatest theatre in the world, was started in a barn by a Russian merchant. Antoine and Stanislavsky did not study the taste of the tired business man; they gave the public vital plays, and the public flocked to the box office. Mr. Bonnet thinks that their example might be followed in San Francisco. He visualizes the playhouse of his dreams, and if he is smoking one of Balzac's "perfumed cigarettes" it must be remembered that Antoine and Stanislavsky did the same thing—and made fortunes out of the smoke. Perhaps this article will set some of our rich men to thinking. Something may come of the idea. Meanwhile the article makes excellent reading. If you want to know the wherefore of the box office slump, don't miss it.

#### "My Eccentric Uncle"

So Mr. O'Day, the other editor of The Lantern, entitles his contribution to the February number. This avuncular connection of the writer's is pretty good company. The old fellow has his own ideas on all the burning questions of the day, from vice crusaders to popular authors, and from Emma Goldman to the President. There is a vein of sarcasm in many of this uncle's views, and it is plain that he hates shams and hypocrites. I should speak of him in the past tense, for he is dead, it seems. The circumstance of his death is not the least interesting thing about him. The February Lantern is one of the best numbers so far issued. There is a strange story called "The Misanthrope" by J. D. Beresford; a characteristic essay by Gil-

bert K. Chesterton called "Wine When It is Red;" there are some pungent "Meditations of Diogenes;" and there is a "Ballade Against Hell Fire" by Mr. O'Day. If there is anything on the news stands better than this Lantern I'd like to know about it.

#### Too Many Pies for Eddie

An amusing story comes from Los Angeles explanatory of the sudden ending of Eddie Foy's engagement as a "movie" star in an uproarious farce. In one of the scenes the comedian was smashed in the face with a custard pie. The picture was completed before the end of the engagement, and Foy's services were no longer required, but the comedian was on hand to earn his salary, and it was possible for him to earn twenty-five hundred dollars before the termination of the contract. So the stage director, so the story goes, found fault with the pie scene. To improve it he ordered a wagon load of custard pies, and summoned Foy before the camera. At the seventeenth pie Foy balked. Finding it difficult to breathe, he threw up the job. But he sued and recovered the balance due.

#### The Taxi Reduction

W. E. Travis, president of the Taxicab Company of California, in speaking of a recent investigation of the rates in Eastern cities, personally made, which has resulted in reductions of rates all along the line in his company, said: "I found that while the direct cost of operation

is very much less in Eastern cities than here, due to better street conditions and the absence of heavy grades, the wages of drivers are also lower, while everything that is used in connection with the automobile costs less. San Francisco has two peculiarities from the taxicab standpoint. One is the absence of suburbs worthy of the name, such as all other cities have. This virtually cuts off the long haul. The other is that the theatres, hotels and restaurants all lie within an outside limit of but five blocks of each other and in most cases within two. Going from hotel or restaurant to the theatre or vice versa, if the weather permits, people invariably walk. This virtually does away with the short haul upon which Eastern taxicab companies depend. Notwithstanding these difficulties, after close figuring, we believe we will be justified in and be able successfully to operate under the new rates, which we have recently put into effect and which conform practically to the Eastern schedules."

A man may rest on his laurels, but the fellow who wins his spurs doesn't care to rest on them.

The people who are fond of boasting about their ancestors seem to forget that Adam managed to struggle along without any.

Perhaps a pretty girl is seldom clever for the same reason that a rich man doesn't have to work.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and doesn't have to be wound up at that.



OSSIP GABRILOWITCH AND WIFE CLARA CLEMENS (Daughter of Mark Twain)

Gabrilowitch will give his only piano recital next Tuesday night and appear in joint concert with Mme. Gabrilowitch next Friday afternoon at Scottish Rite Auditorium



# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Alice Nielsen Returns

"Why shouldn't I love San Francisco?" asked Alice Nielsen. "I got my start here."

She was sitting in her apartment in the St. Francis, happy at being in the old town but awfully disappointed that her first appearance could not be in "La Boheme" as scheduled. To get her here in time for the performance Monday evening nothing was left undone by the officials of the Southern Pacific, but it was not to be. That wizard of railroading E. O. McCormick was on the job in person, and the workers performed miracles under his direction, but Alice Nielsen realizes that nothing but an aeroplane would have made the feat possible. And much to her chagrin, there was no aeroplane to be had. And so Alice Nielsen passed eighty-six hours at Indio in the midst of a desert turned by the storm into a raging sea, and counted the hours as they passed slowly by. At first she hoped to make Los Angeles in time for her scheduled appearance there.

"I rang up Mr. Behymer," she says, "and I suppose he could tell by my voice of the state I was in. 'Dry your tears,' he told me. 'What can't be, can't be.' It was the sensible view, but I hate to disappoint an audience."

Los Angeles was impossible. What of San Francisco? Alice Nielsen tells with animation how she saw new trestle and track grow under her eyes as the workers strove heroically to do the impossible.

"They must work like that on the battle front," she exclaimed.

But it was no use.

"I suppose these things are ordained for our own good," speculated Miss Nielsen with a grave look on her pretty face.

You see, she is an artist who takes her obligations toward the public very seriously.

## As Fair As Ever

It need not be mentioned that our Alice is just as attractive as ever. There is the same bewitching smile on the sweet round face. The same light dances in the big blue expressive eyes. That fetching mole on her left cheek charms the beholder as in the olden days of the Tivoli.

"The dear old Tivoli!" she exclaims. "And the Wigwam too. I shall not tell you how long ago that was! How did I come to go on the stage? Poverty! I was the seventh of eight children, and I was a sort of breadwinner for the family. I made my first appearance heralded as a child wonder of eight years. I used to tell mother that she had subtracted two years from my age to make me seem more wonderful, but dear mother was the last one in the world to think of such guile as that. I shall never forget my first prima donna role in skirts. I had sung leading roles before, but always in knickerbockers. The skirts of Yum Yum—for it was 'The Mikado'—bothered me. This was at the old Oakland Theatre across the bay. I'll never forget that day. It was the day of the Corbett-Sullivan fight,

and like everybody else I never dreamed that Sullivan could be defeated. He was a little tin god to me. And when he lost it was as if I had lost something too!"

## A Happy Life

"Another great day in my life was when the Bostonians came to the Tivoli to hear me. Then I went away with them. And later there was Europe, and hard study for grand opera. I sometimes think that if I had known how hard it would be I should never have had the courage to attempt it. And yet I have had a happy life. I did not have the privations which most singers suffer in the beginning. The way was smoothed for me."

Those who remember Alice Nielsen's singing of Rosina in "The Barber of Seville" at the old Chutes Theatre will be sorry to learn that she is not to repeat that triumph of vocalism and girlish vivacity. She says that "The Barber" does not appeal to the public as it used to. She loves the role still, and she loves Mimi too; but "Butterfly" takes the first place in her affections.

"It is inexhaustible," she says. "One is always finding new dramatic and vocal possibilities in it."

There were old friends with her in the apartment, Mr. and Mrs. Overton. They were renewing old times. And it was plain to be seen that Alice Nielsen is one who does not forget. She has become an important figure in the world of songbirds, but her success has not spoiled her. She is today the same Alice as in the old days when we began to idolize her.

## A Busy Armour

"Mr. Armour," said Roy Carruthers of the Palace. "come out to the links this afternoon and play a game of golf."

J. Ogden Armour loves golf; he's a golf fiend, and there are not many members of the Chicago or Calumet Clubs who play a better game. But he shook his head.

"If you knew how busy I've been since I got here," he answered the genial Roy, at the same time taking his room key and an armful of mail from the clerk, "that invitation would strike you as a joke."

Jonathan Ogden Armour of Chicago spent four days here in company with his cousin C. W. Armour of Kansas City. They are on a tour of inspection, and they didn't waste a minute of the time they apportioned to their affairs in this city. Not even golf could tempt them from the press of business. J. Ogden Armour is an example of the multimillionaire in harness. But he knows how to play at the proper time.

## He Wrote the State Song

Strolling down the busy lobby of the Palace the other day I was stopped by a friend who said:

"Tantalus, I want you to meet Frank Silverwood of Los Angeles."

"Silverwood?" I said, taking the hand of a clean cut, portly man with a smiling face. "Not the Silverwood who wrote 'I Love You, California'?"

"The same," he replied.

"Let me shake hands again," I said. "I always liked that song."

Silverwood laughed, and I remarked that he must have made a lot of money out of it.

"Well, they've sold about six or seven hundred

thousand copies of it," he answered, "but I haven't made a cent out of it."

I could only stare in surprise.

"I'm a merchant, not a song writer," he explained. "I gave the song to the Shrine on condition that they used the money to pay for trips East and boost California en route. The Shriners are great boosters, you know. And if I do say it, I guess the song has got California some good boosting."

I learned later that Frank Silverwood of Los Angeles is an unusual man. He owns four or five of the largest and most successful men's clothing and furnishing shops in Southern California, including handsome places in Los Angeles and Pasadena. On the Palace Hotel register you will find that he wrote himself down as "Frank Silverwood, California." He never registers any other way. But he not only loves his State; he loves his fellow men, especially the little struggling fellow. He has opened (with his own money) more than four thousand bank accounts for boys, newsboys being his favorites. There is philanthropy for you! A large percentage of the boys he has given this sort of lift have made good with a bang. That is Frank Silverwood's reward. He is Potentate of the Mystic Shrine in Los Angeles, and one of the city's most popular men.

## A Distinguished Trio

"There are three distinguished men," remarked a friend of mine as we emerged from the palm court of the Palace on our way to the college room and beyond, the other day.

I looked in the direction indicated. The men pointed out all had the appearance of distinction. But they were all strangers to me.

"The soldierly looking man is an old soldier," my friend told me. "He is General Julian S. Carr of Virginia, and he was one of the officers who surrendered at Appomattox. Incidentally he was the first president of the American Tobacco Company. The second man you should know, because he comes here quite frequently of late. I think he is falling in love with San Francisco. He is Sam Hill of Oregon, the great enthusiast on the subject of good roads. He has been helping Mrs. A. B. Spreckels with her tombola. The other man is Dr. W. J. Williams of Tahiti. He owns a couple of islands in the South Seas."

## Entertaining Relatives

Mrs. Roy Bishop, wife of the financial wizard who started the Palace on a new career of prosperity, has deserted her Franklin street home for the time being. She is staying at the Palace in order to be with her parents Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Wheeler and her sister Mrs. Charles Preston Wilson. These prominent New Yorkers are

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spending a month here and will go later to the Huntington Hotel in Pasadena for their usual yearly visit. Mr. Wheeler is one of the big men in Standard Oil. It goes without saying that the visitors have been extensively entertained since their arrival. The charming Mrs. Bishop has made a host of friends since coming to this city to live, and these are vying with one another in social attentions to her family.

#### Events at the Hotel Oakland

On Monday the Women's Section of the Navy League met to form an Alameda county auxiliary. It is the ambition of the Navy League to have a million members by January 1917. The Ladies' Relief Society Card Party held Wednesday was the largest affair of its kind ever held on the east side of the bay. Seven hundred and fifty guests occupied card table in the rose reception room, ball room and tapestry room. Some of the patronesses: Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mrs. Frank Proctor, Mrs. Willard Williamson, Mrs. Chas. D. Bates, Mrs. Geo. W. Witney, Mrs. Everts, Mrs. J. Knowland, Mrs. T. L. Converse, Mrs. J. M. Laymance, Mrs. F. C. Watson, Miss Lucy May Hayes, Mrs. K. Morgan, Mrs. Howard Bray, Miss E. Gill, Mrs. H. M. Lee, Miss Elsa Schilling. Tea was served in the tan-and-gold dining room and the spacious lounge. On Friday Mrs. Wm. Letts Oliver entertained with a reception and dance in the ivory ball room, five hundred guests attending. Preparations are being made by the Rotary Club for a dinner dance the early part of February. The Saturday night supper dance last week was by far the most successful of the season. The tan-and-gold dining room was crowded to capacity with many gay parties. Amongst those who entertained were Miss F. Merry and party, Mr. F. St. Sure, Mrs. John Kitchen, Mr. I. Chapman Mrs. Fletcher Ames, Mrs. G. D. Abbott.

#### Society Models

Society girls will appear as models at the Fashion Show to be given at the Palace on March 4 for the benefit of the Home for Incurables maintained by the Doctor's Daughters. They are the Misses Jean Wheeler, Ruth Welsh, Gertrude Hopkins, Helen Garritt, Elva De Pue, Dorothy Coon, Dorothy Berry, Anne Peters, Helen Jones, Phyllis De Young, Einnim McNear, Harriet Pomeroy, and Mrs. Elbert Rees.

#### Fairyland and Fashions

Nineteen-sixteen inspirations in spring styles with all the frills and fancies of the latest creations for my lady's wardrobe will be shown in an elaborate manner at the Fete in Fairyland at the Civic Auditorium Saturday evening, February 13. The affair will be given under the auspices of the Indoor Yacht Club. In addition to this grand promenade of Dame Fashion will be a huge production such as was given at the "Kiddies Ball" last year. From the moment when Mother Goose and the char-

acters famous in Nursery Rhyme enter the stage from the Giant's shoe until the last spectacle, the "Birth of Venus" seen through flashes of blue and gold tints from fifty scintillators the spectators will be held in amazement. Sam Berger, Alfred Katschinski and Selby Oppenheimer constitute the show committee and no expense will be spared in giving an elaborate production.

#### Tombola Autographs

The autograph collection for the war Tombola of Mrs. A. B. Spreckels is on view at 457 Powell street and is well worth inspection. Among the signatures are those of three Presidents of the United States, viz: President Wilson, President Taft and President Roosevelt. President Poincare's of France, as also the King of Belgium's signatures have been added to the collection. The very flower of France, Flammarion, Rodin, Pierre Loti, Anatole France and others too numerous to mention are included in the list. All our famous American authors such as James Whitcomb Riley, Jack London, Harry Leon Wilson, Robert W. Chambers and hundreds of others have sent their books autographed. Even the signatures of the four Allied Ministers—Russia, England, Serbia and Japan, are to be seen.

#### "Dollar Day" Coming

Effectively to pursue its work the Associated Charities requires at least \$100,000 a year in addition to the funds received from public sources, and as but \$70,000 comes in private subscriptions and donations the general public must be depended upon to make good the deficit. Hence the current campaign to raise \$30,000 in one-dollar contributions. "Dollar Day" comes on February 14, when every inmate of every residence, office, store and workshop in San Francisco will be personally solicited to give a dollar toward relieving urgent needs of the city's poor. In return for each one hundred cents thus received the collector will give a "valentine certificate" that will admit its holder to a "Dollar Day Dance" in the Civic Auditorium.

#### The Very Latest Stunt

Something new has been thought of in the way of entertainment, and no doubt hostesses who rack their brains for original ideas will be glad to know about it. This novelty is a dinner with dancing lessons. It was thought of by a very prominent matron who is a dancing pupil of Mrs. Irving H. Frank, one of the dancing instructors favored by the smart set. This matron invited her friends to an elaborate dinner party. Dinner was over at nine-thirty, and then came the surprise. The guests adjourned to the ball room of the home, and there was Mrs. Frank ready to instruct them all in the very latest steps. It was all the more delightful because unexpected. The class lasted till eleven, and everybody was sorry when it was over. Dancing is still very much in vogue indeed. Mrs. Frank has many classes, including one for a private club of thirty at the Sequoia Club every Friday night.

#### At the Somerton

A theatre party followed by a supper dance was given at the Hotel Somerton Thursday by Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Munson of Memphis, Tenn. Mr. and Mrs. Munson are charmed with San Francisco, and will remain for another fortnight. Recent arrivals include Dr. and Mrs. Orr of St. Louis, Messrs. and Mesdames R. F. Getzel of Chicago, M. E. Horner, J. R. Sibley of Boston, E. T. Hude of Washington, D. C., James H. Kavanaugh of Pittsburg. Dr. and Mrs. M. R. Davis who have been guests for a month returned Monday to their home in Seattle. They

were hosts at a dinner of twelve Sunday. The affair was given in the palm room. Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Morgan of Vancouver, B. C., were hosts Monday evening in compliment to Los Angeles friends. A coterie of friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Blackwood at luncheon Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Blackwood are from Philadelphia.

#### Events in the Paul Elder Gallery

On Tuesday, February 8, at 3 o'clock Eugen Neuhaus will give his third lecture in the course on "Painters, Pictures and the Public." The subject will be "The Laws of Pictorial Composition." On Wednesday forenoon, February 9, at 10:45 o'clock Leo Cooper will read the new play by Charles Kenyon (the author of "Kindling") entitled "Husband and Wife." This play was produced during the last season in New York and will be put on in London in the near future. "Walt Whitman—Woman and the Cosmic Purpose" is the subject of the fourth lecture in the course of "Soul of Woman in Modern Literature" by Paul Jordan Smith. This will be delivered on Thursday afternoon, February 10, at 3 o'clock. Albert I. Elkus will lecture Saturday forenoon, February 12, at 10:45 o'clock on "Music of the Catholic Church and the Renaissance—Rise of the Theory of Modern Music."

#### Dancing Club at Tavern

The popularity of Techau Tavern is once more demonstrated by its selection as the headquarters of the Sunday Dansant Club, a popular association of lovers of good dancing which holds its weekly functions in the ball room on the mezzanine floor of the Tavern. The members are served, in their club rooms, with a dinner which is a marvel of culinary excellence at \$1.50 per plate. The membership of the club is constantly increasing and it seems to have filled to perfection a long felt need of those who desire a select atmosphere and congenial company.

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# The Symphony Concerts

By Helen M. Bonnet

At first the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra was of course an experiment, and under the leadership of Mr. Hadley its concerts were "events." Then came Mr. Hertz, himself an experiment, I believe, and he bids fair to make the orchestra an institution and the concerts affairs of much greater frequency. Let us hope that he may. And why not? Just a little more popularizing of the concerts, and a pair a week will hardly be sufficient. Even now we find people who were formerly very lax in their allegiance to music getting the symphony habit. These Hertz concerts are not at all hard to take, though we call them hard names, as for example when we call them classical. True it was not a classical program three weeks ago when we were given lilting French and Russian music of an Oriental coloring, the kind of music that sweetly lingers in the brain. But a fortnight ago it was classical, or partly so, since it was Mozart's G minor symphony and Beethoven's D major concerto with a dash of Richard Strauss, though Richard with his continual striving for effects is hardly classical. But let us not be frightened by what the critics call classical. Classical music is not at all austere or pedantic; not the kind that Mozart and Beethoven composed. They composed in

the Viennese form, by which I mean a particular idiom characterized by a peculiar melodic configuration and harmonic progression. It is music with sinew and fibre and strength, and withal a lusciousness that is exquisite. It is music that can be felt even though there be nothing but a pianette to play it on. Mr. Hertz gave us this music in all its rich orchestral coloring, and the work of his orchestra was characterized by a rare freshness and enthusiasm. There are conductors who know how music should be played, and yet cannot play it. Mr. Hertz knows how and does play it. A fine feature of the Beethoven and Mozart weeks was the playing of Mr. Louis Persinger in the Beethoven concerto. Mr. Persinger is a musician with a sense of the beauty of tone and an appreciation of the emotion of music. If his playing does not make you demonstrative it leaves a feeling of profound satisfaction. Last week Mr. Hertz gave us a Wagner program and we enjoyed our visit to the realm of medieval romantic mystery. Parsifal held us spellbound. There are those who see in the opera Parsifal evidence of Wagner's senility; its religious symbols leave them cold and indifferent. But musically, detached from its dramatic framework, Parsifal is a masterpiece that speaks to

us in harmonic language of incomparable subtlety. It is music saying over in its own language what has been said in the language of poetry. Surely it appeals even to people with an elementary musical appetite. According to some sensitive listeners it appeals in the wrong way and is demoralizing. They should neglect to read the analytical program as then it might comfort the heart instead of filling the mind with melancholy. It is advisable to enjoy the subtle beauties of Wagner's music and to neglect its symbolism. Wagner is heard at his best when the orchestra alone brings him to our ears. This occurred to me especially as I listened to the fierce agonies and violent fevers of the Tristan prelude and to the Flying Dutchman overture with its phantom ship of destiny and despair floating on the mystic ocean of heaving tone waves. Mr. Hertz conducted with the gusto of real enjoyment. He is giving us heavenly music. His programs are deftly arranged, and he inspires me with the hope that he will find the time to sprinkle them with some of the music of composers with whom we are not familiar. While most of the comparatively new music was meant to be popular, there is some of it that has a real poetic basis.

## Gossip of the Theatre

### A Perpetual Yarn Spinner

Nonsense, comicality, farce, acrobatics, melodies and a little dancing here and there—these are the things we demand in vaudeville, and we can generally count on the Orpheum to supply them. There is a full bill of them this week in which sparkles a stream of humorous fiction flowing from that inexhaustible fountain, Frank Fogarty, the Dublin minstrel, as he calls himself. Frank Fogarty can pack more stories into twenty minutes and get more laughs than any man in the White Rat fraternity. What an astounding repertoire the man has! The stories he tells in the theatre are but a fraction of the stories he has in his system. Apparently he has no time at all for ordinary conversation, for he goes off duty only to go into congenial company, and wherever he is his yarns are on tap and he's spinning them to the accompaniment of sidesplitting laughter. Frank Fogarty is a perpetual entertainer who gets entertainment out of entertaining, a very pleasant life to lead on a good salary. —T. F. B.

### Italian Opera Once More

At the Cort Theatre Monday evening I thought of Signor Patrizzi, our impresario of but a season, a memorable season to Signor Patrizzi, so poorly was he rewarded for the gifts that he gave us. Signor Patrizzi asked an interviewer, "What does the tired Italian business man do in the evening?" And he answered the question himself: "The tired Italian business man goes to the opera." The tired Italian business man is indeed a dependable man. He is on hand whenever Italian opera comes to town. You can always tell him by his enthusiasm. An ardent lover of Puccini, he was enthusiastic Monday though he was probably a little disappointed. The cast was not according to program. Alice Nielsen was not Mimi. Instead we had Rosina Zotti, a well-nourished Mimi,

who was probably a little nervous, for she sang with a pronounced tremolo, which is something the tired Italian business man never fails to differentiate from the vibrato of deep pathos. As Marcel, Marino Aineto gave a very satisfactory performance and stood out distinctly from the other members of the cast. Chevalier Guerrieri, the musical conductor of the La Scala Company, is the typical Italian baton wielder, a man with loads of temperament and great enthusiasm which he communicates to his bandmen. —H. M. B.

### "Motherhood" Coming

"Motherhood," a sex-drama by Lillian Langdon and Charles Bolles, recently produced in Los Angeles where it caused a storm of criticism, will be presented at the Columbia commencing Monday evening. The critics and the public in Los Angeles took sides as to the propriety of presenting upon the stage the subject of illegitimacy and of discussing in public questions which are ordinarily spoken of in whispers. The authors defend themselves by quoting the laws of many lands which have been passed in order to give children born out of wedlock equal rights with those whose parents have gone through the marriage ceremony. They further state that in this age of enlightenment there is no place for prudery, bigotry and faanticism. The principal character is played by Blanche Hall, formerly one of the stars in "Peg o' My Heart." A young actor new to this city, Jack Bryce, will be seen in the role of the blind inventor. The players supporting the principals were carefully selected and the entire production was made under the skilled hand of Fred J. Butler who is well known in this city. "Motherhood" will be presented at the popular prices of \$1.00, 75, 50 and 25 cents, this being the first time in the history of the

theatre that this scale of prices has prevailed for any dramatic presentation.

### Last of Funny Play

The final performances of the amusing comedy "It Pays to Advertise" will be given at the Columbia this Saturday afternoon and night and Sunday night. The piece has had a great vogue during the past two weeks.

### Emmy Destinn's Concerts

The greatest of all the dramatic sopranos, Miss Emmy Destinn, will make her first appearances in this city on Sunday afternoons, February 13 and 20, at the Columbia Theatre under the direction of Will Greenbaum. Destinn sang in concert at Boston on the tenth of last month and the eminent critic of the Transcript, H. T. Parker, began his review of the event with the following words: "There is no word but beauty for the singing of Emmy Destinn yesterday—beauty of voice—beauty of artistry—beauty of insight, imagination and impression, beauty even in the presence of the singer herself." With Destinn will come Roderick White, a young American violin virtuoso, brother of the famous author Stewart Edward White. At the first concert Miss Destinn will sing airs from the Bohemian operas "The Water Nixie" by Dvorak and "The Kiss" by Smetana, scenes from "Mme. Butterfly" (a role she created) and from "La Tosca" besides groups of delightful Russian, German, English, French and Italian songs. At the second concert a complete change of program is promised with arias from "Tannhauser," "The Bartered Bride" by the Bohemian composer Smetana, "Samson and Delilah" and "The Marriage of Figaro," besides groups of rare songs. Tickets will be on sale next Wednesday morning at Sherman Clay and the Columbia. Mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.



**Destinn in Oakland**

Emmy Destinn will sing in Oakland at the new opera house in the Auditorium building, an ideal concert room, on Thursday night, February 17, at 8:15 under the Greenbaum management. The program will be the same as at the diva's opening concert in San Francisco. Tickets will be ready at Sherman Clay in Oakland as well as in San Francisco on Monday, February 14. Special attention will be paid to mail orders.

**Gabrilowitsch and Clara Clemens**

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian master pianist, will give his one and only recital at Scottish Rite Auditorium next Tuesday night, February 8, at 8:15. The program will be exceptionally beautiful. It includes the Sonata in G minor by Schumann, a group of twelve Chopin Preludes, the "Lyric Pieces" by Grieg, two of the player's own compositions and works by Brahms, Moszkowsky and Richard Strauss. On Friday afternoon, February 11, at 3 o'clock, Mr. Gabrilowitsch will appear in a joint concert with his wife Clara Clemens the contralto, offering a great program. With the master pianist in the role of accompanist Mme. Gabrilowitsch will sing numbers by Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, Gabrilowitsch, Rimsky-Korsakow and Rachmaninoff besides a group of old Scottish folk-songs arranged by Helen Hopekirk. Mr. Gabrilowitsch will contribute works by Haydn, Bach, Beethoven, Percy Grainger, Debussy, Ravel, and by special request, the Chopin Sonata with the sublime Funeral March. Tickets are now on sale at Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase's.

**The S. F. Quintet Club**

The final concert of the San Francisco Quintet Club's series will be given in the Colonial

ball room of the St. Francis Hotel next Thursday night, February 10, at 8:30. The program will consist of the Quartet Op. 30 for piano and strings by Chausson, Quartet in A major for flute and strings by Mozart and the brilliant Quintet for piano and string quartet by von Dohnanyi. Tickets at Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase's. On Tuesday night, February 15, the Quintet Club will give a special program in Harmon Gymnasium on the Campus in Berkeley under the joint auspices of the Berkeley Musical Association and the Music Department of the University of California. Tickets may be had at Sherman Clay in San Francisco and the usual places in Berkeley.

**Bessie Clayton at Orpheum**

Bessie Clayton, the American premiere danseuse and the world's greatest toe dancer, will head a great new show next week at the Orpheum. She will be supported by the accomplished artist Lester Sheehan and the famous Clayton Sextette in "The Dances of Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow." It is the proud boast of Miss Clayton that she is the only American premiere danseuse who has ever been contracted for by the French Government. It was while all Paris was talking about her at the Olympic Theatre that the Government Commission operating the Lyric Le Gaité in that city made Miss Clayton such a flattering offer that she made a contract with the French Government

for a term of three years. In New York she created a tremendous furor. "The Bachelor Dinner" which will be performed by Jack Henry, Rose Gardner, Jos. B. Roberts and a company of thirteen is a very funny musical comedy written for vaudeville. A. Seymour Brown, the composer of "Jungletown" and other popular songs, is responsible for the book, lyrics and music. John R. Gordon, a sterling actor who has recently been recruited from the legitimate stage, will appear in his own playlet "Knight and Day" which is entirely novel in plot and construction. He will be supported by that clever comedienne Lilith Belmont and a clever company. Eddie Cantor and Al Lee, among the best and most popular entertainers in vaudeville, will furnish a lively and enjoyable act. Mang and Snyder introduce a number of novel and hazardous acrobatic feats. Billy McDermott who bills himself as "The Only Survivor of Coxey's Army" is a tramp comedian with a diverting monologue. Major Mack Rhoades, the phenomenal boy violinist, possesses wonderful technique and bowing. The only holdover will be Frank Fogarty, "The Dublin Minstrel." The sixth installment of the "Uncle Sam at Work" motion picture will be exhibited.

**"The Only Girl" Coming**

"The Only Girl" which has been the reigning musical comedy success of New York dur-



EMMY DESTINN

The greatest of all great sopranos who appears in concert Sunday afternoons, February 13 and 20, at the Columbia Theatre and at the Oakland Auditorium Opera House Thursday night, February 17



BESSIE CLAYTON

"The Darling of Terpsichore" next week at the Orpheum



ing the past season, holding forth at the Lyric Theatre for a full year, is due at the Cort on Sunday, February 13. It is by Blossom and Herbert.

#### "On Trial" at Alcazar

The important announcement is made by Belasco and Mayer that the Alcazar will produce next week at popular prices Elmer Rizenstein's sensational play "On Trial," recently seen in this city at prices as high as two dollars. There will be no advance in the Alcazar prices of twenty-five, fifty and seventy-five cents for the evening performances, and twenty-five and fifty cents for the matinees. Never before in the history of local theatricals has a New York success been offered at popular prices so soon after its production at higher prices.

#### Second Week of Grand Opera



ALICE NIELSEN  
Who is now appearing  
at the Cort

Sunday night marks the start of the second and final week of grand opera at the Cort, where La Scala Grand Opera Company has been holding forth with great success. It is not too much to say that the organization has made a finer impression than any company that has ever been offered here at a popular scale of prices. The repertoire for the final week is very attractive: Sunday, "Lucia," with Reggiani; Monday, "La Boheme," with Nielsen; Tuesday, "La Tosca," with Gentle; Wednesday matinee, "Il Trovatore," with Zotti and Albright; Wednesday night, "Love Tales of Hoffman," with Nielsen; Thursday (double bill), "The Secret of Suzanne," with Nielsen, and "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Gentle; Friday, "Mme. Butterfly," with Zotti; Saturday matinee, "The Love Tales of Hoffman," with Zotti and Reggiani; Saturday night (double bill), "The Secret of Suzanne," with Nielsen, and "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Gentle.

#### The Next Symphonies

With Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the great Russian pianist, as soloist, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz, conductor, will give its fifth pair of symphony concerts at the Cort Friday afternoon, February 4 at 3 o'clock, and Sunday afternoon, February 6 at 2:30 o'clock. Programmed is the Symphony No. 2, D major, Op. 36 of Beethoven; the Concerto in D minor for Pianoforte (K. 456) of Mozart; Concert Piece in F minor for Pianoforte and Orchestra Op. 79 of Weber and the Symphonic Poem, "Vltava" (The Moldau) of Smetana. For the sixth pair of symphony concerts the program will have the assistance of Maude Fay, soprano of the Royal Opera House, Munich. Miss Fay, a California girl, is one of the great dramatic sopranos of the world. It is expected that one of her numbers will be the great scene and aria "Ocean! Thou Mighty Monster!" from Weber's opera "Oberon." Due to Miss Fay's early appearance with the orchestra, the appearance of Mr. Horace Britt, principal cellist of the orchestra, will be postponed until the concerts of Friday afternoon, February 25, and Sunday afternoon, February 27.

#### Wild Beasts at Pantages

Herr Haveman's wild beasts, untamed lions, leopards, tigers and hyenas, will be one of the strongest features at Pantages next week. Haveman is a German who traveled in the jungles of Africa capturing wild animals for circus and zoological purposes. He has the most wonderful control of the beasts. Bertha Gardener is an operatic singer who was studying in Paris at the outbreak of the war. "A Revue of 1915-1916" will be presented by Roberts, Stuart and Roberts with character songs and dances. Lewis, Belmont and Lewis have a playlet with popular ballads and fast comedy. The Heuman Trio are trick cyclists. "Just an American Girl" is Ray Lawrence, a dashing young chap who impersonates musical comedy stars. The eighth episode of "The Red Circle" will be given.

#### Monday Morning Musicales

Lucia Dunham and Horace Britt, artists known and admired by all music loving San Franciscans, will be heard in the third concert of the Monday Morning Musicales, which will take place next Monday morning at the St. Francis under the direction of Ralph MacFadyen. Miss Dunham who has endeared herself to local votaries of music and has received lavish praise from such critics as Krehbiel, Henderson and Aldrich, will be heard in modern classic, and an aria from "Orfeo" by Gluck. Her songs will be chosen from Purcell, Mozart, Strauss and Tschaiakowski. Britt, a 'cello virtuoso whose command of critical admiration here is secure, will offer, among other numbers, Variations Symphonique by Boellman, a Romance by Saint-Saens and an Intermezzo by Lalo.

#### GABRILOWITSCH ONLY PIANO RECITAL

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Gardner, Jos. B. Roberts and Company of Thirteen;  
JOHN R. GORDON & CO. in "Knight and Day,"  
EDDIE CANTOR & AL LEE, Comedians; MANG &  
SNYDER, Master Athletes; BILLY McDERMOTT, "The  
Only Survivor of Cosses's Army," MAJOR MACK  
RHODES, Phenomenal Boy Violinist; "SAVING  
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Trovatore" (Zotti); Wednesday Evening, "Love Tales  
Hoffman" (Nielsen); Thursday (double bill), "Secret of  
Suzanne" (Nielsen), and "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Gentile);  
Friday, "Mme. Butterfly" (Zotti); Saturday Matinee,  
"Love Tales Hoffman" (Zotti); Saturday Evening (double  
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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The principal factor in the stock market was the action of the U. S. Steel directors in declaring a dividend of 1¼ for the quarter on the common stock, and the record-breaking earnings report. This helped the general market after the announcement was made, but when Steel common began to sell off, the general list followed. Steel common was sold in large blocks by strong houses that bought it on the previous decline, and many of them sold for short account as well as to take profits for customers long of the stock. Estimates of net earnings of \$6,000,000 for the first quarter of this year were disregarded. Bargain hunters lost their nerve when they saw everything go by the board while offerings became heavier than they have been for months. Houses acting for foreign holders of American securities were among the principal sellers, and it was evident that they were attempting to unload on the strength of the Steel report. Foreign liquidation in such volume could not be borne and investors held off for still lower prices when they saw that stocks were coming out without apparent limit. One of the hardest blows was the heavy selling of Canadian Pacific by Montreal houses. Domestic railroad shares were sold by the bears to take advantage of the foreign liquidation and on rumors that the railroad strikes will be very serious if the men do not get what they ask. There will be lots of talk and probably an arbitration before the strike is called, and then if wages are raised, the companies will have good claims for higher rates to submit to the Interstate Commerce Commission. This strike talk is certainly increasing the foreign liquidation in this market. American investors should not lose their heads. At this time last year, the stock market was going down and it did not stop until the average price of the "barometer stocks" was almost as low as on the day before the Stock Exchange closed its doors as the war broke out in Europe, yet the spring rise that followed was the best Wall Street ever saw. Almost every dividend payer on the list is intrinsically worth more than ever before if earnings and business mean anything. Banking interests welcome this check to the market because it will cure the "small fry" throughout the country of trying to get rich overnight on such good news as the Steel report.

**Wheat**—It is certainly never profitable to ignore the more prominent changes in speculative conditions and sentiment regardless of any personal opinion as to its expediency. It must be remembered that our wheat market has had a long continued period of appreciating prices; that the profits upon important lines are enormous and attractive to the purchaser; that the near approach of the Australian and South American marketings is and always has been a signal for price contraction; and that the sta-

tistical position of wheat is made temporarily bearish by the scarcity of tonnage. In the face of this array of depressing factors, the wheat market has held unusually firm and has achieved all that we have so persistently claimed for it. We have not lost faith in our theories of ultimately higher prices,—rather they are strengthened by a foresight of what the future has in store for us, but we believe that a temporary setback is rather desired at the present time by the influential element who have liquidated with a view of reinstatement. We believe that the crop scare season will be much earlier than previous years. The insect infection is well established, the absence of snow protection with frequent recurrences of cold waves is reasonably to be expected and the anticipation of a serious break in prices is by no means assured. Profit-taking on long lines, however, is suggested only upon the probability of advantageous re-establishment.

**Corn**—This market continues to feel the buying of late converts to the bull side and the strength in wheat, but has lost the quick, snappy independent support which characterized the activity of the last three or four weeks. Profit taking on an extensive scale by some well known leaders on the advance is, in fact, a confession that a part at least of the influential support has been withdrawn. Other factors assisting are the evidences of increased receipts and improved quality with no expansion of the demand. There are rumors of an export inquiry, but no sponsor for their authenticity, and no evidences of their credibility. Besides this, the public is not so susceptible to this class of information as when prices were lower. It is now more influenced by actual conditions, as opposed to theories. The relationship of supply and demand has been very freely discussed, and the quotations have responded freely, and many believe the injury from early low temperatures and the premature frost are already discounted. The abundance of feed, embracing hay, fodder, worthless wheat and oats, and the Argentine competition are, many think, inimical to prices above a reasonable average this year, unless the advance may come later.

**Cotton**—The cotton market has been neglected by the bulls, and as a result, prices at the close of the week are at the lowest point reached in months. The indifferent attitude toward the market by the outside speculator and the bearish feeling of the professional has brought about the decline. Increasing freight rates and poor export demand were the principal factors in the way of news. It is significant that no predictions of further decrease in acreage are heard in Southern advices. This means that at least as much cotton will be planted this spring as was planted last year, while it is suspected that this silence on acreage reduction actually is significant of a prospective increase

in planted area. The success of holders in getting their price and of refusing to part with what they have not been able to sell at that price, in itself, is regarded as an inducement to plant more heavily. Farmers also are likely to gamble on an ending of the war before the close of the next season. Such an event would be hailed as bullish on cotton, as European countries are not well supplied with the staple. Germany and Austria are now suffering from a famine and would want possibly 2,000,000 bales as fast as they could be bought.

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Capital actually paid up in Cash .....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds .....	2,008,962.64
Employees' Pension Fund .....	211,238.93
Number of Depositors .....	67,406
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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SARAH MYERS, also known as SARAH MEYERS, also known as SARAH MEYER, deceased.  
 Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, GEORGE J. MYERS, Administrator of the estate of SARAH MYERS, also known as SARAH MEYERS, also known as SARAH MEYER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Norman A. Eisner, Esq., his Attorney, Rooms Numbers 344 and 345 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SARAH MYERS, also known as SARAH MEYERS, also known as SARAH MEYER, deceased.

GEORGE J. MYERS,

Administrator of the estate of Sarah Myers, also known as Sarah Meyers, also known as Sarah Meyer, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 29, 1916.

NORMAN A. EISNER,

Attorney for Administrator,  
 344-345 Mills Bldg., San Francisco.

1-29-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ARTHUR D. DAVIDSON, deceased.—No. 20203; Dept. No. 9.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of ARTHUR D. DAVIDSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ARTHUR D. DAVIDSON, deceased.

JULIETTE M. DAVIDSON,

Executrix of the last will and testament of  
 Arthur D. Davidson, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, January 22, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Executrix,  
 No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

22-1-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. HINDES, deceased.—No. 20170; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, STETSON G. HINDES, Administrator of the estate of MARY E. HINDES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. S. Spilman, 244 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said MARY E. HINDES, deceased.

STETSON G. HINDES,

Administrator of the estate of Mary E. Hinds, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 15, 1916.

J. S. SPILMAN,

Attorney for Administrator,  
 244 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

1-15-5

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 70203.

LILLIAN E. BERGES, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's cruelty and intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS WILSON,

Attorney for Plaintiff,  
 2536 Hilgard Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

12-18-17

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## TELEPHONE FRANKLIN 1836

for a

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## THE WHITE STAR LINE AUTO TOURING CO.

TELEPHONE FRANKLIN 1836

## ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68344, Dept. No. 16.

JOHN SULLIVAN, Plaintiff, vs. W. J. HYNES, administrator of the estate of Hope A. Britting, also known as Hope A. Breutting, deceased; JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the amended complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said amended complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2nd day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. BRUNNER, Deputy Clerk.

WM. F. ROSE and BRUCE GLIDDEN,

Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
 614 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

12-18-10

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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS WOODS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of THOMAS WOODS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Paul F. Fratessa, Room 901-7 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS WOODS, deceased.

DAVID W. CRONIN,

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of  
 Thomas Woods, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 5th, 1916.

PAUL F. FRATESSA,

Attorney for Executor,  
 901-7 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-5-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM ROSS, deceased.—No. 20243; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the will of said WILLIAM ROSS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of Messrs. Powell & Dow, room 1029 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM ROSS, deceased.

ELIZABETH ROSS,

Executrix of the will of William Ross, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, January 29th, 1916.

POWELL & DOW,

Attorneys for Executrix,  
 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1-29-5

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COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET

PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVII. No. 1225

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 12, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

## RESULTS FOR 1915

### The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Co. of California

#### FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR

GEO. I. COCHRAN, President

GAIL. B. JOHNSON, Vice-President

New Life Insurance Issued (Paid for Basis).....	\$21,518,654.00
Total Life Insurance in Force, December 31, 1915.....	160,659,702.00
Gain in Life Insurance in Force.....	6,134,255.00
Total Cash Income.....	9,753,687.16
Gain in Cash Income over 1914.....	247,571.11
Total Paid Policyholders.....	3,939,593.98
Grand Total Paid Policyholders since Organization.....	44,350,477.81
Surplus, Assigned and Unassigned (Exclusive of Capital) .....	3,504,807.47
Gain in Surplus (Assigned and Unassigned).....	514,961.90
Total Admitted Assets .....	35,656,611.04
Gain in Admitted Assets.....	3,051,998.79
Premium Income, Accident Department.....	1,794,094.77

All the Foregoing Figures are Compiled from the Sworn Report of the Pacific Mutual to the Insurance Department in each of the Forty-five States in which the Company is Licensed to do Business.

### KILGARIF & BEAVER, Inc., Managers

F. A. STEARNS, Manager,  
Accident Department

EDWIN G. BATH, Manager,  
Intermediate Department

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Address .....

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Oil Burning Engines—No Cinders, No Smudge, No Annoying Smoke

Awarded Grand Prize for Railway Track, Equipment, Motive Power and Safety-First Appliances,  
San Francisco Exposition 1915

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVII

San Francisco, February 12, 1916

No. 1225

Published Weekly by  
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)

88 First Street, San Francisco  
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor  
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

News York Representative, Frederic M. Krugler, 37-39 East Twenty-eighth street.

Los Angeles Representative, W. R. Baranger, 432 South Main street.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

## Futile Booming of a Dead Market

Speaking of a transaction involving a million dollars worth of city real estate *The Examiner* says that a few years ago "such a transaction would have been deemed worthy of a great headline," but that now "so healthy" is the real estate market the transaction "passes without exceptional notice." Which isn't the way the thing strikes us at all. A few years ago people were buying and selling real estate. Now they are swapping it. The million dollar deal which *The Examiner* discusses in a leading editorial was merely a swapping transaction. A few years it would have been mentioned in the news columns. Now it is the theme of an editorial, and the editorial is characteristic, being mainly a deliberate distortion of the truth. The purpose of the distortion in this instance is to give a little psychological stimulus to a market in the doldrums. A few years ago *The Examiner* was printing a page of real estate advertisements every Sunday, from which it derived an income of five hundred dollars, and through the week it picked up several hundred more in the real estate offices where there was little swapping but lots of buying and selling. Now *The Examiner* is printing every Sunday what purports to be a page of real estate news, news intended to promote psychological prosperity and stimulate advertising, but the revenue from the old source is never over thirty a week, hardly enough to pay the salary of the reporter who is vainly trying to make the boom. The situation is pathetic, but how absurd to prescribe misrepresentation for a remedy!

## Mr. Hearst's Pet Principle

Alongside the leader that called attention to the astonishing vitality of the real estate market there appeared an editorial on the benign principle of municipal ownership. The writer would have us believe that the principle has been vindicated by the bankruptcy of certain private corpora-

tions and the success of certain municipal enterprises. Of course in measuring the success of our municipal enterprises we cannot honestly dismiss from consideration the state of the real estate market. For though the city is far from bankrupt it has had to raise the assessed value of its real estate in order to maintain the municipality as a going concern. If as a result of the mad extravagance into which municipal ownership has plunged us it will eventually be too expensive to maintain a home nobody will care to argue the vindication of the principle on which we have enlarged our political machine and increased the tyrannical power of the press. The writer of *The Examiner* editorial says: "It may be admitted as true that if a municipality puts politics above efficiency it will not do as well as a private corporation that makes honesty and efficiency go hand in hand." How characteristically naive this sentiment! How perfectly it reflects the type of mind that put this city in the hole where it is now trying to catch its breath! Transparent intellectual dishonesty, to be sure, the very essence of the spirit that has been ruling San Francisco in her sandblindness for years. Has not politics been put above efficiency in the Hetch-Hetchy enterprise? Was it all efficiency and no politics that built a sieve to serve as a reservoir? Were those marvels of efficiency, the architects who designed the Civic Auditorium (which will have to be rebuilt at the expense of that asinine beast of burden, the taxpayer), were they chosen on the same principle on which Bernard Maybeck was appointed to create the Palace of Fine Arts? And what about the municipal garbage crematory? It was an experiment, we believe, one that nobody is pointing to with pride. If public funds are garbage the crematory was notable for its efficiency. As to the municipal railway which has served as a pretext for tunnels, and which made some money during the Exposition, its service is certainly an improvement on the service of a corporation that was hammered to the verge of bankruptcy by virtuous newspapers intent on forcing the experiment in municipal ownership, but let us wait a while before pronouncing it a monument to the wisdom of its sponsors. Meanwhile for diversion we shall go questing up and down for a sight of honesty and efficiency aloof from politics going hand in hand in the management of something for which the public has to pay.

## A Strike Imminent

The railroads have a prospect before them of a countrywide tie-up. There is to be submitted to them demands for increased wages for all trainmen from fireman to brakeman, and the demands will

be backed by the threat of a general strike. In all probability Washington will intervene, and the dispute will be arbitrated. Perhaps Washington will fix a wage schedule. Why not? Washington is regulating almost everything nowadays, if not to the satisfaction of the people, at least to the pleasure, and perhaps to the profit, of the politicians. And the sooner we carry the principle of paternalism to the point where everybody's ox is gored the better it will be for all of us. For several years the wages of railroad employees have been rising, owing principally to compulsions of a quasi-governmental character, so that the average wage of the 1,800,000 men, which was about \$620 a year five years ago is now \$820. This would not be too much had not an oppressive government regulation of the railroads—Federal and State—been tending steadily to diminish railroad control over income and expenditure. Now even the dullest statesman is able to perceive the inevitable result of a steady increase of wages and a steady decline of income. In such a case there is great danger of the employees calling for more than the traffic will bear at existing rates, and that will do them no more good than it will do the railroads or the people.

## The "Dry" Victory at Sacramento

The professional "Dry" campaigners of California have won a victory, but not the kind of victory "which is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers." Whether this is the kind of victory the propagandists of California wish to win we do not know. We are inclined to doubt that they are really striving to achieve a decisive victory at this time; for that kind of victory would prove disastrous. It would put many of the California propagandists off the national payroll. Agitation being what keeps most of them alive, with nothing to agitate they would have to earn an honest living. Now let us consider whether these propagandists are in earnest. They have proposed two amendments: one which will make it unlawful to manufacture, sell or keep liquor of any kind; another which will make it unlawful to sell liquor or permit the drinking of liquor. Presumably this second amendment is intended to put the saloon out of business. To this amendment the Attorney-General gave the title "Partial Prohibition." The Drys objected to the title, and they have had it changed, and that is the victory they have won. But now as a consequence of their protest the scope of the amendment is to be set forth in the title, making it clear to the voter that the amendment is not aimed only at the saloon-keeper. The amendment provides that no



liquors shall be kept, given away or sold in any saloon, dram-shop, dive, store, hotel, restaurant, cafe, club, dance-hall or other place of public resort. All of which, thanks to the hired men of the propaganda, will be duly set forth on the ballot for the enlightenment of the uninformed and much to the disappointment perhaps of many good people who have been looking forward to the opportunity of voting to close the saloons of California. For of course there are many good people who never visit a saloon, and who think the saloon should be abolished. Some of them drink at the club, and don't care whether anybody else gets a drink or not. And there is the man with the sideboard at home, who knows that some men drink to excess in saloons and who regards it as a shame that the poor man without a home should be able to buy a drink at a bar. The world is full of narrow-minded people greatly prejudiced against things they have no mind for and convinced that whatever is abominable to them should be made abominable to all. Some of them dwell in California, but not all of these will vote to abolish the saloon now that they know that if they abolish the saloon they will also put an end to dancing and probably make it impossible for their club to maintain a restaurant. The Drys of California have so arranged matters that to get rid of the saloon we must convert San Francisco into a city that will realize the dream of the sapless mid-westerners who have purged Los Angeles of everything but their own vices.

### The Virtue of Praise

A correspondent who is evidently of a querulous nature takes exception to our remarks in praise of Louis Brandeis, and he asks: "Do you admire an altruist who goes around talking of his altruism? Don't you think a philanthropist should allow his philanthropy to speak for itself?" There are so many carping, sneering critics in the world, so much faultfinding, so much empty pretension and so much acclaim for the unworthy that it would be well were we always on the lookout for good deeds to applaud. The man who preens himself on his own virtues is not the most charming of companions, but we should not hold it as an offense for a man who has done good to call attention to what he may regard as his accolade of royalty. Doing good by stealth is very fine, but having one's good deed generally known is very refreshing. The worst you can say of a man who deserves praise and puts himself in the way of getting it, is that he is egotistic. But a healthy egoism is not a sign of a defective nature. It is the assertion of an abundant personality. We all have it in more or less degree; else we should be like automatons. And therefore we should all be able to praise; not only for the good it does the receiver, but for the good it does in the world. Praise, big, open, whole-hearted, generous praise, when occasion demands it, is a stimulant that awakens the energies of men, arouses their ambitions, and urges

them to great and noble deeds. Praise is a principle of life. You can save a soul by praise when there is no other method that would avail. And the praise of others is a good thing to practice for your own self. The man whose approval is a poor, watery, grudging kind of plaudit, is a little man who has never possessed his own soul, who has no confidence in himself and who indulges a great deal in his own praises. A very great man was the poet who sang "Drink to me with your eyes." He was called "Rare," but the epithet was not applied to him on account of his rare poetry, or the rules and principles that he laid down magisterially at the Mermaid. Unquestionably it was because he could say of his great rival that he was "the applause, delight, the wonder of our stage," and because he could love his rival and "honor his memory on this side idolatry."

### The Importance of Rumania


There is what seems to be an ominous scarcity of news about Rumania these days. In all probability there is a good deal of striving on both sides to induce Rumania to "come in." Maybe Rumania is going in. If so, on what side? The other day a German official to whom the prospect is rosy, declared that "another" nation was ready to join the Central Powers and would join them at the psychological moment. Maybe he meant Rumania. A little later came the report that Rumania had just entered into a neutrality agreement with Greece. Then we were told that the Quadruple Entente had bought the whole Rumanian wheat crop to keep it out of the hands of the Germans. Assuredly secret diplomacy is very active in Rumania, for that country is most formidable in man-power and machinery. With a population of barely 7,500,000 she is in a position to place in the field an army of some 750,000 men between the ages of twenty-one and forty-two. This exceptionally high ratio of fighting men to the general population is due to the remarkable excess of male over female births in the Danubian kingdom. The Rumanian army was largely a creation of the late King Carol, one of the elder Moltke's most brilliant disciples, but it was thoroughly reorganized on modern lines during the last decade by General Averesco. The general mobilization, as tested in 1907 during the agrarian troubles, and again in 1912 during the second Balkan War, worked out with such remarkable smoothness and dispatch as to win the admiration of all the military experts of Europe. The army is modern in every respect, and the equipment is complete. Hence the anxiety of all the belligerents in the war. It is believed that the recent Russian offensive that penetrated the Austrian crown duchy of Bukowina was not merely a strategic movement to relieve pressure on the Allies in the Balkans, but rather an enterprise to attract Rumania to the side of the Quadruple Entente. As seventy per cent of the population along the northern

frontier of Rumania are of the Greek Orthodox Church, it was believed that if the Russians could overrun Bukowina there would result a strong inclination in Bucharest to abandon neutrality.


### That Cruel Blockade

The New York Times asks: "What is all this tremendous pother about blockade and the British Orders in Council and neutral rights?" This pother is not taken seriously by *The Times* nor any of the other big American dailies whose honesty of sentiment is free from suspicion. All hold that we should insist on neutral rights, but that there is no reason to get excited, since issues respecting commerce may easily be determined and wrongs may easily be righted in a court of arbitration. But apparently the Hearst papers do not take this view of the matter. Mr. Hearst and certain statesmen as eager as Mr. Hearst to vindicate their Teutonic sympathies, are for making the blockade a pretext for putting an embargo on munitions. Of course they affect profound concern for the dignity of their country. The sinking of the Lusitania roused no emotion in them, only made them think it advisable to surrender the right of Americans to sail in the passenger ships of belligerents, but restriction of neutral commerce in their opinion calls for reprisals, and therefore we should prohibit the exportation of munitions which our manufacturers have pledged themselves to deliver, and thus forfeit friendships that we may greatly need before long. Hence the abuse Senator John Sharp Williams received in the Hearst papers for declaring the other day that he would not put injuries against property and crimes against human life in the same category. Senator Williams has received so much praise for that speech that in all probability he can stand the abuse. Applauding him for the speech, the New York Times observed that the oily Chadbands who are trying to hide their anti-American purposes under a pretense of indignation about interference with American commerce cannot mislead the great body of the American people who "remember their slaughtered dead upon the seas and will not lash themselves into wrath at the instigation of the murderers." This is strong language and unpleasant. It induces the reflection that the war will probably leave many scars not only in Europe but right here in our own country where of course there will be keen recollection of things that are now said and done in the heat of passion.

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4 84 POST STREET, EAST OF KEARNY  
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## Varied Types

CCLXVII—CLARA CLEMENS GABRILOWITSCH

By Edward F. O'Day

"Suppose we talk about your father," I said when Mark Twain's daughter motioned me to a sofa in her flower-decked sitting room at the St. Francis.

"It is a subject on which I am very well posted," she answered with a smile.

Clara Clemens has a sweet voice, as becomes a fine singer; and a sweet smile, as becomes the daughter of the smiling philosopher. I who never saw Mark Twain could yet detect a resemblance to his pictures when that smile played upon her fine face. And she told me that during the past few years many who knew her father had begun to speak of this resemblance which impressed them in spite of her raven hair and her black eyes.

"Which is your favorite among your father's books?" I asked.

"The 'Joan of Arc,'" she answered unhesitatingly. "One must have been a boy, I think, or have something boyish about one fully to appreciate. 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Huckleberry Finn,' but 'Joan of Arc' is a woman's book."

"Were you with your father when he wrote it?"

"No, I was studying in Berlin. The book was written in a villa near Florence, a villa afterwards occupied by D'Annunzio. Father wanted perfect quiet for the work, there were so many old books and records to consult. He had been studying the subject for several years. It was one that interested him deeply, and he referred to it again and again in conversation. There were several episodes of history that attracted him, that he thought of writing about; but this held him most of all.

"His reading was almost exclusively in books of history and memoirs. I think it was because such books gave him facts about human nature. Humanity was his study, and it mattered not whether it was humanity as represented by some great man of history or a chimney sweep. There was always a book of history or memoirs by his bed. Carlyle's 'French Revolution' and 'Frederick the Great' were particular favorites with him. Novels he never read. I remember one night there was a well known Russian Nihilist at dinner. He talked of Tolstoi and Turgenieff and other Russian novelists, and was surprised to learn that father had not read them. So he asked father about Thackeray, Dickens and the other great English novelists. Father said he had not read them either. Our Russian guest could not help laughing.

"It is most interesting," he said. 'He has read nothing!'

"Father read very little poetry. He did read Browning, but it was the meat of Browning, not the purely poetical side which attracted him. Poets like Tennyson he did not read at all."

"What book of your father's do you like second best?" I asked.

"The Prince and the Pauper," answered Mrs. Gabrilowitsch. "But that is perhaps because we loved it as children and made a little play out of it which we acted in. Don't you think that as we get along in life we confine our reading more and more to the particular line which is part of our work? Or else we go back and read again the books that interested us as children? It is for that reason, perhaps, that I have not read father's other books as often as I should."

"Were you pleased with Dean Howell's book about your father?"

"Yes, and no. It was very good, as far as it went. But I was disappointed in it. I thought that Mr. Howells might perhaps have shown more sides of my father's character. The Life by Paine is very good. I do not see how it could be any better, unless it were a little shorter."

"Have you done any writing?"

"A little, now and then, all my life; but I have never published anything. Father encouraged me to write. He praised some sketches of mine, and Mr. Howells praised them also when father showed them to him. Father was disappointed when I showed a greater interest in music than in writing. Not that he discouraged my musical studies. He thought everyone should do something. Only he did not care for music, aside from the old negro melodies which he had learned from his mammy and which he played very well on the piano. Then he liked some other things like the Pilgrim Chorus from 'Tannhauser' which we used to play for him a great deal. I think he had a taste in music which might have been cultivated had he begun early enough, but he heard practically no music until he was thirty."

"Did you help your father with his autobiography?"

"No," answered Mrs. Gabrilowitsch. "that autobiography was father talking to himself, so to speak. He would read something in the morning paper that hurt his sense of justice, and he would either write a letter about it to some friend 'to vent his spleen,' as he expressed it—and usually tear the letter up because it was too forcible to send—or he would dictate his thoughts on the subject. That is how the autobiography came to be written. There are parts of it which will never be published because they deal too harshly with men. They would inflict pain, and perhaps in some instances the strictures are not altogether just."

"Did your father leave many unpublished things?"

"A great many. He was a great hand at starting things and laying them aside. Then there are some finished things which are not his best, things he probably thought were not worth publishing. These we shall never publish, although publishers are eager for them. There are only two manuscripts which will eventually see the light."

"Have you met any of your father's old friends here?"

"They are all gone," was the answer. "Even he realized that before his death. He was planning to come to California to live. He loved California above all other places—California and Honolulu. He thought of making his home at Pasadena, as he felt the need of a warm climate. I think the tickets to California were bought. But for some reason he changed his mind at the last minute, and went to Italy. I heard him say that his California friends were dead, and that he felt the need of friends. Perhaps that is why he did not come."

"Does your husband smoke?" I asked.

"No," answered the inveterate smoker's daughter, smilingly recognizing the thought in my mind. "And I must say I do not regret that he does not smoke the sort of cigars father smoked. They were very bad cigars. The per-

fume of them was far from agreeable. He was very fond of a corn cob pipe, especially when he got it well seasoned, as he put it. I liked the odor of the corn cob. But the cigars! They were so bad that none of his friends would smoke them. I suppose father became addicted to them as a young man. He always had good cigars for his friends when they called. There were six men who used to call at our home in Hartford every Friday night to play billiards. Father was very fond of billiards. One night he had neglected to provide good cigars, so he offered these friends some of his own favorites. All six men declined them. As they were leaving, however, he pressed them on his guests, saying that they would want to smoke on the way home. In the morning the butler picked up the six cigars between our doorstep and our gate!

"Father lived in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke. It is remarkable that he lived so long, he led such an unhealthy life. He never took exercise, and was always breathing tobacco smoke instead of fresh air. You could not see across his room, it was so cloudy. And yet this did not seem to affect his health. He was always well up to the last. I am glad of that. It must be awful to linger on, surviving one's health and faculties. The smoking did not seem to affect him so far as I know, unless it caused the heart trouble from which he died, and I am by no means certain that it did."

It was when I was leaving that I remarked upon the daughter's resemblance to her father's pictures, and she replied that others had noticed it of late.

"I am far from unwilling that it should be so," she said, and smiled her winning smile.

I trust that in reporting this conversation I have not conveyed the impression that Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch had any idea of using her great father's memory to commend herself to public attention. Nothing would be more unjust. I have met children of the great who had that weakness, but the only surviving child of Mark Twain is, most emphatically, not of the number. I cannot conceive of her as introducing her father as a topic of conversation with an interviewer. But the topic once introduced, you discover that it is very close to her heart, as indeed, in a less intimate sense of course, it is close to the heart of everyone who loves American letters.

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## Perspective Impressions

Lost: A small package of principles labeled "The New Freedom."

Having studiously refrained from reading the Mohr case the verdict left us quite cold.

Did a President of the United States ever before ask an audience to join him in singing?

It was "America" that President Wilson asked the audience to sing. Is it possible that he thinks "America" our national anthem?

Hank Ford has a new peace plan. Hank is a glutton for punishment.

Andy Gallagher and Tim Reardon are engaged in a Kilkenny row, and nobody will mourn if it is carried to a Kilkenny finish.

The number of January marriages in this city was normal, indicating that women are proposing as usual.

Having read a good many of Kipling's recent utterances we are tempted to call him The Light That Failed.

And now we are to have a tariff commission with unlimited powers to spy into private affairs.

During the past few weeks the President has been getting a fine training for the Chautauqua Circuit.

Have you noticed that the Examiner, during the past few days, has had more to say about habit-forming drugs than about habit-forming whiskey?

Judge Ben Lindsey has been unburdening his chest concerning the war, and in keeping with his court experience his utterances smack strongly of juvenility.

A nation in which a minority is coerced by a majority needs a political doctor. A nation in which a majority is coerced by a minority is too far gone to be resuscitated.

William Bayard Hale thinks it "significant" that a million people have signed a petition to Congress to put an embargo on munitions. It means he says that "the people do not like blood upon their hands."

Isn't it also significant of the disinclination of some ninety millions to take the Hales and the Hearsts seriously? Given a small boy, a Ford and six months to circulate and it would be easy to get six million signatures to a petition to send both Hearst and Hale to the scrapheap.

The greatest failure is the man who has made a success and proved himself unworthy of it.

Though the President says there is danger of war Secretary Daniels is threatening to drive our armor plate factories out of business.

If preparedness is the Colonel's principal asset he has been left high and dry by the President's conversion.

There are sixty-seven naval ships building and authorized, but though the President affects to be alarmed at the prospect of war it required a resolution of Congress the other day to remind him that it was advisable to speed up the work and make the ships available as soon as possible.

## The Appeal of the Belgian Bishops

Letter Addressed to the Bishops of Germany Asking Them to Agree On a Tribunal of Investigation

Some day we shall perhaps learn just what took place in Belgium when the Germans invaded the country. Thus far there has been much crimination and recrimination. Cardinal Mercier wrote a very severe indictment of the Germans, but the German Emperor sent a telegram to President Wilson, accusing Belgian priests and women of committing "abominable, odious, and criminal acts against German soldiers," and declaring that his heart bled to see that measures of repression had been rendered inevitable.

Some day perhaps the truth will be made known in so convincing a manner that it cannot be challenged. Meanwhile efforts to that end are being made by the Catholic Bishops of Belgium, and it appears that the Catholic Bishops of Belgium and the Catholic Bishops of Germany are for the present far from being in accord. Indeed there appears to be a serious breach involving something of a problem for the Pope to handle. The Bishops of Belgium have called on the Bishops of Germany and Austria in the name of their common religion to join with them before a tribunal agreed upon to take evidence on both sides. The letter in which the appeal was made was sent two months ago, but not yet has a reply been received. It was recently published in Havre, and last week a translation of the letter in full was printed by the New York Evening Post wherein it fills seven columns. From this letter it appears that the Germans shortly after invading Belgium made many charges of horrible atrocities against the Belgians by way of justifying severe methods of repression and punishment. These charges were printed in German papers and spread broadcast. The Bishops of Belgium pronounce them "shameless calumnies" and plead for the opportunity to vindicate their countrymen, thus:

"Is it not your duty, not only in charity,

but in strict justice, to enlighten yourselves, to enlighten the faithful of your flocks, and to furnish us with the occasion to establish judicially our innocence? You owe us this satisfaction in the name of Catholic charity which dominates national conflicts. You owe it to us—today—in strict justice, because a committee, covered by at least your tacit approbation, and composed of all that is most distinguished in politics and science and religion in Germany, has undertaken the patronage of the official accusations and confided to the pen of a Catholic priest, Prof. A. J. Rosenberg, of Paderborn, the task of condensing them in a book entitled, "The Lying Accusations of French Catholics against Germany," and has thus put on the back of Catholic Germany the responsibility of the active and public propagation of the calumny against the Belgian people.

"When the French book, to which German Catholics oppose their own, saw the light, their Eminences Cardinal von Hartmann, Archbishop of Cologne, and Cardinal von Bettinger, Archbishop of Munich, felt it necessary to address to their Emperor a telegram in these words:

"Revolted by the defamation of the German Fatherland and its glorious army contained in the book, 'The German War and Catholicism,' we have the heartfelt need of expressing our sorrowful indignation to your Majesty in the name of the whole German episcopate. We shall not fail to lift up our complaint even to the supreme head of the Church."

"Very well. Most Reverend Eminences, Venerated Colleagues of the German episcopate, in our turn, we Archbishops and Bishops of Belgium—revolted by the calumnies against our Belgian country and its glorious army, which are contained in the White Book of the Empire and reproduced in the German Catholics' answer to the work published by French Cath-

olics—we feel the need of expressing to our King, to our Government, to our army, to our country, our sorrowful indignation.

"And that our protestation may not run counter to yours, without useful effect, we ask you to be willing to aid us to institute a tribunal for searching inquiry of evidence and counter-evidence. In the name of your official tribunal, you will appoint as many members as you desire, and as it pleases you to choose; we will appoint as many more, three for example on each side. And we will ask of a neutral State—Holland, Spain, Switzerland or the United States—to appoint for us a 'superarbiter' who will preside at the operations of the tribunal. You have taken your complaints to the Sovereign Head of the Church. It is not just that he should hear only your voice. You will have the loyalty to aid us to make our voice heard also. We have—you and we—an identical duty, to put before His Holiness tried documents on which he may be able to base his judgment. You are not ignorant of the efforts we have made, one after another, to obtain from the Power which occupies Belgium the constitution of a tribunal of investigation."

After telling of the efforts they have made to get an impartial investigation the Bishops of Belgium give a brief recital of what they are prepared to prove; among other things, that fifty innocent priests were put to death. "These crimes," they say, "cry to heaven for vengeance," and they add:

"If, when we formulate these denunciations, we calumniate the German army; or if the military authority had just reasons to order or permit these acts, which we call criminal, it belongs to the interest and to the national honor of Germany to confound us. Just so long as German justice refuses to listen, we

(Continued on Page 17.)



## The Gamble of the Dardanelles

*(It is now the consensus of opinion in England not only that the whole Dardanelles campaign was a colossal blunder, rashly conceived, but that Sir Ian Hamilton was incompetent to direct it and convicted himself of incompetence in his own despatch descriptive of the failure. Such are the views expressed by a writer in the London Nation whose article follows:)*

We agree with the Prime Minister that the removal of the remaining troops from the Gallipoli peninsula was an extraordinary feat of arms. But the episode which has thus been closed demands another and a closer view. We cannot calmly select one or other of those golden deeds with which it is our custom to begem even our most abject failures. We must take this final selling out at a fair price in connection with the wild speculation which brought the enterprise to birth and with the plunging which nursed it. Taken in this light, the Dardanelles campaign is a fair tabloid of our history. It is compounded of undying courage, amazing resource, tenacity, and fertility of imagination, together with recklessness, indecision, mismanagement, and disorganization.

Sir Ian Hamilton's dispatch is an unconscious but fairly adequate and unsparing autobiography. It shows him possessed of all the talents—especially the celtic ones—except the essential gifts of generalship, decision, and resolution. However much we may be disposed to resent his very candid blame of one general and his frank reflections upon a number of others whose names are not always given, the dispatch is a much more damning account of his own part in the fighting than of others. For what is the function of a commander if it is not to command? Sir Ian's indictment of his generals in the last resort amounts to this—that he could not keep them in hand. He could as little order them as inspire or persuade them. When the crucial moment came he saw the inertia which he blames; he saw the gravity of its bearing upon the whole situation. But he had no gifts to blow life into the smouldering embers; and the opportunity was lost.

It is but fair to admit that a great deal of the discredit which must ever attach to the conduct of this campaign can and must be referred to others. The problem of forcing the Dardanelles by means of an army labored under the most immeasurable handicap of being scheduled in advance. Like the courteous and somewhat stupid duellists of romance, we gave the Turks ample notice of our intention. To the Dardanelles problem, a sufficiently stimulating problem in any case, we gratuitously added the problem of countervailing our own errors. There can be little doubt that this was a far more formidable thing than the taking of the Narrows. Sir Ian's conduct of the campaign must receive a handsome discount upon this account. His was a rather extraordinary problem, and he had never more than a small force to cope with it. The responsibility for that state of affairs must rest on other shoulders. Where was the General Staff? Where was the War Staff which should have regulated these mixed operations? Who was responsible for the dimensions of the force? The French, we have reason to believe, disapproved, and thought the force should be increased. There can be no refuge for those responsible in the suggestion that we had not the numbers. A military project cannot be conceived apart from numbers, and is to be undertaken only if suitable numbers are available.

Taking the campaign as one inevitably to be committed to so small a force, Sir Ian Hamilton's problem was to use his soldiers to the best advantage. His dispatch covers three months, from July to October, when he was recalled; but only some seven to fifteen days are of real moment. Before these days had ar-

rived, the commander-in-chief was making his plans and awaiting the human material which was to go to their realization. Afterwards, he had fallen back upon the cry which every general in the field has raised in crucial moments from time immemorial, "Reinforcements." We think that General Hamilton possesses a certain vision which enables him to grip his problem, and reduce it to compassable form. The Narrows were, in effect, the summits of Chunuk Bair and Hill 305. These taken, the Narrows could stand little chance; but if the Narrows fell, then Constantinople gleamed ahead. The positions, which were thus the key to the Dardanelles, were defended in force. Strong to begin with, art and real courage made them stronger.

Sir Ian's plan was to make a surprise attack from Anzac and a fresh landing at Suvla Bay. The Anzac operations were largely, indeed dominantly, a frontal attack. The Suvla advance, directed towards Ismail Oglu Tepe, was a turning movement which would inevitably weaken the Turkish defense. Given the numbers, time was the essential factor in the situation. Clearly, the day could not be won against the whole Turkish force: the point was that the blows should fall so quickly that the advantages of surprise could be gained. The blow from Anzac went home. Reinforcements were landed secretly, and concealed three days. On August 6th the men were loosed. They attacked on the extreme right of the Anzac position as a diversion. The object was gained, for the fighting continued at this point for days afterwards. Meanwhile, the main Anzac movement had been launched against the Chunuk Bair ridge. Major-General Godley directed here, and, when dawn broke on the 7th, his men had penetrated to within a quarter of a mile of Chunuk Bair. Early the next morning, they even seized the position; and on the following day the Gurkhas and Sixth South Lancashires looked down upon the silver thread of the Hellespont, which, dividing Europe from Asia, has so ancient a history. So much for the frontal attack, in which the New Army won laurels.

Meanwhile the Suvla expedition was writing another and not less familiar page of our history. The operations here were under the charge of Lieutenant-General Stopford. He had to make his way against but small forces and no wire. His force was more than adequate; it was ample. General Stopford seems to have blundered at the outset by suggesting a change in the landing plans, which afterwards proved a disadvantage. But why did Sir Ian agree to it? The landing was more difficult, and this was a matter of fact, and not of judgment—certainly not an Army officer's judgment, at any rate. And there were Turkish pickets awaiting the invaders. This was a matter of preliminary reconnaissance. The other two landings took place without opposition. But when the dawn of the 7th came and the footing had been made good, there was no control of the two brigades. What happened is difficult to understand; but battalion commanders seem to have played their own hand. The Irish Division added the only touch of life to the situation. The water supply broke down. The troops became spread out, so that the chief advantage of their preponderant numbers was lost. The divisional commanders represented the tired state of their troops when belatedly urged to advance. And the commander of the operations again acquiesced. More, he

directly gave them every excuse for their indecision. So were frittered away the precious hours when the troops from Anzac were striving to hold, against a concentrated enemy, the ridge which commanded the Narrows.

It is clear that General Stopford was to blame. On the story of this dispatch he is condemned as a leader beyond all redemption. As to the divisional commanders, it is hard to determine how far their inertia was spontaneous, and how far derived from an intuitive sympathy with their chief's point of view. But where was the commander-in-chief? He brushes away, in his dispatch, every shred of cover for his subordinate. But why did he not infuse life into the critical wing of the advance? At last he determined to do something. He went to the spot, and, reaching over the heads of corps and divisional commanders, on the evening of the 8th moved a pawn—the Thirty-second brigade. It was "admittedly" concentrated. Yet it did not move for hours because its units were "scattered." Sir Ian Hamilton's point of view seems to have been to do something, even if he could not achieve the end. But having ordered the moving of the pawn, did he follow the game or retire from it and allow the men he had momentarily superseded to deal with the consequences?

Over the rest it is perhaps better to draw a veil. The hour was lost. Reinforcements were rushed up, and the scene of the Hellespont from the critical ridge became a memory. The Suvla operations seemed to crumple up, some said by opposition, some report by misdirection. And eventually Sir Ian falls back upon the old demand. He was not the man. He failed at the critical moment. His subordinates failed. But it must be realized that these failures are not the mere theory they look on paper. They had a price which we cannot but remember. Dead, and maimed, and sick, these are the price of one of the greatest gambles in our history. We left more behind than a few worn-out guns. We left prestige; we left confidence that some residual sanity would save us from embarking upon so ill-found a venture; we left, furthermore and finally, a host of young lives, full of energy, strength, and aspiration. It is a bad balance-sheet.

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# Poems About San Franciscans

XIV—TO INA COOLBRITH

By Thomas Walsh

(The following is only a quatrain, but a tribute does not have to be lengthy to be exquisite. Thomas Walsh is an Eastern singer, and like all other true American poets has a high appreciation of our "poet laureate.")

Unto the singer the laurel to cover the thorn  
That the Nightingale finds on the rose:  
Never was coronal purer, more worthily worn  
Than your own from the morn to the close.

## The Spectator

### Opera for the Common People

"Chay-less-tay Ah-ee-dah! Chay-less-tay Ah-ee-dah!"

These or something like these were the strange sounds I heard as I climbed the winding stair to the clock tower in the Ferry building. There was the faint suggestion of musical intention about them, the suspicion of harmony such as one gets, let us say, when Sam Rucker sings. I could not believe that the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock was guilty of them. And yet, who else could it be?

"Chay-less-tay Ah-ee-dah! Chay-less-tay Ah-ee-dah!"

I took three steps at a time and rushed into the pendulum room. And I caught the clockwinder in the act. He was red in the face and hot in the collar from his vocal efforts.

"What the Sherman are you trying to do now?" I demanded.

The clockwinder sank into his chair, drew a blue bandana across his dewy forehead and smiled faintly.

"You got me dead to rights," he said. "I thought I had the door locked or I'd never have tried it. I was rehearsing."

"Rehearsing for what?" I asked.

"For the chorus of Andy Gallagher's jitney opera troupe," explained the clockwinder. "Handy Andy's going to bring grand opera to the common people, and as one of the herd I'm going half-way to meet him. I'm going to sign out with the chorus."

"Let's be serious," I said.

"I don't know about you," retorted the clockwinder, "but Andy and I are very serious. We think that Will Greenbaum and Doc Leahy and Frank Healy and Patrizzi have controlled the grand opera market long enough. I ain't much of an opera fan myself, but as I get it from Andy things are so exclusive in this town you can't buy an opera ticket unless your name is in the blue book and your rating in Dun's. If you can't prove that you've been to dinner at Mrs. Eleanor Martin's the man in the box office won't give you a tumble, let alone sell you a ducat. That's why the opera companies all go broke here. They won't let the plebes in. Andy and I are for cheap opera and the common people. Not being musical myself I'm going to try for a job in the chorus. In the chorus you're too busy hollering to listen to the music. How do you like this—Chay-less-tay Ah-ee-dah—"

### Backing the Labor Council

"Where did you get your idea of the opera situation in this town?" I interrupted.

"Where should I get it except from Sig-nor Andio Gallagheri?" answered the clockwinder. "And Andy must have it straight because the Labor Council has passed resolutions backing

him. I'm not always with the Labor Council. They make mistakes in the matter of strikes, boycotts and so forth. But this time they're on firm ground—on terra cotta, as Puck Hayden would put it. The Labor Council knows all about grand opera. Why, one of the walking delegates used to go to the Tivoli every day when Doc Leahy was building it. Who helped Andy Gallagher and Jim Rolph to put the crusher on the Municipal Opera House? The Labor Council! Do you think the Labor Council could have done that if it didn't know all about grand opera? The Labor Council knows that you've got to be a Symon before you can be a Willis Polk; you've got to tear down before you can build up. They tore down opera for the classes; now they're building up opera for the masses. You know that Municipal Opera House was a scheme to hurt union labor, don't you?"

"How do you make that out?" I inquired.

"Plain as the nose on your face," answered the clockwinder. "Who would have sung in that opera house? Wops like Caruso who never had a union card in his life. The Labor Council believes that opera must be unionized. Make all the tenors, sopranos and baritones take out union cards. Have a walking delegate select the chorus. Get Jack Hynes to conduct. And only give operas that feature the common people, like that one where they have an anvil chorus and everybody's pinched in the last act. Then let in the mob at a nickel a throw. That's the Labor Council's idea, and this man Paskally is going to help Andy carry it out."

### It Will Not Down

"But the Board of Supervisors turned down Pasquali's project," I objected.

"The members of the board who have no music in their souls turned Paskally down," corrected the clockwinder. "They don't count. They're fit for treasons, stratagems and the spoils system, as Andy's friend Bill Shakespeare put it. All the supervisors that ever played a jew's harp or a harmonica or a concertina were with us. We've just begun to fight. The mistake Paskally made was to put his price too high. He wanted a dime. We're going to let people in for a jitney. And we'll jam the Auditorium to the last row of the whispering gallery. You don't know how union labor is thirsting for grand opera. Why, when Michael Casey heard that the supervisors had voted against us he broke down and cried. Said he knew teamsters who had been waiting all their lives to hear Verdi sing Wagner. And Andy Furuseth threw a fit. Said that since the Seamen's Act had turned all his beloved sailors into landlubbers opera was just the amusement that would suit them. And so on down the line. I know plumbers and bricklayers whose

wives had taken their diamonds out of the safe deposit boxes for the opening night. Well, we'll give them a chance to wear 'em. Talk about the Horseshoe at the Metropolitan—just wait till the members of the Blacksmith's Union turn out with their families!"

"The theatrical managers will fight your scheme as they fought Pasquali's," I suggested.

"We're not afraid of them," said the clockwinder. "There are only two things we're afraid of."

"What are they?" I asked.

"Sig-nor Tim Reardon is one," said the clockwinder. "He may start a rival opera company to peeve Sig-nor Gallagher. And the other thing is the echo in the Municipal Auditorium."

### The Senator and the Clockwinder

Senator Gus Hartman called on the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock the other morning, and after sitting down and putting his feet on the table after the manner of the true statesman, he drew out of his coat pocket a copy of Town Talk.

"I've been reading," he said, "what you had to say about Eddie Wolfe and the Examiner."

"Did you like it?" the clockwinder asked.

"It was all right as far as you went, but you missed a point."

"What was it?"

"You said that gout was a great argument, and that you look to see it become very popular in the Examiner."

"Yes, so I do."

"Well, as a matter of fact, it has always been the Examiner's solar plexus blow. Don't you remember how the Examiner floored Judge Sturtevant for his decision in favor of the United Railroads?"

"Did they say he had the gout?"

"No, they called attention to the fact that he stutters."

"Now I remember," said the clockwinder, "and of course that's a fatal defect in a judge. How can a man write a decision when he stutters?"

"I don't know," said the Senator, "but there's your little friend Justice Lawlor; he must have a stuttering pen."

"I never thought of that," said the clockwinder, "but perhaps that's the trouble."

### Miss Sallie's Sally

"What difference does it make whether he has been dead one hundred or five hundred years?" demanded Miss Sallie Jones of the Board of Education when it was proposed to celebrate Shakespeare's tercentenary in the public schools. "He is not only dead physically but histrionically as well, and I see no reason for interfering with other studies for the benefit of something that cannot even be made to pay in the theatre."



My dear Miss Jones! I am amazed at you, shocked and pained. Were you spoofing, or did you really mean it? Perhaps you were merely trying in a spirit of mischief to stir up Dr. Claxton who arrived in our midst coincidentally with your iconoclastic remarks to make a survey of the public schools. How the United States Commissioner of Education must have shuddered when he read your idol-smashing words. Claxton must have thought he was in Philistia or in Oshkosh. Now one might expect a school director in Oshkosh to make precisely the objection to a Shakespearean celebration that you made. A school director in Oshkosh, you know, is usually the village blacksmith or the county undertaker, but you, Miss Jones, you are a product of the very school system that Mr. Claxton has come to investigate. Mirabile dictu, Miss Sally, you are a graduate of the Normal School, you hold a teacher's certificate. Mr. Claxton may decide to confine his investigation to you, for it may occur to him that as an epitome of all that is wrong with the system you are as luminous as a D'Arcy Ryan light battery.

#### A Large Subject

I am not going to argue with you, my dear Miss Jones. After all, you were overruled. And besides, you may not have meant it. The subject of Shakespeare's immortality is too large a one for paragraph treatment. If you are to be answered, let your answer come from Samuel Shortridge or Tim Crowley or some other of our great Shakespeareans. But I cannot help wondering why you say Shakespeare is dead histrionically. I had thought he was pretty much alive. I agree that any number of bad actors have done their best to murder him, but my impression was that he was too vital to kill. And why do you say that he doesn't pay in the theatre? Hasn't Ed Sothorn made him pay, and our Corporal Dobbin's friend Bob Mantell, and the handsome Jim Hackett, and the English enthusiast Benson, and Faversham? It appears to me that these and others "pack 'em in" when they play Shakespeare. No, my dear Miss Jones, Will of Avon is not dead. He's not even in articulo mortis. He's far from moribund. But suppose he happened to be as histrionically dead as Beaumont or Marlowe or rare Ben Jonson or glorious John Dryden? Would that make such a difference? Couldn't the youngsters honor him any way? Suppose, for the sake of argument, that he dies histrionically some day. I assure you, my dear Miss Jones, that he will always remain excellent reading. If you don't believe me ask Mills Gayley or Morse Stephens. They'll tell you!

#### A Tribute to Ada Rehan

While I'm on the subject, my dear Miss Jones, I'd like you to cast your eye over a few lines from the magnificent tribute that great

critic Mr. Walkley wrote for the London Times when the news reached London that Ada Rehan was dead. Walkley seems to think that Shakespeare was very much alive in Ada Rehan's prime. Perhaps Shakespeare died since then. Bear with me, my dear Miss Jones, while I quote:

"In Shakespearean comedy—the full-blooded, not the dreamy, fantastic region or it—she was a marvel. The bubbling, effervescing fun of her Rosalind! There have been more tender Rosalinds, and more refined—Ada Rehan's Rosalind was, in truth, a little 'bouncing'—but probably none so humorous and none so full of essential womanhood." (By the way, my dear Miss Jones, did you ever see Maude Adams play this same Rosalind?) "But her Rosalind was surpassed by her Katherine in 'The Taming of the Shrew.' You thought Shakespeare foresaw her when he wrote that part. She made Katherine a magnificent animal. Her rage was devastating, like some great convulsion of nature. The Shakespearean vocabulary did not suffice her; she found a whole gamut of inarticulate cries, shrieks, and grunts, and growls. Looking at her you seemed to snatch the fearful joy of dancing on the edge of a volcano. Yet the whole thing was harmonious, superbly beautiful, Shakespearean through and through, absolutely 'right.' For once a dramatic character had met with the very person born to interpret and to illuminate it. Such a piece of good fortune is not likely to happen again. You feel that something of Shakespeare's secret died with Ada Rehan."

#### Obedying Orders

The St. Francis Hotel has begun the publication of a little chap book with lively text and good pictures. From the first, the January issue, I crib this:

One of the St. Francis page boys was going through the halls whistling. Ernest Drury, assistant manager, immediately rounded him up and inquired the reason for all the harmony.

"Gee, I'm doing what I'm told," explained the boy. "I'm paging Mrs. Whitmore's dog."

#### Edison on Architects

Willis Polk's graceful tribute to the genius of D'Arcy Ryan (published in Town Talk three weeks ago) reached Thomas A. Edison at Orange, New Jersey, where the great Edison Laboratory is situated. Merely remarking en passant that this shows how widely Town Talk circulates, I hasten to chronicle the result. Edison took his pen in hand, and sent Willis Polk a letter which contains these words:

"This is the first time I have ever known of an architect who had a sense of humor. I have known three architects. No. 1 had melancholia. No. 2 was a pessimist. No. 3 quit architecting and bought out an undertaker. Now I know that there are exceptions. Yours very truly, Thos. A. Edison."

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#### Dr. Aked Immortalized

Little did Dr. Aked dream when he was inveigled into a game of leap frog with the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones in front of the peace ship moving-picture machine, that he was destined to the immortality of song. Yet such is the case. The incident has been embalmed in a catch which goes to the tune of "John Brown's Body" and is the favorite song of the newspapermen attached to the expedition. The Gaston Plaintiff mentioned in the chorus is almoner and angel-in-chief of the expedition. Here is Dr. Aked's surest claim to the attention of posterity:

One peace delegate jumped right over the other  
peace delegate's back,  
One peace delegate jumped right over the other  
peace delegate's back,  
One peace delegate jumped right over the other  
peace delegate's back,  
And the other peace delegate jumped right over  
the other peace delegate's back.

#### Chorus:

Send the bill to Gaston Plaintiff,  
Send the bill to Gaston Plaintiff,  
Send the bill to Gaston Plaintiff,  
And one peace delegate jumped right over the  
other peace delegate's back.

#### Knifing a Totem

It is to be presumed that our versatile Collector of Customs, the Hon. J. Oscar Davis, knows as much about totems and totem poles and the whole subject of totemism with its allied subject of exogamy, as he knows about Rabelais. This means that he probably knows less of the subject than the erudite J. G. Frazer who wrote "The Golden Bough" and the late Andrew Lang who wrote the article on totemism for the latest Britannica and other pundits. But J. Oscar knows a naughty totem pole when he sees it, just as he can spot a coprolitic passage in laughing Francois of Medun. And it makes no difference to J. Oscar, the Cerberus of our morals, that the naughty totem pole was brought into the port by one Baptish missionary as a

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gift to another reverend gentleman of the same persuasion. When a totem pole from Burma shocks J. Oscar, he stops not to wonder why a pious Baptist parson should want to give it to a confrere of the cloth. The preacher gets the same treatment as a drummer with a silken roll of pornographic Japanese pictures. And yet the Collector of Customs is a cautious man. To back his own judgment he called in the Reverend George Burlingame of the local Baptist church and had him give the offending totem pole the once-over. Dr. Burlingame promptly pronounced it "vile beyond toleration." Thus we have the adverse judgment of two Baptist divines, for J. Oscar used to be a Baptist preacher himself, down Hollister way. Dr. Burlingame's further remarks are interesting. He offers to cut out the impropriety of the Burmese totem pole with a jack-knife. Thus we learn that the totem pole's wickedness is not inherent but a mere excrescence. I trust he will perform the operation. It will be the first time sterilization of the unfit has been applied to a totem pole.

#### Henry Austin Adams, Playwright

Two weeks ago the Stage Society of New York tried out a play called "God and Company" which was so well received that it is now to be produced on Broadway. The play has brought Henry Austin Adams once more into public notice, for it has been made known that the former preacher and lecturer who once had many admirers in this city is the author. Years ago Adams was rector of the Episcopal Church of the Redeemer in New York. He became a convert to Catholicism and took to the lecture platform. Afterward he became a wanderer through the world with a "mystic soul mate" for whom he deserted his wife and four children. A man of brilliant but very unstable mind is Adams. After his downfall he dabbled in parlor socialism and paraded himself as an agnostic. Of late years he has been the central figure in a literary and bohemian set in San Diego where he lives with his second wife who was formerly his soul

mate. He has been making a good living writing stories for the magazines and essays in which he justifies the principles on which his conduct in recent years is based. In his play, the title of which is suggestive of his latter-day attitude toward religion, he has developed a plot by which he seeks to vindicate his notions of the hypocrisy of conventional marriage. It is the story of a married, amorous clergyman who falls in love with a girl. When accused by his wife he repudiates the girl. He is deserted by his wife who has a sweetheart and at the wind-up he is preparing to commit suicide.

#### Adams's Career

Adams, who is now about 54 years old, was born at Santiago, Cuba, his father being of an old Virginia family and his mother of Spanish lineage. He took special courses at Heidelberg and Bonn after being graduated from Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., and while in the German universities he picked up much of the socialism which later in life he became an exponent of. Next he was graduated from the Episcopal General Theological Seminary and served as rector of various parishes in New England, where his marked ability as a speaker resulted in his becoming an assistant to the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix at Trinity Church. In a public letter which he gave forth on July 16, 1893, he announced that he had embraced Catholicism. Into the Catholic Church at the same time went some of his leading parishioners, including Mrs. William Arnold, owner of a fortune placed in the millions. As plain Henry Austin Adams, the former Rev. Dr. Adams became one of the most popular lecturers at Catholic summer schools, at the Catholic winter schools in New Orleans, at Knights of Columbus lecture courses and in Catholic colleges and universities from coast to coast. While on one of his lecture tours he met in Baltimore the prepossessing Miss Desch, then but 16 years old, and invited her to visit him and Mrs. Adams at their home, which was then in Brooklyn. Mrs. Adams upbraided him after a time for his attentions to the girl. His defence was that the girl was his "mystic soul mate" and that their attachment was an innocent one. But in August, 1902, he drew what money he had in the bank—about \$4,000—and disappeared. So did Miss Desch. Nothing was heard of them until the spring of 1903, when word was cabled from Auckland, New Zealand, that Adams, now calling himself Wilfred West, was attempting to earn his living by writing and that Miss Desch was working so that she might eke out the little he was earning with his pen. In the summer of 1903 Adams and his "mystic soul" turned up in Seattle. While serving as musical critic on a Seattle paper a son was born to Miss Desch in the latter part of that year. Using the name Vincent Harper now, Adams was writing fiction. He had foresworn Catholicism and was now a pronounced agnostic. Adams announced in 1906 that he intended to sue his wife for divorce. Mrs. Adams, who, penniless, had been compelled to return with her four children to her parents' home in Orange, N. J., had pleaded with him to return, but when she heard of the proposed suit to divorce her she went out to Seattle, started a counter suit for divorce against Adams and was awarded the divorce in December, 1906, with alimony of \$75 a month the first year and 50 per cent of Adams' income in excess of \$3,000 thereafter. Nothing was heard from Adams for some time except a brief dispatch in the summer of 1907 telling that "Vincent Harper" had been roughly handled and ejected from the stage of a hall in Seattle by a man enraged at Adams's statements in a

lecture he called "The Terrible Truth About Marriage." Adams appeared in Providence, R. I., a few years ago as author and stage manager of a play called "The Bird Cage," a bold drama of sex problems. The wife he deserted, Mrs. Flora C. Adams, had a hard struggle of it for a time while living at Hartford, Conn. Her eldest son, now a broker, is supporting her and the younger children, and the mother is seeing to it that all her children receive a good education. Adams is now in San Diego.

#### Another Ex-Precacher

Too far from uncommon is the preacher who quits the pulpit and then proceeds to ridicule religion. In most instances the preacher of this type is a man of loose morals which he is eager to justify. Occasionally we find an ex-preacher of a quite different type, a Peter Clark Macfarlane, for example. Ten years ago Mr. Macfarlane was a preacher in Alameda, where he had a little church that seated a few hundred people. He was a very busy reformer across the bay. He is a reformer by instinct, a reformer with enthusiasm for reform, and when he left the pulpit it was not to scoff, but to enter a new field of reform. He took to journalism in the East where he became a worshiper of political reformers whose performance he took as seriously as he took his own, for Macfarlane has astonishing faith in men even though they be politicians. Of course some of his illusions have been shattered, but he pegs away looking on the bright side of things all the while seeing chiefly the good that is in men and very little that is ill. Now Peter Macfarlane, like Henry Austin Adams, has been dabbling in literature, and he

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has written a story with a clergyman for a hero, and this piece of fiction like Adams's is partly autobiographical, but in all other respects the works are as far apart as the poles. They are as antithetical as the authors themselves in all the essentials of character. Macfarlane's story is in the form of a novel. It is called "Held to Answer." It was published a little while ago as a serial story, and now it is between book covers having been brought out by Little, Brown & Co. of Boston. The first edition of ten thousand copies was sold out almost as soon as it appeared, and now the second edition is out. The story of "Held to Answer" is the story of a real man, and it has made a tremendous hit.

#### Love's Sacrifice

Fred Bruce Tiden, leading man of the "Peg o' My Heart" company that recently occupied the Cort, tells a story of the days when he was in Lillian Russell's company. They had been playing a one-night stand in the Middle West, and the audience was leaving the village opera house. In the throng were a young farm hand and his best girl. He was an awkward hobbler

dehoy with hands like hams and legs that had outgrown his trousers. She was a pretty little thing, and she was enraptured about the fair Lillian.

"Isn't she beautiful!" the girl exclaimed to her escort. "She's the most beautiful actress I ever saw in my life. And weren't her dresses just gorgeous! She looked like a queen! And to think, Hiram dear, that you gave her up for poor little me!"

#### Lincoln School Boys' Banquet

The Lincoln Grammar School Association is having its annual banquet at the Palace this Saturday evening, Lincoln's Birthday, at 7 p. m. The Palace has been selected for historical and sentimental reasons. This association consists of Lincoln Grammar School boys who attended that school prior to 1878. Each year a new class is admitted, so that the boys who attended in 1878 or before are admitted to the association this year. The annual banquet is informal and costs not over \$2 per plate. There are many old Lincoln School boys living in San Francisco and adjacent cities who would gladly join their old schoolmates on this occasion. The association has no record of the boys who attended, all records having been destroyed in the fire. So invitations are extended through the press. The ultimate aim of the association is to erect a large statue to Abraham Lincoln in San Francisco. There is a fair-sized fund for that purpose, but fully \$5,000 more is needed, and will be raised by donations from patriotic citizens. Those who wish to attend the banquet may address Mr. Charles B. Turrill, 57 Sanchez street, or any of the directors.

#### San Franciscan Honored

The appointment of George W. Caswell, head of the Geo. W. Caswell Co. Inc. of this city, as a member of the United States board of ten experts to prepare and submit standard samples of tea under the Act of Congress approved March 2, 1897, has met with general approval. The appointment was made by Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo and runs for one year. Mr. Caswell left the city last Sunday morning, and will be at the meeting of the board in the U. S. Appraiser's stores, New York, Monday morning next.

#### The Showing of Western States

The splendid growth of the Western States Life Insurance Company is a matter of natural

pride to its officers. A Western company managed by Western men for Western people, it has a record of splendid results for 1915. Particular attention is called in a report just published to the progress of the company, as clearly shown in the following percentages:

Gain in amount of new insurance.....	38.04%
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Gain in admitted assets .....	14.71%
Gain in amount of reserve on deposit with the State .....	45.77%

Another gratifying feature of the company's record during 1915 was the showing that, in spite of these large increases in business, it was able to effect a considerable saving as compared with 1914 in the expense of writing new business. Based on premium income, the saving during 1915 over the preceding year was 17.07% in expenses against the cost of producing new business. This indicates that the company's record is one not only of progress, but of conservative, substantial building, and the company is being generally commended for its careful methods, as well as for its liberal policy contracts which contain many special and unique provisions for the protection of the policyholder.

#### WAR

By Edith M. Thomas

The vine desires the pruning knife,  
But who is there to prune?  
And the young maid desires caresses,  
But who shall yield that boon?

The vine desires the loosening hoe,  
But who the clods shall stir?  
And the young maid desireth kisses,  
The kiss who gives to her?

The vine desires the harvest home,  
But who shall gather in?  
The harvest home desires its song,  
Who shall that song begin?

No, no! There is no song today;  
The maidens, clad in black,  
They cry anathema on war,  
Whereby for love they lack.

Now war has called the youth away,  
Old age remains behind,  
Old age, whose kissing time is done,  
And only death is kind.



FASHION SHOW FOR THE KIDDIES

One of the models who will participate in the Fashion Show of the Fete in Fairyland at the Civic Auditorium this Saturday evening. The affair is being given under the auspices of the Indoor Yacht Club for the poor orphan children of San Francisco

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## The Flowery Mardi Gras

This year's Mardi Gras is to be a feast of Flora. The scene will be a garden; all the dear girls will be flowers, and all the men dragon flies and bees buzzing around and sipping the sweets. That is to say, all the dear girls of Queen Helene's train and all the men who follow the king, Mrs. Templeton Crocker who is to queen it over the great pre-Lenten revel, conceived the idea of a floral court, and will herself enact the role of a lotus blossom while her royal consort will be a dragon fly. It is to be hoped that many of the revelers will follow the lead of the court, and come to the ball as flowers. This is to be hoped because the scheme has such possibilities. We have not forgotten the language of flowers. More of us speak it than French.

## Meaningful Costumes

Of course the language of flowers must not be applied too strictly to the maskers. Take Queen Helene, for instance. She is to be a lotus, and the lotus means estranged love. That is meaningless in her case. She and Templeton are still, to all intents and purposes, on their honeymoon. But think what fun we could have if all the dear girls of society were so bewitched that they came in the flowers that interpreted their characters! Suppose that a matron with a serpent tongue should come in hellebore, which means scandal! Suppose that another not over-careful in her philandering should come as an almond flower, signifying indiscretion! Suppose that debutante whose papa is having trouble about the bank balance should come as a jonquil and should ask that young millionaire who has been attentive to dance with her. It's Leap Year, and she'd be strictly within her right. Would he be flustered if he knew that the jonquil meant "return my love?" Suppose the ambitious beau who wants a wife who can do things found his favorite belle wearing meadow-sweet which means uselessness! And suppose the gay divorcee who clings to the edge of society despite her escapades appeared as a pimpernel which symbolizes an assignation! Or that the voluptuous young beauty who is noted for the daring of her gowns and the challenge of her snapping black eyes should wear quince blossoms, meaning temptation! Or that the belle of ever so many seasons and ever so many engagements that never passed the rumor stage should wear anemone which means fading hope! Or that the frolicsome wife whose husband is beginning to show suspicion concerning her week-end activities should blossom out in aspen, meaning fear! And so on. What a turmoil we'd have, to be sure. On second thought it is perhaps better that the days when people were bewitched into revealing themselves as they really were are over and done with.

## What May Happen

No, the ladies won't garb themselves in the flowers which tell the truth about their personalities. They will rather aim to create a favorable impression, however far-fetched. I look for ever so many lilies of the valley, for that chaste flower signifies perfect purity. I expect to see plenty of cherry blossoms, for these mean spiritual beauty. I am sure there will be lots of daisies, for the daisy stands for innocence. And perhaps some matrons will appear in holly, meaning domestic happiness. The flirtatious men may make love with impunity to those ladies who wear the lemon flower because it means discretion. But they must not be deceived by the damsel in the Burgundy rose which means unconscious beauty. And the lovesick lad who finds the object of his adoration wearing woodbine may just as well seek a new flame, for the woodbine stands for fraternal love and means that she will be a sister to him. Let the dawdler beware of the girl in acacia, for that stands for platonic love, a dangerous thing. And let him test the girl in sweet alyssum, meaning exemplary modesty, for you never can tell. And he may as well shun the girl who sports the China aster, for she proclaims a love of variety. It goes without saying that the dandelions will be popular, for they are coquettes; and that the passion vine will receive ever so much more attention than the ice plant! Decidedly, there will be lots of fun at this year's Mardi Gras.

## Melba's Presence of Mind

Madame Melba showed great presence of mind one night last week when Mrs. Frederick Kohl was severely shocked by an electric wire behind the scenes at Scottish Rite Auditorium. Were it not for Melba's quick assistance Mrs. Kohl might have been severely burned. As it was, she was overcome for a short time, but suffered no great injury. Melba acted just as she might be expected to act. In a more serious emergency in this city years ago she averted a panic. It was the night of a Melba concert at the California Theatre. Fire broke out on the stage, and the audience was immediately thrown into the most dangerous confusion. I recall among other incidents, that Charley Delany leaped from the balcony into the box of his aunt Mrs. James Phelan in order to protect her. Melba saw the serious condition of affairs in the instant that it arose. Immediately she sat down at the piano, struck up "The Star Spangled Banner" and commenced to sing. Her bravery so impressed the audience that all stood still and then resumed their seats, and so Melba saved the throng from what might have been a frightful panic.

## She Retains Waldrop

By the way, Madame Melba has secured the services of that splendid pianist Uda Waldrop for her concerts in California. It seems that Melba was dissatisfied with the accompanist who came to America with her from Australia, and cast about for a musician to take his place. She showed unerring taste in selecting Waldrop. A curious feature of the substitution is that while Waldrop will play for Melba at all her concerts, the former accompanist will continue to preside at the piano for a single number at every concert. It is to be inferred that some clause in the contract makes this obligatory. Melba wants Waldrop to go to Australia with

her for a series of concerts, but this offer Waldrop has declined.

## What the St. Francis Does

The scope of service of the great American hotels is continually broadening until there is hardly a conceivable convenience that has not been offered to a class of guests whose natural tendency to be exacting has been fostered by the indefatigable rivalry of these same hotels. Among such institutions the St. Francis has always occupied a conspicuous position, because of the resourcefulness with which it has added one new comfort after another when it would seem there was nothing else left to devise. It has pumped water from the ocean to give its guests the novelty of "indoor sea bathing." It has, through its generous patronage of painters and sculptors, given thousands of visitors a glimpse of the art development of San Francisco. It has provided golf links on the roof of its Geary street annex where driving (within nets) and putting on a real green may be practiced or learnt from professional instructors. It has brought to San Francisco the most prominent terpsichorean artists who have performed in America. It has established the Monday Morning Musicales for the benefit of patrons of classic recitals. It has provided a portable theatre in which society amateurs may produce plays. It really seemed, up to last week, as though these and other innovations had exhausted the possibilities, but this week the St. Francis has introduced still another convenience and one that promises to gain immediate and lasting vogue.

## The Newest Innovation

This innovation is a kindergarten that will be conducted in the Green Room on the mezzanine floor by Mrs. Harriet A. Fay Richards, an instructor of little children who has acquired national fame by her work in Massachusetts. Mrs. Richards will be assisted by Mrs. Hinde of San Francisco and other ladies. The work in the kindergarten will follow the best precedents in the course of instruction, such features as clay modeling and folk dancing being given particular emphasis. A notable feature of this department, however, is that it permits parents to place children in charge of the kindergarten during the day, while they are out shopping or visiting, with the assurance that the little ones will be well entertained and cared for in the pleasantest sort of environment. All travelers who have felt the restrictions which the responsibility of children imposes upon them under the conditions that prevail during the usual journey will appreciate this new feature.

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### Tombola Activities

Mrs. A. B. Spreckels has had an acknowledgement from the Countess van Steen de Jahey for \$1,000 sent to her for her hospital at Poperinghe. The Countess is the woman who has organized the relief work in that small part of Belgium which still belongs to the Belgians. This is called "Free Belgium." The Countess has established hospitals, orphan asylums, milk depots for the babies. This is one of the works that Mrs. Spreckels is interested in. Mrs. Spreckels has also received an acknowledgement from Miss Gabrielle Bloch of \$800. Miss Bloch has a volunteer ambulance train in this part of Belgium, and the \$800 paid for a lorry. Mrs. Spreckels has also received from Mr. Dalimier acknowledgement for 7,000 francs sent to help artists' families. There have been established in Paris various soup kitchens where thousands of artists' families get their meals. This money is part of the proceeds of the Tombola. The Tombola exhibit at 457 Powell street has been further enriched by many wonderful paintings. From San Jose Mrs. Spreckels has received a large portrait of General Joffre painted by A. D. M. Cooper.

### I. Y. C. Fete for Charity

From the opening spectacle when Mother Goose and the characters famous in nursery rhyme emerge from the Giant's shoe onto the half-lighted stage until the last of the fifteen feature acts "The Birth of Venus," the Fete in Fairyland which will be held at the Civic Auditorium this Saturday evening in conjunction with the spring Fashion Show promises to be spectacular in the extreme. It will be held under the auspices of the Indoor Yacht Club. The entire town is aroused to the fete. It will be the feature event of the year, the biggest thriller since the Exposition, and the best of it all is that the proceeds will be devoted to the poor orphan children of San Francisco. Sam Berger, master of the revels, declares the production will be the grandest ever staged this side of Broadway. Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wakefield, Mr. and Mrs. John McNear and Mr. and Mrs. Alex De Bretteville are a few of the patronesses of the affair. Everything portraying spring will be on display in the fashion show. Fifty pretty models will exhibit flashy bathing suits, elaborate lingerie, costly furs, handsome ball room and afternoon gowns, natty riding suits and exquisite millinery. Judge James Troutt, Judge Franklin A. Griffin, Judge Bernard Flood, William H. McCarthy, Charles Vail, Frank J. Hennessy, Julian Liebes, George Lovejoy and Jack Hunt are a few of the members on the entertainment committee. La Loie Fuller, the famous dancer and her troupe of fifty girls will be one of the features of the fete. Then there will be the Defiddes dancing girls, the Komical Kewpies, Ben Beno's daring aerial fete, dog and pony circus and the Cinderella dance. These and picturesque spectacles and pageants complete the elaborate program in addition to the huge fashion show.

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### Events at Hotel Oakland

On Thursday last week Mrs. Whitney Pope and Miss Marie Miller of the Ladies Pharmaceutical Society were hostesses at a luncheon. After luncheon card tables were placed in the tapestry room. Their guests were: Mrs. C. Darling, Mrs. W. B. Phillip, Mrs. H. Alexander, Mrs. Teas, Mrs. Entler, Mrs. Tallman, Mrs. Caldecott, Mrs. Victor Schaefer, Mrs. C. E. Condon, Mrs. Le Roy Wagner, Mrs. Featherstone, Miss Eda Laeid, Mrs. Tostle, Mrs. Bucket, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Chester Dusy, Mrs. F. Sawers, Mrs. S. Siprelle and Mrs. Fred Suavely. Mr. and Mrs. Smith Crowden and Master Robert Crowden of Red Bluff have taken rooms. Mrs. George Hammer was hostess at a dinner last Friday prior to Mrs. Letts Oliver's reception. Her guests were Mrs. Tyler Henshaw, Mrs. Metcalf, Mr. Samuel Hubbard, Mrs. Brayton, Mrs. Havens, Mr. Macdonald, Mrs. White, Mr. Metcalf, Miss Grimes, Mr. Clay, Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. White, Mrs. Hubbard, Mr. Brayton, Mrs. Clay, Mrs. Wm. Henshaw, Mr. Havens, Mr. Tyler Henshaw and Mr. Geo. Hammer. On Thursday this week the Rotary Club had a Ladies Day at their luncheon. About three hundred guests were present. Friday the Oakland Civic Center had their bi-monthly meeting. This Saturday the annual banquet of the Sigma Tau fraternity will be held.

### Important Meeting at Cecil

An important meeting of the board of directors of the Recreation Club for Girls Who Work was held in the apartment of Miss Maud O'Connor at the Cecil Hotel Wednesday morning. The meeting was held to discuss the benefit performance of "The Only Girl" that is to be given at the Cort Monday evening for this worthy organization. All the boxes and loges have been disposed of, and tickets are in demand. The following women attended the meeting: Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. George Cadwallader, Mrs. Harry Scott, Mrs. Lawrence Harris, Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Selah Chamberlain, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Miss Edith Treanor, Miss Kate Brigham, Miss Maud O'Connor.

### At the Somerton

A dinner was given Tuesday by Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Jones of Troy, N. Y. This charming couple are spending the winter at the hotel. Another dinner on the same evening took place in the private dining room, and Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Wise presided. Covers were laid for ten guests. Mr. and Mrs. Wise will return to their home in St. Paul the latter part of this month. Mrs. Elizabeth McCrellan was hostess at a bridge luncheon Thursday in the palm room. Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Sawyer who have been spending the past week at the Somerton have returned to Paso Robles. Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Schmidt of Las Vegas, New Mexico, were hosts at a supper dance Wednesday. This is their first visit to California and they are charmed. A stag luncheon was given Thursday by Dr. M. A. Whiteside of Richberg, S. C. Covers were arranged for sixteen.

### Events in the Paul Elder Gallery

In the course on "Painters, Pictures and the Public," Eugen Neuhaus of the University of California will lecture on "Harmony and How It Is Achieved" on Tuesday afternoon, February 15, at 3 o'clock. On Wednesday forenoon, February 16, at 10:45 o'clock, Leo Cooper will read "The Great Name," translated from the German by J. C. Harvey. In the course on

"The Soul of Woman in Modern Literature" Paul Jordan Smith will lecture on "Olive Schreiner—The Economic Thralldom," Thursday, February 17, at 3 o'clock. On Saturday forenoon, February 19, at 10:45 o'clock, Albert I. Elkus will lecture on "The Classic School and the Growth of Modern Musical Forms." This is the third lecture in the series on "The Evolution of Music to Its Present Aims and Structure."

### "Dollar Day" and Dance

Arrangements for the "Dollar Day" canvass and dance next Monday have sufficiently advanced to warrant prediction that the former will be a financial and the latter a social success. More than 2,000 women will devote the day to combing the city for one-dollar donations to the Associated Charities. In exchange for each dollar will be given a "valentine" entitling its holder to free admittance to the dance that night in the Civic Auditorium. This function promises to be one of the most democratic revels ever attempted here. The committee on arrangements of which Robert M. Eyre is chairman, is doing everything possible to gain the attendance of all respectable elements.

### Revue des Modes

The funds for the Free Kitchen for Nursing Mothers in France and the California Ward in the American Hospital in Paris will be materially augmented by the proceeds from the "Revue des Modes" to be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium on the evenings of March 1 and 2. The smart set is taking an active interest in the Revue which promises to be one of the brilliant events of the winter season. The sketch which is to accompany the tableaux portraying Spring's dernier cri in costuming, is being written by Joseph D. Redding in collaboration with Roy Folger who is to act as "compere." The Family will furnish the music. The pictures will be interspersed with bits of vaudeville by local talent.

### Dansants at Tavern

The Sunday Dansant Club at Techau Tavern has proven a pronounced success and the members thoroughly enjoy its weekly functions which include dinner for members only in the club rooms and dancing in the Colonial Ballroom on the mezzanine floor. The dinner at \$1.50 per plate does credit to the Tavern management. Saturday afternoons each lady visiting the Tavern is presented with a dainty little souvenir bottle of La Boheme, a perfume which ranks with Parfum Mary Garden in its exquisite odor.

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## "Motherhood," A Sex Drama

By Edward F. O'Day

From a town in the South—I won't mention its name—

Where passion's considered a word of ill fame;  
Where Nature is iced till she's snow-cold,  
Alaskan;

And morals are naught if not ultra-Nebraskan;  
Where all is so spotless that even the sewer  
Is sprayed, soaped and scrubbed till it's  
chemic'ly pure—

From this town so grapejuicy, so Kansan, so  
good,

Comes a play in 4 acts that is called "Mother-  
hood."

It was billed down below in language unsparing  
As "drama plainspoken and shocking and  
daring."

They dubbed it the sexiest sexual play,  
So it drew like the food in a Boos-Brother  
tray.

Can't you see Kansas Silas who drinks Owens-  
River

And joyrides to church in a second-hand flivver,  
Sneak away from the house when the dishes are  
done

And hurry down town for three hours of fun,  
Gosh-dinging by gum and a couple of hecks  
That for once in his life he will revel in sex!  
Well, let Si have his night as each dog has  
his day,

For his spouse made a sneak to the last matinee.  
To return: Monday night, mid an absence of  
clamor,

Came the local debut of this sexual drama.  
Consulting my program I happened to spot

Some rhymes, doubtless meant to foreshadow  
the plot;

And as they appear to me almost as good  
As the play, let me quote. They are called

### "MOTHERHOOD"

I builded a temple of my trust  
And I worshiped at its shrine,  
With longing, greedy, passionate lust,  
Believing that joy was mine.  
But the temple crumbled into naught  
While my idol fell and broke,  
Till women's grievous shame was wrought  
Then—motherhood awoke.  
The shrine it became a cradle, and  
I rocked it happily,  
With gentle, tender, careful hand,  
Surceasing my misery.  
For the sting of shame was waning mild  
In a holier duty, love  
A mother felt for her first-born child—  
The Temple waits me above!

Was this person a saint or a creature of sin?  
I was trying to guess when the play started in.  
Flossie and Cliff were a couple of crooks—  
Cliff was a lawyer, Floss worked for Dave  
Brooks.

This Brooks, wise in some things, in others a  
lubber,

Was inventing a process to vulcanize rubber.

He was blind in both eyes and born out of  
wedlock,

And when we first meet him his life's at a  
deadlock.

He needs Flossie's help in experimentation,  
But here there arises a tough situation:  
The process is secret—suppose he reveals it?

And then suppose Flossie gets tempted and  
steals it?

There's nothing to do but to make her his wife  
And then she'll play square as his partner for  
life.

But suppose she objects to one born out of  
wedlock?

He seems to be back in the midst of the dead-  
lock!

But no! There's a way to solve this objection,  
For Flossie was born in a House of Correction.  
"Brooks wants you to marry him—do it," said  
Cliff;

"And then, how we'll trim him!" 'Twas done  
in a jiffy.

So much for Act 1: in Act 2 we discover  
Floss married to Brooks, but with Cliff as her  
lover.

The crooks make it clear it's their wicked in-  
tention

To rob the blind man of his rubber invention.  
His suspicion's aroused, but before he makes  
certain

His sight is restored, and that brings down the  
curtain.

Act 3—But here I'm compelled to admit  
That I haven't a notion what happened in it.

Act 4—Quite the same. I'm blest if I know  
What occurred in Act 4 of this sexual show.

Two acts were enough, so I hied me away  
And gave no more time to this sexual play.

Is it shocking? Why yes, and these are the  
factors:

Shocking bad writing and shocking bad actors.

## Some Concerts

By Helen M. Bonnet

Of concerts there has been no dearth of late. Music lovers have had nothing to grumble at, and there is more delightful music coming. But alas! Italian opera comes to town and at once lamentations are heard. Listening to concerts, we were grateful for the gifts that came our way until we heard a little singing that made us sentimental, rousing in us a sense of desolation. Happy are we in the possession of our symphony orchestra; fortunate that we are occasionally vouchsafed a Melba and a Gabrilowitsch; but how tragic to be denied our greatest joys of other days and to be reminded of them at intervals, as for instance the past fortnight at the Cort. I know it is useless sighing over what might have been, but is not the subject of too much importance to be dismissed as though settled forever? San Francisco once plumed herself on her taste for music and claimed some rank as a music centre. In those days we had nearly two months of good Italian opera nearly every year, we were visited by companies comprising the greatest songbirds in the world. Now we haven't even an opera house just because of a little misunderstanding, or a little misrepresentation, I don't know which. True there is still a passion here for music as anyone may perceive by attending the symphony concerts. But we haven't a suitable concert hall, by which I mean a hall that would lend itself to the concert atmosphere. The only one big enough to accommodate our music lovers at popular prices is a barn that might probably have served very well for a bear pit in the Elizabethan era.

Now that I have got thoughts that clamored for utterance off my mind I find there is something to be reported and commented on. Among other things there is the playing of Ossip Gabrilowitsch and there is the singing of Melba. Gabrilowitsch made his appearance first with the Symphony Orchestra which gave us a program that confirmed anew my impression of the strong but artistic insight of Director Hertz. Since we were to have Mozart by the soloist what could have been more happily chosen for the occasion than the second Beethoven symphony which shows the influence of Mozart? The beautiful vitality and roundness of tone which the orchestra gave us in the symphony seemed by way of prelude to the cameo distinctness of the soloist's playing which any faithful rendering of Mozart demands. Gabrilowitsch is a master technician who plays with just the requisite energy and gives us music that makes us feel the soul and mind of its creator. He played a Weber concert piece with fidelity to that composer's fire-rocket style. A most satisfying pianist is Gabrilowitsch. At his own concert Tuesday evening when he appeared under the management of Impresario Greenbaum, he gave a program that was a test not only of genius but of endurance and memory. He gave us some beautiful compositions of his own, a group of Grieg pieces, a little of Moszkowski and no end of Chopin. His readings were the readings of a ripe musician. They were at once intellectual and tinged with emotion. I was almost forgetting that symphonic poem of Smetana's "The

Moldau," which Mr. Hertz gave us on the Gabrilowitsch day. It is full of beautiful material, beautifully wrought, and contains some memorable and haunting rhythms.

The Melba concert on the third was one of the season's joys. The diva though not in exuberant mood sang divinely six numbers from her repertoire. Melba always leaves me in rapturous mood. For weeks after hearing her I can close my eyes and hear again her heaven-born tones, and my fancy is divided between the pearly legato of her lower tones, as for instance when she breathes Desdemona's prayer, and the soaring embellishments of numbers like Handel's "Sweet bird" or a gay Arditi waltz. When this glorious artist sings she creates a mise-en-scene, especially when she gives us a song like "John Anderson, My Jo." Not only does she make you sense the picture, but she makes you feel that were she to conjure the spirit of Bobby Burns he would gratefully respond. This song as sung by Melba is a great lyric sermon on ideal marriage. I always regret it when she omits it from her program.

Another songstress whom I heard Monday evening was our own Alice Neilsen. She was Mimi, an ideal Murger Mimi and a Puccini Mimi too. It is a pleasure to find that this ambitious singer who gave up the position of the leading American light opera prima donna when she could have commanded her own terms continues to enjoy success in the field to which her genuine love for music guided her.



## Gossip of the Theatre

### Emmy Destinn This Sunday

Music lovers look forward to a treat in the advent of the Metropolitan's queen of song Mme. Emmy Destinn. She is the creator of half a dozen roles in the most successful modern operas and is credited with the largest repertoire of any woman on the operatic stage. She will sing at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 assisted by the American violin virtuoso Roderick White. The program will contain works in her native Bohemian tongue that will be new to our concert goers, excerpts from her favorite operatic roles, songs in German, Russian, Slovak and other languages. Next Sunday afternoon, February 20, the diva will sing her farewell program. There will be arias by Saint-Saens, Smetana, Wagner and Mozart, besides many songs in various languages. By special request Destinn will sing the Schubert "Ave Maria" with violin obligato. Tickets for both concerts are on sale at Sherman Clay and the Columbia.

### Destinn in Oakland

Next Thursday night, February 17, Destinn will repeat the program of her opening concert at the new Auditorium Opera House in Oakland, this being her only evening concert in this vicinity. Altogether she will give only five concerts on her California tour, for they need

her at the Metropolitan. Tickets will be ready Monday at Sherman Clay in Oakland and San Francisco.

### S. F. Quintet Club

Under the joint auspices of the Music Department of the University of California and the Berkeley Musical Association, our foremost chamber music organization the San Francisco Quintet Club, will give a special concert in the Harmon Gymnasium on the Berkeley campus next Tuesday night. Works by Mozart, Dohnanyi and Mozart will be given for strings, flute and piano in various combinations. Tickets are on sale at the Students' Co-operative Store, Sadler's and Tupper and Reed's in Berkeley and Sherman Clay in San Francisco.

### Verbist, Dance Virtuosa

During the past year a number of splendid singers and instrumentalists have come to this country on account of the war. No more interesting personage has reached San Francisco than Mlle. Felyne Verbist, a charming and beautiful young woman of twenty-one who arrived at the Palace this week from a successful tour of South America. Mlle. Verbist is a

virtuosa of the dance. She has been the "premiere etoile" at the Teatra Colon in Buenos Aires along with such stars as Caruso and Tito Ruffo, and has created a furore in Argentine cities in her "concerts de danse" which she gives unaided excepting by orchestra. Mlle. Verbist at sixteen was engaged as star dancer at Covent Garden; she has been the leading dancer at the Royal Opera of Belgium; and has won laurels in Russia, Spain and Italy where she was hailed as "the new Taglioni." Mlle. Verbist is en route to her home in Belgium, but Will Greenbaum is endeavoring to induce her to make a couple of appearances here. With all the vocal and instrumental concerts with which we are deluged this season a "concert de danse" should be a welcome novelty, especially with such a distinguished artiste.

### "The Only Girl" at Cort

"The Only Girl," the new musical comedy which was one of the big successes last season in New York, will be offered by Joe Weber at the Cort for two weeks commencing Sunday night. It was written by Henry Blossom who supplied book and lyrics, and Victor Herbert who composed the music. These men have



EDNA MUNSEY

The charming leading woman of the merry musical comedy "The Only Girl" at the Cort



JOSEPH E. HOWARD

Who will present his own song revue next week at the Orpheum



been successful before in combination, as with "Mlle. Modiste" and "The Red Mill," but not more so than in the present work. It was first presented at the Thirty-Ninth Street Theatre and was received with favor so great that it was quickly moved to the Lyric, which is a larger playhouse. Manager Weber promises a superior production and an excellent cast, among the players being: Edna Munsey, Franklyn Farnum, Cecilia Novasio, Tom Burton, Genevieve Houghton, Frank Coombs, Elsie Baird, Russell Lennon, Regina Richards, Alfred Fisher, Ann Walker and Nellie De Grasse. There will be a chorus of pretty girls and a largely augmented orchestra.

#### Joseph Howard at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will have for headline attraction Joseph Howard, composer of "The Time, Place and the Girl," "Prince of Tonight," "Land of Nod," "Girl Question," "Sweetest Girl from Paris" and "The Flowers of the Ranch." He will present his Song Revue, twenty minutes of delightful entertainment. He will have an attractive assistant in Miss Ethelyn Clark. Brandon Hurst, a fine actor with many successes to his credit, has a capable company to help him present a sensational comedy by Edward Peple entitled "The Girl." It was originally produced at a Lambs' Gambol in New York and scored an immense success. Tom Smith and Ralph Austin are a merry couple who keep their audiences in roars of laughter. The Five Kitamuras are Japanese who surpass in athletic skill any of their countrymen who have visited America. James Tooney and Annette Norman will return for next week only. The others in the bill will be Billy McDermott; Eddie Cantor and Al Lee; and Bessie Clayton in "Dances of Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow." The seventh installment of

"The Uncle Sam at Work Motion Picture" will be exhibited.

#### Second Week of "On Trial" at Alcazar

All Alcazar records have been smashed by the production of "On Trial," written by Elmer Reizenstein and produced for the first time at popular prices at the O'Farrell street playhouse last Monday night. Capacity houses have been greeting this sensational success, so once more Belasco and Mayer are forced to break their rule of running a play for one week only. It is easy to understand the success of this unusual play, for it contains more novelties than any half dozen others. Individual hits have been scored by Bert Lytell as the defendant, Evelyn Vaughan as his wife, little Ruth Ormsby, the child actress, Alexis Luce, Margaret Armstrong, E. D. Hales, Henry Shumer and Phillips Tead.

#### Motor Novelty at Pantages

The "Twelve Speed Mechanics," one of the real novelties in vaudeville, will top the new show at the Pantages on Sunday. The act is an arrangement of different parts of an automobile which are distributed about the stage and the two crews of six men each start assembling the machine. The mechanics representing the two crews have been especially picked from the standard auto repair shops in this city and have issued a challenge to compete against any other team of six men for a cash or trophy prize. Alexander Pantages placed an act of a similar character in Seattle for a week recently and every automobile concern in that city entered contestants. The local management will donate a solid gold cup to the winning crew. Of the regular circuit acts, Alf Goulding, a well liked local comedian, is the star of "In Mexico," a breezy musical tabloid which also includes Edythe Stayart and



## EMMY DESTINN

"Greatest of All Great Sopranos"

#### COLUMBIA THEATER

This Sunday Afternoon, Feb. 13, at 2:30  
And Sunday Afternoon, Feb. 20, at 2:30

Tickets, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Columbia Box Office.

#### IN OAKLAND

Thursday Evening, Feb. 17, at 8:15  
AUDITORIUM OPERA HOUSE

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s in Oakland

Steinway Piano

COMING—FLORENCE HINKLE, Soprano  
ALSO—Mlle. VERBIST, Dance Virtuosa

## Orpheum

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Theatre in  
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O'FARRELL and STOCKTON & POWELL Phone Douglas 70  
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day  
JOSEPH E. HOWARD and His Own Song Revue;  
BRANDON HURST & COMPANY in Edward Peple's  
Company "The Girl." TOM SMITH & RALPH AUSTIN, All Fun; THE FIVE KITAMURAS Featuring Komani and Tommy Kitamura, the Premier Risley Performers; JAMES TOONEY & ANNETTE NORMAN, "Just Nonsense" (Return for One Week Only); BILLY McDERMOTT; EDDIE CANTOR & AL LEE, "UNCLE SAM'S CHILDREN." Seventh Installment of the Uncle Sam at Work Motion Pictures. Last Week the American Premiere Danseuse BESSIE CLAYTON, Supported by Lester Sheehan and the Famous Clayton Sextette in "The Dances of Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow."

Evening Prices 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c

Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays) 10c, 25c, 50c

## ALCAZAR THEATRE

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Commencing Monday Night, February 14th

Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

SECOND BIG WEEK

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And Their Own Company of New York Players

In the Alcazar's Greatest Dramatic Triumph

### "ON TRIAL"

The Best Play in 25 Years!

PRICES—Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c. MATINEES, 25c, 50c  
NEXT—"THE MIRACLE MAN"

## CORT

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Beginning Sunday Night, February 13

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Joe Weber Presents

The Musical Comedy of Fashion

### "THE ONLY GIRL"

Book by Henry Blossom, Music by Victor Herbert

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ALF GOULDING AND COMPANY

Of Fourteen Including Edythe Stayart  
"IN MEXICO"

HUGO KOCH AND COMPANY  
"AFTER TEN YEARS"

O'NEILL AND WALMSLEY  
"STOP THE MUSIC"

ANOTHER GREAT EIGHT-ACT SHOW INCLUDING  
NINTH EPISODE OF "THE RED CIRCLE"



Mlle. EMMY DESTINN

The great soprano who will give concerts at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoon, and a week from Sunday and at the Auditorium Opera House in Oakland next Thursday night



fourteen girls. The production which carries special scenery is a delightful travesty on present war conditions in Mexico. Hugo B. Koch, a legitimate actor, with Marie Dunkle and E. H. Horner assisting, will present "After Ten Years," a dramatic gem built on the plan of "On Trial." The action of the playlet is in three scenes with the eternal triangle of the wife, husband and other man as the background for gripping situations. O'Neil and Walmsley who will be recalled for their comedy offering last year, will be seen in "Stop the Music;" Peggy Bremen and brother in "The Imp's Playground;" Dorothy Vaughn is a sweet singer; George Ford, late star of the "Soul Kiss," and the newest episode of "The Red Circle" will round out a strong bill.

#### The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz, conductor, will give an all Wagner program at the Cort Theatre Sunday afternoon at 2:30 sharp. The prices will be 50 and 75 cents and \$1.00 with \$1.50 for the boxes and loges. It is predicted that Sunday's attendance will eclipse the record attendance at the Wagner concerts of January 28 and 30. Apropos this concert the Music Committee of the Musical Association of San Francisco announces that it is to be given in commemoration of the anniversary of the death of the great composer Richard Wagner, and is given by and for the Musical Association of San Francisco.

Seats for the Wagner concert are on sale now at Sherman, Clay and Company's music store. The program follows: Prelude, "Parsifal;" "Tristan and Isolde," Prelude and Isolde's Love-Death; Tristan's Vision (arrangement by A. Seidl); Overture, "Flying Dutchman;" Siegfried Idyl; Prelude to "The Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

Burton Holmes is coming to the Columbia. The Holmes Travelogues and motion pictures will be the attraction at the Columbia for the week beginning Sunday evening, February 20.

#### Sixth Symphony Concert

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz, conductor, will give the sixth pair of concerts of the current season at the Cort Theatre next Friday afternoon, February 18, at 3 o'clock and Sunday afternoon, February 20 at 2:30 o'clock. With the orchestra will appear Maude Fay, dramatic soprano from the Royal Opera, Munich; Covent Garden, London; Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels, and recently signed for leading dramatic soprano roles by the management of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. The program, which Mr. Hertz has arranged for these concerts is as follows: Symphony No. 3, F major, Op. 90 of Brahms; Scene and Aria from "Oberon"—"Ocean! Thou Mighty Monster" of Weber; Aria from "Tannhauser"—"Dich Theure Halle"

## SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ - - - - CONDUCTOR

EXTRA CONCERT THIS SUNDAY

50c, 75c, \$1.00; Box and Loge Seats, \$1.50

CORT THEATRE, 2:30 P. M.

Selections from Compositions of

RICHARD WAGNER

"Parsifal," Prelude; "Tristan and Isolde," Prelude and Isolde's Love Death and Tristan's Vision (arranged by Anton Seidl), first time here; "Flying Dutchman," Overture; "Siegfried Idyll;" "Mastersingers of Nurnberg," Prelude.

SEATS AT SHERMAN, CLAY & CO.

of R. Wagner, and Scherzo "The Apprentice Sorcerer" (after a ballad of Goethe) of P. Dukas.

#### Events at the Hotel Oakland

Mrs. George Whitney entertained at a luncheon and bridge party at the Hotel Oakland on Monday. Table decorations were baskets of spring flowers. Her guests were Mrs. Cutting, Mrs. Milvain, Mrs. Wakefield, Mrs. Lohman, Mrs. Batchelder, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Elliott.

At a meeting of the Writers' Club Tuesday evening, it was decided to hold a banquet at the Hotel Oakland on Tuesday, March 7th.

## The Appeal of the Belgian Bishops

(Continued from Page 6)

keep the right and the duty to denounce what, in conscience, we consider a grave violation of justice and of our honor."

In closing the Bishops say: "There are, moreover, for the constitution of a Commission of Investigation by members of the Catholic episcopate, reasons of a general order. We have already insisted on the unsettling spectacle which our divisions are giving to the world—it is an occasion of scandal and awakens thoughts of blasphemy. Our populations do not understand how you can be ignorant of the double flagrant iniquity which has swooped down on Belgium—the violation of our neutrality and the inhuman conduct of your soldiers—and why, knowing it, you do not lift up your voices to condemn and to clear yourselves of siding with it.

"On the other hand, what ought to scandalize your own populations, Protestant and Catholic, is the role attributed by your press to the Belgian clergy and to a nation over which, for thirty years, a notoriously Catholic Government has been presiding. 'Beware,' said your Bishop of Hildesheim on the 21st of September, 1914, 'these charges which the press is circulating against priests and monks and members of religious communities of Catholic nations are digging a pit between Catholics and Protestants on German soil and the religious future of the empire put at stake.' The campaign of calumnies has not slackened. Deputy of the Centre Erzherber seems to have taken for his part to foment it. Even in Belgium, in Antwerp Cathedral on the 16th Sunday after Pentecost, one of your priests, Heinrich Mohr, dared to say from the chair of truth to soldiers of your army: 'Official documents have informed us how Belgians have hanged German soldiers to trees, have poured boiling liquids over them, have burned them alive.' There is but one way to put a stop to these scandals—it is the bringing to the light of day the full truth and the public condemnation, by the religious authority, of the true guilty ones. For honest men, believers or unbelievers, another subject of scandal is the craze to put forward a calculation of the advantages and disadvantages which Catholic interests would have from the success either of the Triple Alliance or the Quadruple Entente. Professor Schrörs, of the University of Bonn, is the first, so far as we know, to give up his leisure to such vexatious calculation.

"The religious results of the war are God's secret, and no one of us is in the Divine confidence. But there is a question which dominates all that—a question of morals, of right, and of honor.

"Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice—and the rest shall be given you, said our Lord.

"Therefore, we Bishops, at the present hour,

have a moral and, consequently, a religious duty which takes precedence of all others—to seek and to proclaim the truth. Christ, of whom it is our great honor to be at once the disciples and the ministers, has said—has He not?—that His social mission is to bear witness to the truth: 'For this came I unto the world, that I might bear witness to the truth.'

"In the solemn days of our consecration as Bishops we promised God and the Catholic Church never to be deserters of the truth, not to give it up for ambition or fear when there should be question of proving that we love truth.

"We therefore, by our vocation, have an office and a ground of understanding in common. Confusion reigns in minds; what one calls light another calls darkness; what is good to some is evil to others. The tribunal for the investigation of both sides, to which we have the honor of inviting your delegates, will help, such is the hope we nourish, to dissipate more than one doubt.

"With all the ardor of his will, our Holy Father, the Pope makes an appeal for peace; in the letter which he vouchsafed to address you at your last meeting in Fulda he urged all of you to desire peace as he does. But he wishes it only when based on the respect of right and the dignity of people—*quae et iustitiae sit opus et populorum congruat dignitati*.

"Therefore, it will be in answer to the will of our common father that we should work together to make to shine and to triumph the truth, on which must rest justice and the honor of nations and, finally, peace."

Printed copies of the letter of the Belgian Episcopate are now in circulation in Europe. The pamphlet includes a statement that an Austrian priest accredited by the Cardinal of Vienna, made an investigation in the name of the Association of Viennese Priests and made a report so unfavorable to the German military authorities that it was never published by any German or Austrian journal. It was published in the Tyd of Amsterdam and the Politiken of Copenhagen.

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—There was not much activity in the stock market last week, and prices held within a narrow range generally, although at times the war stocks showed a burst of activity. The news was generally favorable to the constructive side of the market, but the market was held in check by the foreign political situation, which kept changing from day to day. Copper metal was very strong at 26 cents for nearby deliveries and this stiffened the copper shares. Selling agencies state that speculative buying of the metal is not a factor, but domestic consumers are short of supplies and must keep on buying at these high prices. Copper never before sold at such prices for any length of time, and when prices were near current levels in former times, manipulation and attempts to corner the market were the causes, whereas the price is now fixed by actual supply and demand. For this reason, no sudden break in the price is likely, although production is increasing every day. The stock market is now a two-sided affair and is the better for it. Banking interests have succeeded in checking all attempts to create a wild boom and the public has got over the craze for large profits over night which threatened to deflect money from legitimate business into blind gambling last fall. The bond market has been firm and active and trading in foreign bonds is increasing, as must be the case if New York is to remain a great financial center. Conservative investors should pick up good dividend-paying railroad stocks that yield more than 6 per cent on their market price when the prospects are so bright and their position is so sound. President Wilson's speeches were more reassuring. He said that the navy was ready for war, and that no imminent or immediate peril threatened our relations with any of the beligerents.

**Wheat**—Best prices were made early in the week on reports of good foreign demand, but at the close of the week, the market turned weak and prices broke below 130. The market acts as if it had been lulled too long, and a reaction was natural, with prospects of still lower prices the coming week. It is a well known peculiarity of speculation that when liquidation or accumulation is on in earnest, the opposing factors are entirely ignored, and this often leads to loss and confusion. It would seem reasonable to presume that the competition of Argentina and Australia had been already anticipated in the present quotations, for their contributions have been long advertised and discussed, but the opposing arguments have not been so strongly presented. We refer to the shortened acreage, which is a fact beyond contradiction, and to the possible damage to the young plant in the Southwest, which cannot be determined until the warm weather stimulates its development; hence,

it is a factor which must be recognized until it makes its record or leaves no trace. The Government has called attention to the presence of green bugs in large numbers in Texas and some parts of Kansas and Oklahoma, and this theory must be worked out—not dismissed—at the present time. Then comes the question of freights and its probable solution in time to put a fleet into Buenos Aires or Rosario to load in time to risk a shortage in requirements by ignoring the United States. The bear will probably have his innings, but should not, we think, carry his insistence too far. We are expecting an irregular break, but we are too near the crop-scare period to become over-confident on the short side of wheat.

**Corn**—The cold weather is said to have stimulated shipments and the reports from the interior show a great inclination on the part of the farmer and country handler to sell. The consignment notices are more frequent, and if the car situation was normal, we think there is no question but that Chicago receipts would be materially increased. We have advocated corn as a good trading market for the time being, and continue to do so.

**Cotton**—There was very little doing in cotton the past week, prices showing very little movement either way, and as a result the market is practically unchanged from last week. Liverpool prices have been advancing from day to day, but this has only caused a little short covering from time to time in our market. The settlement of the Lusitania controversy brought about a slight recovery, but the advance was lost when it was seen that the buying power was limited. Professional traders are bearish, and are predicting a break in the market due to the high freight rates and the poor demand for spot cotton. As yet the South has shown no inclination to let loose except at a few points. Exports are so small that it is very discouraging to the bull side. While the stocks in Liverpool are very light, the daily spot sales are so small that their stocks are actually increasing even in the face of the little cotton they are receiving from this country. Spinners over there do not seem at all alarmed by the scarcity and evidently believe they can get all they need from this side when it becomes a necessity. In our opinion, the market will drag some lower for the time being, but we believe, on any fair-sized break, the new crop options should be bought for an investment.

Every man was born at a very early age, but some of them never seem to get over it.

The commercial activity of many a man takes the form of dodging creditors.

There are times when a little change in the weather is almost as gratifying as a little change in the pocket.

## THE PEN AND THE SWORD

By McLandburgh Wilson

Remarked the pen:

"The sword I slight,  
Behold again  
My greater might.

"That trusty steel,  
Once gleaming bright,  
Has come to feel  
Too proud to fight.

"Though blood may flow  
And hope take flight,  
I never grow  
Too proud to write."

The road to success is full of ruts of other men's failures.

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Deposits .....	58,840,699.38
Capital actually paid up in Cash .....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds .....	2,008,962.64
Employees' Pension Fund .....	211,238.93
Number of Depositors .....	67,406
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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SARAH MYERS, also known as SARAH MEYERS, also known as SARAH MEYER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, GEORGE J. MYERS, Administrator of the estate of SARAH MYERS, also known as SARAH MEYERS, also known as SARAH MEYER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Norman A. Eisner, Esq., his Attorney, Rooms Numbers 344 and 345 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SARAH MYERS, also known as SARAH MEYERS, also known as SARAH MEYER, deceased.

GEORGE J. MYERS,

Administrator of the estate of Sarah Myers, also known as Sarah Meyers, also known as Sarah Meyer, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 29, 1916.

NORMAN A. EISNER,

Attorney for Administrator,  
344-345 Mills Bldg., San Francisco.

1-29-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ARTHUR D. DAVIDSON, deceased.—No. 20203; Dept. No. 9.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of ARTHUR D. DAVIDSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ARTHUR D. DAVIDSON, deceased.

JULIETTE M. DAVIDSON,

Executrix of the last will and testament of  
Arthur D. Davidson, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, January 22, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Executrix,  
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

22-1-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. HINDES, deceased.—No. 20170; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, STETSON G. HINDES, Administrator of the estate of MARY E. HINDES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. S. Spilman, 244 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said MARY E. HINDES, deceased.

STETSON G. HINDES,

Administrator of the estate of Mary E. Hinds, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 15, 1916.

J. S. SPILMAN,

Attorney for Administrator,  
244 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

1-15-5

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 70203.

LILLIAN E. BERGES, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's cruelty and intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS WILSON,

Attorney for Plaintiff,  
2536 Hilgard Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

12-18-17

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## ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68344, Dept. No. 16.

JOHN SULLIVAN, Plaintiff, vs. W. J. HYNES, administrator of the estate of Hope A. Britting, also known as Hope A. Breutting, deceased; JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the amended complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said amended complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2nd day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. BRUNNER, Deputy Clerk.

WM. F. ROSE and BRUCE GLIDDEN,

Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
614 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

12-18-10

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATHILDE GERHARDT (also called MATHILDE J. GERHARDT), deceased.—No. 20299; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of MATHILDE GERHARDT (also called Mathilde J. Gerhardt), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATHILDE GERHARDT (also called Mathilde J. Gerhardt), deceased.

JULIETTE M. DAVIDSON,  
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of  
Mathilde Gerhardt (also called Mathilde J.  
Gerhardt), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 12, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.

Attorney for Executrix,  
No. 333 Kearny Street,  
San Francisco, Cal.

2-12-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN CAMPE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of ELLEN CAMPE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of W. H. Morrissey, 804 Mechanics Building, 948 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN CAMPE, deceased.

FREDERICK DAREWOOD CAMPE,  
Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate  
of Ellen Campe, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12, 1916.

W. H. MORRISSEY,

Attorney for Administrator,  
948 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

2-12-5

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Estate of THOMAS WOODS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of THOMAS WOODS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Paul F. Fratesa, Room 901-7 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS WOODS, deceased.

DAVID W. CRONIN,

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of  
Thomas Woods, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 5th, 1916.

PAUL F. FRATESSA,  
Attorney for Executor,  
901-7 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-5-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM ROSS, deceased.—No. 20243; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the will of said WILLIAM ROSS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of Messrs. Powell & Dow, room 1029 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM ROSS, deceased.

ELIZABETH ROSS,

Executrix of the will of William Ross, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, January 29th, 1916.

POWELL & DOW,  
Attorneys for Executrix,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1-29-5

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVII. No. 1226

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 19, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

## *IN THIS ISSUE:*

Among Our Artists

Germany's Food Problem

The Buncombe of Brotherhood

Wilson, a Characteristic Convert

Edison, His Battery and Daniels

John Redmond, M. P., in the Trenches

The Clockwinder Writes to Dr. Jordan

Jimmy Donaldson Talks of Golf in Our Town

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## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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No. 1226

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### George Washington

As the twenty-second day of this month approaches we are reminded of a very noble author into whose luminous works we dip occasionally and never without refreshment. Knowing him to be a very much neglected author we frequently recommend him to our readers for the instruction he supplies and the benefit that may accrue to a nation which is committed to the political principle that each citizen is more or less versed in the science of government. Almost any time one may find in the addresses of George Washington a shrewd bit of political wisdom apposite to an important question of the day. For instance in the fifth annual address may be found this passage:

"I cannot recommend to your notice measures for the fulfilment of our duties to the rest of the world without again pressing upon you the necessity of placing ourselves in a condition of complete defence and of exacting from them (all other nations) the fulfilment of their duties toward us. . . . There is a rank due to the United States among nations which will be withheld if not absolutely lost by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult we must be able to repel it. If we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war."

In his Farewell Address which Washington describes as "these counsels of an old affectionate friend" he speaks of the importance of taking "such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected" and make belligerents understand that they better not "lightly hazard the giving us provocation" since "we may choose peace or war as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel." Recent events would seem to warrant us in recommending to our distinguished stylist in the White House the less polished but equally forceful English of the gentleman who was the first statesman to address the Congress of this republic.

### A Problem to Be Solved

The Twin Peaks tunnel is approaching completion and a problem looms ahead. It is a transportation problem. The purpose of boring Twin Peaks was to make salable certain broad acres that have been in process of conversion to town lots, but the problem of transportation was left in

the air. Now it must be solved. *The Examiner* would solve it with a bludgeon or a bus line. As usual *The Examiner* is threatening the wicked United Railroads. Maybe it will succeed in frightening that corporation, but maybe not. Maybe the president of the corporation will compromise on a satisfactory basis, for he is a conciliatory gentleman, and he has won something of gratitude among the higher-ups of *The Examiner* office. But there is this to be said,—that *The Examiner's* policy of frightfulness has ceased to be notable for its efficacy. There is always the possibility of taming the bully, and it has been demonstrated that frightfulness works both ways. True, some judges are to be scared to death with the threat of the recall, but not all. We have seen that the Supreme Court has the courage to hold that an injunction means what it says, and it is by no means certain that a public service corporation cinched by the city is without means of redress.

### A Great Discovery in Kansas

Considering the day and generation, what may be rightly pronounced an epoch-making discovery has been made in Dodge City, Kansas. One of the leading citizens of that righteous community shocked and appalled his neighbors one day last week by appearing on the street with an unmistakable jag. He behaved like a Russian exuding vodka at every chink. In the calaboose where he regained his senses he explained that he had been drinking cider which he had passed through an ordinary cream separator. The news spread like wildfire, and there has been joy in Kansas ever since, for it is indeed true that cider passed through a cream separator produces a "kick." The intoxicating ingredients rise to the top just as the cream rises on the milk when the separator is used. How enthusiastically this glad news will be welcomed in Oregon, the great apple State. Doubtless apple trees will soon be flourishing all over Kansas, and then the prohibition propaganda will have to start a campaign against the villainous cream separator.

### Germany's Food Problem

Our daily newspapers continue to befuddle their readers with contradictory reports of the effect of the blockade on Germany. One day we hear from somebody that there is plenty of food in Berlin, and the next day we are informed of bread riots. One day we are told that the people of Germany are hungry, and then somebody is interviewed, somebody who has just returned from Berlin and who found "conditions almost normal." A thorough censorship prevents the publication of unpleasant facts, but all the truth

is not withheld. There is a little that filters through the decrees of the Minister of Agriculture and the Minister of the Interior and through articles in German periodicals devoted to the trade in raw materials and groceries. From these sources of information we learn that the food shortage is becoming a more serious problem every day. There is plenty of "Kriegsbrot," a bread made of rye or wheat adulterated with potato flour and cellulose, but experts admit that it is inadequate food. If the supply of the bread that we call the staff of life were sufficient there would be no need of the other kind. As a matter of fact the Government has issued a decree limiting all classes to a little more than five ounces a day of the real stuff. It is evident enough from articles written by the masters of chemistry that the nation is seriously threatened by the dwindling of the home production of fat, and however cocksure some folks may be that the Germans have no reason to dread the danger of starvation there is evidence of considerable uncertainty among the scientists in the laboratories.

### Shattered Nerves

Though the nerves of the men in the trenches are undergoing a very severe strain we perceive no evidence of it in the letters they are writing to their friends. But there is evidence enough of shattered nerves in the writings of men far from the trenches—academicians and literary men, especially those who are writing for the International News Service. There is Rudyard Kipling, for instance, whose writings remind one of the frenzied outpourings of the poet of a corroboree. Rudyard is for driving the Germans off the face of the earth. His case is tragic, and is therefore not at all like the case of the German writers who are still trying to prove that the Belgians violated their own neutrality when they built forts along the German frontier after the Germans had built strategic railroads just over the way. Some of those German controversialists have shattered nerves, but their case is not tragic, though like Kipling they have lost their poise. Also they no longer argue with the cogeny that is characteristic of the calm German philosopher. A sample of loose thinking is given by Admiral von Holtzendorff, who was reported in the *New York Sun* the other day to the effect that the British blockade will cause suffering only to women and children, and will only make the men in the trenches "more determined to fight harder." In *The Sun* of the same day (February 1) was a despatch from Amsterdam about the resumption of food riots in Berlin, in which it was reported that six persons had been killed and seven injured by troops that were summoned to



suppress the disturbance. So badly have nerves been shattered by this war that news and comment from whatever source respecting the war should be taken with a grain of salt. As to foreign comment there is none that is disinterested. When we read the other day that a London editor had declared that one of Secretary Lansing's letters might have been written by Ambassador von Bernstorff we remembered that months ago Berlin editors found evidence of a deft British hand in official correspondence from Washington. The explanation of this keen vision is the quite human theory that there is always the possibility of getting a judgment in your favor by making the judge believe you suspect him of partiality to your opponent.

#### The Characteristic Convert

Cynical folk think it very amusing that our pacifist of the White House should suddenly affect the air of an alarmist and go up and down the land spouting warnings like a frenzied Jeremiah. Remembering Mr. Wilson's impatience of similar warnings a short while ago, one might be disposed to smile at the velocity of the new convert in the old field were it not for the significance of his virtiginous right-about-face. While it is characteristic of converts to be more demonstrative than the people to whom the faith has always been a matter of course, in Mr. Wilson's case something in the nature of an apocalypse must have occurred. For Mr. Wilson has been a schoolmaster nearly all his life, and schoolmasters are narrow-minded people who lay down the law, who teach in season and out of season, and are never obliged to learn at all. We do not mean to be offensive. Among schoolmasters you will find men who are the very salt of the earth. But in his little world the schoolmaster represents absolutism. He has experience chiefly of obedience. It is easy and cheap to laugh at him, but what would the ordinary man of affairs be like if for eight or nine months every year he lived the life of a schoolmaster? Suppose he found himself playing the heroic role of a monarch in a little kingdom where he had to have an answer for every question and be able to settle all disputes. Would he remain the modest, receptive, sympathetic person he thinks himself? Suppose nobody ever flatly contradicted him, or proved him wrong, or laughed in his face. Might not he come to regard himself as infallible? Indeed he might, and he might come to find it very hard ever to confess that he was wrong. Now whatever the cultivated world in its haste may say about schoolmasters, let us refrain from impatience when we find one of them cocksure and stubborn; and let us be duly grateful when we find our President, a schoolmaster, confessing error and doing his best to make us forget that he was ever wrong.

#### Edison, His Battery and Daniels

Though well we remember the electric banjo with which Thomas A. Edison tortured us some years ago, the feeling of resentment it inspired was assuaged as

soon as the horrible thing was sent to the scrapheap. We bear no ill will toward Thomas A. Edison. From all accounts he is a good amiable man whose inventive genius is combined with no end of Yankee shrewdness lighted with a sharp eye for the main chance. Mankind owes much to Thomas A. Edison, and Americans love him. Long ago he was absolved of the banjo iniquity, having made some really delightful contributions to canned music. Nevertheless we sympathize with those who think that some light should be thrown on his relations with the Navy Department. Some time ago, it will be remembered, Secretary Daniels in the throes of thought gave birth to the idea of a Naval Consulting Board of inventors and scientists. The idea came shrieking into the world, and then, so we were informed, Secretary Daniels read an interview with Mr. Edison who modestly admitted that he "could add to the terrors of war" but would not turn his energies to inventions to make war more terrible unless his own country needed his services. Secretary Daniels immediately appealed to Mr. Edison's patriotism, and though the great inventor was frankly told that there was nothing to give for his priceless services but the gratitude of his country he accepted the chairmanship of the new board. We received the impression from all that was said and written at the time that Mr. Edison was a "find," affording us an illustration of the spontaneous juncture of the unexpected Occasion and the inevitable Man. Since then we have learned much to our astonishment that when Mr. Edison in the ebullience of his enthusiasm decided to earn the gratitude of his country he was no stranger to the navy. Seven months previous to the Daniels-Edison correspondence the Navy Department entered into a contract with Mr. Edison to have his storage battery installed in submarine E-2, the vessel that was damaged some weeks ago by an explosion in dry dock that caused loss of life. The explosion was due to generation of gas by the new battery. According to Mr. Park Benjamin, competent as a naval and scientific authority, it "was perfectly well known to electricians familiar with such apparatus that this (the Edison) battery would evolve hydrogen under certain conditions." In addition to this testimony we have the testimony of the commander of the submarine that he reported the danger to the bureau of steam engineering last September and asked that something be done about it. More remarkable still: we have the testimony of Mr. Park Benjamin that the problem was actually solved months before the Department entered into the contract with Edison. It appears that there is an inventor who has a contrivance by which he makes the confined quarters in which batteries are installed "as breathable and as safe as the air in the street." It is now in operation on a large scale. We have learned further that when permission was sought last spring to visit a submarine to learn what conditions were with a view to "overcoming the dangers of battery

fumes" it was refused. Yet Mr. Edison a short time before had been invited to make an inspection. So nearly a year ago Mr. Edison was taking an interest in the navy. As a critic of the Department observes, long before Mr. Edison was invited to serve the navy and earn the gratitude of his country he got a contract for a defective battery "when another inventor stood ready to make the interior of submarines safe for their crews." We are in a receptive mood for a lot more of testimony along the same lines.

#### The Buncombe of Brotherhood

"The brotherhood of nations!" This was the important topic discussed the other day in a solemn convention held in Washington, D. C., a city much given to the convention habit. The brotherhood of nations was described as the spirit that rises in protest against war and the hatreds war engenders. Now this is a typical topic of discussion among people with faith in the power and virtue of free public discussion. Can you imagine anything more remote from the experiences of men than the spirit that rises in protest against the hatreds of war? There is no such spirit. It ought to be obvious even to an ass who cants in conventions that if the hatreds of war are ever to be abated something must first be done about the hatreds of peace. What likelihood is there of a brotherhood of nations in advance of a brotherhood of men? Brotherhood even among men of good will is more facile as a text than as a practice. It is easier to affirm the brotherhood of the entire human race than to behave like a brother to a canting agitator for example, one who, pretending to be concerned about your soul, presumes to tryannize over your body. In a country such as ours where there is so much distrust of men, so much of unkindness, so little acceptance of the sentiment of love, how absurd to talk of brotherhood of any kind! One does not feel like a brother even towards one's neighbors; much less toward the men who would not only have one's business pronounced unlawful but would also have one's property confiscated, and in the name of humanity! The fact is we are still a race of barbarians, ever quarreling in the market place, ever aiming at the damage of our enemies. We have no sense of brotherhood. Even the charity we give is distributed through an organization that pays extravagant salaries for the solicitation of money. When men talk of brotherhood, which is a kind of love flowing from the heart into the mind, they mean perhaps nothing more than a group emotion that is felt when some great tragedy awakens interest in the destiny of a handful of the human race. But of course there is a sense of brotherhood in the world. It is found in religious orders; it has been exemplified in the noble lives of men and women who have cast their days among lepers, who have endured hardships in savage lands for the good of men's souls and who have risked death succoring the wounded on thousands of battlefields.



## Varied Types

CCLXVIII—JAMES A. DONALDSON

By Edward F. O'Day

"When the Lakeside course is opened San Francisco will have one of the greatest golf courses in the country. It will have a course which cannot be equalled in America in natural advantages."

It was Jimmy Donaldson speaking. With Wilfred Reid of Wilmington, Del., and Walter Fovargue of the Skokie Club, Chicago, he had just finished laying out the new course, and he was full of the subject.

The famous professional who taught Chick Evans how to swing a stick speaks with unsailable authority. He knows every links in the country better than you know Market street.

The new course for which our town is indebted to the enthusiasm of golf fiends like Harold Mack and John Lawson, and the executive ability of J. S. Webster who is president of the new club, is expected to put San Francisco on the golf map. According to Donaldson we haven't been on that map to any marked extent.

"You haven't really got the golf bug yet in San Francisco," says Donaldson. "You're not very keen on the game. Just take the Ingleside Club. There's one boy in the locker rooms. In my club we have three valets, a barber and two caddie masters. You've got to pay more attention to golf if you want golfers to respect you. A golfer measures the civilization of a section by its golf courses."

Need I tell you what Jimmy Donaldson's club is? It's the Glen View of Chicago, and Donaldson admits that it's the most famous in America.

"We have our own railway station called 'Golf,' and two motor buses to carry us the half-mile to the club house," he says. "And we have our own street car line to Evanston. That shows you how important a golf course can become in a community."

"You don't realize it yet, but the new course will do wonders for San Francisco. Golfers will come from all over the country to play on it. A good course draws like a magnet. Look at Pinehurst. There's nothing there but good golf, but its four courses are always crowded. The same with Belle Air, Florida."

"I tell you, this one is a humdinger. You've

got the ground, and we made the most of it. It's a natural course; there was no building up necessary. It's a real championship course. We've been working on it three weeks, and we've put in sixty-five bunkers."

I asked him for a description of it that laymen could understand.

"Well," he said, "it's a 6400-yard course one mile southwest of Ingleside. On the first nine holes you play around the lake, and on the second nine you have a view of the ocean practically all the time. There are wonderful elevations. You look down on the ocean from a height of three hundred feet. Of course a crackerjack doesn't pay much attention to scenery, but he's bound to admire the beauty of this."

"You can't beat San Francisco for golf climate. The weather is simply wonderful. The air has a kick in it that I never saw the like of. You don't get that kick in Florida or Texas."

"The new course will do wonders for golf. It will infuse a better spirit. The Ingleside Club has five or six cliques. That's bad. A golf club should be a happy family. With Webster at its head, the new club will be that way. The boys here never had the courses that would give them an opportunity to play their best game. The bunkers are badly placed. You can half-hit a ball and get away with it. It'll be different on the new course. You'll have to hit there. I must say you have some good players here. Davis and Neville would be crackerjacks if they had the right competition, the right training. Robin Hayne's a fine player, right up with Davis and Neville. Douglas Grant is too, if not better. The keenest player I've met is Dr. Max Rothschild. He was always a poor player and never won a prize. I coached him for three days, and he took seventeen strokes off his his record and took a prize."

"How long does it take to learn golf?" I asked.

"About fifty years," said Donaldson. "In two weeks a beginner thinks he has learned, but forty years later he wakes up and finds that he can't play a little bit. I've been playing twenty-seven years, and I haven't learned yet."

That is only a manner of speaking, of course.

If Jimmy Donaldson couldn't play, amateurs of the game who spend their business hours in the grim seclusion of bank offices and legal sancta wouldn't glow with pleasure at the chance of shaking Jimmy Donaldson's hand. As it is they follow him around like caddies. Their emotions in his presence are the same that surcharged the breast of Bunker Bean the first time he met The Greatest Pitcher the World Has Ever Seen, the same emotions which cause the small boy to follow the world's champion heavyweight for a dozen blocks.

Donaldson is an Aberdonian. He started playing at the age of seven. You don't have to go looking for golf courses at Aberdeen. There are six of them within a radius of five miles, all natural courses that take care of themselves. He told me all about these courses, but I noticed that his shoulders were keeping time to the fox trot music (we were sitting in the Rose Room of the St. Francis), so I concluded it would be cruel to keep him off the floor. Golf and dancing go together any way. They are the two great modern rejuvenators. So I gave Donaldson a chance to move his shoulders on the floor. Besides, Wilfred Reid was dying to tell me something.

"Put in your article that Jimmy is district champion of Chicago," Reid suggested, "and that he's called the Beau Brummell of professionals, and that he taught Everett Legge, ex-Canadian champion."

"Whom have you taught?" I asked Wilfred Reid.

"Me? Oh, I used to teach at La Boulie, Versailles. Of course everybody gets to Paris, and I taught a lot of people."

"For instance?" I hinted.

"Well, I taught the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, and Mr. Asquith who's a fair player, and Mrs. Asquith. And I used to play with King Alphonso who's a left-handed player, and with the present Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince of Germany."

"Are they good players?" I asked.

"They're rotten, each one worse than the others," said Reid, but they're damned good sports."

## Perspective Impressions

Hot passion is always ridiculous in cold type.

When a woman who claims to have been wronged by a married man appeals to the courts, but not for money or revenge, what in the world does she want?

Perhaps she wants the man. But she has called him a cad and other hard names. Maybe she wants revenge or money, but doesn't quite understand her own state of mind.

A temperamental female upon whom two married men have made a fatal impression is not apt to be the clearest thinker in the world.

It is safe to say that Mr. Johnson wishes his amour with Mrs. Delcher had occurred in "The Never Never Land."

Congressman Kent is that rarity, a Progressive with a sense of humor.

Will society women ever look as fetching as actresses in newspaper snapshots?

What have the advocates of government ownership to say about the fifteen millions of graft in the canal zone? Wasn't it down there as nowhere else that Uncle Sam vindicated his ability to do things?

The conversation stocking will serve to facilitate matters in Leap Year.

So Hank Ford is going to spend millions of dollars in an educational campaign against war. Good! The country is full of people who need the money.

When a very clever man does a very silly thing fools exult, the sympathetic are grieved and only the wise are unmoved.

This is an age that demands noise, and hence it is that to be heard now it is necessary to shout.

This is not a good year for Presidential candidates with fly-blown reputations. Our guess is that the people want a man with no disposition to conciliate voters of any particular complexion.

Whatever we may think of Mr. Wilson he has made some of us more patriotic than we have been since the Spanish war. He has done this inadvertently by making it clear to us that to respect ourselves we must inspire respect in others.



## Redmond at the Front

(Some weeks ago we published extracts from a speech made by the Irish Parliamentary leader on his return from Belgium. Below will be found extracts from an account which he has since written of his trip.—Ed. note.)

I have been asked to publish in some detail a narrative of my experience and my impressions during my recent visit to the front. This is an extremely difficult thing to do with any completeness, and especially in view of the fact that I must be careful not to say anything which the censor might consider it injurious to publish. My best course, I think, will be to give something in the nature of a diary.

On arrival at the headquarters of the First Army, we met General Sir Douglas Haig, the commanding officer.

Here the Munster Fusiliers were paraded and drawn up in a hollow square, and Major-General Rawlinson introduced me to the troops and asked me to address them. They had marched on to the ground playing the "Wearing of the Green" on their band of Irish warpipes, and carrying a green Irish flag.

There was a battery of British anti-aircraft guns on my left, about forty yards away, and a battery of 75mm. French guns about forty yards on my right. After I had spoken a few sentences, the battery on my left rang out with startling suddenness, and we then became aware that there was a hostile German Taube aeroplane right over our heads. From that on until the end of my speech the British guns on the one side and the French guns on the other fired shrapnel shells at the Taube at regular intervals. It was a strange experience for me to have my speech punctuated, not by applause, but by the roar of guns situated only a few yards from where I was standing. It was a marvelous exhibition of the discipline and steadiness of the men that, while this firing was taking place, not one of them even lifted his head to look in the sky at the aeroplane, but remained absolutely passive at attention. When I finished my speech, the men cheered lustily, and marched away playing "O'Donnell Aboo."

At the commencement of the war the men had five green flags. Now they have only one, and I promised to supply the deficiency.

We remained upon the field for some twenty minutes after, watching the battle between the guns and the Taube. Four British aircraft were sent up to aid in the attack. Shrapnel shells were bursting all round the Taube in such a way that it seemed absolutely impossible for it to escape being hit, and I am quite certain that it was hit, but not vitally; and, after wheeling over our heads more than once, as if in defiance, the Taube slowly disappeared towards the German lines.

The French 77mm. gun is certainly a beautiful weapon, if one can use such a phrase about any engine of war. It works with such ease, its construction is so simple, and it is so light and easy to move, that it is a marvel. It can, I believe, fire 20 rounds a minute. It can be used as an anti-aircraft gun, and immediately afterwards it can be used as an ordinary field gun.

The British anti-aircraft gun, on the contrary, though I am sure it is a magnificent weapon, is ugly in the extreme, and cannot be used as an ordinary field gun. The French gun was painted blue, and was worked by a battery of French soldiers in their picturesque new light blue uniforms and blue steel helmets.

Subsequently, we walked to a battery of two 9.2 British naval guns, enormous monsters, which were trained on a building just behind the German lines, about three miles distant. These guns have a range of over 10 miles.

I was given the privilege of firing one of these huge guns at its object. The experience was rather a trying one, and I only hope my shot went home.

During lunch at divisional headquarters the band played Irish national airs, and at intervals the house was shaken by guns from a battery quite close, and a large French window in the room where we were lunching was blown in by the concussion.

The following day, that is the 19th of November, making another early start and under the guidance of Major Heywood, we went to the headquarters of the Second Army, where we were received by General Plummer.

I had the pleasure here of meeting the two Catholic chaplains, Father Higgins, a Sligo man, and Father Brown, a Cork man. Like all the other chaplains whom I met at the front, they spoke in the highest praise of the extraordinary spirit of the men, their good behavior and their devotion to their religious duties. All the time we were in this camp shelling and big gun firing from both the British and German lines was continuous.

We proceeded then through Armentières, which had been heavily shelled the day before, to the 25th divisional headquarters. Here we were met by General Doran, an Irishman and a Wexford man, from whom we received a hearty welcome. We proceeded then to the famous Plug Street Wood. This has been the scene of, perhaps, the heaviest fighting in the war. It is now one mass of barbed wire entanglements, and is certainly impregnable. We walked for about a mile and a half through the three lines of defense until we arrived at the firing line, along which we walked and saw the soldiers in their huts and dugouts, and walking about in the trenches. Most of the trenches were supplied with periscopes, and we were within about 80 yards of the firing line of the Germans, which we saw distinctly. Although nothing which could be termed an attack was proceeding, the roar of the guns was continuous, and there was scarcely any cessation from rifle fire and from machine gun fire of varying intensity. While we were there a man behind us in the woods, who turned out, sadly enough, to have been a Waterford man, and a constituent of mine, was struck by a stray bullet and instantly killed.

One of the most pathetic sights in this wood was the soldiers' graveyard, which looked as if thousands of soldiers had been buried in it, each grave tastefully dressed, with a plain cross with the name of the man and the date of his death, most of them having wild flowers and bits of ribbon attached, and some of them with the poor fellow's cap hanging on the top of the cross.

We remained about an hour in the front firing trench. Enormous improvements have been

made in the trenches since last winter. Most of them have boarded floors; others of them have brick floors; and although in really wet weather it is impossible to prevent them turning into a morass of mud and water, at the same time it is comparatively easy in fairly fine weather to clear them. They have got a system of trench pumps which are used to get rid of the water; and I was greatly impressed by the pipes which I saw running a mile and a half back from the front of the trench, supplying drinking water to the men. The dugouts which I saw were comparatively comfortable. The men had rough beds to lie on; many containing tables. One dugout I saw had four panes of glass in it, making a little window. Many of them also had small braziers with fires. I was told that one of the most valued presents which the men received are boxes of nightlights, which they are allowed to burn in their dugouts.

This year the men have been served out with long indiarubber boots, which go right up over their thighs like fishing waders. The organization in connection with these boots is perfect. When a battalion of men is coming to the trenches, it finds in the supporting lines—that is to say, in the second line of trenches—these boots waiting for them. They remove their own boots, get an extra pair of thick stockings, and put on the rubber boots. When they are coming away after their four days in the trenches they leave these boots at the same station, and receive their own boots and socks, which have been dried for them in the meantime.

And to see the extraordinary care that is taken of the men! When they get back to their camp the men are taken to an enormous wash-house, where they strip naked, and their mud-coated uniforms and their underclothes are taken from them into another department, where they are washed, brushed and thoroughly disinfected. The men go through a door into an enormous wash-house, where there are great circular vats of warm water waiting for them, and twelve men at a time, each with a piece of soap, jump in. It was a strange sight to see these big fellows, after their four days in the trenches, playing about in the steaming water like so many schoolboys. When they have had their bath they go into another room, where they find a complete fresh suit of underclothes, and also find clean and dry tunics, pants and puttees, socks and boots.

They have also a barber's shop. They are supplied with leather waistcoats and with sheepskin or goatskin coats, and with the best of gloves and mufflers; and it would be impossible for me to convey an adequate idea of the care that is taken of these brave fellows in every

(Continued on Page 17.)

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# The Spectator

## Los Angeles Yells "Police!"

The occasional correspondent who sends me paragraphs about the eccentric people he meets in Los Angeles and about the eccentric things they do, has excited the ire of the metropolis of Lost Angels. The chances are that if his identity could be ascertained he'd be dragged out of his hotel and lynched on Spring street. There is a tremendous pother down south over his casual revelations. His story of the cop who prevented a camera man from photographing the icicles in the fountain in Central Park during the recent bitter-cold snap in Los Angeles has given particular offense. I have found by consulting the clippings left for me each week by my press clipping bureau that this story and others of a similar nature which I have published at the expense of Los Angeles are copied far and wide throughout the country. The press of California is very fond of these stories, and so is the Eastern press, particularly in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Des Moines and Kansas City. That of course helps to explain why Los Angeles resents these amusing little stories. But who would expect any city, even Los Angeles, to call upon the police to suppress a correspondent of Town Talk, a merry, inoffensive although perhaps slightly ironic correspondent of mine! Yet Los Angeles is yelling "Police!"

## Sam Clover Calls for Action

The yell is voiced by that exceedingly serious journalist Sam Clover, editor of the Los Angeles Graphic. Sam Clover reads his Town Talk, and he also finds the little squibs about his home town reprinted in the daily press of the country. And he cannot restrain his indignation. The icicle story, a horrific reflection on Los Angeles climate, hit Sam particularly hard, and he burst into print thusly:

"I call upon Chief Snively to rise up in his wrath and smite the former San Franciscan who has been writing nasty things to his home paper about us. Let the detective force be put on his trail."

And then Sam quotes the icicle story, demanding that "this slander should not pass unchallenged." Well, it is not a slander but a laugh-provoking fact, and on that account more galling to the solemn boosters of Los Angeles. Instead of devoting their attention to my correspondent the Angelenos might spend a little time getting rid of the eccentricities of behavior on which Los Angeles has a copyright and my correspondent loves to comment. An icicle is not going to ruin Los Angeles, but a policeman interposing to save an icicle from having its picture taken holds up his home town to derision. So does a board of charity control which howls because the Salvation Army doesn't spend all the money it raises in Los Angeles among the Los Angeles indigent. So do many other institutions in Los Angeles. Sam Clover's indignation at Town Talk is illogical. He might just as well become indignant at Justice Henshaw for condemning the worship of "a cautious, statistical Christ" down there. It's the condition, not the comment on the condition which should excite Los Angeles ire.

## As to My Correspondent

And now a word about my correspondent. In telling his icicle story I referred to him as a San Franciscan whose business had exiled him temporarily in Los Angeles. I realize that that

is not enough of a clue for Chief of Police Snively to work upon. So I shall provide him with a little more "dope." My correspondent is very well known both here and in Los Angeles. He goes there from time to time to put through pretty big deals. I don't want to make Los Angeles feel bad, but truth compels me to add that he never leaves Los Angeles without bringing back to this city a respectable wad of Los Angeles money. Chief Snively is likely to find him lunching at the Athletic Club and dining at the California. He is not overfond of the Jonathan, but drops in there once in a while. If the Sierra Madre gives one of its jolly little dances during his sojourn he is apt to attend. He doesn't golf, but he likes the view of the Beverly Hills from the porch of the country club. The lobbies of the Alexandria and Van Nuys are frequently enlivened by his presence, and the cashiers at both hosteleries honor his check for any amount within reason. With these hints at their disposal the detectives ought to be able to find him, I think; but they'll have a hard time arresting his sense of humor.

## A Word with David Starr Jordan

"I see," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, "that it's all right to send somebody a letter with a horseshoe in it and then give it to a newspaper for publication." I asked the clockwinder what he was driving at.

"The Delcher-Johnston case," he replied. "And it's all right for a newspaper to publish a letter that a lady has received, though it's her property and was written to insult her and to humiliate her. So I guess you won't object to run my letter."

The clockwinder handed me the following epistle addressed to Chancellor David Starr Jordan:

Doctor, I read Pauline Jacobson's interview with you in last Saturday's Bulletin. I won't say I enjoyed it: I don't enjoy your solemn judgments or your only less solemn obiter dicta at any time, because I am convinced you lack the judicial temperament. All you have, Doctor, is a forcible, terse way of putting your opinions. Too bad your opinions are not worth while. No, I didn't enjoy the interview. By the way, Doctor, the best thing in it was not yours but Miss Jacobson's. She spoke of "the preparedness of former President Roosevelt which is said to lead to peace; and the peace of President Wilson, which seems to lead to preparedness." That is cleverly put. But to return to you, Doctor. I'm sure you are not much of a thinker, Doctor—Rodin would never have selected you as a model for "Le Penseur." He'd know at a glance that you were a representative of the Cult of the Open Mouth. He'd recognize you as a Voice in Babel. It's too bad, Doctor, that you as a sample of the American mills that grind out scholars should be a leading contributor to the jargon of tongues. This is an age of words, Doctor. Ready-made opinions on all subjects are abundant and cheap, and such profusion and variety of utterance is unfavorable to mental work of a high order. We are kept so busy reading and listening that we have no time to think. And by the way, Doctor, you are so infernally positive about things! I saw the other day where you outlined the terms of peace that will be entered into at the end of the war. I cut out the speech, and I'm saving it to spring on you later on. Your positiveness

doesn't impress me at all. You know, Doctor, it is better sometimes to suggest than to assert; it's wiser too. No, you don't know. You always assert and your reiteration is worse than damnable. You remind me of the adjuration of the Mohammedan fig seller—you cry the louder as your wares grow stale. I should advise you to take a leaf out of the book of Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler. He has been holding onto his tongue with both hands ever since that first week in August when he said he knew positively that the Kaiser didn't do it, wouldn't do it and couldn't do it if he tried.

## Begging to Differ

P. S.: Just another word, Doctor. I appear to be falling into your habit. You got my goat, Doctor, when you said that foreign hate of this country is of the music-hall and waterfront variety—soon excited, soon allayed. This sneer riled me because I have spent many profitable hours in the Orpheum gallery and on an Embarcadero stringer, and I don't like to see a chancellor knocking them. I don't suppose, Doctor, that you ever in your life stood in line at 7:45 with ten cents in your fist, waiting to get into the Orpheum gallery. I don't suppose you ever in your life sat on a stringer, dropping hook, line and sinker into the bay, or merely shelling and consuming peanuts. Either experience would have done you a great deal of good. There are very intelligent people patronizing the Orpheum gallery. Intelligent performers like Sara Bernhardt and Alice Lloyd and Lillian Russell and Frank Fogarty care vastly for their good opinion. Those gallery gods exercise their intelligence on many subjects foreign to vaudeville too—on the subject of war, on the subject of preparedness for instance. I feel like advising you to try the experience of sitting in the Orpheum gallery some night. But

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what's the use? You wouldn't fraternize with the teamster or the iron-moulder sitting next to you. You wouldn't know how. You never learned the secret of talking to the common people about whom you prate so much. Why didn't you learn it? Because mostly, it can't be learned. It's a free gift to those who have real hearts and warm red blood. And it's the same along the water front. You wouldn't know how to talk to the men who lounge there. Perhaps you think they're all derelicts, but they're not. Singularly enough, a good many of the derelicts are college men. These are not the interesting talkers, though. The men worth while are sailors, longshoremen riggers, caulkers, tugboat men, coal heavers and what not. They have ideas in their heads, Doctor. Their hates are not "soon excited, soon allayed." Like the gallery gods they think with extraordinary directness. Don't despise them, don't sneer at them, Doctor, even if their hands are dirty and their faces sweaty and their pedigrees don't go back to proud Isabella de Vermandois. They too love justice and truth. It must be admitted, though, that they are sometimes mistaken. Therein of course they differ from Your Infallibility. You were never mistaken in your life, were you, Doctor?

#### Shakespeare on Scotch

"What do you say to a little drink?" Riley Hardin asked George Sterling at the Bohemian Club.

"In the words of Shakespeare," answered the poet, "I have yet room for six Scotches more."

"You're joking," replied Hardin. "Shakespeare never said that. They didn't talk of Scotches in his day."

"He said those very words," insisted Sterling. "Show them to me," said Hardin, leading the way to the library.

And Sterling showed him the line in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV, Scene 7. It is spoken by the Roman soldier Scarus.

#### No Empty Promise

Election time approaches in the Bohemian Club, and there is much talk of candidates for office. Led by Phil Bekeart a deputation of jokers waited on Charles Rollo Peters and solemnly requested him to become a candidate for treasurer, that being the particular position on the board which the Peters temperament would prevent Charles Rollo from adorning.

"My constituents," answered Peters, "this is indeed an honor which you offer me, but I prefer a greater one. Let me be president of the club. There is, I am given to understand, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars in the treasury. I promise that as your president I shall create a deficit in place of that sum within two weeks."

"Charlie," answered Bekeart, "you could do it in one week."

#### Shut Out

"The indications are that I am going to pull this affair through all right," said Toastmaster Larry Harris at the banquet that was given at the Palace Hotel in honor of Aleck Vogelsang. There had been a nice even flow of oratory stimulated judiciously by the alert toastmaster whose witticisms sparked whenever there was a suspicion of the dulness that sometimes occurs at the best regulated banquets. Larry surveyed the guests solemnly. "Of course," he said, "we are not through yet. There is something more to be said, but so help me God, I promise you, J. Emmet Hayden will not be suffered to speak here tonight." That the promise was appreciated was evident from the storm of applause wherewith it was received. At the close of the banquet Postmaster Fay sat down with Larry Harris, and complimented him on his felicitous handling of the affair. Larry was glad that Mr. Fay was pleased.

"You don't pay much attention to politics, do you?" the representative of the Democratic administration asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"Not a great deal," said Larry. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," said Fay, "this banquet was given in honor of a Democrat who is going to Washington to take a job to which he was appointed by a prominent member of the party."

"Oh, I knew that," said Larry.

"I thought you didn't," said Fay and once more his eyes twinkled. "Because in your speech you didn't toast the party; you roasted it, and though there was a score of democrats at the banquet you didn't give one of them a chance to make a talk."

Larry went into a deep brown study, and reviewed the list of talkers: himself, republican; Justice Max Sloss, republican; J. S. Webster, republican; Frank English, republican; and J. J. Dwyer, progressive.

#### Isn't Bronson-Howard Peeved?

Long before either Jack London or George

Bronson-Howard there were novelists who depicted as fictitious characters persons whom they very much disliked. Several men and women whom Balzac detested are but thinly veiled in the *Comedie Humaine*, and more than one character in Dickens earned the contempt of the author in real life. So Jack London followed respectable precedent when he flagellated in fiction a police magistrate of Oakland, and even Bronson-Howard, who, the despatches tell us, has been sued for libel by Police Magistrate Corrigan of New York may plead that he has only availed himself of an artist's privilege. But Bronson-Howard may have some difficulty in acquitting himself of malice. Bronson-Howard is much addicted to the practice of making fiction the exhaust valve of his spleen and hatred. In the story that has involved him and his publishers in a libel suit he indulges in some bitter descriptive writing and makes it appear that the police magistrate whom Corrigan recognizes as himself is subject to vicious influences. Now it may be that Bronson-Howard introduced Corrigan to ease himself of a little venom, for the novelist once had an unpleasant experience in Magistrate Corrigan's court. Some years ago he was arrested on the complaint of Teddy Gerard, a show girl. She accused him of threatening to kill her with a hunting knife because she wouldn't give up a diamond ring he had presented to her. In Magistrate Corrigan's court the girl at first refused to swear to a complaint, but she was forced to do so, and Bronson-Howard was held to answer for carrying concealed weapons. He was fined one hundred dollars. As the girl failed to appear in the police court to press a charge of robbery against the writer, on that charge he was paroled by Magistrate Corrigan.

#### Caine vs. Kipling

When the Examiner published Rudyard Kipling's article calling for the annihilation of the German people, a few German readers of the Examiner protested loudly. I don't blame them. Kipling wrote like a man who would like to eat half a dozen Germans for breakfast. It was a bloodthirsty manifesto, and unworthy of the man who penned "The Recessional." The German protests enabled the Examiner to see the Kipling article in the proper light. So it was promptly offset by an article from the sugar-plum pen of Hall Caine. Caine loves the Germans so dearly that he has been accused of pro-German sympathies by his countrymen. In the same issue which contained Caine's article the Examiner published an editorial contrasting the views of Caine and Kipling. Here Caine was called "that admirable genius and great writer." Our citizens of German birth are not without humor, and they must have laughed at this characterization. While they applaud Caine's views of the war, I don't think they are prepared to call the author of that hypocritical per-

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formance "The Christian" either an admirable genius or a great writer. What a spectacle it is, this exaltation of Caine at the expense of Kipling! Kipling's powers have failed, but he has not deserved to be compared unfavorably with Hall Caine, the male Marie Corelli.

#### Her Idea of Lee Masters

A young San Francisco woman, interested in literature, recently called at a friend's house and discovered the new somewhat-poetry book "The Spoon River Anthology" on the library table. She picked up the grim volume of rural tragedies and, was glancing through its pages when a daughter of the house, a high school girl, entered the room.

"Did you read this?" asked the visitor, indicating the book.

"Yes," said the girl; "that is, I glanced at it."

"What did you think of it?"

"Oh," the girl replied, "I didn't think much of it. It's pretty much like K. C. B., only this man doesn't say '— and everything.'"

#### Miss Jones Is No Philistine

It is somewhat hazardous to take our dailies literally. Reporters may love the truth, but it is not good reporting to love the whole truth so ardently as to spoil a good story by not exercising a shrewd discrimination. Unmindful of this fact I took occasion last week to address a few observations to our very esteemed a school director Miss Sally Jones. I told her I was "amazed, shocked and pained" to hear that she had no enthusiasm for Shakespeare because he was dead. Fortunately I was a little incredulous, and suggested the possibility that Miss Jones was spoofing, which indeed she was, as I have learned, and which was clear enough to those who heard all that she said. Paying the tribute of reverence to Shakespeare is all right enough in Miss Jones's official philosophy, but it is better to pay the tribute by studying him and learning to appreciate him than by distracting pupils with pageants in his honor. During Exposition year there were so many distractions that the schools were more or less in a ferment, and so Miss Jones thinks that pageants should be cut out for awhile. I hear that she has real enthusiasm for Shakespeare not only on the stage but in the study.

#### Not That Kind of Wrestler

Up in Sacramento jolly Walter Daubenspeck, the brewer, is known and liked by everybody. Around the Capitol, at the Sutter Club, on K street and in the lobby of the Hotel Sacramento Walter is hailed, glad-handed and slapped on the back by every man he meets. In this city he is only less well known. His frequent visits to the St. Francis have made him a familiar figure there. The other day a husky wrestler from Chicago named Cutler was standing in the lobby waiting to keep an appointment with another exponent of catch-as-catch-can by the name of Davinscourt. Cutler is going to wrestle Davinscourt here if he fails to get a match with the winner of the Santell-Gotch setto. While Cutler was waiting Walter Daubenspeck walked in from Powell street. Now Walter is plump and heavy, in fact of wrestler-like proportions. When Cutler saw him he asked Assistant Manager Keating who he was.

"That's Mr. Daubenspeck," said Tom Keating.

Cutler thought he said Davinscourt, and rushed over to the big fellow. He introduced himself, and launched out on a history of his wrestling career. The Sacramento brewer listened in amazed silence.

"Who do you think I am?" he asked finally.

"Ain't you Davinscourt the wrestler?" asked Cutler.

"Wrestler?" snorted Daubenspeck. "I'm no damned wrestler. I never wrestled anything except maybe a barrel of beer!"

#### Anti-German Campaign in Canada

The news that the Damrosch New York Symphony Orchestra has had to cancel its engagement in Ottawa, Canada, on account of the prejudice against Germans in that country is what might have been expected in view of the unrest created by the destruction of the Parliament buildings. From the latest Canadian papers I learn that Germans who enjoy the protection of American citizenship are especially objectionable in Canada. The papers complain that there are a great many German-Americans in Canada. But it appears also that there are native-born Germans holding confidential positions in the Dominion civil service. The Canadian press is now demanding the removal of these Germans. The other day the Ottawa Evening Journal published a roster of them. It shows that the private secretary of the Hon. J. D. Hazen, Minister of Naval Affairs, was born in Germany and has relatives fighting in the German army, and asks why such a person should have access to all correspondence con-



HORACE BRITT

Violoncellist, who will be the soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra Friday afternoon, February 25, and Sunday afternoon, February 27

nected with Canadian coast defenses, wireless, harbor patrols and letters which come to the Naval Department from the British Admiralty. The Evening Journal shows further that the head of Dominion dredging, who has intimate knowledge of all Canadian ports and harbors, is a German, with father and brothers fighting in the German army, and who has only been in the Dominion a short time. It also shows how much valuable information may be sent to Germany via German agents in the United States.

#### Logic and Eloquence

Not Catholics alone but all seekers after light are interested in the announcement that Rev. Thomas Barrett, O. P., is to give a series of "conferences" on Catholic Doctrine at St. Dominic's every evening at eight from Monday, February 21, to Sunday, the 27th. This brilliant Dominican has been heard here before and has made a profound impression. He presents sound thought expressed with rare eloquence. The combination of high gifts of oratory with deep learning and inspiring eloquence are rare in the pulpit, and Father Barrett will undoubtedly attract large crowds to his "conferences." Among the subjects that have been chosen for discus-

sion are these: St. Paul at Athens—Insufficiency of reason to solve the problem of human destiny; Divinity of Christ—Testimony thereto from the Gospel and history; The Catholic Church a living miracle; Cardinal Newman; The Catholic Church, True Friend of Democracy. Those who are interested in these subjects will find Father Barrett's exposition of them worth while.

#### Minstrels at St. Ignatius

The ladies have "at last come into their own" at St. Ignatius Church. Other churches in the city have had their social affairs for men and women, but before this it was unheard of in Jesuit circles that "the ladies were at the front," to use a war expression. On the night of February 21 the Sodality will give a high class minstrel show full of genuine surprises. Mr. Cass Downing of the San Francisco Symphony has charge of the orchestra, and Miss Cornelia Farrell has trained the chorus.

#### Tavern's Ice Skating Rink

The management of Techau Tavern proceeds from one success to another, keeping ahead of public demand and always keen to anticipate public desire. The Sunday Dansant Club is one of these successes. It meets in its own quarters on the mezzanine floor, where an elaborate dinner is served at \$1.50 per plate, and its dances are held in the Colonial ball room. And now another success is about to be launched—an assured success because of the great demand and because the plan will be carried out with that thoroughness which is common to all Tavern enterprises. A mammoth ice skating rink is to be opened in the location now occupied by the Arcadia Dancing Pavilion at the corner of Eddy and Jones streets. This rink will be opened by the management and others interested in Techau Tavern. The rink proper will be 125 feet square and ample accommodations will be provided for spectators. Professional ice skaters will be brought from New York as well as instructors who will give skating lessons to the public every morning.

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# Among Our Artists

Edited by Edward F. O'Day

## Investing in Pictures

It is a good rule in buying imperishable luxuries to consider the possibility of a rainy day when it may be necessary to convert them into cash. Wise people keep this possibility in mind when they invest in diamonds—to a lesser extent when they invest in antiques of established authenticity and rare first editions. Why should they not keep the same possibility in mind when buying paintings? Too many people put their money into copies of famous pictures from which there is no hope of extracting it if evil days ensue. The auction houses are full of copies of famous pictures which don't bring a fourth of what the owners paid for them. Some art dealers like to sell paintings of this sort, because the profit is large. The wise person is he who overlooks the copies of Corots, Bougereaus, Alma-Tademas, Millets, etc., and buys—for the same price, maybe for less—an original by one of a score of Californian artists. Given a little taste in art, and one can pick out a McComas, a Peters, a Cadenasso, a Best, a Martinez, a Dickman, a Bruce Nelson which may be regarded as an investment quite as safe as a good diamond. Safer indeed; for while the price of diamonds fluctuates, the price of a picture by a living Californian artist of the first rank is quite certain to mount steadily upward. We all know what has happened in the case of Keith. Some of us know what is happening today in the case of McComas and Peters. The man who puts a good Californian picture on his wall—the ordinary man who is not ashamed to measure art in terms of dollars—may say to himself: "There is a purchase on which I shall never have to write off any depreciation." And he won't—except when the deputy assessor comes around! There are people in San Francisco with paintings by our foremost living artists in their homes who could not buy those paintings today. They bought them when the artists were not so well known but were doing just as good work as now, if not better. Their prices are doubled, trebled, quadrupled. All this is so easily proven that it is a wonder people with money to spend on pictures keep on acquiring at fancy prices reproductions from some world-famous original that has been copied times out of number when they might get an unique picture sure to enhance in value.

—Edward F. O'Day.

## The Park Museum Show

Says the art critic Edward Storer: "The whole history of art goes to prove that only those arts which are truly national have any life or value." And he explains: "Art is the fruit

not so much of dreams and intentions as of the soil and sun of a land." Let us apply these remarks to the work of our California painters as represented—and represented very creditably—in the second exhibition arranged by that indefatigable chap George Barron in the Park Museum. It is very gratifying to observe that our Californian painters get their inspiration from the soil and sun of their own State. It is this which strikes you most forcibly when you "do" the new exhibition. The artists who travel outside of California for their subjects are a small minority. Sometimes they seem to be punished for deserting California. The most interesting pictures in this show were painted among the hills and along the waterfront of San Francisco, at Yosemite, in Marin, Monterey and so forth. There is of course no quarrel to be picked with Helen Hyde for finding her subjects in Japan or with Jules Pages for giving us a Parisian wine shop; these artists have brought their art to maturity abroad. But there are others who seem to be painting from the notes taken during foreign tours, and their work lacks the interest which attaches to the pictures painted directly from the sun and soil we all know. Thus, when Chapel Judson gives us Cornwall his careful work leaves us cold where Piazzoni's "Foothills of Tamalpais" warms our enthusiasm. Thus too, when Emily Travis gives us "In Picardie" or a "Pont Neuf—Paris," we are apt to pass by, something which does not happen when we come to Xavier Martinez' "Evening." Here we have the Piedmont we know. It is a picture the eye rests on while the soul draws a long breath of satisfaction. Thus too, while William Silva makes "Castle Segovia, Spain" a picture of golden light we are more at home with Rollo Peters when he shows us San Juan Capistrano, its portico lit by a moon that sifts its light through foliage, its altar blazing with candles. It is pleasant to learn that Mrs. Paul Breon has presented this great picture to the city in memory of Jules Clerfayt. Why need William S. Rice go to Germany to paint "Old Houses, Rothenburg" while Monterey has the old R. L. S. house, here shown in a sincerely painted little picture by Myrtle M. Young? I suppose Joe Raphael painted his "Tulips" in Holland. We are more interested in Maurice Del Mue's "Dutch Wind Mill" painted in Golden Gate Park. Is this provincial? Not if the pictures of our sun and soil are equal in merit to those painted elsewhere. This exhibition shows that in most cases they are. This second exhibition is better than its predecessor. Besides the picture I have already mentioned Piazzoni has another which he calls "Silence." It is very beautiful. It shows the opening in a grove at

the border of a lake with two women about to bathe. Sun-drenched hills are seen in the distance beyond the trees. Real silence broods here, the silence Piazzoni loves with all his soul. These bathers, you feel, are to suffer no rude interruption. It is a picture you will return to again and again. "Lake Aliso" and "Hush of Noon" show Cadenasso at his best. This painter who has never gone abroad finds on our peninsula subjects that enable him to express the poetry of his ardent heart. Arthur Mathews shows two pictures painted last year, one simply called "Landscape" and the other "On the Beach." Mathews lives in our midst, but his imagination transfigures all he sees until you would think he dwelt in the Isles of the Blest or the Garden of the Hesperides. H. J. Breuer is at his best in his "Landscape" showing a rutted road winding between rolling green pasture. Trees in solid mass march across the background below a deep blue sky. It is charming. I know such a scene in back of Twin Peaks. Another arresting canvas is Bertha Stringer Lee's "Wind Blown Pines." Here we have the dunes we love, and pines and the blue sea—our own sun, our very soil and our glorious ocean. Rollo Peters paints our moon and sun so faithfully, with such loving sympathy—witness the San Juan Capistrano I have mentioned and "Summer Hills" and "Tamalpais"—that we can easily indulge his dipping into a note book for the inspiration that gave us the magnificent "Round Lane, Dorset." And of course the Latin-American soil and sun are so like ours that we do not take exception when Georgia Bordwell paints a "Mexican Market," or when Will Sparks paints "The King's House, Aztec Land." But Sparks seems to see glories of light denied to our vision. Clarkson Dye shows in his "Old Manor House" that he is mastering the secret of moonlight. Mary Curtis Richardson has a sketch of a baby which mothers will pronounce "darling," a portrait of a woman in green velvet that breathes sincerity and a good composition showing children playing beside a sun dial near an old adobe. Rixford Sargent shows a good still life—a Japanese bowl and red onions. There are more onions in W. Hubacek's still life of game and kettles—a picture that receives lots of admiration. So does Anne Bremer's still life, but in her case the admiration comes from artists. Miss Bremer is beyond the ordinary lay person. Only an artist knows when she has accomplished her purpose. Hanson Puthuff shows "Perpetual Hills," a very good picture. Charlton Fortune shows "The Pier, Monterey" which took a silver medal at the Exposition. But why did she pick out such an uninteresting subject for her "Old Houses, Monterey?" J. A. Stanton has

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a little bit of a thing "Launching the Boat," the sort of thing he does vividly. Many women will wish they were no fatter than Maynard Dixon's "Fat Squaw" who sits beside a pool. Dixon is always trying something new—and succeeding at it. Constance Peters dips her delicate brush tip in glamor—witness her "Greenbrae Railroad Bridge." Whether Armin Hansen paints "Still Life" or an "Impression" of fisher folk he is bound to be good. He is one of our best men. Amedee Jouillin shows one of his most effective landscapes. C. S. Price knows how to paint horses at pasture and cows on the range. Clarence Hinkle shows some canvases painted for painters, but the layman will say that his "Baker's Beach" misses being beautiful. Rinaldo Cuneo's "My Home" is good work. In "Blue Lupins, near Ingle-side" and "The Golden Gate" Theodore Wores helps us to realize the beauty of our surroundings. Spencer Macky has two interesting types, an Egyptian and French girl. Chlor Lesley Starks shows "Ballet Girls," and it is good. Orrin Peck painted "Summer" on much too large a canvas. Lucia K. Mathews and Percy Gray show splendid water colors. The former's "Monterey Bay" is particularly fine. In "Suzanne" Geneve Rixford Sargent introduces us to a fascinating profile.

—Edward F. O'Day.

#### In the Courvoisier Gallery

Artists are usually discreet in their criticisms of one another except in the case of a ruffled temper, but on the whole, I find, they are generous in their praise when enthused by merit. And this is as it should be, for who knows when a kind word may be of value? Praise is always worth recording, especially when it confirms one's own judgment, and for that reason I am pleased to report that Henry J. Breuer, whose approval is worth having, said some nice things the other day about some of Arthur Best's recent pictures. A little while ago Best was giving us experiment; now he is giving us quality and achievement. I saw one of his landscape compositions last week at Courvoisier's where it had been framed, a little canvas in color rich, luminous and alive with real feeling underlying it. Breuer himself, by the way, has a fine Tahoe picture at Courvoisier's. It is a picture touched with the enchantment of the Tahoe sky and the affecting atmosphere. Breuer has capacity for simplification and selection combined with a sense of style. Among the pictures in Courvoisier's gallery is a Peters, one of his Monterey moonlights showing the sweep of the bay, and an especially fine and attractive work of Miss Sophie Brannan, an artist who has won very substantial recognition in the East. In this picture she has shrewdly availed herself of the results of architecture as material for art. It is a little section of the Court of Four Seasons under a starry blue sky. I fancy Miss Brannan is an artist with a romantic temper. Her work reminds one of a writer of

sonnets who has something to say and a fine understanding of how it should be said.

—T. F. B.

#### At the Schussler Gallery

Water colors by Percy Gray are attracting a great deal of attention in the Schussler gallery just now. They were painted in the peninsula region, and show this fine artist at his happiest. Gray's work has never lacked discriminating admiration, but of late his popularity has mounted by leaps and bounds. Fortunately he is too well-balanced to be disturbed by applause. There is no let-down observable in any of his pictures. This gallery is also showing some charming bits by H. J. Breuer. Exposition pictures continue to hold attention. Here are to be seen some in oils by Maren Froelich and others in pastel by Sheldon Pennoyer. The Fair lives worthily in all of these pictures, and its memory can never grow dim in the homes where they are eventually installed.

#### Zorn at Hill Tolerton's

The Print Rooms at 107 Grant avenue have been the mecca for lovers of etchings during the past two weeks, for Hill Tolerton has been showing a fine collection of original etchings by the great Anders Zorn. J. Nilsen Laurvik has written of Zorn that "it is in his frank, unabashed nudes and in his delineations of Swedish peasant types that we find the most personal expression of his peculiar genius," and these may be studied in the present exhibition. Interest in etchings was stimulated locally by the Exposition, and it is pleasant to record that many have already seen the Zorn collection. This exhibition will last until February 22. A word to art lovers: Why not enter your names on Tolerton's mailing list? The folders and brochures he issues from time to time are eminently worthy of preservation. Nobody does these things quite as well as Hill Tolerton.

#### Theodore Wores' Lecture

Under the auspices of the California Society of Fine Arts Theodore Wores will deliver a lecture next Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the Concert Room of the Palace Hotel on his reminiscences of Whistler and his Work. Admission is to be by invitation only, and the patronesses and members of the Society are looking forward to the event with great interest.

#### Wonderful Chinese Mirrors

Those who were attracted by the fine display of oriental applied arts which Miss Clayes gave in the Palace of Liberal Arts have been finding their way in increasing numbers to her downtown studio ever since the Fair closed. In her attractive rooms at 177 Post street there is much to interest the connoisseur of Chinese art, and he it said that the connoisseur of Chinese art is no rarity in San Francisco. People who have shopped in Chinatown all their lives are

not apt to be attracted by the cheap or tawdry manifestations of oriental handiwork. Miss Clayes is displaying some mirrors of splendid Chinese workmanship. The carved frames of these mirrors are truly wonderful. Some are in gilt, others not, but all have the patina which only time can impart. Most of these carvings were assembled in mirror designs made by Miss Clayes herself, so each frame is truly unique.

#### Barr's Fair Pictures

In the Keith Galleries of H. Taylor Curtis William Barr is showing a series of Exposition pictures of high merit. There are seven of them, in oils, and they depict the Exposition scenes that had the widest appeal. Most of them were painted by night, and these glow with the opulent colors that made our great Fair a nocturnal fairyland. The dome of the Fine Arts Palace, the enchanting lagoon, the arch of the Tower of Jewels—these and the rest enable Barr to display the full measure of his talent. The series will attract many visitors.

#### A Neuhaus Lecture

"Rhythm as Found in Nature and in Pictures" is to be the subject of the lecture by Eugen Neuhaus in his course on "Painters, Pictures and the Public" for Tuesday afternoon, February 22, at 3 o'clock. The lecture will be given in the Paul Elder Gallery, 239 Grant avenue.

#### At Rabjohn and Morcom's

H. J. Breuer of Carmel is displaying a few of his canvases in the galleries of Rabjohn and Morcom, 240 Post street. Breuer is one of our best artists and for his work was awarded a gold medal by the Exposition jury. Probably the most striking of his pictures at Rabjohn's is a reproduction of Monterey sand dunes. This is a most restful picture to the eye, showing a rising fog being broken up by the sun. In the foreground are many verbenas, and they show up admirably on the white sand. There is also a canvas of the Santa Barbara Mission by moonlight and several others but the "Sand Dunes" seems to be the one that will appeal most.

#### Wores' Valentine Party

Assisted by Miss Gertrude Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wores gave a valentine party last Monday at the Wores studio on Post street for Mrs. Wores' little niece, Aileen Bauer. The table favors were chocolate hearts and valentines that were fashioned from hand painted hearts on which were standing small figures of little boys. Heart-shaped cakes were at each place, and Cupids and hearts were festooned from a spray of asparagus ferns in the center. The guests were Helen Hammersmith, Dolly Payne, Madeline Johnson, Claudine Warren, Virginia Crossett, Ernestine Camponi, Lilian Huic, Dolly Smith, Carl Mooney, Jack Rodgers, Billy McNaught, Bobby McNaught, Stewart Kerrigan and Billy Weiss.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Turmoil at a Melba Concert

It was during Melba's last concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium. Everything had been going splendidly. Melba was in excellent voice, Miss Ada Sassoli's exquisite harp playing had charmed the audience, Melba's two accompanists Uda Waldrop and Frank St. Leger were in their best pianistic form, and Emilio Puyans had just finished his flute solo to Waldrop's accompaniment amid a storm of applause. It was quite evident that the audience would not be satisfied unless Puyans gave them an encore, so the smiling flutist walked out upon the stage once more. Waldrop did not follow him to the piano, so Puyans turned to see what detained him. It was an extraordinary scene he witnessed in the wings. Sheets of music were flying in every direction under the hands of Melba. Miss Sassoli was hunting this way and that amid more sheet music. Frank St. Leger was going through a stock of music with feverish fingers. And Waldrop was running here, there and everywhere amid still more music. It looked like a riot in the sheet music department of a music store. The song bird and her associates seemed to have gone suddenly mad. Finally Melba desisted and directed a loud stage whisper to the flutist who stood in the centre of the stage taking in the extraordinary scene:

"Play it alone! We can't find the music."

And then Puyans understood that the music for Waldrop's accompaniment had been misplaced. So he played without the piano, and the audience which had seen him gazing in open-mouthed astonishment at the turmoil off-stage wondered what had been happening. Only those in front who heard Melba's stage whisper had a clue to the situation.

## It Was a Great Ball

What organization ever went as far as the Indoor Yacht Club in the costly elaboration of an entertainment? Confine the question to this parish, and the answer is: None, most emphatically none! Make the question broader, and still you will have to dig deep into your memory to

find a parallel for the "Fete in Fairyland." "We seem to be the only people who make an effort to decorate the Auditorium properly," remarked one of the yachtsmen to me some time Saturday night or Sunday morning. The remark is just. The reason is, of course, that it takes a bank roll to decorate the huge place. The great bell of flowers and colored lights which the yachtsmen hung from the dome, and the immense screen of greens and poinsettias which they threw around three sides of the dancing floor must have stood them a pretty penny indeed. But the overwhelming success of the whole affair more than justified their outlay. I believe the box office held something like twelve thousand dollars at midnight. That must have represented an assembled crowd of six thousand at least. And the merrymakers kept on coming in droves for the next two hours. It was a great show that was staged between eight-thirty and eleven—great vaudeville, great music orchestral, brass band and vocal, a great fashion show. And after the show was over it was a great ball. Small wonder that the guiding spirits of the club went wreathed in smiles of satisfaction. They are used to success in their enterprises, but they are too human not to enjoy it thoroughly each separate time it crowns their indefatigable efforts to please.

## Solving a Problem

Asks the doggerelizer of the New York Sun, apropos the new "conversation stockings:"

When through their stockings making talk  
Upon the strand that's tropic,  
What will those Palm Beach damsels do  
When they would change the topic?

A simple problem which our office poetaster solves in the following fashion:

When talk runs out the Palm Beach girl  
Her escort's pardon begs;  
And he just looks the other way  
While she re-stocks her legs.

## Startling Phenomenon at the Cliff

There was a commotion in the main dining room of the Cliff House the other night when one of the dinner guests, a distinguished artist of the musical world, caught sight of a strange phenomenon. A moment before he had been rhapsodizing on the beauty of the marine nocturne. In an outburst of foreign rhetoric he acclaimed the scene something more sublime than could be found anywhere else in the world. "How inspiring!" he exclaimed. Only he didn't say it in English. But Mine Host Rosenfield understood. And so did Bill Lange, who is some linguist as well as a dancer. "There is inspiration in that picture for the greatest symphonic poem ever written," said the foreign gentleman. Here he caught sight of the phenomenon, and presently the dinner à prix fixe, as Mine Host calls it in one of his languages, was forgotten, and the dining room was standing on its feet. Somebody had exclaimed, "A Zeppelin!" Thus was the professor from Berkeley, who had been dancing his head off, given the opportunity to infuse a little learning into the occasion. He explained that the phenomenon was merely astronomical; that it was quite in the regular course of events that Jupiter and Venus should once in a long while get together in the sight of men. The professor appeared

to be in a mood to deliver a lecture on the subject, but the on-with-the-dance mood prevailed. That dinner à prix fixe, by the way, has caught on, and it is wise to telephone before you start.

## The Nealon-Hampton Wedding

Miss Margaret Nealon and Albert C. Hampton were married at the Sacred Heart Church by Rev. Joseph McQuaide on Monday evening. Afterwards there was a reception to one hundred relatives and intimate friends at the handsome and artistic Nealon home, 960 Haight street. A wedding banquet was enjoyed in the beautifully decorated ball-room where after the bride and groom had been toasted all joined in dancing. The bride looked beautiful in a lovely gown of cloth of silver with an over-drapery of brussels net embroidered in silver. She wore on her head a narrow circlet of diamonds set in platinum. Her only other ornament was a cameo brooch framed in diamonds, the gift of the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Hampton are now en route to New York. They will spend some weeks in travel.

## The Herolds Return

The "Rudie" Herolds who recently returned from their honeymoon trip have been doing some informal entertaining at their home in Sutter street. Mrs. Herold is a delightful hostess and a very charming woman, and the felicitations that her husband dodged by keeping his friends out of the secret dearest to his heart are now pouring in. At the time of his marriage Mr. Herold was one of our most active clubmen, and spent a great deal of time in Bohemia and Olympia, where of course the news of his marriage was received with mixed emotions.

## There Was No Explosion

"See those two men talking over there?" said my friend the hotel reporter, pointing to two distinguished looking chaps who were chatting in the Palace lobby. "Don't look dangerous, do they?"

They didn't look dangerous to me; they looked quite peaceable and harmless.

"They deal in explosions, loud noises and ear-deafening reports," explained the reporter. And seeing that I did not understand: "The man who is doing the talking is George Markell of Delaware. He was the first man to discover that the ordinary kelp beds of the ocean furnish excellent material for the manufacture of explosives. As a result old ocean's bed has been a good deal disturbed of late. The man who is listening so attentively is M. S. Browning of Ogden. He has made the name of Browning famous in circles where the poet was never heard of. He and his brother gave us the Browning automatic pistol, the Colt automatic

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## MID-WINTER GOLF TOURNAMENT

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pistol, the Colt automatic machine gun, the Remington automatic shotgun and rifle and a few other little things like that. His royalties are quite respectable, I assure you."

While I was learning all this the two big guns of Preparedness went off together.

#### The Morgan Dinner Dance

One of the nicest parties given at the Palace lately was that of Percy and Jack Morgan who had thirty guests at the dinner dance a few evenings since. Their example should be imitated by other young men in society who are not so generous in reciprocating hospitality. It was the debutante set the Morgans entertained. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Morgan chaperoned the young people, who included Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Emily Timlow, Miss Dorothea Coon, Miss Marion Baker, Miss Jean Wheeler, Miss Hannah Hobart, Miss Einnim McNear, Miss Leslie Miller, Miss Ruth Welsh, Miss Dorothy Berry, Miss Gertrude Hopkins, Miss Marita Rossi, Miss Elizabeth Hanson, Miss Genevieve Bothin, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Wakefield Baker, Livingstone Baker, James Paramore, Carlos Greeley, Andrew Carrigan Jr., Edward L. Eyre Jr., Cosmo Morgan, Ashfield Stow, Richard McLaren, George Pinckard Jr., Lewis Martin, Robert Martin, Kenneth Monteagle, Lansing Tevis, Clinton Jones and Corbett Moody.

#### The Mintzer Dinner Dance

There are smart parties at these Palace dinner dances every night. Tuesday night one of the merriest parties was that given by Mrs. Mintzer to a number of our best known belles and beaux. Among those present were Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Foster, the Misses Van Fleet, Hobart, Baker, Bothin, Eyre, Hopkins and Welch and Messrs. Mintzer, Jones, Thurston, Beaver, Madison, Hawkins, Brant, Eyre and Pinckard.

#### The Palace "Pops"

The very latest addition to the long list of Palace Hotel attractions is the "pop" concert. The first "pop" will be given this Sunday night, beginning at seven, and it will be unusually interesting because the orchestra of twenty-five under the baton of Herman Heller will render Heller's new Palace Hotel March. Heller knows how to write marches that thrill with spirit and soothe with beauty, and his latest is pronounced his best. The first program is a most attractive one including "William Tell," the Peer Gynt Suite, the Kamenoi Ostrow, Herbert's The Debutante, Goldmark's Sakuntala, the Gounod Ave Maria and other numbers which show that this is indeed to be a "pop" in more than name. Great advance interest is being evinced in these concerts.

#### John Burton Happy

Handsome John Burton, just back from a business trip to New York and once more installed at the Fairmont, looks so happy these days that you'd think his friend President Wilson had offered him Lindley Garrison's portfolio. The cause of his unusually high spirits was the

report of the auditor of the Oakland Tribune which Congressman Knowland and Burton are running, to the effect that the "Trib" had jumped up ten thousand in circulation during his absence. He's willing to go away again for another ten thousand! Burton went to New York on business connected with the Tribune, and also to see how his metropolitan financial paper the New York Curb was getting along. It was getting along well—as usual.

#### Distinguished Visitors at Palace

Two railroad men of national distinction have been here on a business trip, and have been in evidence a good deal about the Palace where they put up. They are A. L. Mohler, president of the Union Pacific, and N. H. Loomis, vice-president of the same system. Dr. G. E. Richards is of the party, being in attendance on Mr. Mohler whose health has needed care. They all come from Omaha. An interesting party which sojourned at the Palace before taking the steamer to Honolulu consisted of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Goodrich with their daughter and Miss Van Dyke. Mr. Goodrich is known as the linseed oil magnate of Milwaukee. Another party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lescher with some friends. Mr. Lescher is at the head of the biggest wire rope company in the country. From Denver came F. G. Bonfils with his wife and daughter. Mr. Bonfils owns the Denver Post and the Kansas City Post. Having been supplied with cards to both the Presidio and the Ingleside Golf Clubs he spent a perfectly happy time here, playing eighteen holes every day without fail.

#### The Holiday at Del Monte

With weather conditions absolutely perfect, with the golf course in faultless condition, with the motor roads smooth as Market street and with the prospects of a rattling polo contest, Del Monte is preparing to entertain its crowd of fashionables, golfers and polo enthusiasts over the Washington Birthday holidays from Saturday the 19th till Tuesday the 22nd. In addition to the annual midwinter golf tournament which has been held there each February for the past eight years, and which is now rated as one of the leading sports events of the winter season, there will be a polo game between the San Mateo team and the team representing the Del Monte Country Club. Walter Hobart of the San Mateo team is back in form and will play his usual position with A. Spivalo, Robin Hayne and Will Tevis. The Del Monte team is composed of Hastings, Parsons, Brown and McNally. Both teams have been on the ground for the past week and have indulged in serious practice with the result that Sunday's game promises to be exceptionally interesting, and if present expectations are realized will be witnessed by a great gallery.

#### At Hotels Cecil and Somerton

The U. S. army and navy are well represented at the Hotels Cecil and Somerton. On the arrival of the Transport Sherman Sunday many of the officers and their families went direct to these hotels. Lieutenant and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee Jr. accompanied by their young son and Mrs. J. A. Dodson occupied an attractive suite at the Somerton during their stay in this city. Lieutenant and Mrs. Jack Potts of the navy spent several days at the Somerton. Mr. and Mrs. David Moxon of New York City entertained ten friends at dinner Monday. It was given at the Somerton where the Moxons are stopping. A luncheon was given Thursday by Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Hunt of Troy, N. Y., in the private dining room of the Somerton. Mrs. William Franklin Morris received an ovation from her many friends when she ar-

rived last week at the Cecil. This popular and charming woman has been visiting friends and relatives in the East for the past six weeks.

#### Meeting Husband

The large number of electric runabouts in front of the Phelan building each afternoon is a striking evidence of the ever increasing popularity of the Haas candy store as a rendezvous for our society matrons. Many of the automobiles are forced to park on the O'Farrell street side of the building because of the ever increasing difficulty of finding a place on Market street. As a place for tired women who want to rest awhile during their shopping the Haas establishment seems to be the ideal spot. A cup of tea is the usual refreshment chosen, and the excellent service and quality of the morsels served seems to mark this as one of the most popular meeting places in San Francisco. Many husbands have become accustomed to meet their wives here for lunch, and numbers of men are in evidence throughout the afternoon. The visitors seem fully aware that everything served is made under the careful supervision of the Haas chefs.

#### Wine Shortage in France

According to official reports the vintage in France in 1915 will not be sufficient to supply her army in the field. Last year about 600,000,000 gallons of wine were produced there, and as each of the republic's 2,000,000 soldiers is allowed a pint of wine a day, the army will consume approximately 200,000 gallons each twenty-four hours, or more than 700,000,000 gallons during the entire year of 1916. From these figures it is readily seen that there will be no French wine available for export purposes. But on the other hand the demand for California wine is increasing all the time, especially in countries that have been accustomed to buy large quantities of wine from France. Along this line we might mention the increasing demand for Paul Masson champagne. China, Japan and the Philippine Islands are now ordering large quantities of this wine, and as the people appreciate it there is no doubt that the demand for this champagne will continue there even after the war is a thing of the past.

#### Take Bridal Chamber

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence J. Wetmore sailed this week for Honolulu to attend the Mid-Pacific Carnival there. They were in the ship's bridal chamber. Wetmore is president of the Cresta Blanca Wine Company, and is taking this opportunity to look after the new wine situation that has been created in the islands by the European war. He will be there about a month.

Gilbert Littlejohn Miss Ernestine Littlejohn

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## Gossip of the Theatre

### The Incomparable Destinn

When Emmy Destinn walked upon the Columbia stage last Sunday she was greeted with prolonged, enthusiastic applause: by a house filled, I am happy to relate, with music lovers. Doubtless they were keyed up to a high pitch of expectancy, for Emmy Destinn is an artiste who enjoys the reputation of being the world's greatest dramatic soprano. She opened her program with the familiar "Il est doux" from Herodiade and her very first phrase was soul satisfying. It brought tears to the eyes. Miss Destinn's physique suggests strength and vigor; her smile, tenderness; her manner unconsciousness of her tremendous physical vitality that gives one the impression that she has a voice of limitless power. She has a big voice but it is modulated by the spirit of tenderness in every cadence. It is of such timbre that one must hear it to appreciate the art that regulates it. Her voice is one of the gifts of nature that are indescribable; her art, ah, that is her own. It bespeaks her intelligence, the intelligence that is shown in her phrasing, in the never interrupted singing tone, in her distinct enunciation, in the flexibility that seems intrinsic and in the absolute freedom from tremolo. She has a way of holding a tone pianissimo and in mezza voce that is ravishing to the sensitive ear. The marvelous steadiness of it suggests the enchanting, grateful breeze on a tropic sea. The program Sunday was generous. There were numbers by Massenet, Grieg, Tosti, Smetana, Liszt, Stange, Dvorak, Tschaikowsky and Puccini upon themes which comprised well nigh the gamut of human emotion. Homer Samuels, Miss Destinn's accompanist, is one of the best accompanists I have ever heard, and though he is entirely unobtrusive, one finds oneself studying his effects. Miss Destinn's interpretation of Mme. Butterfly is standard. We have heard many intelligent, gifted singers, notably Carmen Melis, approach her rendition of "Un bel di," but it has remained for Homer Samuels to aid the voice in certain phrases with tones from the piano that sound like those of a French horn playing in unison with the voice. Roderick White played some violin numbers. This young man has poetic insight and excellent technique. He has improved so much since his visit to us with John McCormack that I believe there is a future for him.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

### "The Only Girl"

Victor Herbert doesn't know how to write unattractive music. Sweet themes flow from his fingers like honey dripping from a hive. All the sound he poured into his latest work is tuneful stuff, but why didn't he give us more of it? There is more music in "The Only Girl" than in "So Long Letty," but not as much as we'd like to hear when it comes from Victor Herbert. The new fashion in musical comedy demands more plot than we used to put up with, and less music. The plot is welcome, but can't we have the old regulation amount of tune? This is a complaint against "The Only Girl," but one which Victor Herbert is requested to regard as a compliment to his inexhaustible springs of melody. Henry Blossom will pardon my calling him the flower of American librettists. Would that there were more Blossoms blooming in our midst. This man writes natural dialogue (except when he feels compelled to sop Cerberus with a little conventional sentimentality) and he never forgets to put some humor into his

situations, some wit into his lines. "The Only Girl" libretto he so contrived that most of Herbert's music springs spontaneously from the text of the story. The company presenting "The Only Girl" is very conscientious.

—E. F. O'D.

### Three Weeks For On Trial

A third week for On Trial at the Alcazar! It's a long time since a play has given promise of a record run at our O'Farrell street playhouse, and so it must be inspiring to the players as well as to the management to find that they have made a capital appeal to public interest. Hitherto they were delighted when the success of a play warranted their giving it a second week, and so they did not hope to go beyond two with On Trial, but in the middle of this week as it was packing the house it was decided to prolong the run. Well, the performance certainly deserves the recognition it has won. As presented at the Alcazar this really remarkable play (remarkable by virtue of its novelty, its thrills, its perfection of detail and its clock-

work precision) is to say the least on a level with the Columbia production of a few months ago. There is certainly no inferiority in the acting, and in no detail does the Alcazar suffer by comparison. When the play was at the Columbia people marveled at the mechanical achievement behind the scenes. The moving backward of the drama was regarded as a stroke of genius. Well, the stage mechanics at the Alcazar "turn the trick" just as well as it was done at the Columbia—somewhat better in fact, for they are filled with enthusiasm. I was let in on the secret the other day, and was astonished at the simplicity of it. The drama is played not on "the" stage but on two stages, each of which is rolled on and off "the" stage. One scene—the court-room scene—is permanently set. The other is made up whenever the judge is holding court and the prisoner is on trial. The stage manager held the watch the other night, and between the going down of the curtain and the rising of the same he counted just twenty-seven seconds.

—The First Nighter.

### Comedy at Pantages

"From Coney Island to the North Pole," a spectacular musical comedy, starring Arthur Lavine and a big company of comedians, will be a splendid attraction on the new bill at Pantages Sunday. "Locked Out," a sparkling little comedy skit, will be presented by Ray Raymond and Florence Bain, a clever couple who were formerly favorites at the old Tivoli. Hanlon and Clifton have a musical and acrobatic offering which they term "The Unexpected." The Valerie sisters will present a swagger novelty displaying 1916 gown and hat creations in their specialty "Fun and Fashions." Greenlee and Drayton, a nimble-footed duo of dusky-hued funmakers; Arline, the gypsy violinist; and Le Roy and Paul, sensational horizontal bar comedians, will be the other acts. The tenth and most absorbing incident of the Pathe serial "The Red Circle" will be shown.

### Travelogues at Columbia

Burton Holmes, the most famous traveler and lecturer on travel, is sending his great combined travelogues to the Columbia for an engagement of one week opening Sunday night. The travelogues will be given each afternoon at 3 and each evening at 8:15, and the advance inquiry regarding the engagement is such as to warrant the expectation



GERTRUDE HOFFMAN

In "Sumurun" next week at the Orpheum.



of great attendance. The Burton Holmes Travelogues have not been seen in San Francisco in a number of years and in the interim Holmes has gone into many corners of the earth gathering material. From a great variety of subjects he has arranged a combined program, and this arrangement for the week will bring out some wonderful films and interesting talks on "The Cliff Dwellers of Chicago and the Pueblos of New Mexico;" "A Day with the Middies at Annapolis;" "The Grand Canyon of the Colorado;" "Western Australia;" "Training for War at West Point," etc. Each subject will take up twenty minutes of the performance which will be of two hours' duration.

#### Maude Fay in Concert

Maude Fay, the California girl, leading dramatic soprano of the Royal Opera, Munich, the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels, Covent Garden, London, and recently engaged for leading dramatic soprano roles at the Metropolitan, assisted by Nikolai Sokoloff the distinguished Russian violinist and Gyula Ormay the accompanist, will be heard in song recital at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Saturday night at 8:30 and not Monday, February 28, as previously announced. Owing to demands made by the management of the Metropolitan, it is necessary that Miss Fay cancel all her concert bookings on the Pacific Coast and report immediately in New York. Sold-out houses awaited Miss Fay next week in San Jose and Los Angeles but she must confine all California appearances, until her return from Europe next season, to those with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Friday and Sunday afternoons and her Saturday night song recital. The program follows: Aria of Chimene from "Le Cid," Massenet, Maude Fay; Symphonie, "Espagnole" for violin, Lalo, Nikolai Sokoloff; Songs: Quella Fiamma, Marcello; Sleep Oh

Sleep, from "Semele," Haendel; L'Absence, Berlioz; Bocco Dolorosa, Sibella, Maude Fay; Violin Solos: Prize Song from "The Mastersingers," Wagner; Caprice Chinois, Kreisler; The Blessed Damsel, Debussy, Nikolai Sokoloff; Songs: Immer Leiser Wird Mein Schlummer, Brahms; Komm Wir Wandeln, Cornelius; Traume, Wagner; Standchen, Strauss, Maude Fay. Tickets are on sale at Sherman Clay. The prices are \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50. Admission \$1.00. Boxes seating six \$20.

#### The Coming Symphonies

With Maude Fay as assisting artist, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz, conductor, gives its sixth pair of concerts at the Cort this Friday afternoon at three and this Sunday afternoon at two-thirty. The Friday house has been sold out for several days. It behooves all who wish to be present Sunday to hurry to the box office at Sherman Clay. Seats will be on sale Sunday at the Cort. For the seventh pair of concerts which will be given at the Cort Friday afternoon, February 25, and Sunday afternoon, February 27, the orchestra will have the assistance of Horace Britt, violoncellist, as soloist. Mr. Britt is the principal of the 'cello section of the orchestra. He has appeared as soloist with the Lamoureux, the Colonne and the Royal Orchestras of Brussels and Antwerp. He has also appeared with the Chicago, Philadelphia and other great symphony orchestras of this country. The prices for all the remaining Sunday concerts, commencing with the seventh pair, will be 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50 for box and loge seats. Tickets are on sale at Sherman Clay. The program for the seventh pair: Overture to "Anacreon," Cherubini; "Lied" for Violoncello, d'Indy, Horace Britt; from Suite, "Ballet

Scenes," Op. 54, Glazounow; Prelude, "The Afternoon of a Faun," Debussy; Symphony No. 1, B flat major, Op. 28, Schumann.

#### Emmy Destinn's Farewell

So many requests have been received by Manager Will Greenbaum to have Emmy Destinn sing certain numbers for which she is famous at her farewell concert at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon, that it has been found necessary to make several changes in the program. Over fifty letters were received asking for one of the arias from "Aida," so she has consented to open the program with the Ritorno Vincitor." Another number for which there were many requests was "Als die Alte Mutter" by her countryman Dvorak, and this too has been placed on the program. A Slovak song by Kovarovic with which she created a furore recently in Boston will also be a new number, and works by Grieg, Schubert, MacFadyen and Dvorak will complete the song offerings. There will be two works with violin obligato, and all who love the operatic works will be delighted to know that the "Un Bel Di" from "Madame Butterfly" is to be repeated and that the "Balatella" from "I Pagliacci" will be the closing number. Tickets at Sherman Clay and the Columbia.

#### Florence Hinkle Coming

The career of Florence Hinkle, the foremost American concert soprano, refutes the assertion that an American-taught singer has no chance in this country. Miss Hinkle has never seen Europe. Will Greenbaum announces two programs of Italian, French, German and English songs by this supreme artist, at the Columbia on the Sunday afternoons of March 12 and 19.



MLLE. FELYNE VERBIST  
The great Belgian dancer who appears at the Columbia Theatre on Thursday afternoon, March 2nd and Sunday afternoon, March 5th.



MAUDE FAY  
Who will give her only San Francisco song recital at Scottish Rite Hall this Saturday night



**Felyne Verbist, Queen of the Dance**

Manager Greenbaum announces two "concerts de danse" by Mlle. Felyne Verbist, a beautiful young artist who has been the star dancer at the Royal Belgium Opera and at Covent Garden and who has just arrived here from Buenos Aires where she was featured in opera with Caruso and Tito Ruffo. La Verbist has given her "concerts de danse" in Belgium, England, Italy and Spain and her career has been a succession of triumphs. Assisted by a splendid concert orchestra under Paul Steindorff, Mlle. Verbist will appear at the Columbia on Thursday and Sunday afternoons, March 2 and 5, at three o'clock. The proceeds of the Thursday matinee will be donated to her suffering country people, the Belgians. The event will be under the patronage of the Consul of Belgium and a committee of ladies interested in the relief work. Among other novelties La Verbist will offer the great Nijinsky's choreographic creation "The Spectre of the Rose," also "The Vision of Salome" which this artist interprets in quite an unobjectionable way. Gems by Delibes, Gluck, Thomas, Ponchielli, Drigo and Valverde will also be interpreted. At both concerts she will give her original conception of Saint-Saens' "The Death of the Swan." The prices will be from \$2.00 to 50 cents. The box offices will be open Monday, February 28, at Sherman Clay and the Columbia. Mail orders may be sent to Will Greenbaum at Sherman Clay.

**Boston Opera and Pavlowa**

A musical announcement of the first importance is that of the coming of the Boston Grand Opera Company in conjunction with the Pavlowa Imperial Ballet, to the Cort for the week beginning March 13. Those who follow such matters are aware of the triumphs that have been achieved by the organization in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis and other large centers. The task of assembling the former Boston Grand Opera Company, and allying it with the Pavlowa Imperial Ballet, was accomplished by Max Rabinoff, the man who brought the great Pavlowa to this country. The idea back of the organization is to present grand opera as a feast for the eye as well as the ear. The high scenic standard of the productions is assured, as they are the work of such men as Bakst and Joseph Urban. Those operas of the repertoire that contain ballets will have these unfamiliar features restored. Other operas will be supplemented by ballets and divertissements by Pavlowa, Volinine and the entire Imperial Ballet. Among the singers to be heard are the following notables: Giovanni Zenatello, Maggie Teyte, Riccardo Martin, Felice Lyne, Maria Gay, Jose Mardones, Luist Villani, Thomas Chalmers, Elvira Leveroni, Graham Marr, Olivette Marcel, Giuseppe Gaudenzi, and the famous Japanese prima donna Tamaki Miura. One of the distinct novelties to be given is the opera "L'Amore dei Tre Re" by Montemezzi.

**Second Week of "The Only Girl"**

San Francisco acknowledges the charm of "The Only Girl" which enters on the second and final week of its successful engagement at the Cort Sunday night. Edna Munsey, Franklyn Farnum, Regina Richards, Alfred Fisher, Tom Burton, Russell Lennon, Frank Coombs, Elsie Baird, Ann Walker, Cecelia Novasio and Genevieve Houghton are in the cast. The stunning show girls wear radiant costumes that smack of a fashion show.

**Gertrude Hoffman Comes to the Orpheum**

The famous Gertrude Hoffman comes to the

Orpheum next Sunday matinee for a two weeks' engagement during which she will present Max Reinhardt's "Sumurun," a wordless play in eight scenes adapted from "The Arabian Nights." It is without doubt the most sumptuous production seen in vaudeville. Miss Hoffman who appears as the beautiful slave of the Hunchback's Theatre will have the support of a company of sixty artists whose efforts will be enhanced by superb oriental scenery and costumes and a considerably augmented orchestra. "Sumurun" was first produced by Professor Reinhardt in Berlin where it ran over a year. In London it crowded the Coliseum for three seasons. In New York under the direction of Winthrop Ames it scored the hit of the year. The Langdons, Rose, Harry and James, will introduce a funny act called "Kidding and Skidding in Johnny's New Car." The Olga and Mishka Company will appear in classic and modern dances. Mlle. Olga comes from the Imperial Opera, Petrograd. Her partner Eugene Santo is also famous. M. Mishka is a violinist of temperament. Corelli and Gillette exhibit comedy work and acrobatics. Caliste Conant styles herself "A Tuneful Tale Teller." The other acts will be Tom Smith and Ralph Austin in their "All Fun" skit, and Brandon Hurst and company in the sensational comedy "The Girl." The eighth installment of the Uncle Sam at Work motion picture will be shown.

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**Seventh Pair of Symphony Concerts**

Cort—FRIDAY, February 25, 3 P. M.

and SUNDAY, February 27, 2:30 P. M.

Soloist—HORACE BRITT, 'cellist

Prices: Friday, 75c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2.00; Box and Loge Seats, \$3.00. Prices: Sunday, 50c, 75c, \$1. Box and Loge Seats, \$1.50. Tickets on sale daily at the box offices of Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase; except on days of concerts, when after 1 P. M. on Friday and 10 A. M. on Sunday the tickets are on sale at the box office of the Cort Theatre.

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EPISODE OF "THE RED CIRCLE"



## Redmond at the Front

(Continued from Page 6)

possible respect—and, God knows, they are worthy of it all. Some of the men in the bath were wearing scapulars. I had the pleasure of meeting here the Catholic chaplains, Fathers Hagerty and Cullan.

The town of Plug Street itself is in ruins, and the beautiful church utterly destroyed. Just outside we visited the camp of the 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Rifles. The men, who were paraded, were just about to start for the trenches; they had all their equipment on, and, indeed, seemed heavily laden. Father Gill, S. J., their chaplain, was at their head, and was going to march in for his four days in the trenches with them.

I had a warm welcome from them, and when I reminded them that their regiment was composed of men from the North of Ireland and from the South combined, they heartily cheered; and I was told that the Belfast men and the Southern and Western men in the regiment were the best of comrades and of friends. On our way back we passed a battalion of the French Algerian troops—most picturesque figures. They made a brave show on their beautiful Arab ponies. Brigadier-General Hull met us here, and I was invited to address the combined battalions of the Royal Irish Fusiliers and the Dublin Fusiliers, and received from them a thoroughly hearty greeting. After my speech, the battalions left the ground playing "O'Donnell Aboo," followed by "God Save Ireland," their cheers echoing away through the woods.

From this we went on to meet the old 18th Royal Irish Regiment, the senior of all the Irish regiments. Though they had just come from the trenches they had cleaned and smartened themselves up and presented a magnificent spectacle of trained men. They gave me an enthusiastic reception. The night before, the commander-in-chief, Sir John French, had asked me to convey a message of congratulation to this regiment for their gallantry in the field,

and to assure them how proud he was to be their colonel. Many of the men were from Wexford, and I need not say I was glad to meet my fellow-Wexford men, and also many of my own constituents from Waterford. It has been claimed for this regiment that it was the first which made "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" so popular with the troops. I am told this song is sung by both the Belgian and French troops, and that its strains are even heard coming from the German trenches.

Leaving the motor by the side of the road, we entered a long communication trench, and passed on through the supporting trenches for a couple of miles. The whole time guns were booming without cessation, and the ground on each side showed great craters which had been made by shells. When we reached the actual firing trench we were within a very short distance of the German trenches, which we saw with the utmost distinctness.

The first and second battalions of the Irish Guards were paraded and inspected by us, in company with Lord Cavan. I met many men in the regiment, both amongst the officers and the rank and file, whom I knew. One a Sergeant Murphy from Enniscorthy, and another Private M'Veagh from County Antrim, had just obtained the D. S. O. for gallantry at Loos.

The men are all giants, and what struck me was the uniformity of the height of the men. It is not to be found in any other regiment which I saw. I was told by the Catholic chaplain that all the men had been at Communion on the Friday before.

After the parade we proceeded to some batteries of 4.5 howitzers, 18-pounders and 9.2 howitzers, which were about to open fire upon certain houses behind the German lines, which had been suspected of harboring enemy guns. The officer in charge was Captain Darcy of Galway. As soon as we arrived the bombardment commenced, and was exceedingly exciting work. After each shot a telephone message instantly came back as to the result. The first few shots were misses, and the correction in the range was made in accordance with the telephone message. Finally, the word came—a hit. Then they knew the range to absolute accuracy, and all the guns were turned on, and in a few moments the buildings on which they were firing were completely demolished.

On Monday, 22nd of November, we went to Belgium, driving along by the Belgian canals, and were deeply impressed with the spectacle of women pulling enormous canal barges twice the size of those we are accustomed to in this country. Everywhere the women were doing agricultural work in the fields. No men were to be seen at all except the troops who crowded the roads.

On reaching the Belgian frontier I had a strange experience. I had left the British headquarters without the necessary permit to cross the Belgian lines, and we were held up by the Belgian sentries. We showed our papers, we explained we were going as guests to visit King Albert, we said we came from Sir John French. All in vain; we could not proceed. At last a Belgian officer arrived, and we suggested to him to send an armed guard with us to the Belgian headquarters, and to this he agreed, and a soldier, with rifle and fixed bayonet, was put next our chauffeur and thus we drove to La Panne, where the King resides. On our arrival we found the British Minister at King Albert's Court and two Belgian aides-de-camp waiting for us, and our guard was relieved of his duty.

We passed through villages and towns lying in absolute ruins. Some of the most beautiful buildings in Europe, going back for many

hundreds of years, and which were regarded as models of architecture, were riddled or completely demolished. In these towns the churches in every case suffered most. In many towns we passed through there was not a living human being, except a few Belgian guards who were living in cellars. In Pervyse, in a half-ruined two-story house in the middle of universal ruin, we found two English ladies were living. One of them is a Miss Chisholme, and they have remained there all through the war, tending the wounded and succoring the starving children of the remnant population. By the same kind of extraordinary coincidence as that whereby crucifixes and statues have escaped destruction in Belgium, so the portion of the little house which these ladies have inhabited to this time has remained untouched. It is not surprising that the Belgian people look upon them with a sort of supernatural and sacred love.

I had been informed before leaving the British headquarters that King Albert had graciously expressed a desire to see me, and I therefore proceeded to his residence.

A small, unpretending, detached seaside villa, without garden or grounds of any sort or kind, standing literally on a sandhill, looking out to the sea, and only about thirty or forty feet from the edge of the water, is the Royal Palace. I shall never forget my visit to the King, his kindness, his courtesy, and his sympathy, and how warmly and generously he spoke of the little that Ireland had been able to do to help him. I confess that my emotions were stirred by this interview, more perhaps than ever before.

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The only feature to the stock market the past week was the awakening of the copper group which gave encouragement to the balance of the list although trading was very light and the response was poor. The action of the market would indicate that speculators are becoming tired of the market and are selling their holdings on all advances. What news there was was favorable to an advancing market but until there is more outside speculation prices will continue to mark time. The U. S. Steel Corporation issued their tonnage report and while it was not as good as expected nevertheless it shows a big improvement. The corporation is booked so far ahead that it is declining good orders all the time, and it could not fill what it has on its books in six months if it did nothing else. Some large producers of steel are booked ahead on heavy products to the end of the year and prices are rising all the time. Manufacturers of many other lines are in a similar position and there seems to be no end to the business in sight. Railroads are still unable to handle the freight offered them east of the Mississippi river. Copper shares were strong and active at substantial advances, thus giving a belated response to the advance in the metal to heights never before known. Deliveries up to June were quoted at 27 to 28c per pound and many large producers and selling agencies had none to offer for delivery before next June. The profits that mines are making today exceed the total receipts of a year ago. At current prices the profit on copper is 100 per cent or more and in some mines the selling price is three times the cost of production. There is really nothing bearish in the situation and with the underlying conditions so bullish we believe stocks, once they get started, will advance very rapidly from this level.

**Wheat**—Prices are ranging somewhat under the level of a week ago; the market meanwhile having been of a sort of indefinite nature, quick declines and quick rallies succeeding each other. As a result of this, some confusion existed in the minds of the trade as to the tendency of the market. On all declines, a foreign demand of good volume appears, so that slack is taken out of the market at such times, and even on the advances there are moderate export sales. Interest in the market is quite general, and naturally, as a consequence of this interest, the market exposes an overbought condition when a sustained advance occurs. The correcting of this condition has brought about rapid slumps, and the weakness becomes so pronounced at times as to cultivate the idea of an extended decline. Judged from the standpoint of requirements, which seem to be as necessitous now as at any previous time, the foreign demand should keep at reasonably large proportions, as the Argentine and Australian shipments are not as yet of such quantity as to

distress holders in this country. The shipments this week from the Argentine are above those of a week ago, but are still comparatively light, while the Australian are only moderately greater. Shipping difficulties seem to operate against any large movement from these countries. Some difficulty is experienced in securing adequate tonnage from this country, but all things considered, it does not appear that this country should labor under a disadvantage in disposing of its wheat. It has been argued by some that the concentrating by Great Britain of the buying power in a single place might prove detrimental to values, as it removes competitive buying, but it may be assumed that the demand will not be less, although it probably will be exercised discreetly. The primary movement is considerably less than that of a week ago, and the clearances are of good quantity. Some reports of damage to winter wheat are coming in, but the Government announcement indicates that the plant has been better protected than was generally thought. At this time, the action of the market does not forecast a wide movement either way, and prices will probably work within this week's limits until some factor of decided influence arises in the situation.

**Corn** is something lower, the market showing decidedly less snap than formerly, notwithstanding reports that more than an ordinary export demand existed. The cold weather of this week has been effectual in dispelling some of the confidence of holders, the expectation being that the movement, which is now moderate, would assume considerably larger proportions, and recently it has been asserted that country offerings were much freer. The Argentine shipments this week are much greater than last week's, although recent advices were to the effect that crop prospects in that country indicated a reduced exportable surplus. The action of the market suggests an unwieldy long interest and looks as though there would be further liquidation with a corresponding lowering of values.

**Cotton**—The market has moved along narrow lines during the week, with the trading confined largely to professionals. Owing to high freight and insurance rates, the difference between our market and Liverpool has widened further, the Liverpool market recording the advance. Judging from the recent small spot sales in Liverpool, the cotton that is now on shipboard will more than offset the decrease in their stock. American consumption is on a record scale but home consumption alone will not be sufficient to absorb the surplus of this and last season's crop. Our exports must increase rapidly and materially; otherwise, as we near the new crop position, it will become so obviously bearish that nothing can prevent a serious decline. It is not likely to come suddenly, but it looks fearfully certain.

NOTICE OF SPECIAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS OF KERN-NEILAN CO., INC., A CORPORATION, FOR THE PURPOSE OF REMOVING BOARD OF DIRECTORS FROM OFFICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, pursuant to the call and demand of the holders and owners of more than one-half of the issued or outstanding capital stock of Kern-Neilan Co., Inc., a corporation, a special meeting of the stockholders of said corporation has been called and will be held at its office, No. 316 Bush Street, San Francisco, Calif., on Saturday, March 4, 1916, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition of removing from office the present Board of Directors of said corporation and of electing a new board in lieu thereof.

Dated, February 16, 1916.

(Seal of Kern-Neilan Co., Inc.)

ALBERT E. KERN,  
Secretary of Kern-Neilan Co., Inc.

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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SARAH MYERS, also known as SARAH MEYERS, also known as SARAH MEYER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, GEORGE J. MYERS, Administrator of the estate of SARAH MYERS, also known as SARAH MEYERS, also known as SARAH MEYER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Norman A. Eisner, Esq., his Attorney, Rooms Numbers 344 and 345 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SARAH MYERS, also known as SARAH MEYERS, also known as SARAH MEYER, deceased.

GEORGE J. MYERS,  
Administrator of the estate of Sarah Myers, also known as Sarah Meyers, also known as Sarah Meyer, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 29, 1916.

NORMAN A. EISNER,

Attorney for Administrator,  
344-345 Mills Bldg., San Francisco.

1-29-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ARTHUR D. DAVIDSON, deceased.—No. 20203; Dept. No. 9.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of ARTHUR D. DAVIDSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ARTHUR D. DAVIDSON, deceased.

JULIETTE M. DAVIDSON,  
Executrix of the last will and testament of  
Arthur D. Davidson, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, January 22, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Executrix,  
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

22-1-5

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 70203.

LILLIAN E. BERGES, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:  
JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's cruelty and intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS WILSON,

Attorney for Plaintiff,  
2536 Hilgard Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

12-18-17

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM ROSS, deceased.—No. 20243; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the will of said WILLIAM ROSS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of Messrs. Powell & Dow, room 1029 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM ROSS, deceased.

ELIZABETH ROSS,  
Executrix of the will of William Ross, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, January 29th, 1916.

POWELL & DOW,

Attorneys for Executrix,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1 29 5

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## ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68344, Dept. No. 16.

JOHN SULLIVAN, Plaintiff, vs. W. J. HYNES, administrator of the estate of Hope A. Britting, also known as Hope A. Breutting, deceased; JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the amended complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said amended complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2nd day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By H. BRUNNER, Deputy Clerk.

WM. F. ROSE and BRUCE GLIDDEN,

Attorneys for Plaintiff,

614 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

12-18-10

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATHILDE GERHARDT, (also called MATHILDE J. GERHARDT), deceased.—No. 20299; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of MATHILDE GERHARDT (also called Mathilde J. Gerhardt), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATHILDE GERHARDT (also called Mathilde J. Gerhardt), deceased.

JULIETTE M. DAVIDSON,  
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of  
Mathilde Gerhardt (also called Mathilde J.  
Gerhardt), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 12, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Executrix,  
No. 333 Kearny Street,  
San Francisco, Cal.

2-12-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN CAMPE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of ELLEN CAMPE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of W. H. Morrissey, 804 Mechanics Building, 918 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN CAMPE, deceased.

FREDERICK DAREWOOD CAMPE,  
Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate  
of Ellen Campe, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12, 1916.

W. H. MORRISSEY,

Attorney for Administrator,  
948 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

2-12-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS WOODS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of THOMAS WOODS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Paul F. Fratessa, Room 901-7 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS WOODS, deceased.

DAVID W. CRONIN,  
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of  
Thomas Woods, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 5th, 1916.

PAUL F. FRATESSA,  
Attorney for Executor,  
901-7 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-5-5

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 26, 1916

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## *IN THIS ISSUE:*

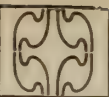
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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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San Francisco, February 26, 1916

No. 1227

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### Pure Politics and Public Ownership

The traffic in private land on the canal strip is but another instance of the absurdity of a theory advanced by advocates of government ownership. The theory is that the more business we put in the hands of the Government the more we contract the source of much of the corruption that renders our statesmen and taxpayers dishonest. This is a plausible theory. At first blush it seems quite sound. But is it any sounder than the theory that the more you extend the powers of government the more you enlarge the sources of graft and official blackmail? This theory has the advantage of practical demonstration. In Russia where a bureaucratic Government has unlimited power there is more official corruption than anywhere else in the world. We hear Russia described as a despotism, and as Russia has the monarchical form of government it is generally assumed that the despotic power is that of the hereditary monarch, but as a matter of fact the power is bureaucratic, and access to every bureau is through civil service. Let us come nearer home. Don't we find right here that graft is widespread? And do we not increase the volume of it every time we create a new commission? Not all the temptation in politics comes from outside the counter. There is temptation wherever there is power, power to exact or extort, power to give public funds or power to promote private interests. The lands that a commission is selling on the canal strip were to have been sold at their valuation in 1903, and it was estimated that \$1,000,000 would cover their cost. Now it appears that they are going to cost \$10,000,000.

### The Zeppelin Problem

Thus far England has devised no adequate means of defence against the Zeppelin, and apparently there is a sense of deep humiliation in the Government. People are asking what the Government is doing, and no answer is made. The truth

is the Government was caught unprepared. Also the truth is that the military experts of England had too much confidence in the aeroplane. They failed to take the tip that was given them a few years ago by Wilbur Wright, the dean of practical aerodynamics, when he said that aeroplanes should not be regarded as a dangerous foe of the dirigible. As late as March, 1913, the English military authorities were experimenting with an anti-aircraft gun, and it was then asserted that there had been much exaggeration of the difficulty of hitting an aerial target moving at an unknown speed. Now it appears that there was no exaggeration, and that at night the gun is of no use at all. Shortly after the outbreak of the war Winston Churchill said: "Any hostile aircraft which reaches our coast will be promptly attacked in superior force by a swarm of very formidable hornets." The hornets have gone up at night but have been unable to locate the Zeppelins. All the difficulties now recognized by the English authorities were foreseen by T. R. Macmerchen, president of the Aeronautical Society of America, who was pointing them out in elaborate detail in our magazines five years ago. He is now predicting that Zeppelins of constantly growing size will soon be operating in the daytime at such heights that there will be no danger of aeroplane attack. Further, he declares that the day of the aerial torpedo is coming; has, in fact, already arrived, as is evident from the fact that one of its more primitive types was found after a recent raid. No wonder there is alarm in England. But of course inventive genius is busy, and it is not unlikely that the men who made fishing for submarines a pastime of the war will be able to contrive some means of discouraging Zeppelin raiders.

### College Girls Studying Themselves

Some wicked person is amusing himself at the expense of fair ones in our most fashionable finishing schools. This we learn from press despatches. The other day they informed us of a Swarthmore junior whose physical measurements are nearly identical with those of the Venus di Milo, and who as a consequence is receiving many offers of marriage and innumerable propositions from theatre managers. Two weeks ago we read that "the figures for the lower half of the body—the hips and legs—averaged from the measurements of more than 1500 Wellesley girls, are almost exactly those of the Venus di Milo." This news came out of that flourishing centre of culture and home of art, the polite city of Boston. Now the Venus di Milo is a very beautiful statue, but we have always understood

that the measurements of her limbs were unavailable. Why this should be so we can readily understand, and we are not a little astonished to learn that there should be ignorance of the matter in Swarthmore and Wellesley. As the Venus of Melos is without arms, and as the puritanical sculptor draped her from hips to heels, the difficulty of obtaining some of her physical measurements would seem to be well nigh insurmountable. But why should the classical students of Swarthmore and Wellesley care to compare themselves with the Venus of Melos? And why should theatre managers care to exhibit a flesh and blood reproduction of a Venus sculptured by an artist with a reverential awe for the gods of high Olympus? There is a fashion in figures, and nowadays robustness is not a mark of feminine beauty. Far more to the taste of the times than a Venus of Melos is a Praxiteles Venus,—the Venus of Cnidos, for example. Praxiteles reduced the proportions of his divinities to mortal stature, and endowed them with all the passions of humanity. Praxiteles made two statues of Venus; one with drapery, the other without. He set the same price on each, and gave first choice to the Coans who preferred the clothed figure on account of its severe modesty. Not so, the citizens of Cnidos. They preferred the ungarmented Venus, and their judgment was good. From all the civilized world people sailed to Cnidos to see the statue. It made such a hit with King Nicomedes that he offered to cancel an immense debt for the Cnidians if they would give him the Venus, but they would not part with a work of art that ennobled their city. As the Venus de Medicis is a copy of the Praxiteles statue the measurements are available.

### The Evil of Discussion

There are times when we are inclined to doubt that the habit of public discussion is conducive to the public interest. Nay, there are times when we have considered whether it might not be to the public interest to give the Chautauqua circuit a black eye and reduce the professional talkers to the level of the outcasts of society. For we have occasionally reflected on the evil effects of the loose thinking of those half-baked philosophers and busybody reformers who undertake every little while to set things right in the world. These pestiferous persons are the cause of nearly all our troubles. They are constantly raising new questions of public policy affecting our deepest interests; and every question they determine on its own basis, however narrow, with never a thought of light that might be available from principles more extensive than the question itself. Of the nature and principles of human



society. these philosophers, all of whom are earnest advocates of the practice of public discussion, have no knowledge at all. It is by the leading dignitaries of the cliques that worship the principle of public discussion that the imagination of a Ford is fired. All our fanatic movements have their inception in these cliques. Let it not be supposed that we have any objection to the principle of freedom of discussion. We are only trying to make the point that it is a great mistake to assume that devotion to the principle ensures the spread of wisdom. And we would warn our readers that the presumption of clear thinking is not to be indulged in behalf of the habitual talker. "They think too little who talk too much" is a proverb we ought to keep in mind. There are braying men as well as braying asses in the world, and the one species is not more entitled to a reputation for clear thinking than the other. But even clear thinking does not always lead to sound conclusions. Often it leads straight into the valley of mysticism. The paths of reason are many and small, and they are lost in the wide land where the Pillar of Cloud and the Pillar of Fire are not always dependable guides. The clearest thinker often finds himself in the ways that lose themselves where dogmatism ends and faith begins. Hence it is that at best public discussion is often productive of nothing more than a clash of tongues. At worst, that is to say, when it is dominated by the false pride of intellect and intellectual dishonesty it is a very great evil.

### The Eternal Sex Question

The inordinate favor of sex as a subject of discussion is one of the most amazing phenomena of the times. What was once a spasm of disturbance in the field we loosely call "literary" is now a chronic riot. Sex is an obsession with effeminate men and mannish women who have thrown so many catchword phrases about sex topics that almost any kind of sophomoric utterance is given serious attention. Here for example is a book by the Rev. Paul Jordan Smith from the press of Paul Elder and Company, entitled "The Soul of Woman" which was sent us for review. In Mr. Smith, who is some kind of clergyman, we have a fine specimen of the effeminate man. We shall make our meaning clear by explaining that Mr. Smith's ideal is not the masculine ideal according to our philosophy. We are not at all dogmatic on this subject. We would only suggest that there is a taint of muliebrity in the man who saturates himself as Mr. Smith has done in the outpourings of women on the subject of sex. Apparently his ideal is in the perfection of love, which is the ideal of some women, not of any manly men that we know of. Man's ideal is in the perfection of justice. For him love is subordinate to right; it is a great passion but it is not all; it is not even the source of order. Now the Rev. Paul Jordan Smith appears to be more concerned about love than about anything else, and we may judge from his book that what he calls love is nothing more than lust be-

hind a mask. We may be doing him an injustice. If so it is not our fault, for he is very fond of those vague cant terms of the highbrow that may mean anything; such, for instance, as "a creator of new values," "the larger life of the race" and "a quickening sense of the will-to-live," which he tells us with owlish solemnity is "something the age needs" almost as much as it needs "the spiritual emancipation of woman." From our author we learn that the great problem of the hour is to reconcile eugenics with love in the interest of the larger life, and love in the sense in which he employs the term appears to be a very narrow occupation. To most of us this sort of love like poetry loses its charm when you analyze it and become over-conscious of its purpose. If love were precisely what it is in Mr. Smith's philosophy the home would be for some a scientific laboratory instead of a sentiment, and the woman who wished to be a eugenic mother would be kept busy experimenting. Apparently it is Mr. Smith's idea that you can raise love to a spiritual plane by talking of the *person* as sacred, but when we reflect on his philosophy the conviction deepens that it favors a system by which the body would be elevated by dragging down the soul. Paul Jordan Smith strikes us as typical of certain leaders of thought who bob up in every generation ostensibly to lead the world to perfection. Having but a smattering of knowledge they are unaware that their ideas are very old. Enthusiasts, they are bubbling over with intellectual pride in theories of half-baked philosophers of the past who were swallowed up by Oblivion when they died. There is an allusion to these enthusiasts in one of Emerson's essays, the one in which he discusses the reformers of his day who, like Paul Jordan Smith of Berkeley, were dissatisfied with the conventional institution of marriage. Emerson observed that a great deal of the profoundest thinking of antiquity, which had become obsolete, was reappearing, and he predicted that in a quarter of a century it would be printed anew. It has been printed anew, and Paul Jordan Smith has given us a compilation of it, being under the impression that there is really something new under the sun. He calls his book "An Interpretation of the Philosophy of Feminism." This is misleading. The book is a sympathetic presentation of the views of sex insurgents who have tried to make insurrection respectable. Speaking more precisely, the book is a farrago of the soul-cries and self-outbursts of sensualists in skirts who have been caught by the glamor of unconventionality and want the rules changed. Sensuality, neurasthenia and an insatiable egotism are celebrated in this book along with Emma Goldman, Ellen Key and other ladies for whom the measure of morality is its distance from the standard of the neighborhood. Erotic ladies with a smattering of philosophy, such as Havelock Ellis preaches in his books on sex, Paul Jordan Smith pronounces "the great seers of modern literature." Wondrous is the

simple faith of this provincial clergyman; not faith in God, but in the superficially clever few who confound a kind of sophisticated smartness with wisdom, which they think is the mathematical converse of what the majority thinks. The bite of certain sex-conscious enthusiasts makes some men run mad. We believe the Berkeley preacher has been bitten. He talks of "Woman" but he means the lopsided women of his own little platoon, women who think they are thinking for the world, but whose thoughts never get outside the four walls of a bedroom. Persuading themselves that they have zeal for the welfare of the race, their minds are on a single act through which they would lap themselves in Elysium. If they were concerned about the race they wouldn't be contemplating themselves and insisting on moulding the world over to suit their own particular bent. To assume that these women who wish to rectify what they regard as the vicious institution of marriage, are the high types of their sex is an insult to womanhood. But here we have a clergyman doing this very thing. Though his book reeks of flesh, he would have us understand that he is considering the spiritual interests of woman and the ideals of Feminism. These ideals it appears relate chiefly to love, and the perfection of love is to be attained by education that will qualify a woman for the embrace of a pastmaster of the art of loving. This we infer from certain observations of the great Ellen Key quoted approvingly by our distinguished author. He tells us that Ellen Key has pointed out the "old fundamental truths of love's place in life." According to Ellen's philosophy "sensuousness can only be controlled through being spiritualized," and when a woman is "soulfully sensuous" she makes "more exacting demands of her mate." Ellen the seer says that "every developed woman wishes to be loved not *en male* but *en artiste*;" also, that if there is to be any limitation of her freedom it should be limitation "not of love but of procreation." This woman whom the clergyman greatly admires for her spiritual philosophy talks of the importance of the power of giving "erotic rapture;" and she says that the wise virgin's deadly sin against love was in disdaining to learn the "secret of fascinating, the thousand things that bind a man's senses or lay hold on his soul." There is much more of the same character but let the foregoing suffice to indicate the trend of the Smith mind. We should prefer not to quote any of it, but as Mr. Smith is a clergyman he is deserving of attention. The psychology of the pulpit of some of our churches is a curious study that should not be neglected at a time when that pulpit is striving hard to improve our morals.

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# Varied Types

CCLXIX—CARLTON WALL

By Edward F. O'Day

"It's a cold proposition," said Carlton Wall, "but I think the public will receive it with warmth."

The young man with the distinguished gray hair meant ice skating. Carlton Wall doesn't drink, but he's on a perpetual skate these days. He talks skating, thinks skating, studies skating plans and probably dreams skating. There's the suspicion of a skater's glide in his walk. He can't look at a glass of ice water without explaining that the ice you get in your water is frozen too hard to skate on.

"It's a slippery proposition as well as a cold one," says Carlton Wall with an air of confidence, "but I know I'm not on thin ice and I'm not going to fall through."

What is this proposition? Well, Wall and some other financiers including Joe Martin the ice man, are transforming the Arcadia dance hall at Eddy and Jones into a big ice skating rink. They will throw it open immediately after Easter, and they expect the public to flock in. They think they know what the public wants.

"Have you been reading the New York papers?" asked Wall. "New York has gone crazy over ice skating. The beginning of the dance craze was nothing to it. For a fitting parallel you've got to go back to the tulip mania in Holland."

"The craze started in 1914. Now everybody who is anybody is skating at the old St. Nicholas rink, in the open air on the roof of the Biltmore, at the Ritz-Carlton, under the auspices of Charles Dillingham at the Hippodrome and many other ice rinks, to say nothing of the public parks and the pools on private estates which millionaire owners have frozen over in order to accommodate their friends."

"Forty thousand pairs of ice skates were sold in New York in 1914. Two hundred and twenty thousand pairs were sold in 1915. The ice skate factories at Cleveland and Bridgeport can't fill their orders. One Connecticut factory has a special motor delivery service that rushes its daily output to New York. The modistes are trying to keep up with their orders for fashionable skating costumes. The shoe shops are full of skating boots for women. The milliners are racking their brains for new ideas in skating bonnets. Skating gowns in leather and fur cost \$125 and upward. Boots cost \$5 and upward. But the women are all ice-skating-crazy and they don't mind the expense."

"Will the craze take hold here? Fifty business men have been asking themselves that question. My associates and I have answered it to our own satisfaction, and we're making our answer audible to the tune of \$50,000. So you see, this is no fly-by-night proposition. We think we're investing that sum in a certainty. San Francisco insists on keeping at the head of the procession. If New York fox-trots, San Francisco fox-trots. Now New York is ice-skating, and San Francisco won't lag behind. A lot of people have already caught the mania at Truckee. And they're hungry for ice skating facilities, and they're going to get them right after Easter."

"Our rink will be one hundred and fifteen feet long and the same number of feet wide. It will be banked on two sides by loges for spectators, and society people have already reserved a number of these boxes for the season. On

another side of the rink there will be tables and chairs for refreshments. Ice skating is apt to make you hungry and thirsty. It's exhilarating sport.

"We'll provide continuous entertainment. Music of course. And the best professional ice skating talent we can put under contract. Our exhibition skaters and instructors will be ice artists famous in Switzerland, Berlin and Petrograd. The war has exiled a lot of this talent and we'll get our share. One of our artists is here already: Miss Ruth Welcom, one of the greatest speed-skaters in the world. She'll have charge of our games. You know, there are a lot of games you can play on ice, indoor hockey, tennis and basket ball, to say nothing of waltzing, two-stepping, snap-the-whip, ring-around-a-rosie and all that sort of thing. And of course we'll have comedians. There's many a laugh to be had on the ice."

"In New York they only skate in the cold season. It's a winter craze perforce because the hot season makes it impracticable. Here we can ice-skate the whole year round. And I think we will. I said it was a cold proposition, but the cold-blooded needed be afraid of it. Our place is to be heated. The ice won't interfere with perfect comfort. The cold lays in a blanket over the rink proper."

"I've been talking ice-skating quite a good deal about town. I'm surprised to learn how many people know how to ice-skate. They learned it in the East. Some of them learned it when we had ice-skating eighteen years ago. They're all wild for another try at it. And it isn't hard to learn, no harder than roller skating which we know is not beyond the ability of the middle-aged. And of course it's keener sport than the rollers. It's faster, more graceful and cleaner. And the picturesque costumes of the women increase its drawing power."

"Ice skating didn't go here when it was tried in 1898. Refrigerating hadn't been perfected then. The ice got mushy and sloppy; they couldn't keep it hard. There's no such trouble today. I don't want to bore you with details, but our ice plant is being installed by Arthur Faget who knows more about ice plants than anybody else in America. He built the first American rink, the St. Nicholas in New York which opened in 1895. He has built rinks in Toronto, Cleveland and elsewhere; and ice plants all over the world, including such places as Manila and South Africa where ice was a curiosity before he came along. We're putting in 40,000 feet of pipe into which brine will be pumped constantly. The brine is worth emphasizing. We use brine, not ammonia; so there's no danger of the bursting of ammonia pipes with the accidents we used to be familiar with in ice plants. Our refrigerating machine has a capacity of one hundred tons a day. A cafe ice machine has a capacity of five tons; a hotel plant, of twenty. So you see, we have a pretty big plant. Of course the expense is great. Take an item: one man will be busy all day and night doing nothing except sharpening skates. The blade must have a razor edge. It will cost us over \$10,000 a month to run this rink. But we'll make money. You see if we don't."

"I tell you, the city is hungry for this. A certain lady came to me to find out how much it would cost to turn her private ball room into an ice rink. I asked Faget and he said \$5000.

She didn't bat an eye. She says she's going to give lessons to society people. The shops are ordering skating costumes. Did you notice the shoe shop down the street with skating boots on exhibition?"

"This is an age of superlative excitement. Our people won't stay home. They insist on dancing every night. And they'll ice-skate with just as much enthusiasm. Mind you, I don't think the dance craze is over. But people are not satisfied with a single craze at a time. The women in particular are eager to get started at this new fad. It's lasted two years in New York, and is getting stronger all the time. Do you realize that a hundred thousand people walk our streets every Saturday night asking, what can we do? They can't all go to the theatres. The answer is, they can ice-skate."

"So we're going to give it to them. We were fortunate in getting the Arcadia for our purpose. One hundred thousand dollars was put into that building for Mike Fisher. When we get through transforming it there won't be a finer ice-skating rink anywhere. We've studied the plans of the ice palaces at St. Moritz, Berlin and elsewhere, and we're not boasting."

Something of an enthusiast, this Carlton Wall, is he not? And yet I never heard anybody say that he was not a hard-headed business man. I take it that all the considerations he laid before me are the result of sober study. And I think he has a pretty good knowledge of the psychology that moves his townspeople. Think how excited we all get over a few flakes of snow. It is my guess that the ice will attract us, that before long we'll all be buying skates. Yes, I think we're likely to give this cold proposition of Carlton Wall's a warm reception.



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## Perspective Impressions

The silliest thing we've heard of lately was the "funeral of General Gloom."

Cheerful people never think of such things, and the gloomy are not apt to regain cheerfulness at a funeral.

These hammer-burying stunts make the judicious smile and enable the cynics to whet their sarcasm.

San Francisco burned a hammer a couple of years ago. The knocking recommenced before the ashes were cold.

Such ceremonies prove that your typical merchant has no dignity. The chances are that when he wishes to personify dignity he calls up the vision of a floorwalker.

The English Club of the University of California is said to prefer vaudeville to literature. Here is a chance for David Starr Jordan to become a headliner.

"Cover up the ankles!" yell the shockables who can't behold a woman's foot without sin. We agree—cover them with nice silk hose.

The young lady who wheeled her couch of adultery into the police courts complains that she was humiliated. By whom, pray, if not by herself?

"If I had known what was to happen I shouldn't have done it," she says. Shouldn't have done what, the sin or the expose?

Anyway, she has the satisfaction of knowing that she made the naughty fellow get down on his marrow bones and pray.

If a Californian has a chance to become Vice-President on the Republican ticket shall we take out our hammer as usual?

Or shall we put patriotism above politics and rally round the standard of the party that stands for the rights of American citizens whenever and wherever they are asserted?

"Russians take Mush in Armenia," says the headline. At breakfast time, no doubt.

While acquiring a lot of experience in getting out of traps the Grand Duke learned something himself of the fine art of setting a trap.

The Federal Trades' Commission has discovered that some of our merchants are selling cotton for silk. Town Talk called attention to one of them a few months ago.

Town Talk found him right here in San Francisco celebrating the ethics of trade and the honesty of merchants, and lamenting the wickedness of certain other folks. He is a leading citizen.

Perhaps there wouldn't be so much the matter with the world if our world-menders would resolute in a solemn convention to the effect that mankind are distinctly and permanently divided into those who can make money and those who can't.

## Where the War Will be Won

*(In the following article the military expert of the London Times gives his reasons for maintaining that the Allies should make their capital efforts to win in France and Flanders)*

Those of us who are confirmed Westerners, and believe that, so far as we are concerned, a decision is to be sought on that front, and on that front alone, are compelled to give reasons for the faith that is in us, and to answer those who regard the situation in France and Flanders as a stalemate, and therefore seek about in distant fields for other theatres for our efforts.

It must first be pointed out once more, and with wearisome reiteration, that the main forces of our chief enemy have always been concentrated on this front, where there now stand two-thirds of the total available field forces of the German Empire. There can be no doubt at all that the centre of gravity of the German military power is here, and that it is here, therefore, that we should amass a superior force in order to seek victory which will be decisive.

This victory has been found difficult to obtain as might be expected, but the principle of striking at the centre of gravity remains intact in spite of the difficulty, and all that emerges from the strength of German positions and numbers is that we must make correspondingly greater efforts to overcome this strength, and, in short, to meet it by superior strength, both of men and guns.

Can we truly say that we have followed up this purpose consistently and with all our might? We cannot say that we have, because we and the French have diverted to distant theatres since the war began not less than 600,000 men, with their corresponding guns and munitions, and it is open to us Westerners to hold that had these diverted numbers been at our disposal for the May and September offensives in the West we might have dealt the Germans a fatal blow.

Assuredly these secondary operations and diversions have brought us scant profit. Those who would renew and extend these secondary campaigns—and their stoutest advocates admit that they are secondary—should first show cause that they will provoke a decision favor-

able to us, and secondly, that the large contingents of troops which they will require from us and France will not leave us dangerously weak in the West in the face of the main mass of the German operating armies. This case has never been made out. The writer has examined half a dozen wild-cat projects, including the proposed advance from Salonika to the Danube, and feels confident that the best instructed opinion would reject them all. They all leave us unduly weak in the West; they are lacking in a clear objective; they entail a continuing and ruinously costly employment of many hundred transports and storeships in waters not cleared of hostile submarines; while they involve operations in mountainous or difficult countries devoid of good communications, and therefore peculiarly unsuited for armies like those of England and of France. They goad into activity armies with which we are not principally concerned, such as the Bulgar Janissaries of the Kaiser, armies which might not be actively hostile if we left them alone, and they all play the German game of saving German troops and of diverting us from our main purpose. This purpose is to go on killing and wounding 200,000 German troops a month until it becomes obvious to the densest mind in the Fatherland that German aims cannot be attained. Let us be quit of our wander-year, and get back, with no more relapses, to the main business in hand.

The presence of our main armies in North-eastern France entails advantages other than those already enumerated. These main armies protect not only France, but England. They can always and rapidly bring such pressure to bear that Germany will be fearful of making large drafts upon her armies in the West for some new enterprise, such as an oversea attack on England, and, if this latter attack takes place, we can hope to bring back rapidly to England, from the present positions occupied by our armies, sufficient troops to make England safe. Our coasts are within sound of the guns in

Flanders, and we have this important advantage, namely, that, standing where we do, we are close to our home bases and sources of supply. Being close, we can immediately replenish expended munitions, as we cannot always do with the same facility far afield, while the flow of drafts to the front, and the return of sick and wounded to the home territory, are rapid, easy and sure. By concentrating our main armies where they are we can thus make the most effective and the most damaging use of them, while we act in a country suitable to our armament and our transport and provided with an admirable railway service. The whole organization of our original Expeditionary Force, and of our Territorials and New Armies, was based upon the assumption that they were to fight in civilized countries and in a temperate climate. To fight in countries and climates that are the reverse entails a transformation of armament, clothing, transport, and much else. On all counts, therefore, the West is the best theatre for us, and the nearer that our armies stand to the Channel ports the easier can the war be maintained.

Some people are impressed by the amount of Allied territory which the Germans hold. If this argument deserved to impress we might point out that we have conquered and now occupy German colonial territory or some 600,000 square miles, equal to treble the area of Germany herself. But the fact does not carry very far, and similarly, though the occupation by Germany of Belgium and Serbia and of parts of France and Russia is vexatious, the vitals of our greater Allies are not penetrated, nor are their armies cast down. The superior readiness of Germany for war gave her an initial advantage from which she profited, but this advantage appears to be exhausted. The main point is that it does not matter so very much where we fight Germans, so long as we fight Germans, and not their allies and dupes to whose fate

*(Continued on Page 17.)*



# Poems About San Franciscans

XV—NORA MAY FRENCH

By George Sterling

(Nora May French was a true poet who found much of her inspiration in this city. Life seemed too great a burden to this gifted girl, so she took her leave of it tragically. Her work is gathered up in a little volume all lovers of poetry treasure. This sonnet is from Sterling's second volume "A Wine of Wizardry.")

I saw the shaken stars of midnight stir,  
And winds that sought the morning bore to me  
The thunder where the legions of the sea  
Are shattered on her stormy sepulcher,  
And pondering on bitter things that were,  
On cruelties the mindless Fates decree,  
I felt some shadow of her mystery—  
The loneliness and mystery of her.

The waves that break on undiscovered strands,  
The winds that die on seas that bear no sail,  
Stars that the deaf, eternal skies annul,  
Were not so lonely as was she. Our hands  
We reach to thee from Time—without avail,  
O spirit mighty and inscrutable!

## The Spectator

### Bidding Dr. Aked Farewell

"In announcing the acceptance of the resignation of our Pastor, the Rev. Charles F. Aked, D. D., LL. D., we desire to express our heartfelt regret that in the providence of God this action has become necessary."

It is thus that his congregation at Post and Mason takes leave of the Ford apostle of peace. I trust no reader of mine will carp at that spacious phrase, "the providence of God." There is, Shakespeare tells us, a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. Why not in the rise of a dove? And Dr. Aked personifies the bird of peace, particularly when flying over the bent back of old Doc Jones. The folder containing the "ave atque vale" from which I have quoted was handed to me last Sunday as I passed the First Congregational Church. I read it as I pursued my morning stroll toward the St. Francis, and not without emotion. "We owe him much," says the congregation. Not in salary, as the coarse-minded may construe, for this is the wealthiest congregation in town. What the godly at Post and Mason owe him is "his re-statement of theological beliefs without dissensions, the presentation of clear views of Divine revelation," and if it be admitted that he has given this, surely it is not too much to say that his re-statement and his presentation "mark an epoch in the history of our Church." It is plain that our Congregationalists would emblazon their recent pastor's name in a scroll of fame to which other creeds may contribute, if they will, such names as Augustine and Jerome, Aquinas and Bellarmine, Luther and Calvin and Knox, Chillingworth, Butler, Paley and Lightfoot.

### What We Owe Him

We too, though not of his church, owe much to Dr. Aked. As this touching tribute quite truthfully states, he helped to win Woman Suffrage for California. "The passage of the Redlight Abatement Bill was largely due to his self-sacrificing effort." But here the folder overlooks something, and it is a strange omission. It is also largely due to Dr. Aked's effort that we have been deprived of the Municipal

Clinic. That cuirass against dreadful disease was beaten down by the doughty strokes of the man who has now conferred himself upon The Hague. Perhaps some of the trustees of the church are aware of the recent spread of venereal disease in this city, and thought it just as well to pass over in silence the closing of the Municipal Clinic.

### The Jurist and the Clockwinder

When Justice Lawlor entered the pendulum room of the ferry tower the other day he found the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock absorbed in a book bound in sheepskin. The clockwinder gave his distinguished visitor an effusive greeting.

"Judge, I was just thinking of you," said the clockwinder as he dusted a chair with his slouch hat. "Sit down, have a seat, take a chair, make yourself at home."

So effusive was the greeting that Justice Lawlor was disquieted, and he hesitated before sitting down. "Thinking of me?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed. Just been reading about you, or rather, about a man that reminds me of you. Right here in this book." The clockwinder held the book so that the great jurist could read the title—"The History of the Supreme Court of the United States with Biographies of All the Chief and Associate Justices."

"You found somebody in there who reminds you of me?" Justice Lawlor asked.

"Yes siree. There's his picture." The clockwinder opened the book and showed Justice Lawlor a picture of Justice Thomas Johnson who was appointed to the Supreme Court August 5, 1791.

"I don't see the slightest resemblance," said Justice Lawlor.

"Of course you don't. You're a better looking man than that duffer. You don't look like him, but see what the book says." The clockwinder read these words: "Johnson resigned at the end of eighteen months, leaving no trace of his judicial work except a short dissenting opinion."

### A Precedent to Follow

Justice Lawlor frowned and arose from the chair.

"Now, judge," the clockwinder pleaded in soothing tones, "don't be in a hurry." As he spoke he brushed a fleck of dust off a lapel of the jurist's coat by way of pacific overture. "As I was about to say," he continued, "there's an answer to criticisms on you that I have heard."

"I don't understand you," said Justice Lawlor in a tone of impatience.

"What I mean is this. We have a precedent for your case. Here is a man who was a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States in the days of Washington, and who wrote only one opinion in eighteen months, a dissenting opinion at that. You wrote three of that kind in twelve months. Of course somebody may say that there wasn't much litigation in those days, but it's not for us to go behind the record. On the face of it you're a mountain of industry compared with Justice Johnson. To be sure—well—of course—" Here the clockwinder paused and looked out the window, leaving Justice Lawlor in suspense.

"You were about to say—?"

"Oh, yes, I was about to say that Justice Johnson had the grace to resign."

As the jurist was taking his leave the sage of the water front started to wind the clock.

### Ward on Polk

Two weeks ago I quoted the letter Thomas Edison wrote to Willis Polk conferring on Polk the honor of being the only architect with

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a sense of humor the wizard had ever met. My paragraph came under the eye of Clarence Ward. Ward loves to spoof Willis and can do it with impunity because he is one of the few architects for whose ability Willis has a profound respect. The following note is just to hand from Clarence:

"I note in Town Talk that Thomas Edison states that Willis Polk (an architect) has a sense of humor. This further proves that Mr. Edison is an inventive genius."

#### When Woods Met Woods

Police Commissioner Woods met Police Commissioner Woods at the Biltmore, New York, the other evening. Also a page boy with a telegram for Police Commissioner Woods met both Police Commissioners and nearly got into trouble, believing that one or the other was a faker. The occasion for the meeting was a dinner tendered by John McE. Bowman of the Biltmore to the Police Commissioner Woods who happens to be manager of our St. Francis. Of course Police Commissioner Woods of New York had to be present. It was a big night for Police Commissioners. The New York Woods gave the San Francisco Woods full police protection while he was in New York.

#### What Happened to Bates

George W. Bates, auditor and comptroller for Sherman, Clay and Co., has two distinctions, one positive and the other negative: he is one of the best accountants in the country, and he is a bachelor. The fact that he is an accountant has little to do with this story; the fact that he is a bachelor has everything to do with it. One day last week Frank Bates who works in George Bates' department but is not a brother, no relation, stole away to Santa Rosa and wedded the charming girl of his choice. The local papers chronicled the marriage, but by mistake referred to Frank as the auditor and comptroller of the music house. The item came under the eye of Andrew G. McCarthy, the treasurer of the firm; and he immediately showed it to Fred Sherman and Phil Clay. If there is anything this trio likes better than everything else in the world, it's a joke. George Bates had just left in company with Shirley Walker to audit the books of the company's branch houses in Sacramento, Stockton and Fresno. Here is what happened to George:

First, a wire of congratulation received in Sacramento and purporting to be sent by his brother Walter, actually sent by Fred Sherman. Result, George Bates tries to find the item announcing his engagement, but does not succeed. Wires denial to his brother.

Second, a wire conveying the congratulations of the San Rafael Country Club, purporting to be sent by Al Lilley, actually sent by Andy McCarthy. Result, George Bates begins to be troubled. Wires denial to Al Lilley.

Third, a wire with the congratulations of the City Club of San Rafael sent by Edmund Ciprico who is in on the joke, and received by Bates in Stockton. Result, George Bates goes up in the air and wires denial to Ciprico.

Fourth, a wire supposed to be from the steward of the country club, asking instructions about a reception to be tendered Mr. and Mrs. George Bates on their return from the honeymoon. Sent by Phil Clay. Result, George Bates burns up the wires with another message of denial.

Fifth, Armstrong, the manager of the Fresno branch, meets Bates as he steps off the train, inquires for the bride and says the Chamber of Commerce wants to tender a reception. Result, Bates throws a fit, and insists he's a bachelor.

Sixth, Bates is interviewed by "a reporter of the Fresno Republican" who obtains a formal denial of the marriage "for his paper." This reporter is the comedian of a theatrical troupe playing in Fresno.

Seventh, Bates "shakes" his traveling companion Shirley Walker whom he suspects of complicity in the joke (not without reason) and sneaks onto a train for San Francisco. Is met at the Ferry Building by Andy McCarthy, Billy Horn, Leslie Comyn and Fred Sherman who give him a rousing reception and ask for his bride. More denials.

Eighth, Bates goes to the San Rafael Country Club and finds his locker adorned with crape, flowers and old shoes.

Ninth, Bates goes to his office and finds his desk piled with the refuse of a Grant-avenue flower shop. And his congratulations to Frank Bates, the real Benedick, lack the heartiness that might be expected on such an occasion.

#### The Lure of Cocos

Comes now a Cocos Island treasure hunter and seeks to write the epitaph of the century-old romance. The cache of millions in red Spanish gold has been buried beneath the waves, according to this authority. The chests of doubloons and pieces of eight will never be recovered, he tells us. This statement is made by a soldier of fortune named Captain James Steele who is at Panama. His story was brought here by passengers of the Pacific Mail liner San Jose which arrived Monday. But on examination his story proves less important (from the standpoint of that incurable romanticist the treasure-hunter) than it seems at first blush. It is Flathead Island which has disappeared, he says. And on Flathead Island he avers that he and some other sailors stumbled over gold-hilted swords, jewelry and chests of coin as long ago as 1874. They did not bring this treasure back to the mainland. There was a reason, as there always is. The gold-lust gripped the party, there could be no division of the treasure trove without murder; so all returned empty-handed. Not a likely story; but Cocos has never been distinguished for the plausibility of the yarns it has originated. Any way, it is Flathead that is gone; Cocos remains, and so the gold-hunters will continue to outfit expeditions in quest of easy money.

#### Recent Gold-Hunters

It was only last week that a despatch from Los Angeles told us of a policeman who had obtained a leave of absence in order to have a try at Cocos. It is his second attempt. The first time he had trouble with his crew. Treasure hunters ever since Stevenson wrote "Treasure Island" seem to have trouble with their crews. The Los Angeles policeman may have more luck than the most energetic of recent Cocos diggers. These were two Englishwomen who wanted the treasure, if you please, for their favorite charities! They spent six

weeks on Cocos, and returned empty-handed, declaring that they knew where the treasure was. They took part in another expedition headed by an English syndicate. This time the trip was well financed, and the 400-ton schooner in which the hunters sailed from Panama was equipped with some nice steel boxes to hold the treasure. The digging went on for two months, but there was nothing unearthed but earth and rock. That schooner is now rotting at the Pacific entrance to the canal.

#### Clue to the Treasure

Cocos Island lies at the mouth of the Gulf of Panama, about 300 miles distant from the city. There are two well known clues to the treasure—the first that to the loot taken from Lima in 1818 by an English sailor named Thompson, and the second that to the treasure stolen from Vera Cruz in 1821 by the Spanish pirate, Benito Bonito (Little Ben the Good). It was during the civil strife that followed the war for liberation from Spain in 1821 that Little Ben and his cutthroats surprised the treasure house at Vera Cruz in broad daylight and made away with the gold and silver on pack mules. They crossed the whole of Mexico and took to their ship, which was waiting for them in a cove on the Pacific. The value of their booty is variously estimated at from \$9,000,000 to \$29,000,000. They were not pursued, and yet their first thought appears to have been to hide the loot. They made straight for the well known watering island of Cocos, and there, in a cave in the side of one of the steep cliffs that rise black and steep above the water, they hid their treasure. Just why Ben the Good hid the treasure, and why he did not return to get it, history fails to state. A few years later he was captured in the West Indies and hanged. One of his crew, an Englishman, kept the record of magnetic bearings and landmarks that indicates where the treasure was hidden, and this, handed down through three generations, is the only clue to Bonito's cave.

#### Electric Power Under the Waves

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company recently completed a prodigious piece of engineering work by which it is enabled to deliver electricity in San Francisco direct from its water-power plants in the mountains. The final tests have been made and, at any moment it is needed, several thousand horsepower of electricity can be brought in to supplement the output from the company's steam-power electric plant at the Potrero and the supply brought in over high-tension transmission wires by way of Alviso and the San Francisco peninsula. The company operates several water-power plants installed on the rivers of the Sierras and up to the present time transmission lines brought the electricity from these around the south arm of San Francisco bay; but the supply has become inadequate to the growing demand. The company's



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engineers spent many a day trying to solve the problem how to bring hydro-electric power from the north into San Francisco by the most direct route across the bay. An overhead crossing of the Golden Gate was at one time considered. This would have necessitated a span of more than twice the length of the company's overhead cable system at Carquinez Straits, which is the longest span of its kind in the world. However, the project might have been undertaken but for the impossibility of securing permission from the Government to make such a crossing at the point indicated. The next project considered was that of a submarine cable. But deep water and swift currents made this a difficult problem until recently when improvements were made in the art of laying submarine cables. The problem is now solved. The cables have been laid.

#### A Record Achievement

In the year 1913 the Pacific Gas and Electric Company partially completed its South Yuba-Bear River development by the construction of a 225-foot dam at Lake Spaulding, near the summit of the Sierras, and a power-plant, named after Frank G. Drum, president of the company, on the Bear River some nine miles below. At the same time the company's main high-tension distributing system at Cordelia near Suisun was enlarged and reconstructed and a new steel-tower transmission line was constructed from Cordelia around San Pablo bay to San Rafael. And now, to complete the delivery of power into San Francisco this last named tower-line has been extended to Sausalito, a distance of about nine miles. A new sub-station has been erected on a commanding site at Sausalito, and by means of four immense transformers of 5700 horsepower capacity each the voltage of the electricity received over the high-tension transmission lines is lowered from 60,000 or 100,000 to 11,000 volts for its journey across the bay. The submarine cables start from Yellow Bluff, a point on the Marin shore near Fort Baker, and end their journey at the foot of Lyon street in San Francisco. It is worthy of note that in spite of the great difficulty of laying power cables in a depth of water which at a certain point reached 200 feet and in a section of the bay abounding in strong currents the work was accomplished without accidents and a new record of laying submarine power-cables was established. From the foot of Lyon street to the company's nearest electric sub-station at Buchanan and Beach streets, the electricity is carried by four underground cables. From the sub-station named to the company's big steam-electric plant at the Potrero the electricity again goes by underground cables. So San Francisco is now in a complete circle of electric cables, a circle that goes clear around the bay and takes in all points between Santa Clara county on the south and Butte county on the north.

#### Farrar's "Tough Girl" Carmen

"You should remember, my dear Madame Farrar, that we are in opera, not in moving pictures." These were the words attributed to Mr. Caruso by the press despatches when they told us the other day of the spat behind the scenes between the great tenor and the lovely soprano. The despatches failed to make clear the nature of the row, or precisely the point of Caruso's allusion to the movies. But it was made evident enough that the great artists were very indignant.

"If Gatti doesn't like my Carmen," said sweet Geraldine, "he can get another," whereupon Caruso desired the lady to understand that the case was quite otherwise, since if he (Caruso) didn't like her Carmen Gatti would

have to get another Don Jose. What the cause of the trouble was one may infer from what the music critics of New York said of the performance. They agreed that Mme. Farrar's Carmen showed the evil effects of her incursion into the field of the moving pictures. The role was subjected to elaboration for the photoplay, and necessarily action was added with much generosity. Some of this action Mme. Farrar put into the opera with the result that the once elemental type created by Merimee became a common drab. The shadow of fate spread no poetic tragedy over the Farrar Carmen. When she emerged from the factory after the quarrel inside her gown had been torn completely off, and she was in underwaist and petticoat with a smear of blood on her arm. Presently she seized a chorus girl in collar-and-elbow fashion and threw her to the floor. Then she throttled the prostrate girl and kicked her too, after which she swaggered around with a challenge in her eye like Ada Lewis' tough girl. In the circumstances it must have been hard for Caruso to pretend that so coarse a wench had alienated his affections from the gentle and refined Micaela. Doubtless such was the substance of his grievance.

#### Northcliffe and Hearst

Lord Northcliffe, the proprietor of the London Times, who has been urged to accept a seat in the British Cabinet as Minister of Aviation, has often been described as the Hearst of British journalism, the reason being that he is the proprietor of several powerful journals and is given somewhat to sensationalism. There is of course a strong resemblance between the Hearst and Northcliffe principles of journalism. How could it be otherwise, seeing that the Britisher is an imitator of the most successful of all American journalists. The Hearst style of journalism was introduced in England by the proprietor of the Mail and the historical Thunderer. At first it was sneered at, gradually it caught on, but the Tories have never become reconciled to the idea of the old, reliable, stodgy Times becoming the property of a sensationalist. Nevertheless Northcliffe has made it go. He has enterprise, and like Hearst he goes in for the best talent available. He sends his correspondents to the end of the earth for news, and his correspondents are men of education and ability. And like Hearst he is a man of tremendous influence. But there is this difference between the two distinguished journalists,—that whereas the Britisher devotes his power to constructive activities and appeals to the highest intelligence, Mr. Hearst's power is destructive and is made effective through appeals directed to the passions and prejudices of the masses. The Hearst influence in politics is a subtle emanation that sometimes loses its effect when traced to its source. But the potency of it is not to be questioned.

#### His Effective Criticisms

Ever since the outbreak of the war Lord Northcliffe has been a severe critic of the Government, and his criticisms have enraged many people who failed to see that he was actuated by the highest motives and was rendering valuable service to his country. They were especially angry at him for his animadversions on the people's idol, Kitchener of Khartoum. Northcliffe was the first to call for Kitchener when the war broke out, and he was the first to perceive that the veteran soldier lacked the capacity for the big task to which he had been assigned. For his criticism of Kitchener he was bitterly denounced. An attack was made on the Times in the courts, but there Northcliffe

triumphed. Then Sir John Simon attacked the Times in the House of Commons. His speech was a flat performance. Slowly the truth has been dawning on the stolid public mind, and now it is universally admitted that Northcliffe has rendered the country great service. Many improvements that have been made, especially in the air service, have been attributed to his suggestion, and hence the agitation that has been started for his appointment to a Cabinet office.

#### Somebody's Faux Pas

This tale is a little late about getting into print, but perhaps it is none the worse on that account. It concerns the day when "The Friends of France" held a celebration in the rotunda of the Fine Arts Palace on the Fair grounds. There was quite a program of speeches, poems, songs and so forth, and the French and Belgian Commissioners to the Fair enjoyed the occasion thoroughly, so profound and sincere were the expressions of admiration and affection for their countries. At the conclusion of the ceremonies President Charles C. Moore made a graceful speech and at its conclusion presented the two foreign commissioners with mementoes of the occasion. These souvenirs consisted of cases made of leather and plush, each containing three sparklers from the Tower of Jewels. And brightly gilded on the plush whereon the jewels lay was this legend: "Made in Austria." The commissioners said nothing as they examined the souvenirs, but among those present was Amedee Jouillin the artist, and when he had had a peep at the gilt legend, he turned away and remarked to a friend (sarcastically, I'm afraid), "San Francisco knows how!"

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# Among Our Artists

Edited by Edward F. O'Day

## Art and Architecture

Louis Mullgardt thinks he knows about art, but John E. D. Trask says he is only an architect. This is an awful slam, for we have it on the authority of the P. P. I. E. that architecture is not a fine art. The Mullgardt-Trask imbroglio is the only sensation we've had in art circles for a long time. Of course all the artists welcome it; when people get to fighting about art they get to looking at pictures, and then sometimes they buy them. The artists are awfully obliged to Trask for roasting Mullgardt. The incident which started the trouble occurred at the Palace where Mullgardt was lecturing on architecture. Architecture not being a fine art (at least that was the decision of the P. P. I. E.) Mullgardt brought his remarks up to the fine-art plane by interjecting a few remarks about pictures. Louis said that Chase's self-portrait was a work of art, while Bereny's portrait of Bortok was not. Bortok is a Hungarian composer, and Louis did not overlook the chance for a quip that fact offered him. He said Bereny made Bortok look like a decomposer. This was too much for Trask who is a fiery sort. So he got up and said:

"Mr. Mullgardt, I question your assumption that you are qualified to point out what is good and bad in pictures. Art and architecture are two very different things, and I object."

To this rather remarkable interpellation Mullgardt replied:

"If Mr. Trask were delivering this lecture and I were in attendance, I should do him the courtesy of not interrupting him."

Afterwards Trask apologized for the interruption, but did not recede from his position.

"I admit," he said, "that Mr. Mullgardt is a very fine architect, but architects don't know anything about art."

## The War Is On

So there you are. The architects are mobilizing. The artists are preparing to dig themselves in. Let us hope there will be plenty of personalities. It is the personalities that make these scraps interesting. In the famous Ruskin-Whistler libel suit the personal smashes that everybody took at everybody else made the combat historic. As Mullgardt saw fit to praise William M. Chase, let us have some straight talk about Chase's place in art. Some awfully hard things have been said about Chase. Joseph Pennell the etcher, to cite one authority, was never so happy during his stay here last year as when repeating what Whistler used to say about his old friend Chase. And if certain artists I could name will repeat publicly what they said privately of Chase's work while Chase

was teaching at Carmel, we'll have a bully time. So let's not have impersonal theories; it's the personal criticism we want. Not the abstract, but the concrete. And if the fighters get so worked up that they want to bite one another, so much the better. Art discussion is a bore unless it is bitter, acrimonious and punctuated with flying fists. The great Degas used to complain that laymen tortured him with wearisome monologues about the meaning of his art, but that when he and Manet were together he would say "Oh" and Manet would say "Ah" and they understood each other perfectly. Let us have no wearisome lectures, but let us not have too many sympathetic "Ohs" and "Ahs" either. Let's call one another names.

## Did Willis Start It?

Willis Polk suspects that he may have helped to get Trask's dander up. I shouldn't be surprised. Willis is always starting something. I tell the story as Willis tells it. Trask returned from his recent picture quest through the East with four paintings by Childe Hassam. Hassam said the pictures were for his friends Charlie Dickman, Francis McComas, John Trask and Willis Polk. So Trask gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club, brought out the pictures, repeated Childe Hassam's message and proposed that the quartet shake dice to determine who would have the first choice. Willis kicked at this.

"If I win the shake," he said, "and get the first choice, I will naturally be polite enough to pick out the poorest of the four pictures 'Muley' sent us. Now I don't think 'Muley' intended me to get a poor picture. I don't like the arrangement."

Trask, as I have already said, is a fiery fellow, not at all like the ordinary museum curator. He flared up at Polk's remarks and said he hadn't much taste for the cruder sort of western persiflage, that he was giving the dinner and that Mr. Polk knew what he could do—or words to that general effect. So Willis withdrew from the table, and says he doesn't know what became of the picture which would have gone to him had he stayed. He went to the telegraph office and sent the following wire to Childe Hassam: "If you want to give me a picture, give me a good one. But if you want to ask me if I want one I would say that I cannot afford a good one. The ones you offer are rotten." What Childe Hassam said when he got this wire is not of record, and it's just as well. Polk sent a copy of the telegram to Trask. And now he wonders whether Trask was hitting at him over poor Louis Mullgardt's shoulder.

## Wores Talks of Whistler

Branding Cubists and Futurists as the I. W. W.'s of Art, Theodore Wores told the patronesses and members of the California Society of Fine Arts during his lecture at the Palace Hotel Wednesday that if their ideas of things artistic had not been corrupted by the new school they should be thankful for having escaped the ravages of the plague after contact with it. Wores had chosen to speak on his reminiscences of Whistler and his work, and he amused his audience with many anecdotes of the great artist. Referring to Whistler's libel suit against Ruskin, Wores related how the painter had floored one of the attorneys for the defense. Pointing to "The Falling Rocket" the lawyer asked Whistler, "Do you expect a person to see beauty in that?" Whistler answered that that depended on the person. "Well, could you make me see beauty in it?" the attorney persisted. After adjusting his monocle and gazing repeatedly from his questioner to the picture Whistler finally informed him calmly, "I'm afraid that the feat would be as difficult as for a musician to pour his notes into a deaf man's ears." Wores told his listeners that Whistler was a relentless battler and proved it by quoting the artist on the occasion of a reception after the final triumph over his enemies. "Now is the time to bury the tomahawk," Whistler began, and added, "in the side of your enemy, and leave it there." Whistler realized, Wores said, that the British people had never forgiven him for his victory over Ruskin. He was under the ban. The speaker gave another illustration of Whistler's desire to fight in connection with the sale of the portrait of Carlyle. Whistler had consented to take 400 guineas for the picture and the people of Glasgow arranged to raise the money by subscription. But they stirred Whistler's resentment when they printed a line on the subscription blank stating that the mere signing of the sheet would not be construed as an approval of Whistler's art. He telegraphed to Glasgow that the price of his Carlyle had been raised to 1,000 guineas, remarking to a friend at the time, "I'll impress those canny Scots with my price if not with my art." This picture was done in an unusually dark tone, and it was while Whistler was explaining to Wores the extreme amiability of the subject that our local artist amused the great Londoner by remarking, "Well, I'm glad to know that Carlyle is not as black as he's painted." Wores' residence in the British metropolis began in 1889. He told his audience, and he related another bon mot of Whistler's that was delivered about this time at an art exhibition. Solomon Solomon was then coming into prominence, and

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one of his canvases was hung at the show entirely surrounded by works of royal academicians. Somebody asked Whistler if he thought the Royal Academy ever would confer its prized R. A. on Solomon. "Yes," Whistler drawled, pointing at the pictures, "but Solomon in all his glory is not R. A.'d like one of these." On another occasion Wores tried to get an acknowledgement from Whistler that some day San Francisco would become a great art center on account of our climatic, scenic and many other advantages. "But environment does not lead to a production of art," Whistler retorted. "Consider Switzerland. There the people have everything in the form of natural advantages—mountains, valleys and beautiful sky. And what have they produced? The cuckoo clock."

#### Mrs. Spreckels' Offer

The most important item of local art news our daily papers have ever chronicled was published last week. It was Mrs. A. B. Spreckels' offer of her incomparable Rodin collection to the city of San Francisco. It was Town Talk's privilege to make the first announcement of this intended munificence on the part of Mrs. Spreckels about a year ago, just after La Loie Fuller brought the Rodins here from Paris. Now Mrs. Spreckels has repeated the offer publicly, specifying just one condition: the statues must be fittingly housed. What is being done in the matter? Does the city realize what Mrs. Spreckels is doing for it? There is no such collection of Rodins anywhere as this which Mrs. Spreckels offers us. When properly housed it will make San Francisco the mecca of art lovers from all over the earth. The collection comprises "The Thinker," the "Age of Brass," "The Prodigal Son," "The Siren," the bust of Henri Rochefort, the "St. John the Baptist" and "Old Age and Youth." This last Mrs. Spreckels intends to keep for her private collection. How Miss Fuller bought these priceless treasures from Rodin for Mrs. Spreckels was told in a Town Talk interview, and made a most fascinating story.

#### The Subscription in Bohemia

The subscription started in the Bohemian Club by that connoisseur Phil Bekeart for the purpose of putting Earl Cummings' plaster "Sculpture" into bronze, was closed last Thursday night when a total of \$2500 had been raised. Phil induced all the artists of the club to contribute paintings, drawings, musical compositions, bronzes, autographed books, etc. Then five hundred tickets were sold at five dollars the ticket, and a raffle was held. The affair was topped off with a dinner. In consequence Cummings' big plaster symbolizing his art will be shipped off to the greatest "fondeur" in America, and will come back in enduring bronze. The fact that some Bohemian leaned in deep thought against the plaster group and knocked off six or seven toes inspired Bekeart to start the subscription. It has been the most popular of the club's recent activities.

#### Studios Go West

Two significant changes are about to take place in studiodom. Hill Tolerton is going to build his own building on Sutter street above Powell, and H. Taylor Curtis is to move one block west on the same street. The plans for Tolerton's new place are complete, and work is soon to commence. The new Print Shop is going to be a wonderfully beautiful place; in fact it will be unique, to use an overworked word. It will occupy the vacant lot next to Vickery's. Curtis is to move from his present location to the corner of Sutter and Mason. These changes will help to fix the center of our art shops and studios. The movement seems to be steadily westward.

#### Cahill's Studio

Nowadays when Arthur Cahill is not busy with his illustrating for Sunset he is painting portraits. He has just fitted up Humphrey Stewart's old rooms at 376 Sutter street, and his artist friends declare that he has one of the best studios in town. Since Cahill exhibited a portrait of "Pop" Hamilton at the Bohemian Club he has had many orders. Just now he is painting Congressman William Kent and Justice W. P. Lawlor. Kent will be portrayed in his official character with the House of Representatives in the background.

#### Envy?

Frederick James Gregg, lecturing on art in New York the other day, hinted that those artists who did not receive medals at the P. P. I. E. were more important than those who did.

#### Zorn Here and in New York

Everybody has day dreams about an ideal library. We all know what books in what editions would be placed in what style of cases if we could satisfy our whims. We know what busts would be in the alcoves, what pictures on the walls. I have just seen three etchings that belong in the library of my day dreams: the Zorn etchings of Verlaine, Rodin and Anatole France. There are no more interesting plates in the Zorn exhibition at Tolerton's. Zorn was not afraid to let the beast peep-out from Verlaine's remarkable face. He shows Rodin in the laughing mood that snapshots have made us familiar with. The France etchings is remarkable for the light in the piercing, satirical eyes. There is a Zorn exhibition in New York just now, and New York like San Francisco is wondering at this etcher's alternative grossness and delicacy, his crudity and daintiness. Says a critic: "The wonder is how the sly dog escaped the sickly puritans all these years: the puritans who hounded Gorky, raised the whites of their eyes at Poe and Lafcadio Hearn and only last week expurgated the frolicsome Ballet Russe. The explanation is, the only explanation is, that Zorn is less poet than photographer in his work. Had he breathed the faintest breath of soul or mystery into his plump and stolid Venuses the wrath of the philistines would have fallen upon him and consumed him utterly."

#### Portraits by Charlton Fortune

E. Charlton Fortune is showing at Schussler's two portraits well done in crayon and sanguine. One is of William M. Chase from whom our clever artist took lessons when Chase had a class at Carmel. Charlton Fortune had seven pictures in the Palace of Fine Arts, and Chase bought one of them—a substantial tribute to her work. The other portrait is of her

brother. Both are very well done, and now that Miss Fortune is going in for this work (she is taking orders at Schussler's) we may look for some interesting portraits of local celebrities. Percy Gray has switched from aquarelle to oils. He shows two Land's End pictures in the latter medium, and they are finely executed. Water and rocks are hard to paint, but Gray solves their difficulties. Lester Boronda shows a senorita in a flowered brocade busy with Spanish drawn work. The back of the figure is presented, and the effect is of grace and distinction. Grace Hudson has two new Pomo Indian pictures, and as usual they will sell like hotcakes.

#### Latimer's Redwoods

It must be difficult to paint redwoods that give the beholder a sense at once of pictorial quality and the suggestiveness of nature. How barren the subject may be and at the same how rich it may be Mr. Latimer shows us in two pictures that I saw at Courvoisier's the other day—one a panel of redwoods and nothing else, the other a picture among redwoods that makes you feel that you are in a forest where the sunlight is pouring its rays on pale green leaves stirred by soft zephyrs. Mr. Latimer is evidently an enthusiastic student of facts who has acquired a full knowledge of reality, but he gives us his impressions and he expresses his spirit with colors that are a vital part of his ideas. There is some bold brushwork in his forest scene, and it is effective. At Courvoisier's, by the way, I saw several good examples of the craftsmanship of Ruiz, the Mexican painter, who found the climate of his native land uncomfortable in the days of Huerta. He is finding inspiration in landscapes hereabouts. He is a painter with a pretty keen perception of the things that have mystery and charm.

#### The Neuhaus Lecture

Eugen Neuhaus will lecture in the Paul Elder Gallery, 239 Grant avenue, on Tuesday afternoon, February 29, at 3 o'clock on "Rhythm as Found in Nature and in Pictures." This lecture was postponed from the preceding week owing to the holiday of Washington's birthday.

#### The Tavern's Ice Rink

San Francisco will soon have as fine an ice rink as any in the country, a rink 125 feet square, offering a surface of nearly 16,000 square feet. The new rink will be at the corner of Eddy and Jones streets on the site now occupied by the Arcadia Dancing Pavilion. Some of the owners of Techau Tavern are behind the enterprise, which assures the success of the undertaking. Professional skaters have already been engaged in New York and will arrive in this city to open the rink in the near future. Lessons in plain and fancy skating will be given every morning. Ample provision has been made for seating spectators.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## The Amber Necklace

Oscar Wilde once advanced the theory that the central point of interest in any work of art should be something intrinsically beautiful, and so he said that a story written about a beautiful gem was perhaps the ideal story. Well, here is a story of an amber necklace, a most amazing story, a story to make the eyes widen—a San Francisco story too. I understand that the daily papers are working on the details of this story of an amber necklace, and I hope that they are able to give us the names of the parties concerned. I have the story from Miss Jean McEwen of 1360 Jones street who got it at second hand and is unable to supply the clue by which it might be traced to its source. I trust the papers will be able to accomplish this. It is such a good story that I am willing to share it, you see.

## Bought in Chinatown

Some time between Christmas and New Year's a man and his wife were shopping and sightseeing in our Chinatown. They paused before an antique shop at California and Grant avenue, and the lady admired a necklace of amber beads displayed in the window. They went into the shop and priced this necklace. The dealer said it was to be had for eight dollars, explaining that the price was a little high because the amber beads were strung on a gold wire. The man and his wife bought the trinket, and departed quite well satisfied, for the lady was very much taken with the color of the beads.

## Broken in New York

Shortly afterwards the man and his wife went to New York. One day the gold string broke, so they brought the necklace to Tiffany's to have it repaired. They had scarcely returned to their room in the hotel when the telephone rang. It was Tiffany's, and the message was a request that they return to the store at once. They did so, expecting to be told that the necklace was of such small value that it was not worth repairing. Instead they were asked at what price they would part with the amber beads.

"How much are they worth?" asked the man. "We will give you fifty thousand dollars," was the answer.

The couple were staggered, but quickly recovered themselves.

"We will have to look into the matter a little," they said.

They took the amber beads to Maiden Lane and interviewed dealer after dealer. The price

offered varied somewhat. They finally received eighty thousand dollars for the amber beads which had cost eight!

"Will you please tell us why these beads are worth so much?" they asked the dealer.

"I will tell you," he answered, "when you have accepted my check for eighty thousand dollars and signed a receipt."

This was done, and then the mystery was explained.

"These amber beads are engraved on the inside," the dealer explained, "and you may read the inscription with a microscope."

They took the microscope and read: "Napoleon to Josephine."

"These beads," continued the dealer, "were the favorite jewels of the Empress Josephine. They were stolen from the Louvre years ago, and there is a standing reward of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for their recovery."

Is it not an amazing story? But what a story it would be if we only knew through what strange hands the amber beads passed on their way from the Louvre in Paris to Chinatown in San Francisco!

## Mrs. Beale Victorious

Everybody in Santa Barbara was delighted at the outcome of the contest over the will of John E. Beale. For everybody's sympathies were with the charming widow, Mrs. Lillian Beale. Everybody in society and out of society in Santa Barbara likes Mrs. Beale, not only the friends of her own circle, but the humblest villagers and tradesmen. If there was one notable exception, it was Mr. B. F. Thomas, a representative of the Santa Barbara bar. Mr. Thomas was a witness for the relatives of the deceased who tried to break the will, and he had an unpleasant experience on the witness stand. Though apparently a disinterested witness Mr. Thomas was very hostile to the widow. He was sure that John E. Beale was a stickler for the principle that "property should follow the blood." Beale had told him so, and he was certain it was Beale's desire that his widow should turn a large part of the estate over to his next of kin. Many times he repeated that "the property should follow the blood." Suddenly Mr. Garret McEnerney who handled the case for Mrs. Beale asked Mr. Thomas this question: "Haven't you a contract for a contingent fee?" Manifestly the question made Mr. Thomas ill at ease, and the crowded courtroom enjoyed his obvious discomfiture. He stammered somewhat and appealed to the court to be excused from answering. But he was ordered to answer, and he admitted the contract.

Mr. McEnerney required him to produce the contract. It showed that he was to receive twenty-five per cent of whatever was won. Also it showed that the claimants were not to be allowed to compromise for less than twenty-five thousand dollars.

"Was this money to follow the blood?" Mr. McEnerney asked. After that Mr. Thomas had nothing more to say of the principle dearest to Mr. Beale's heart.

## Our Oldest Dancing Club

Passing down the corridor of the Palace the other evening I met my charming and chatty friend the bavarde. We stopped to chin a minute. We were not far from the ball room, and the strains of dance music soothed our ears. The bavarde knows about all the dances because if she didn't she couldn't hold her position on the daily she works for, so I asked her what ball this was.

"It's a ball," said the bavarde, "which I wish my city editor would order me to report once in a while. When this club gives a ball it sends its list to the papers together with pictures of pretty girls who are to be 'among those present,' and it always gets a good notice for the simple reason that editors like to print pretty pictures and this club has some of the greatest beauties in town. But it is not recognized as being 'in society,' so I am never sent to describe the gowns. I'd like to go to it for a change, the girls are so sweet and unspoiled, the boys so polite and gentlemanly. Excesses such as distinguish some of our 'smart' dances are unheard of. The girl in the club make good marriages. Sometimes they marry into 'Society,' and then they don't talk much about their membership in this club; but that's human nature. It's the oldest dancing club in the city. Been holding its dances at the Palace for so many years that I can't remember when it originated. Shouldn't be surprised if it antedated the old Greenways."

"What is this club?" I asked, for I was interested.

"The Entre Nous Cotillion," answered the bavarde.

## A Compliment for Our Women

It is not often that Paris compliments San Francisco, but it was my privilege to hear a compliment paid to our women the other day, and it came from a Parisian who speaks with authority. I refer to Monsieur S. Sourine, the great importer and designer who is here on business. A compliment from M. Sourine is as

..Olga..  
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though the Rue de la Paix doffed its hat, so to speak, to Grant avenue; as though Eiffel Tower made admiring obeisance to the column in Union Square.

"San Francisco women are among the best dressed in the world," M. Sourine said when I chatted with him at the Palace the other day. "On this account it is always a delight for Parisians to visit in your city."

#### And for Our Town

While M. Sourine thus pays his respects to our women, another visitor at the Palace is saying nice things about our town as a whole. Really, it's remarkable what a lot of nice things you can hear if you keep your ears wide open. This visitor is Charles F. Fisher, publisher of the "Citizen" of Columbus, Ohio. "No city," Mr. Fisher told me, "ever had a better advertisement than San Francisco received from its Exposition. The fame of that Fair of yours still resounds throughout the country. And I venture to predict that you will be surprised at the immense travel it will bring you within the next few months. What the Easterner likes here is the genuine cosmopolitanism. San Francisco is not really West. It has a geography of its own. The West is somewhere between San Francisco and Chicago."

#### Dinner Dance at Palace

The Palace Hotel presented a scene of much gayety last Saturday evening when the dinner dance for the benefit of the People's Place was held there. A large number of parties were given, society responding eagerly to the appeal for this charity. Quite the most elaborate affair of the evening was the dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle, who entertained more than a score of the debutante set. In the list of guests were: The Misses Marion Baker, Jean Wheeler, Emily Timlow, Julia Van Fleet, Hannah Hobart, Margaret Nichols, Gertrude Hopkins, Genevieve Bothin, Ruth Welsh, Elena Eyre. The Messrs. Kenneth Monteagle, Paige Monteagle, Frederick Van Sicklen, Jack Morgan, Clinton Jones, Percy Morgan, William Mintzer, Richard McLaren, Livingston Baker, Corbett Doody, Wakefield Baker, Marshall Madison, Edward Eyre Jr., Frederick H. Beaver Jr. Messrs. and Mesdames Lloyd Weaver and G. H. Umben enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Umben. Seated with Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Bentley were Messrs. and Mesdames William A. Magee and Irving Bentley, Miss Esther Bentley and Messrs. Stanley Powell, Walter Hush and Walter Bentley. Miss Gertrude Thomas and her fiancé, Roger Bocqueraz, were the complimented guests of the party given by Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, whose other guests were: Messrs. and Mesdames William Thomas, Cyril Tobin, Bernard Ford, the Misses Marion Crocker, Einnim McNear, the Messrs. George Bowles and Ashfield Stowe.

#### Other Dinner Dancers

Among the others I have noted lately at the Palace dinner dance were the people Albert Landsberger entertained at a jolly party. These included Mrs. Ralph Forest, Miss Leah Beck-

ett, Miss Blanche Mills, Miss Jean Wirtner, Miss Mildred Johnston, James L. Heynemann, Roman Landsberger, Jed Hoag and Percy Burr. Another party was given by Mrs. Robert Chester Foute and her charming daughter Miss Augusta. One of the big supper parties was given by Dr. Harry Tevis for Miss Hannah Hobart, one of the most feted of the debutantes. The list of guests included all the season's buds, and the young dancing men who are helping to make their first season a whirl of gayety. It also included Mrs. Hannah Neil Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley, Mrs. James Follis, Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carolan.

#### Brother Leo's Coming Recital

In this the year of the three hundredth anniversary of the death of William Shakespeare much will be done calculated to stimulate interest in the works of the master dramatist. There are cynics who will say that as he is of all time, why take particular notice of him now? The answer is that as we can never have too much of him he is always timely and that certainly it is well occasionally to consider him with gratitude and veneration. I believe it is in this mood that he will be approached by Brother Leo of the faculty of St. Mary's College on Monday evening, March 6, when he will give a Shakespearian recital at Young Men's Institute. Brother Leo is an English scholar with a deep feeling for all that is good in literature, and to literature he has made some valuable contributions that have received high praise from eminent critics. Recently he returned from Washington, D. C., where he received from the Catholic University of America the degree of Doctor of Letters. His doctoral dissertation was on "Contrast in Shakespeare's Historical Plays," which is now between book-covers. From this work it is evident that Brother Leo is an earnest student of the drama and that he is versed in the literature of the drama of all peoples and all periods. It is a work at once instructive, suggestive and entertaining. Brother Leo has a high reputation in the East as a lecturer and dramatic reader.

#### A Genuine Leap Year Party

It has remained for the recently organized San Francisco Chapter, Woman's Section of the Navy League, to arrange a novel Leap Year Dansant for the afternoon of February 29 at the Fairmont Hotel. The hours are from 4 to 7 o'clock. Service people of both army and navy are much interested in the affair, and there are a group of society maids and matrons who will see to it that Leap Year traditions are fully observed. The scheme of decoration will consist of signal flags, including the Navy League flag, and the word "Welcome" in the international code will be used, as was done when Admiral Dewey came here on a visit.

#### Del Monte Notes

The mid-winter tournament at Del Monte is more popular and interesting this winter than any other winter for many years. The weather has been wonderfully good both for golf and polo, and the crowds unusually large. Mr. H. H. Rogers with Mrs. Rogers, their son and daughter arrived in the private car "Grassmere" and will remain for some time. Mr. Rogers is a director of the Virginia Railway. Mr. L. W. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, and his family have arrived in their private car "GN-22" from St. Paul, and have opened their home at Pebble Beach for the balance of the season. Gov. D. I. Walsh of Massachusetts arrived Friday and joined the Fletcher-Ryer party, remaining over Sunday for

the Polo. There were a thousand spectators at the polo game between the Del Monte and San Mateo club teams. There couldn't have been a more ideal day, for the weather was mild and the sun not too bright. There were eight picked chukkers played and all played well. The horsemanship was superb. Ray Splivalo drove a goal at an angle of ninety degrees. Walter Hobart's driving was splendid. Soon after the third chukker started, Will Tevis Jr. and Harry Hastings clashed mallets and Tevis took a bad hit in the eye. He was obliged to retire from the game, much against his will, but in the eighth and last chukker he came back and played as fine a game as ever. Col. Betters took Tevis' place. Harry Hastings played as much as possible on his favorite "Drusilla," Hobart on his famous black "Pokinip," Ray Splivalo on his wonder "Nubian," Capt. McNally on his "Dragoon." The final score was in favor of Del Monte, 6¾ to San Mateo's 6.

#### Events at Hotel Oakland

Mrs. C. Curtis who is giving a series of five lectures in the rose reception room had for her subject last Monday morning "Thoughts of Things," her discourse being based on Ibsen's Master Builder. For the fourth of the Tuesday Morning Musicales Mr. MacFayden presented Mme. Lorna Lachmund and Mons. George Mascal. The next Morning Musicales will be given next Tuesday. On Monday afternoon General Woodruff of the U. S. army addressed the Alameda branch of the Woman's Navy League. The ivory ball room was filled to capacity. Mrs. George Rothganger who was in charge, says that they are very proud of the showing made in Alameda county. On Tuesday next the Knights of Columbus, third degree, will have a luncheon in the blue room. Dr. John Slavish is in charge of the arrangements. Mrs. Minnie Sabin Cooper gave another of her informal lectures in the blue room on Wednesday. On Thursday evening the winter assembly hold their last dance of the season in the ivory ball room. Friday the Oakland Civic Center had their bi-monthly meeting in the south room. This Saturday the Alpha Zeta Fraternity will hold their annual dinner and initiation in the blue room. Next Tuesday the Elks will give a ball in the ivory ball room.

There is only one thing a woman dislikes more than a jealous husband, and that is one who isn't jealous.

Said Oscar Wilde: "Each man kills the thing he loves"—for example, the amateur musician.

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## Gossip of the Theatre

### Maude Fay At Her Goal

Another Californian has "arrived." After hard study rewarded by many triumphs in her chosen field abroad Maude Fay has reached the goal of her ambition. She is deserving of our heartiest felicitations. Ask any great prima donna what she had to do to reach the pinnacle of success, and she will tell you a harrowing tale of untiring effort to develop her divine gift and of the self-sacrifice and self-denial that marked her determination to reach the dizzy height where noble effort is crowned with laurel. We felt assured that Maude Fay had reached that height when we heard of her high rank on the operatic stage in Munich. There she received honors that delight the heart of the artist. Now she is at the portals of the Mecca of every grand opera singer in the world—the Metropolitan Opera House of New York. Art has many shrines, but for the singer there is only one temple—the one that is on Broadway. That Maude Fay has been engaged by the Metropolitan management is testimony of her excellent reputation as a songbird, especially so in the administration of Signor Gatti-Gasazza, who is known to be far from partial to American-born singers. Doubtless Miss Fay has had as arduous a career as any of the other successful opera singers, but we of her own Home Town have seen her pass through an ordeal that when she reaches the reminiscence age she will refer to as the most trying of her experience. After a royal welcome on her first appearance in America when she sang with our splendid symphony orchestra, Alfred Hertz conducting, the very next night she gave a long concert of numbers that searched the range of her artistry before an audience in a most inquisitive mood, eager for first-hand information. Her friends were there on the tiptoe of expectancy, and when the singer looked into their faces in the garish lights of Scottish Rite Hall the psychological effect was one of emotional strain; so, charming though she was let no one imagine that it was Maude Fay at her best whom we had the pleasure of hearing. A far more propitious occasion for Maude Fay will be that of her appearance in the darkened auditorium of a big opera house where, with orchestra and inspiring scenic environment she will be perfectly free from self-consciousness and in the mood to let herself go. Miss Fay's voice is a mezzo soprano, especially appealing in the middle register. I liked her rendition of the Brahms Serenade the best of her numbers. "Vissi D'Arts" she gave as the appeal which I think Puccini meant it to be and not the indignant protest which many singers make it seem. Miss Fay has a pleasing presence, a handsome figure and graceful carriage, so that she goes to the Metropolitan equipped with attributes that are ingratiating and that win sympathy at the start.

On Sunday at the Columbia Emmy Destinn repeated her great success of the preceding week. She warmed and thrilled an audience that gave her a very hearty greeting and applauded her with enthusiasm on her every entrance. She responded generously. She sang in all seventeen times, which was an extravagant outpouring of her precious voice. I doubt if there is another singer in the world who would be so prodigal. Every number was a delight and sung with the perfection of art. If Emmy Destinn were to announce a recital of three of those numbers, Ritorno Vincitor, Dvorak's Als die alte Mutter and the Slovak Song of Kar-

narovic in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley and if I had to walk across the continent or swim from South America to get there I would consider myself amply rewarded to hear her.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

### A Pantomime for Puritans

If you are a professional moralist there is nothing to startle you in this pantomime called "Sumurun," wherewith Gertrude Hoffman and her company of five and fifty people are thrilling packed houses in O'Farrell street. But it is not to be gainsaid that "Sumurun" is almost alarmingly personal. It makes you only a little less intimate with the lithe and naked limbed dancing girl than the boss of the harem himself. You see him overcome by the spell of her fascinations, you see him carry her athwart his arms like a steaming tray into the harem, and when the curtain goes down between scenes the man who performs a function like that of the chorus in Greek drama informs you that the Sheik is now reposing peacefully by the side of the beautiful girl, and then by way of corroboration the curtain goes up. This is a specimen of the modern art of the theatre on a very elaborate scale. It is delirious fantasy with alluring music and dancing to adorn it. The appeal is unmistakable. It is unabashed art like the art that gave us "The Expectant Mother" at the Palace of Fine Arts, and it would be quite hypocritical to say that people don't relish it. We have been educated up to this sort of thing by our most serious moralists, the ones who prate against prostitution, advocate the teaching of sex hygiene, the importance of seeing Brieux and the need of reforming the institution of marriage and spreading the light of eugenics. Having concentrated on sex topics in the interest of the race, are we to pretend to be shocked when the theatre reflects as it always does, the tone and temper of the times? Our moralists have kept us too long in the clinic contemplating flesh and its diseases, and the transition to the romantic atmosphere of the Arabian Nights is a most welcome distraction. It is especially welcome at this time of revolt against romantic beauty and the old principles of estheticism. We are preoccupied with questions of science, even in our morals, and we need a tonic, something to stir within us old ardors and ecstasies. If there be dread of excess of it we should remember that excess surfeits and that by "surfeiting the appetite may sicken and so die." Meanwhile let us enjoy "Sumurun" at the Orpheum. It is a very gay pantomime designed to put the man in the street in but one mood, and along with Gertrude Hoffman's unimpeachable bronzed underpinning, which are said to be unsurpassed for litheness and beauty on any stage, there are accessories galore of color, melody and movement to make the general scheme thoroughly effective. To paraphrase George Bernard Shaw one may truthfully say of this oriental spectacle that it is a pantomime for puritans; in other words, just the thing the doctor ordered for what ails them.

—T. F. B.

### A Circuit for Stock Theatres

Better times are coming to O'Farrell street. The little old Alcazar is now on the theatre map; that is to say, it has become a big circuit theatre like the Orpheum. If vaudeville performers and vaudeville sketch-writers have a circuit over which they enjoy short jumps and

long engagements why not the mimes of the drama and playwrights whose plays have dropped into "stock?" This is a question so manifestly logical it is a wonder nobody thought of it years ago. It is the circuit system that enables us to get high-class vaudeville. The facilities it affords are available for the drama as well as for vaudeville, and of this stock theatre managers have at length become sensible. Their awakening is one of the good results of motion-picture competition. The "movie" has infused new life into the theatre everywhere, and as a consequence the public is getting better fare and is coming back. According to George Davis of the Alcazar, who returned from New York last Monday, the drama is again flourishing in the metropolis. It was Davis, by the way, who put through the deal by which our premiere stock theatre became a circuit theatre. This deal makes it possible for the theatres on the circuit to engage an actor for sixteen consecutive weeks, and to contract for royalties on a play for the same period. It is the purpose of the stock managers to engage stars of the first magnitude to produce in all the cities on the circuit the plays in which they have made notable hits. In each city they will be supported by the local stock company. The circuit extends across the continent.

—The First Nighter.

### The Florence Hinkle Concerts

Manager Greenbaum promises that in presenting Florence Hinkle he is offering our lovers of song one of the finest concert sopranos ever heard here. She is an American girl whose entire career has been in this country. Her voice is a lyric soprano. Her programs consist of songs in German, French, Italian and English. The recitals will be given at the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, March 12 and 19. Teachers will be given special rates for pupils on application to Mr. Greenbaum. Miss Hinkle will appear before the Berkeley Musical Association, the Peninsula Musical Association and the Colbert Concert Course in Modesto.

### La Verbist, "Queen of the Dance"

Will Greenbaum will introduce Mlle. Felyne Verbist, the Belgian dancer, at the Columbia next week. She is making her first appearance in this country. European critics have hailed her as the greatest dancer since Taglioni. La Verbist will give two programs on Thursday afternoon, March 2, and Sunday afternoon, March 5. She will present for the first time in this country Nijinsky's dance conception "La Spectre de la Rose," which the Russian arranged for Karsavena, and which was introduced simultaneously by Verbist in Brussels and Karsavena in Petrograd. The music is from Weber's "Invitation to the Dance." Another novelty will be Verbist's own conception of Saint-Saens' "Death of the Swan." Her "Vision of Salome" eliminates all objectionable features. The Waltz from "Coppellia," the "Dance of the Hours" from "La Gioconda" and other beautiful dances are also on the first program. Verbist will be accompanied by a complete concert orchestra under Paul Steindorff.

### "The Miracle Man" by Request

Next week the Alcazar will accede to popular demand and present the Lytell-Vaughan players in a revival of one of the big successes of their present season "The Miracle Man" by George



M. Cohan. It proved a sensation at the Alcazar last August, and innumerable requests have been made for its repetition. This play deals with Christian Science. The cast will be the same as when the play was originally produced at the Alcazar. Bert Lytell, Henry Shumer and Alexis Luce will be seen as the three male crooks, and Evelyn Vaughan as their female accomplice. E. D. Hales, the Alcazar's clever character actor, will repeat his former triumph as the Patriarch. Phillips Tead, Addison Pitt, William Amsdell, Joseph Macaulay, Jane Darwell, Margaret Armstrong and the others will be exceptionally well cast.

#### The Symphony Concerts

The Symphony Orchestra with Horace Britt, 'cellist as soloist, will give the seventh Sunday concert of the current season at the Cort tomorrow at 2:30 sharp. That very considerable public which gladly attends the concerts when the prices are moderate will be glad to learn that commencing with tomorrow's concert all Sunday concerts this season will be given at lower prices. The program: Overture to "Anacreon," Cherubini; "Lied" for Violoncello, Vincent d'Indy, Horace Britt. From Suite "Ballet Scenes," Op. 54, Alex Glazounow; Prelude "The Afternoon of a Faun," Debussy; Symphony No. 1, B flat major, Op. 28, R. Schumann. At the Cort on Friday afternoon March 10 and Sunday afternoon March 12, the orchestra will give the last pair of concerts but two of the present season. The symphony will be the No. 4 of Beethoven. The overture to a comedy of Shakespeare (introducing an English melody of the sixteenth century) of P. Scheinpfung will be new to the hearers of the orchestra. The lyric suite, Opus 54 of Grieg has also not been played before at these concerts. The dramatic overture "Husitska" Opus 67 of Dvorak will close the program.

#### "Sumurun" Again Next Week

Next week will be the last of Gertrude Hoffmann and her company in the colossal production of "Sumurun" which is proving one of the greatest theatrical sensations San Francisco has ever known. The other acts with one exception will be new. The Mirano Brothers who style themselves "the Flying Torpedoes" will perform the most sensational stunts in the air. Lamberti, the famous musical impersonator, will present living portraits of Liszt, Hollman, Joachim, Strauss, Gounod, etc. As Liszt he plays the piano, as Hollman the 'cello, as Joachim the violin, etc. Moore, O'Brien and Cormack announce themselves as "Speed Boys from Songland and Comedyville." Winsome Grace De Mar will introduce a cycle of new songs. Her gowns are beautiful and up-to-the-minute. The Langdons will present their laughable skit "Kidding and Skidding in Johnny's New Car." The ninth installment of the Uncle Sam at Work motion picture will be shown.

#### The Castles in Films at Cort

Through the medium of the much-discussed photodrama "The Whirl of Life," the internationally-famous dancers Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle will be seen here for the first time Sunday night at the Cort. Vernon Castle's enlistment with the English aviation corps makes it as good as certain that these terpsichorean marvels will never appear here in person, and this picture product of the Cort Film Corporation must afford local theatregoers their only opportunity of seeing the Castles as they are in life. "The Whirl of Life" is said to be an admirable combination of thrilling drama, romance and comedy, based on the careers of the Castles themselves. The dancing is subordinated to the action, although a thousand feet of film are devoted to showing the Castles in the steps that

set the country dance-mad. "The Whirl of Life" will be shown once every evening at the Cort, with a matinee daily at 2:15. A special musical program will be rendered by an augmented orchestra.

#### Boston Opera and Pavlova

The great number of mail orders received is indicative of the interest in the coming of the Boston Grand Opera Company combined with the Pavlova Imperial Ballet Russe to the Cort for the week beginning March 13. It is by far the most important artistic event of the season. Included in the singing forces are Giovanni Zenatello, Maggie Teyte, Riccardo Martin, Felice Lyne, Maria Gay, Jose Mardones, Luisa Villani, Thomas Chalmers, Elvira Leveroni, Graham Marr, Olivette Marcel, Giuseppe Gaudenzi, Fely Clement, Romeo Boscacci, Bianca Saroya, Giorgi Puliti, Maria Lara, Enrico Nava, Elvira Botani and Tamaki Miura, the Japanese prima donna who will be heard as Cho-Cho-San in "Mme. Butterfly." Pavlova will be supported by Alexandre Volinine, Ivan Clustine, Stefa Plaskovietska, Stasia Kuhn, Pietro Vaszinski and the complete Imperial Ballet Russe. The repertoire: Monday, March 13, and the following Friday, "L'Amore dei Tre Re," with Zenatello, Teyte, Mardones, Marr (Chalmers alternating), followed by Tschaiakowsky's "Nut Cracker" ballet, with Pavlova and the complete Ballet Russe; Tuesday and Thursday, "Mme. Butterfly," with Miura, Leveroni, Martin (Gaudenzi alternating), Chalmers (Mall alternating), followed by Massenet's "Spanish Ballet," with Pavlova and the complete Ballet Russe on Tuesday and by divertissements on Thursday; Wednesday matinee and Saturday night, "I Pagliacci," with Zenatello, Lyne, Marr, followed by Delibes' "Coppelia," with Pavlova and the complete Ballet Russe; Wednesday night and Saturday matinee, "La Boheme," with Teyte, Martin,



LA VERBIST

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## AT THE THEATRES

Mlle. FELYNE



## VERBIST

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Mardones, Marcel, Chalmers (Marr alternating), followed on Wednesday night by "Walpurgis Night," with Mardones, Martin, Pavlowa and the complete Ballet Russe, and at the Saturday matinee by the "Spanish Ballet," with Pavlowa and the Ballet Russe. The bill for the concluding Sunday night will be announced later. The sale of season seats begins at Sherman, Clay Monday. The sale for single operas will begin at the Cort on Monday, March 6.

## Dashing Stenogs at Pantages

"The Office Girls," a commercial comedy with six dashing musical stenographers, will be the star attraction at Pantages. William Craig, Dixie Harris and Belle Montrose have the principal roles. Rucker and Winnifred, ebony entertainers, have a character specialty. "Before the Mast," a travesty, will be presented by Ed Gallagher and Bob Carlin, well known comedians from Broadway. Bobby Harris and Harriet Nolin use two grand pianos, and have smart chatter and popular ballads. Bessie Harvey, the singing equestrienne; Keegan and Ellsworth in patter and dancing; and the eleventh episode of "The Red Circle" round out the bill.

## Society at the Verbist Premiere

The first appearance in this country of Mlle. Felyne Verbist, the Belgian Danseuse, will take place at the Columbia on next Thursday afternoon, and will be a benefit for the Belgian war sufferers. It is under the auspices of the Consulate of Belgium and has the patronage of the following ladies who will be present: Mesdames F. Drion, E. D. Beylard, W. B. Bourn, John Boyd, George Cameron, Frank Carolan, J. B. Casserly, C. W. Clark, B. H. Dibblee, E. L. Eyre, Perry Eyre, J. L. Flood, J. A. Folger, J. D. Grant, W. G. Hitchcock, Osgood Hooker, W. G. Irwin, J. Kittle, C. F. Kohl, Marcus Koshland, A. Legallet, A. L. McLeisch, W. F. Nichols, J. Leroy Nickel, J. R. K. Nuttall, J. Gallois, Stanley Stillman, Cyrus Walker, John Lawson, James Otis Jr., Leon Sloss, A. Stern, George Pope, W. S. Tevis, Miss Polk, J. E. Tucker, Vernon Kellogg, R. L. Wilbur, Jerome Landfield, Thomas Driscoll, E. J. Tobin, Montijo, Mortimer Fleishacker, Dr. Marriana Bertolo, B. J. Brun, A. Sartori, A. E. Sbarboro, E. Martinoni, L. Bocqueraz and Miss Eda Beronio.

## At the Somerton

A dinner was given Monday by Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Lewiston of Boise in a private dining room. Mr. and Mrs. Lewiston have been guests for the past month. Lieutenant and Mrs. Charles Soule, U. S. N., came down from Mare Island this week. Among the other service people registered are Lieutenant G. C. Keleher, U. S. A., and Captain George Steunenberg, U. S. A. Captain and Mrs. Steunenberg came up from Honolulu several weeks ago, and Mrs. Steunenberg is in Letterman's hospital. Mr.

and Mrs. George W. Lewis arrived this week from St. Louis, and will be guests for a fortnight.

## At the Cecil

Mrs. Aaron Milton Burns entertained at luncheon in compliment to her daughter Mrs. L. H. Long on Wednesday. The latter is one of the social leaders in Santa Barbara. Covers were arranged for twelve. After luncheon bridge was enjoyed. Miss Alma Thane complimented eight of her friends at luncheon on the same day. Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Hughes of Portland, Ore., entertained friends Monday.

The man who hesitates is accepted.

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# Where the War Will Be Won

(Continued from Page 6)

Germany is indifferent, and it is easier for us to kill Germans in their present positions in the West than it is anywhere else. Even if these present positions were approximately maintained by the enemy we could make him suffer such losses in them that we could maintain the rate of wastage, which must, in the end, bring him down. In this respect, we have done better in each successive fight in the West, and as the number of our heavy guns and howitzers continues to grow, and the supply of shells mounts up, we can make each fresh attack upon him with greater profit, and impose more sacrifices upon him when he attacks us.

But, it is urged, we cannot break the German lines, and what is the use of attacking them if, in such attacks, we lose more men than he does? These visions of breaking the German lines; these dreams of swallowing the whole German army at a gulp; these half a dozen objectives given to our infantry in an attack and carrying them far beyond the support of their artillery; these massed corps of cavalry ready to stream through the famous Gap, have never appealed to the writer very much, since they have appeared to him to be based upon a fallacy—namely, the expected resurrection of the manoeuvre battle, which, like good Queen Anne and Roland's mare, is unfortunately dead.

How can we expect to break the German lines in one battle? There are lines upon lines, and when we have taken the Aubers Ridge and the Vimy Heights there will be Lille, the Dendre, the Scheldt, the Meuse, the Rhine, and many more lines, as there will be for us if the Germans attacks us, so that this basic idea of breaking the line, good for Trafalgar, is really quite out of place. It is even harmful, for when we win a serious victory like that of September last, when we dispose of 150,000 Germans and capture 150 German guns, we are not content because we have not attained the unattainable and our cavalry have not streamed through the famous Gap. It is lucky that they have not, because the country is unrideable, covered with obstacles, and confines cavalry to roads where a division can be held up by a few machine guns. But if, leaving these really puerile plans aside, and abandoning the idea of breaking the line, we had said before September 25 that we were going to cause the Germans 150,000 casualties and to bring home 150 of their guns, we should have considered the accomplishment of this purpose a great feat, and we should have been satisfied instead of dissatisfied with the result.

Moreover, this misconception of the real problem leads to heavy and unnecessary losses. The writer showed, after Neuve Chapelle, that there were two ways of attacking the enemy's lines, one of which was to grip and hold, and the other to go on after capturing the enemy's first lines with the idea of breaking through and winning a decisive battle. We took Neuve Chapelle and its immediately surrounding defences with little more than 2000 casualties, but, going on into the blue, we did no good; we ran into the German reserves, and we came back to the lines first captured with nothing more gained and with 10,000 more of our men on the floor. The same underlying idea of finishing off the Germans at a blow recurs in our May and September offenses, which equally cost us heavy losses, because we were not content to occupy and consolidate our first gains, and to postpone a further advance until our guns had moved forward and were ready once more to support with their admirable fire our

incomparable infantry. We and the French have exhausted the possibilities of theories upon which our tactics were based in the battles of 1915, and our next business is to set out to find better, with experience as our searchlight.

Certainly we can do better. To begin with, it really is time to beg the higher command of the Allies to forsake the habit of acting separately on each front without regard to the proceedings elsewhere. The failure of the Great Powers of the Allies to co-operate, and to begin their offensive movements more or less simultaneously, has been a grievous disadvantage to us, and has enabled the Germans, with the aid of their admirable railways, to play the game of chassé-croisé every time. Blocks of German troops are transferred from one front to another, and are effectively used, because our various offensives do not synchronize, and the same German troops which were fighting one Power yesterday are fighting another today. It is an elementary duty of the Allied War Council, if it still exists, to decide upon the approximate date, and then for all of us to attack together, in order to deprive Germany of an advantage of which, in the past, she has profited altogether too much.

What is true for the whole great strategic theatre is also true for each front. If the operation which we propose is likely to extend beyond 48 hours, it is quite obvious that, unless the whole German front is attacked, or at all events menaced and harried, our enemy has a simple game to play, for, using his railways again, as well as motor transport, he rushes up the reserves of all neighboring sectors to the front which we are attacking, and meets us at length in equal force. What Werder did on the Lisaine in 1871, and Foch did at Ypres, German generals are doing now. Most, if not all, of our attacks have been condemned to sterility in advance because we have attacked on narrow fronts, have spun out our operations, sometimes over weeks, and by maintaining a passive attitude on other parts of the front placed all the trumps in German hands. The 100 German battalions which met the French in Champagne rapidly grew to 200 because the neighboring sectors remained quiescent, and so it has been with us, on a smaller scale.

A general offensive by all the Allies at once, and a general offensive on each front, are the tactics which will hurt Germany the most, and they are therefore to be commended. They are being rendered more possible every day by the rapid increase of our heavy howitzers and munitions generally, enabling us to devote an increasingly large number of heavy guns to all our sectors, and to maintain a good rate of fire for a longer time. It is not the case that we have yet delivered a serious attack without any concern for our supply of shells. Neither we nor the French have been wholly so fortunate as that, but as time goes on each one of our attacks will be more deadly from the artillery point of view, and we may often enjoy the luxury of driving the enemy out of his trenches by shell fire alone.

The long periods of quiescence, which are unacceptable in principle and yet elapse between one of our attacks and another, are largely due to want of shells, and when we have a practically unlimited supply we can do much better. If we carry on in the future as we have in the past we do not get forward, but rather get back, and with the experience now behind us we must change our tactics to the changed conditions.

Diplomatists and dentists make work for other diplomatists and dentists.

If the Russians ever do capture a warm water port, no doubt they'll shave.

The wages of sin is debt.

Many a married couple sticks together because neither one likes the idea of quarreling with a stranger.

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### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 15539; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of LOUIS LEVY, Deceased.

JACOB LEVY, as Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of LOUIS LEVY, deceased, having on the 23rd day of February, 1916, presented to this Court, and having filed herein his verified petition to due form praying for an order authorizing him to borrow the sum of five thousand dollars, at a rate of interest not exceeding five and one-half per cent net per annum, and to mortgage to the Hibernia Savings & Loan Society as security to it for the payment of such loan, the hereinafter described real property, and that such mortgage security be given by him in the form of a flat mortgage in the sum of four thousand dollars, payable one year after date, with interest thereon at the rate of five and one-half per cent per annum, together with an installment mortgage in the sum of one thousand dollars, with interest at a like rate, principal and interest payable in sixty equal monthly installments of nineteen and 10/100 dollars, and that he be authorized to execute promissory notes therefor, and which said mortgages shall be upon the following described real property situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Turk Street, distant thereon one hundred and two (102) feet seven (7) inches westerly from the westerly line of Buchanan Street, running thence westerly along said northerly line of Turk Street fifty-one (51) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the southerly line of Laurel Avenue; thence at a right angle easterly and along said line of Laurel Avenue fifty-one (51) feet ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to said northerly line of Turk Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 280.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, at the Court Room of Department Number 10 thereof, situate at the City Hall, San Francisco, California, on the 29th day of March, 1916, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M. of said day then and there to show cause, if any they have, why said prayer of said petition should not be granted and the real property above described mortgaged as prayed for.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper published in said City and County of San Francisco.

For further particulars I do hereby refer to the petition now on file herein.

Dated: February 23rd, 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of said Superior Court.

LEO KAUFMANN,  
Attorney-at-law,  
San Francisco, Cal.



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Another week of inactivity in the general list, but on the whole, the market remained firm and absorbed a good many stocks that came from abroad. Copper shares responded to the strength of the metal market. Outside of Mexico, all the important mines in the world are working at full capacity and the output is greater than ever before, but stocks of metal do not seem to be accumulating anywhere, and it is impossible to secure deliveries of metal before next May or June. The price of copper is now the highest ever known and it is not the result of manipulation but of economic conditions. Several important mining companies have declared their initial dividends since the beginning of the year and increases are expected from Anaconda and other regular dividend payers. Some old mines are now taking out their ore reserves as fast as possible, believing that it is better to turn them into cash while high prices are here than to stick to the original intention of holding reserves of ore against the day when exploration work no longer discloses new values. This applies to some important mines owned by great capitalists or closely held and not in the market. Railroad reports and other evidences of domestic prosperity were as encouraging as ever. Many manufacturers are only just beginning to turn out the goods demanded by changed conditions or forced by them. Exports of war materials will be much larger hereafter if Congress makes no mistake. Many large concerns are only beginning to ship freely, many months having been consumed in changing plants and experimenting. Powder factories, chemical works, brass factories, and all gun and ammunition shops were able to go ahead from the beginning, because it was their regular work, but other plants had to take more time and spend considerable money to get ready, as was recently disclosed in the annual report of the American Can Company. Steel common moved sluggishly but many of the equipment stocks were strong. The corporation has all the business it can handle and is booked ahead for months, and those in control wish to discourage speculation in steel products.

**Wheat**—The July future is beginning to show the influences of deteriorating crop reports, which should have but little value at the moment for the reason that there has as yet been no developing weather necessary to disclose impairment. Reports from Kansas have been to the effect that the snow and ice had disappeared from the last storm, and the wheat plant was looking remarkably green and thrifty. Sleet ice over the open fields is generally honey-combed and has never, in our recollection, suffocated plant life that has had the start of the present crop of winter wheat, and the advances caused by such reports would be, we think, premature. Crop scares lacking a reasonable foundation would do everybody in the trade

more harm than good. Our theory embraces not only the usual amount of winter damage but also the heavy reduction already conceded in the acreage and the possibility of insect depredations, as forecast by the Government. It is along the lines of precedent that big harvest results are not as a rule triplicated and a light yield is due. We think this will prove the foundation of an advance which may duplicate the highest appreciation of last year.

**Corn**—It is not clearly seen how a weather embargo upon receipts would materially aid the bulls in corn, although this is the foundation of the theory of higher prices. Any delay in the marketing of soft corn will only add to its deterioration and further depress the cash market whenever it is moved to receiving terminals, which would be reflected to the futures, if precedent is followed. There is at present no need of increased receipts, for the Eastern demand is as near nothing as it ever gets, and we do not believe the industries will continue to load themselves with this quality of grain when they have enough purchased for their present needs. Whenever they should withdraw from the market with large receipts of high moisture test corn, the situation would be an interesting one from a bull standpoint. Outside of the industries, any commercial undertaking would be reasonably safe compared with the experiment of merchandising such corn as comprises the bulk of the present receipts. Some of it shows 28 per cent moisture, but it is safe to conclude that later receipts will show great improvement in the moisture test.

**Cotton**—The cotton market finally got out of its rut and prices broke rapidly to below the 12 cent level for May. Heavy liquidation in March contracts started the decline and this selling upset the general market. The difficulty appears to be that they are fighting, not a speculative bear move, but natural forces which are working against the market. The large accumulation of cotton in the South, the poor export demand and the approach of planting time are a combination of conditions which have not been created by any one man or set of men, and it will take more than speculative effort to offset them, in the opinion of conservative observers. Reports from the South tend to dwell more on new crop preparations than heretofore. This is natural in view of the time of year. It would appear from these that there is quite a diversity of views regarding the probable policy of farmers. Down in Texas an organized effort to keep acreage down is in progress but nothing of the kind has come to the notice of the press in other parts of the belt. A fair conclusion from news dispatches and mail advices would appear to be that the natural impulse of farmers is to increase their acreage and that they have not yet been convinced that it would be a good policy to keep it down to last season's small total.

NOTICE OF SPECIAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS OF KERN-NEILAN CO., INC., A CORPORATION, FOR THE PURPOSE OF REMOVING BOARD OF DIRECTORS FROM OFFICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, pursuant to the call and demand of the holders and owners of more than one-half of the issued or outstanding capital stock of Kern-Neilan Co., Inc., a corporation, a special meeting of the stockholders of said corporation has been called and will be held at its office, No. 316 Bush Street, San Francisco, Calif., on Saturday, March 4, 1916, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition of removing from office the present Board of Directors of said corporation and of electing a new board in lieu thereof.

Dated, February 16, 1916.

(Seal of Kern-Neilan Co., Inc.)

ALBERT E. KERN,  
Secretary of Kern-Neilan Co., Inc.

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DECEMBER 31ST, 1915:

Assets .....	\$61,849,662.02
Deposits .....	58,840,699.38
Capital actually paid up in Cash .....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds .....	2,008,962.64
Employees' Pension Fund .....	211,238.93
Number of Depositors .....	67,406
Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M., and Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.	

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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SARAH MYERS, also known as SARAH MEYERS, also known as SARAH MEYER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, GEORGE J. MYERS, Administrator of the estate of SARAH MYERS, also known as SARAH MEYERS, also known as SARAH MEYER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Norman A. Eisner, Esq., his Attorney, Rooms Numbers 344 and 345 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SARAH MYERS, also known as SARAH MEYERS, also known as SARAH MEYER, deceased.

GEORGE J. MYERS,

Administrator of the estate of Sarah Myers, also known as Sarah Meyers, also known as Sarah Meyer, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 29, 1916.

NORMAN A. EISNER,

Attorney for Administrator,

344-345 Mills Bldg., San Francisco.

1-29-5

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71603. FELIX D. C. McGOVERN, Plaintiff, vs. JANET B. McGOVERN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JANET B. McGOVERN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By ROBERT W. DENNIS, Deputy Clerk.

TOWSON S. GRASY,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

1201 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

26-2-10

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATHILDE GERHARDT (also called MATHILDE J. GERHARDT), deceased.—No. 20299; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of MATHILDE GERHARDT (also called Mathilde J. Gerhardt), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATHILDE GERHARDT (also called Mathilde J. Gerhardt), deceased.

JULIETTE M. DAVIDSON, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Mathilde Gerhardt (also called Mathilde J. Gerhardt), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 12, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.

Attorney for Executrix,

No. 333 Kearny Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

2-12-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM ROSS, deceased.—No. 20243; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the will of said WILLIAM ROSS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of Messrs. Powell & Dow, room 1029 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM ROSS, deceased.

ELIZABETH ROSS, Executrix of the will of William Ross, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, January 29th, 1916.

POWELL & DOW,

Attorneys for Executrix,

Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1-29-5

# ECZEMA

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Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

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Post Office..... State.....  
Street and No.....

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS WOODS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of THOMAS WOODS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Paul F. Fratesa, Room 901-7 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS WOODS, deceased.

DAVID W. CRONIN,

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Thomas Woods, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 5th, 1916.

PAUL F. FRATESSA,

Attorney for Executor,

901-7 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-5-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIA CASTAGNETTO, deceased.—No. 20163.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARIA CASTAGNETTO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, Esq., at No. 550 Montgomery Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

GIACOMO CASTAGNETTO,

Administrator of the estate of Maria Castagnetto, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26, 1916.

JOSEPH F. CAVAGNARO,

Attorney for Estate,

550 Montgomery St.,

San Francisco, Cal.

26-2-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN CAMPE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of ELLEN CAMPE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of W. H. Morrissey, 804 Mechanics Building, 948 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN CAMPE, deceased.

FREDERICK DAREWOOD CAMPE,

Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Ellen Campe, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12, 1916.

W. H. MORRISSEY,

Attorney for Administrator,

948 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

2-12-5

Briggs—Bilkins is going to join our poker club.

Griggs—Bilkins! Why, he is a deacon in the church!

Briggs—That so? I'm glad you warned me.

"What is an evil genius?"  
"The gift of poetry."

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HEALEY C. DAVIS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of HEALEY C. DAVIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Norman A. Eisner, his attorney, 344-345 Mills Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HEALEY C. DAVIS, deceased.

FLORENCE DAVIS,

Administratrix of the estate of Healey C. Davis, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26, 1916.

NORMAN A. EISNER,

Attorney for Administratrix,

344-345 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

26-2-5

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVII. No. 1228

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 4, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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Our Blundering and Pharisaical Naval Secretary

"Jack" Tait Talks of "War Money" on Broadway

*Watch for the March Lantern*



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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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### Manslaughter On the Highway

In an advancing civilization every progressive step places the people in a new position, and gradually it dawns on them that if they would realize the benefits of that new state and preserve those of the past they must adopt many rules and new courses of action. Precisely what we mean will be made clear on considering how extremely precarious human life has been made by the motor car and the speed lust it has engendered. Now that the automobile is a popular vehicle, manslaughter by motor has become like one of the familiar episodes of daily life. So lightly is it regarded by public opinion that to the driver who skids in human blood the incident is hardly anything more than a contretemps, which he regrets, since he must lose the time in which he is required to pay ceremonious deference to the majesty of the law. This is one of the consequences of leaving the law of the highway as it was when horse power was at once serviceable and fashionable, in the days when we enjoyed a leisurely existence. We have not taken cognizance of the inapplicability of old rules to the new position to which we have been advanced. It appears that they are a little more alert in France where, though there is not much boasting of pre-eminence, nevertheless there is a civilization that means not merely urbanity and culture but also the antithesis of rudeness and barbarism; means, in fact, certain arrangements of society for protecting the persons and property of its members. In France there is no fixed speed limit, but if the driver of a motor car takes a human life the presumption of the law is that he was driving at an unreasonable rate of speed. The burden of proof is on the defendant. To be acquitted he must show that he was not indulging his speed lust, but the presumption is against him. A harsh law? Perhaps, but motor "accidents" are of rare occurrence in France, and the nerves of pedestrians are not in-

cessantly racked by barbarous brutes on wheels.

### Congress Ignores the President

In the first and second years of his term Mr. Wilson's friends perceived evidence of his greatness in his perfect control of the legislative branch of the government. Many critics regarding the subservience of Congress to the White House as proof of executive ability pronounced Mr. Wilson a Chief Magistrate of the first rank. If we accept their test of ability what shall we say now? Congress is no longer on its marrow bones to Mr. Wilson. It is kicking over the traces. Whatever it may do respecting his foreign policies it is not to be dictated to in domestic affairs. Consider what has already been done with his national defense plans. In his December message to the Congress he urged certain increases in the regular army which, he said, should be supplemented "by a force of 400,000 disciplined citizens" who should be trained "with suitable units of the regular army." Speaking of this plan he said: "At least so much by way of preparation for defense seems to me to be absolutely imperative now." He added: "We cannot do less." Apparently we are going to do much less. The House Military Committee has proposed a "Federalized" National Guard in place of the United States force for which the President pleaded. Yet in a speech made on January 27 the President pronounced a "Federalized" National Guard impracticable because "under the Constitution of the United States it is under the direction of more than two score States" and in all probability cannot "be made a direct resource as a national reserve under national authority." Instead of an army the House Military Committee is in favor of giving us a legal question to be decided by the courts whenever any one of forty-eight Governors will refuse to subordinate his constitutional power to the authority of the Secretary of State.

### Stupidity at the Helm

Vain apparently is the hope that under the present Administration steps may be taken to provide the nation with an adequate system of defense. Every intelligent citizen knows there is imperative need of so arming the nation as to deter foreign Powers from indulging the hope of profiting at our expense, and in the circumstances the news from Washington is anything but inspiring. The proverbially dull party in power, devoid of common purpose, lacking coherence, gives no promise of escaping the calamity of utter disorganization. Considering the low level of intelligence in Cabinet and Congress we are fortunate that the outlook is no worse.

We have become very democratic with the consequence that a Josephus Daniels becomes a shining light of the Government. And Josephus is not at all singular or uncommon in the Washington of this melancholy period. Congress abounds in talents of the kind displayed by Representative Oscar Callaway of Comanche, Texas, who is a member of the Naval Affairs Committee. Here is a statesman who thinks that battleships should carry submarines lashed to their decks to the scene of battle and that they should fight head-on rather than broadside to broadside. Oscar bubbles over with hints of this kind for the benefit of the navy. This statesman's intellectuals are on a par with those of the Hon. John R. Connelly of Kansas, a new member of the Naval Affairs Committee of the House who wrote a constituent the other day that should the United States be invaded the inhabitants of the Atlantic seaboard could retire behind the Alleghenies and those of the Pacific Coast behind the Rockies and live out their lives in perfect security. More recently he inquired at a committee meeting whether torpedo boat destroyers were intended to chase and destroy torpedoes.

### Divines With Thoughts Astray

Now comes the Rev. James Norcross, a Baptist preacher of Pittsburg, with the suggestion that our "Occidental sisters" should wear trousers like the women of China. "If all women adopted the masculine attire," he says, "they would feel better." Which reminds us again that preachers are doing a lot of thinking these days on women, for women and about women. We have seen that the Rev. Paul Jordan Smith of Berkeley had so many thoughts clamoring for utterance that he was tempted to put them in a book which, under a misapprehension he called *The Soul of Woman*. When writing that book the Rev. Paul Jordan Smith's thoughts were as far from the subject of the spirit as were the thoughts of Norcross of Pittsburg when that putative soul-saver was advising women to encase their legs in trousers. Indeed it is not unlikely that the thoughts of both preachers were in the same groove: The Pittsburg divine advises women to wear trousers that they may "feel better," and the comfort of certain women is what concerns the Berkeley divine. These men are doctors not of divinity but of the flesh, like that up-country parson by the horrible name of Slaughter who has been engaged in the congenial occupation of teaching a fifteen-year-old girl sex hygiene. Surely they are not much concerned about snatching brands from the burning.



### Neutrality a Negative Virtue

Long ago we perceived the difficulty of complying with President Wilson's request to maintain a strict neutrality in thought, word and deed. Curiously enough President Wilson himself made the task difficult, since one could not endorse his brand of Americanism without implicating oneself in his partiality to American principles. And thus one became a partisan and suffered rebuke. Such is the penalty of neutrality in the depths of a melting pot like ours. But after all what a measly thing neutrality is! We believe there is a cult of neutrality, but it is as soulless as a corporation. Neutrality is found among invertebrates of the human species, but it is common only to bivalves. We have met a few eminent neutrals, but like eminent world-menders they seem inadequately nourished by what they feed on. The wildest enthusiast that ever carried a banner for a forlorn hope is less fantastic, less a priori incredible, than the man who has remained neutral up to date. Indeed that man is probably an impostor. Neutrality is a negative virtue, and all the negative virtues are the peculiar assets of the white livered. Sometimes it requires courage and resolution to maintain an opinion; never, to avoid a plain issue or to exhibit the spirit of compromise which is a characteristic of the congenitally crestfallen. A neutral attitude bespeaks the caution of the chameleon that preserves life by assuming the color of its environment. It is almost impossible for any man of normal temperament to be an indifferent spectator at a contest however trivial. We have heard of impartial historians, but we have never met one. All great histories are the productions of partisans. Herodotus, Tacitus, Gibbon, Macaulay, Motley—all were men whose judgments were swayed by their likes and their dislikes. What we see of history we see through their eyes. They give us facts colored by their views and principally the facts that strongly support their arguments on conduct and morality. Thus they have made history worth while. Impartiality is a virtue only in the jurist. The ideal jurist is the just judge who has the courage to turn a deaf ear to public clamor. So noble is this moral courage that it commands the homage even of the mob, which is one reason why the recall will eventually become unpopular. Even now it is esteemed only by that contemptible creature the little bully of the press who takes delight in reminding judges that the recall will get them if they don't watch out.


### Witchburners Past and Present

Commenting on the news that we read the other day of the arrest of a colored woman in Nova Scotia for witchcraft, a wise editor observes that it "carries us back to as topsy-turvy a world as a world of lunatics, a world scarcely less removed from our own than the world of Jack and the Beanstalk." As a matter of fact, in so far as the human mind is concerned, the world has not changed at all since the days of universal belief in magic influences


and Satanic interventions. We are living in precisely the same world that existed in the fifteenth century when the Mayor of Bale condemned a cock to be burnt alive for laying an egg; when the witch riding on her broom through the air was a more common feature of medieval life than the aeroplane is of our own. We have added to our store of knowledge, but not to the power of our mind. Having perceived the laws of nature, man is little less superstitious than he was in the days when he perceived no law in nature save that anything might happen. But he is not less credulous nor less dogmatic nor less unreasonable. True, in medieval times he was very cruel to persons arrested for witchcraft, but he believed that witches were the Devil's daughters, and he regarded the detection and extermination of them a matter of great importance. Nothing affords a better idea of the extent to which the belief was accepted even among the most humane and tolerant than the fact that Sir Thomas Browne gave evidence in court against two poor women who were charged with being witches, and who were put to death. We regard the witches in *Macbeth* as the arbitrarily invented figures of pantomime, but possibly Shakespeare did not so regard them; for in his day people generally accepted witchcraft as we accept wireless telegraphy. Queen Elizabeth believed in it as firmly as did King James who was convinced that witches caused the storm that tossed his ship on his return from Denmark with the Princess Anne. As to the harsh treatment of witches it was no worse than the treatment men and women are subjected to in the madness of war in our own enlightened and sentimental century. What human nature is capable of when it yields to some mad idea we learn not from the history of any period but from the history of all the past. And the human mind is not any more immune to madness now than it was in Shakespeare's day. Disbelief in witchcraft was partly the result of acquired knowledge, but knowledge did not assuage the fury of persecution. Witches were burned in Europe as late as 1775. Persecution ceased when the fury spent itself and men got tired of paying tribute to the Devil. It seems that there is a certain element in human nature which craves a pretext for engaging in furious persecution of some kind. There is always a certain amount of religious persecution going on somewhere. The inspiration of it is the spirit of intolerance, which is so strong in some men that dissent from their views on any subject madens them. Wherever you find a bitter reformer you find a person wishing for the Inquisition. The witchburners of old were the progenitors of the prohibitionists of our day who demand the confiscation of property on the ground that it nourishes a certain son of the Devil whom they call the Demon Rum. The zeal with which men applied themselves to the task of exterminating the Devil's daughters was not more terrible than that of the propa-

gandists who solemnly assert that the human race cannot be saved except by prohibition. These men are obviously more unreasonable than the Salian Franks of the fifth century who made the law that any sorceress who devoured a man should on conviction be fined two hundred sous; for at least there was what appeared to be competent testimony of the existence of the cannibal sorceress. All the highest scientific testimony of our day is against the prohibitionists, and any intelligent man is capable of reasoning that as the human race has thrived on stimulants through all time it is unlikely that it will begin to retrograde shortly on account of a certain fierce demon. Indeed, as we all know that there is not today five per cent of the drunkenness there was a century ago, the statistical evidence would seem to argue that the human will is more powerful than the bad demon; also it would seem to argue that if there are signs of recent racial deterioration they must be due to that pernicious refinement of manners by which drunkenness was made unpopular. Yet the sons and daughters of the witchburners; that is to say, the "dry" agitators, are for prohibition, and surely they are quite as unjust as their forbears whose method of "discovering" a witch was to tie the hands of a suspect and drag her through a pond. If she sank she would be drowned, but at least she was vindicated as a Christian. That the sons and daughters of the witchburners are imbued with the cruel spirit of their forbears we may infer from their readiness to destroy property that has been honestly acquired with the permission and approval of the Government, and that has helped to support the country. They cannot burn but they can impoverish, and they are crazy to do their worst. They are far less reasonable than the Mayor who condemned the cock, for whereas somebody showed him the egg and swore away the life of the fowl, the prohibitionists have nothing but the bias of their mind to confirm them in their stupid intolerance. As Lecky said, if we considered witchcraft probable, a hundredth part of the evidence the witchburners possessed would place it beyond the region of doubt. As to the evidence regarding the effect or stimulants on the human race all but a millionth part of it shows that they are essential to its progress, but the children of the witchburners are for ignoring it.

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## Varied Types

CCLXX—JOHN TAIT

By Edward F. O'Day

There are several men in our town round whom the whirl of life eddies in never-ending convolutions. They are in this whirl and they are of it, but they are not carried away by it. They are centers in circles of gayety, of frivolity, of febrile excitement. They have their experienced fingers on the accelerated pulse of spending. They know the difference between justifiable expenditure and extravagance, for they are studying both things every day of their lives. They are philosophers of a not-too-Stoic school cast by the circumstances of business into the very midst of Epicureanism. In that swaying crowd they keep their balance. Wreathed about by the intoxicating fumes of the mirth that mounts with wine, of the rapture that lolls to music and of the ecstasy that hums along the veins to the challenge of woman's loveliness, their heads are clear, their brains are sober and there is no giddiness in their smiles. They love life because life is good; but they know that joy is not all of life, and they are sensible of their serious responsibilities.

Some of them are just a little blasé, but not many. To become blasé is, for these men, to fall behind the forward surge of the reveling procession it is their business to lead. Perhaps they are a trifle cynical, but why not? One cannot study amusement and purvey it without acquiring that behind-the-scenes attitude of mind which verges on cynicism. But they are also very tender of human nature, its foibles and its weaknesses. They are not as easily disappointed in mankind as reformers are. They ask for liberality from others, and extend it to all, even to the bigoted. Their tone is not nearly as high as that taken by college professors, puritans, vice crusaders and others of superior flesh and blood; it is without doubt more suited to the strange world we live in. They have their ideals, these men, but do not flaunt them in the faces of the mob. To know these men is to love them; to appeal to them for the alleviation of want is to be succored by them, gently, humbly and unostentatiously succored.

You know the men I mean. Or if you don't, consider your education in this town's affairs deplorably incomplete. Jack Tait is one of them.

Jack Tait is just back from a visit to New York. He journeyed to Babylon with another man of the same sort, Jim Woods of the St. Francis. Together these two experts in municipal gayety gave the big town what David Starr Jordan might or might not call "the once-over." They know their New York, these two, from the Battery up. They have always known it so well that they have given us many a touch of Broadway and Fifth Avenue in San Francisco. What they have to say about its present condition is not only interesting but valuable.

Ask Jack Tait about the New York he found this trip, and he throws up his hand and has his adjectives paged.

"It is such a New York as has never been known before," he says. "It is an astounding New York, an overwhelming New York, a New York that takes your breath away, knocks you endwise and leaves you gasping for expressions that will approximate its amazing prosperity. The most populous city in the world has become the richest, the gayest, the maddest in its insatiable hunt for newer and quicker ways to spend its money. Along the primrose path of Broadway they are doing everything except

burning money in bonfires. The gold is rolling into Manhattan in streams, and the streams are floods. The great white way is paved with war money.

"A crowd of visitors equal to the population of San Francisco swarms into New York every day from all parts of North and South America. It comes for business and for pleasure. Its business done it invests a large part of its takings in pleasure. And so the purveyors of amusement are hard put to it to supply the inordinate demand. The hotels are jammed. The great hotels of New York cannot accommodate the hordes that sweep up to the desks to register. The McAlpin with eighteen hundred rooms is building an annex with one thousand more. In the porters' quarters you find mountains of suitcases and bags, the impedimenta of wouldbe guests not yet assigned to rooms because there are no rooms. It has become necessary to establish a hotel clearing house, so that visitors may be booked in the hotel of their second, third, fourth or fifth choice when the hotel of their first choice cannot receive them. The hotel restaurants and grills are full, and the tea rooms are packed to capacity with women. In tea rooms like that of the Biltmore which accommodates five or six hundred it is a very influential or very fortunate party of women which finds a table. And the hotel lobbies! Pandemonium is the only word.

"It is the same with the fashionable restaurants. Unless you enter with a crisp bill for the head waiter conspicuously displayed in your outstretched hand you might just as well stay away. There is no table for you. Once seated you find the wine flowing as it flows in San Francisco on New Year's Eve.

"The theatres are doing a tremendous business. The city rejoices in more successes than it has had in decades. There is such a demand for seats that a two-dollar ticket costs you as much as ten. If you book seats two weeks in advance you must still pay a premium on them. So great is the insistence on amusement at all hours that the Ziegfeld Revue on the New Amsterdam Roof which begins at midnight is thronged as soon as it opens. And the cafes which pay a bonus of ten dollars a night for all-night licenses that run from two in the morning till breakfast time are doing a land-office business. They are crowded with dancers at six in the cold, gray dawn. So reluctant are the merry-makers to leave that they breakfast in these places, and dance between the grapefruit and the omelet!

"Where is all this money coming from? From the Allied governments. From war orders. I met one man who had just filled a shipload order for the Russian government. When he had seen the last ton of his coffee, tea, sugar, bacon, etc.—buying is by the ton these days—into the waist of the steamer he was handed a check in full payment at the ship's side. He showed me the check. It was for a million and a quarter. That is the way business is done. He told me that he had five factories, four in the East and one in California, turning out desiccated potatoes. These factories work three shifts at full capacity twenty-four hours a day turning out desiccated potatoes, and he is selling them as fast as they are delivered in New York. All the factories are working twenty-four hours a day. A shoe manufacturer I met

had just received an order for four million pairs of shoes for one of the Allied armies. And so it goes. Such a howling mob of curb speculators as you see down town has never been known in New York before. And they do business at three below zero!

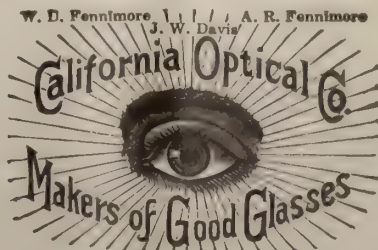
"New York is all for the Allies. The feeling in their favor is wonderfully strong and pervasive. When the German Ambassador stopped at the Ritz-Carlton that big hotel lost one-third of its business immediately. It is run by an English company, but that fact does not weigh against the knowledge that its manager is a German and that von Bernstorff put up there. To counteract this unpopularity the Ritz-Carlton gave a big benefit for the wounded French soldiers, but so far it has not recovered its prestige.

"New York is a maelstrom of money and industry, a maelstrom that sucks you in. While you are there the desire to have a part in all this is almost irresistible. But when the train takes you across the continent from the regions where you see no blade of grass, no green tree, where the skies are cold and gray, where the air nips and the snow is dirty under foot—when you enter the paradise of California once more the lure of New York fades into thin air, the spell is broken and you are content to live and work in God's own country. In the eyes of New York we are inconsiderable. They know little about us, and care less. But we have many things they can never have, and thank Heaven! we appreciate them the better for the contrast.

"Have we anything to learn from New York? A great deal, of course. New York is liberal. New York believes that when people are seeking legitimate amusement they have the right to choose their own hours. New York knows that facilities for amusement unhampered by obnoxious regulations make for prosperity, and that the principal concern of government is to see that all amusement enterprises are conducted properly. Because it recognizes these things New York has been able to take advantage of the conditions brought about by the war and will remain for years to come the amusement center of the world, enjoying all the advantages implied by that supremacy."

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## Perspective Impressions

Governor Johnson appears to have sized up a situation pretty accurately when he spoke of "shadow fighters."

The President's remarks about Valor (in the Gridiron speech) remind us a little of the Falstaffian excursus concerning Honor.

The Russian Minister of Finance is called M. Bark. This is probably an abbreviation of Bowwowski.

Considering the calmness with which the French capital is said to take the assault at Verdun we shall probably end by calling them "the stolid Parisians."

In 1814 when war was raging in Europe John Quincy Adams said: "Our military incapacity when this war commenced was so great that a few years more of peace would have extinguished every spark of martial ardor among us." In 100 years history repeated itself.

The National Institute for Moral Instruction has offered a prize for a "code of morals for general use in the schools and homes of the country," not over 3000 words in length. This is another slam at the author of the Ten Commandments.

President Wilson appears to have concluded that the sweet dream of altruism is not coming true during his term.

"A man who seeks the Presidency of the United States for anything that it will bring him is an audacious fool," says President Wilson. Had anybody raised the point?

"Kaiser gets check," read the headline. Quickly buying the extra we scanned the first page, but in vain. It did not tell whether the Kaiser cashed it.

Some folks proud of their culture seem to be of the opinion that as all creation presupposes an intermingling of complementary principles symbolized in maleness and femaleness, the highest of all human ideals has for its foundation an instinct which man has in common with the beasts of the field.

The American Federation of Labor is indignant at a proposal to make Government clerks in Washington, D. C., work eight hours a day instead of seven. On the theory, perhaps, that if compelled to spend eight hours at their desks the poor Government clerks will yawn themselves to death or expire of ennui.

Perhaps we should be grateful to the Rev. Paul Jordan Smith for making it known to us that there is a minister in the Central Methodist Episcopal Church with the sober sense and sounds views that distinguish the Rev. Paul Smith when he discusses a question of morals.

The Evangelical Alliance has made a Vice Report on St. Louis. Among other things the Evangelicals discover that at cabarets semi-nude women give suggestive dances. Thus we see that cabarets in St. Louis are keeping pace with theatres elsewhere.

Occasionally there is something good in the Congressional Record. Thus, on February 21 the Record contained Washington's Farewell Address.

A theatre manager of Kansas City attributes the decline of interest in musical comedy to the competition of the passing show of femininity in the street which discloses as much as the show on the stage. Sumurun must have side-stepped Kansas by way of proof of its sanity.

When Congress was rising in revolt Mr. Wilson probably renewed his wish that a certain unspeakable person might be kicked into a cocked hat.

## The Revolt of Congress

*(The uprising in Congress last week, when an attempt was made to take the foreign policy of our country out of the hands of the President, is without precedent. It provoked much criticism, speculation and comment in Eastern newspapers, excerpts from which follow.—Editor's note.)*

### NEW YORK SUN:

The Congress does not want war; it believes, unquestionably correctly, that the nation does not want war; it is excluded from the Executive's counsels; it is puzzled by the apparent contradictions of his course. Beset by rumors, incited by interested agencies, affected by local and passing conditions, it gave way to its worst tendencies and virtually sought to seize by force what is denied to it by law. It thought to take out of the President's hands the control of our foreign policy, and apply to the situation remedies it conceives to be better than those he has adopted. . . . No sane man, after the exhibition that was given on Wednesday, can for a moment believe that the conditions of our foreign affairs would be bettered by injecting into them a more powerful Congressional influence than that which obtained yesterday. We say "which obtained yesterday," because the occurrences of the preceding twenty-four hours must have had an illuminating effect in the White House. If within its walls there has hitherto been any misunderstanding of the temper of Congress, of the doubts and questionings that have sprung up in the minds of Representatives, and which correctly reflect the misgivings of all Americans, that misunderstanding has now been swept away. The President has need of all his firmness, all his power, all his great authority, to circumvent the men who are plotting against him in and out of Congress. It is with no friendly intent that bills are drawn and plans hatched to palsy the arm with which he directs the country's foreign policy. . . . We may deplore the mistake of Secretary Lansing's note respecting the disarmament of merchantmen. It was a mistake, because ill-timed

and most unfortunately phrased, but it would be a poor correction of it to give cowardly assent to the lawless announcement of further intended murders, which was instantly forthcoming from the Teutonic Powers, quick to take advantage of an unguarded expression. . . . If the pacifists, the Bryanites, and the hyphenates in Congress and out who are trying to bedevil our foreign relations really want war, they are going at their work in the right way. The success of their plot would lead straight to provocations that would stir the country to demand satisfaction and in a tone that would drown their pipings of disloyalty.

### NEW YORK TRIBUNE:

If Americans were only a little more familiar with the operations of German intrigue in other countries, they could not mistake what has now taken place in Washington. Exactly one year ago the same thing happened in Rome. At that time German tools, German agents, German-owned Italian politicians attempted to turn out a patriotic ministry, to serve German ends. This is the way Germany always works. The Democratic party and the Democratic leaders in Congress are simply playing the part that Giolitti and his supporters played in the Italian Parliament one year ago—the part which means the betrayal of their own country for political or pecuniary personal gain. . . . Terrified by the fact that at last the executive branch of our government has begun to perceive that no concession, no humiliation, no obsequiousness, will avail and that what German statesmanship asks is not concession, but unconditional compliance, the German agents have gone to the Capitol, they have established themselves in the new

headquarters and they are using the cowardice, the selfishness and the greed of Democratic politicians to dominate the policy of the nation and coerce an Executive who until yesterday was their victim, whose escape from them must be but temporary if their ends are to be achieved. Not since Abraham Lincoln was chosen to sit in the White House has there been a graver crisis than that of the moment. . . . We now see the Hyphen in its real perspective, in its true character. The German-American, as Bernhardt forecast, has now set out to rule or ruin American public life. The Democratic politician has become the willing tool and the ready servant. It is now the simple duty of every Republican legislator to face this peril and this danger with courage, with firmness, with patriotism. The Democrats have sold out to the Germans; will the Republicans sell out? If they do there will be a third party this fall, again, but it will be a party of Americanism, not of Progressivism or anything else.

### NEW YORK POST:

The Administration is certainly not in a position to blame those people who have got stirred up by thinking about the question of Americans on the armed ships of belligerents. It was the Administration's own agitation of that subject which agitated others. But for Secretary Lansing's note proposing to the Teutonic Powers and the Allies a compromise in the matter of the submarine against the armed merchantman, the feeling in Congress would never have reached its present height. There were phrases in the offer of our State Department, which, however well-intentioned, were

(Continued on Page 17.)



## The Battle of the Marne

*(Addressing an imaginary German professor whom he calls Professor Whirlwind, G. K. Chesterton has written a book entitled "The Crimes of England" which are not the crimes charged against Englishmen by the Germans. The thesis is that England's crimes were committed in defense of Prussia and in furthering Prussian schemes of aggrandizement even to the disadvantage of England, as for example the crime of parting from Heligoland. From this book the following chapter is taken.—Editor's note.)*

The impression produced by the first week of war was that the British contingent had come just in time for the end of the world. Or rather, for any sensitive and civilized man, touched by the modern doubt but by the equally modern mysticism, that old theocratic vision fell far short of the sickening terror of the time. For it was a day of judgment in which upon the throne in heaven and above the cherubim, sat not God, but another.

The British had been posted at the extreme western end of the allied line in the north. The other end rested on the secure city and fortress of Namur; their end rested upon nothing. It is not wholly a sentimental fancy to say that there was something forlorn in the position of that loose end in a strange land, with only the sad fields of Northern France between them and the sea. For it was really round that loose end that the foe would probably fling the lasso of his charge; it was here that death might soon be present upon every side. It must be remembered that many critics, including many Englishmen, doubted whether a rust had not eaten into this as into other parts of the national life, feared that England had too long neglected both the ethic and the technique of war, and would prove a weak link in the chain. The enemy was absolutely certain that it was so. To these men, standing disconsolately amid the hedgeless plains and poplars, came the news that Namur was gone, which was to their captains one of the four corners of the earth. The two armies had touched; and instantly the weaker took an electric shock which told of electric energy, deep into deep Germany, battery behind battery of abysmal force. In the instant it was discovered that the enemy was more numerous than they had dreamed. He was actually more numerous even than they discovered. Every oncoming horseman doubled as in a drunkard's vision; and they were soon striving without speech in a nightmare of numbers. Then all the allied forces at the front were overthrown in the tragic battle of Mons; and began that black retreat, in which so many of our young men knew war first and at its worst in this terrible world; and so many never returned.

In that blackness began to grow strange emotions, long unfamiliar to our blood. Those six dark days are as full of legends as the six centuries of the Dark Ages. Many of these may be exaggerated fancies, one was certainly an avowed fiction, others are quite different from it and more difficult to dissipate into the daylight. But one curious fact remains about them if they were all lies, or even if they were all deliberate works of art. Not one of them referred to those close, crowded, and stirring three centuries which are nearest to us, and which alone are covered in this sketch, the centuries during which the Teutonic influence had expanded itself over our islands. Ghosts were there perhaps, but they were the ghosts of forgotten ancestors. Nobody saw Cromwell or even Wellington; nobody so much as thought about Cecil Rhodes. Things were either seen or said among the British which linked them up, in matters deeper than any alliance, with the French, who spoke of Joan of Arc in heaven above the fated city; or the Russians who

dreamed of the Mother of God with her hand pointing to the west. They were the visions or the inventions of a mediaeval army; and a prose poet was in line with many popular rumors when he told of ghostly archers crying "Array, Array," as in that long-disbanded yeomanry in which I have fancied Cobbett as carrying a bow. Other tales, true or only symptomatic, told of one on a great white horse who was not the victor of Blenheim or even the Black Prince, but a faint figure out of far-off martyrologies—St. George. One soldier is asserted to have claimed to identify the saint because he was "on every quid." On the coins, St. George is a Roman soldier.

But these fancies, if they were fancies, might well seem the last sickly flickerings of an old-world order now finally wounded to the death. That which was coming on, with the whole weight of a new world, was something that had never been numbered among the Seven Champions of Christendom. Now, in more doubtful and more hopeful days, it is almost impossible to repicture what was, for those who understood, the gigantic finality of the first German strides. It seemed as if the forces of the ancient valor fell away to right and left; and there opened a grand, smooth granite road right to the gate of Paris, down which the great Germania moved like a tall, unanswerable sphinx, whose pride could destroy all things and survive them. In her train moved, like moving mountains, cyclopean guns that had never been seen among men, before which walled cities melted like wax, their mouths set insolently upwards as if threatening to besiege the sun. Nor is it fantastic to speak so of the new and abnormal armaments; for the soul of Germany was really expressed in colossal wheels and cylinders; and her guns were more symbolic than her flags. Then and now, and in every place and time, it is to be noted that the German superiority has been in a certain thing and of a certain kind. It is not unity; it is not, in the moral sense, discipline. Nothing can be more united in a moral sense than a French, British or Russian regiment. Nothing, for that matter, could be more united than a Highland clan at Killiecrankie or a rush of religious fanatics in the Soudan. What such engines, in such size and

multiplicity, really meant was this: they meant a type of life naturally intolerable to happier and more healthy-minded men, conducted on a larger scale and consuming larger populations than had ever been known before. They meant cities growing larger than provinces, factories growing larger than cities; they meant the empire of the slum. They meant a degree of detailed repetition and dehumanized division of labor, to which no man born would surrender his brief span in the sunshine, if he could hope to beat his ploughshare into a sword. The nations of the earth were not to surrender to a Kaiser; they were to surrender to Krupp, his master and theirs; the Fench, the British, the Russians were to surrender to Krupp as the Germans themselves, after a few swiftly broken strides, had already surrendered to Krupp. Through every cogwheel in that incomparable machinery, through every link in that iron and unending chain, ran the mastery and the skill of a certain kind of artist; an artist whose hands are never idle through dreaming or drawn back in disgust or lifted in wonder or in wrath; but sure and tireless in their touch upon the thousand little things that make the invisible machinery of life. That artist was there in triumph; but he had no name. The ancient world called him the Slave.

From this advancing machine of millions, the slighter array of the Allies, and especially the British at their outpost, saved themselves by a succession of hair's-breadth escapes and what must have seemed to the soldiers the heart-rending luck of a mouse before a cat. Again and again Von Kluck's cavalry, supported by artillery and infantry, clawed round the end of the British force, which eluded it as by leaping back again and again. Sometimes the pursuer was, so to speak, so much on top of his prey that it could not even give way to him; but had to hit such blows as it could in the hope of checking him for the instant needed for escape. Sometimes the oncoming wave was so close that a small individual accident, the capture of one man, would mean the washing out of a whole battalion. For day after day this living death endured. And day after day a certain dark thread began to be revealed, bit by

(Continued on Page 17.)

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# Poems About San Franciscans

XVI—TO ROBERT I. AITKEN

By George Sterling

(Robert I. Aitken has ceased to be one of us. The metropolis of the country has claimed him, and we see him only at distant intervals. Yet he is a San Franciscan. Here he began the study of sculpture. Here he achieved his first successes. Here we have some of the best pieces that show his earlier manner. So this sonnet belongs in our series.)

The abiding marble shadows forth thy dream;  
But in what quarries of infinity  
Must spirit strive with formlessness to free  
The vision? Lo! upon the mind's extreme  
It bursts from darkness like a dawn supreme—  
The rainbow of an undiscovered sea,  
A blossom of that vine of mystery  
Whose roots touch night, whose flowers in morning gleam.

We are but thoughts. With music or the pen  
We tell what silences about us brood,  
And limn with masteries of hue or stone,  
Set for a little in the sight of men,  
The visions of that mighty solitude  
From which we come, to which we pass, alone!

## The Spectator

### The Clockwinder to Turn Reformer

"I think I'll run for the legislature myself," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, as he put down the daily paper and fixed his friend Senator Hartman with an eye that glittered with inspiration.

"You!" exclaimed the ex-statesman.

"Yes, me with a big M. It's time for somebody to go to Sacramento in the interest of the church and religion, and as I've got a job on the water front where most of the statesmen come from or go to why shouldn't I make the run?"

"But you can't be the chaplain unless you're a minister."

"Who said I wanted to be chaplain? I want to go to the legislature to regulate chaplains."

"I don't get you."

"Listen, Gus. Something's going wrong with the church, and I'm going to make a noise like a reformer. Have you read about that fellow Slaughter up in Chico? Well, his kind ought to be attended to. Some of the churches appear to be breeding Slaughters. I'm going to sound the cry of alarm and propose a statute regulating theological seminaries by making them put candidates for the ministry through a course of sprouts before they're turned loose on an unsuspecting community. I've come to the conclusion that sky pilots who hire out to doctor the soul should be standardized by the State like the doctors who have to have a certificate before they're allowed to prescribe for a boil on your neck."

### The Crimes of Preachers

Gravely studying the ceiling, Senator Hartman observed that a man might make a pretty good run on an anti-clerical platform especially if he circulated a book called "The Crimes of Preachers."

"That book is an eye-opener!" said the clockwinder, "but I'll not need it. There are so many preachers doing the devil's work these days that it would be waste of money to distribute campaign literature. The daily papers would be making my fight just by publishing the news as it came along. You see, Gus, the church has been getting so rotten that every time

a preacher is caught all the preachers get together and whitewash him, or some other congregation hires him. That's what happened to Brown of Oakland and to Kelly of San Jose and to Whatshisname—the fellow that discovered a soul-mate in a sick married woman on a coast steamer some months ago. This fellow Slaughter of Chico who has been teaching a sixteen-year-old girl sex hygiene has a past, and here's Hull of Shasta who has been called on for an accounting—he has a past: thrown out of one church in disgrace he gets a call for another, and it turns out that he had a champion in the person of another preacher who turns out to be this same Slaughter of Chico, himself a preacher with a past. And here's Smith of Berkeley who has been boosting Emma Goldman the high priestess of free love. He writes a book in favor of pig-sty morality, and then we learn that he is getting a divorce to marry the divorced wife of another preacher who had an affinity. And so it goes."

At this point the clockwinder wiped his beaded brow with a bandana.

### Why the Pulpit Attracts the Slaughters

"You're not getting hot about it, are you?" Senator Hartman asked.

"Yes, I'm getting hot about it," the clockwinder asserted emphatically. "Why shouldn't I get hot about it? I'm not an infidel or an atheist, or even an anarchist, but I think there's much worse poison than the kind that's put in food. I mean the kind that's exuded by rascals who wear the livery of Christ to serve their own vices. I think every man with any feeling for religion, every man who knows how important the divine office is should get hot, should bristle with indignation, when he sees men of the Slaughter type masquerading as ministers of religion. If they were rare there would be no occasion for criticism, but their scandalous conduct makes them so conspicuous that they seem to predominate."

"Nevertheless," said the former statesman gravely, "it's a good paying profession, and if my son wasn't a Jew I'd put him in it."

"What makes you think it's a good paying profession?" the clockwinder asked.

Senator Hartman picked up the paper the clockwinder had put down, and called his attention to a despatch from Pittsburg telling of the report made by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ, composed of thirty denominations on the money collected and disbursed for prohibition campaigns. The report shows that last year the total sum was \$1,693,125. "That's going some," said Hartman; "going principally to the preachers who are shouting prohibition and setting people crazy all over the country by promoting fanaticism."

"Yes," said the clockwinder, "the prohibition wave is a wave of hard cash. It's the thing that makes the pulpit inviting to men of the Slaughter type."

### "Master of Errors"

"Josephus Daniels, Master of Errors." This is the title of an article in the current Metropolitan which every self-satisfied American citizen should read. The author is Henry Reuter Dahl, the naval artist and expert in naval construction, a man who writes more or less authoritatively on naval matters. Aside from his reputation, his article receives the stamp of truth from much official matter which he quotes. It is a stinging indictment of our naval Secretary, and it makes very unpleasant reading for anyone with a spark of enthusiasm for his country. Josephus Daniels has been a butt of ridicule ever since he was snatched out of obscurity in the town of Raleigh and pitchforked into prominence in Washington, but one can have no conception of the extent of the mischief he is capable of without reading Reuter Dahl. I hope President Wilson will find time to read the article, but I doubt that he is able to derive any benefit therefrom. Daniels is a living, shining symbol of the Administration. In him is to be found the quintessence of the asininity that has made an opera bouffe Government the laughingstock of the civilized world. Daniels is a man after the President's own heart, and as he applauds all the president's epigrams he will probably stick.

### His Indecent Publication

Secretary Daniels has a strong following



among people who know the Psalms of David by heart. Wherever religion is grounded in intolerance, watered by stupidity and fragrant with hypocrisy Josephus is qualified for beatification. Hence the celebration of him in church circles when he barred a prophylactic from the navy to promote chastity. Now Josephus, like most of our ostentatious reformers, is able to smother his puritanical prejudices when they threaten his pocket nerve. So though he prohibits the use of a scientific prophylactic in the navy he doesn't mind advertising quack remedies for the diseases that afflict the unchaste. His paper, the Raleigh News and Observer, almost specializes in them. This paper is so broad in its business views that it prints advertising matter that any decent journal would reject.

### Getting the Money

So susceptible is the Daniels' journal to the seductive jingle of coin that it may prove the instrument of his undoing. The other day there was printed in the News and Observer an appeal to red-blooded Americans to cross the Canadian frontier and join the American Legion—an appeal based on what purported to be revelations of outrageous breaches of laws of war by German troops. This advertisement has been pronounced "a great deal too rough to go into decent homes," but a Cabinet officer sends it through the mails. The "rough stuff" is matter descriptive of German outrages. The advertisement filled a whole page across the top of which was printed these words:

"Here Is the Evidence That Will Forever Damn the German Army in the Eyes of the Civilized World—The Annals of History Record Nothing Like It." Across the foot of the page, in heavy type, appears the following: "Across the frontier here are coming red blooded American citizens in hundreds and thousands to join the American Legion. They have felt the call of the freedom of democracy. The same cause, very rightly, as the British people realize now, bade their forefathers take up arms against the imposition of the old country in 1776, is now ringing in their hearts and is bidding them fight for justice, for humanity, for peace. For further particulars address William Gregory, Chairman Recruiting Committee, Leamington, Ontario."

The whole spirit of the advertisement would tend to arouse the reader to a realization of the writer's apparent belief that the German warfare is dictated by a policy of insensate hate against the Teuton opponents and an utter disregard of the laws and principles of humanity. This is borne out by the two quotations published as part of the advertisement at each side of the page under the headline. Each quotation is boxed, one entitled "The German Idea of Love," the other "War by Divine Decree." The first is taken from Prof. Rhein-

hold Seeby, who, according to the advertisement in Secretary Daniels' paper, teaches theology in the University of Berlin. He is quoted in part as follows: "We believe that in killing them (Germany's enemies), in putting them to suffering, in burning their houses, in invading their territories, we simply perform a work of charity. We do not hate our enemies. We obey the command of God, Who tells us to love them."

Obviously though Secretary Daniels may be neutral enough to satisfy President Wilson he does not permit the principle of neutrality to impede the flow of coin into his jeans.

### Stuff for the Censor

None who reads a Hearst newspaper can be ignorant of the fact that Mr. Hearst is the indignant opponent of motion picture censorship. He is fighting the proposal with all the resources at his command, in his news columns, with editorials and cartoons. Of course Mr. Hearst is not exactly disinterested; he has invested heavily in the motion picture business. Lacking the motive of self-interest I myself am not unreservedly committed to motion picture censorship or any other kind of censorship. There is always a good deal of stupidity in censorship, even in the quite necessary censorship of war news. So I am willing to make an argument for Mr. Hearst's motion picture enterprises and against the proposal to censor his and other films. My argument is simply this, that it is a little premature to agitate for the censorship of moving pictures while there are abuses which are in crying need of the censor's attention. The films are respectable; some of ours magazines are not. Why not postpone action as regards the movies, and first censor some of the magazines?

### It Smells to Heaven

There is, for example, Mr. Hearst's Cosmopolitan Magazine. This magazine has long been distinguished for the erotic stories it publishes. If this magazine has corrupted no young people in the homes where it is taken, it must be because all our young people are incorruptible—an unlikely thing. The latest issue of the Cosmopolitan, the March issue, actually smells to heaven. This high odor is given to its pages by the first installment of a novel by Elinor Glyn called "The Career of Katherine Bush." I have never seen in a popular magazine any story quite so "raw" (meaning quite so filthy) as this by the author of "Three Weeks." It is certainly stuff for the censor, and I trust the censor is doing his work. The censor I refer to is the mother or father or big sister or big brother who keeps a watchful eye on the reading of the young. No decent parent or other person in authority will allow his charges to read this dirty story. It opens with a vulgar intrigue between a stenographer and a young lord. There is a shameless description of a

week-end they spend together, and the sweet-minded Elinor leaves nothing to the reader's imagination. I have marked passages in the story for quotation, in order to show that I am not exaggerating the dirtiness of this contribution to household reading; but I shall refrain, on second thought, from giving any of them. Elinor Glyn has always pandered to the prurient. She is the Mrs. Overdone of current fiction. And she has outdone herself here. "Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination."

### But 'Tis Not to Reason Why

A Geary street car going west caused a great deal of astonishment at Powell street the other evening. Indeed this particular car caused a great deal of astonishment from the moment it left Market street. People marveled at it. The car filled them with curiosity. It induced no end of speculation. At Powell street a man in the crowd that was looking at the car opined that Mayor Rolph had bought the United Railroads system. Why he held this opinion was obvious enough. The car was on Sutter street. It had switched into Sutter from Market, but this was a mistake due, I am told, to the temporary obfuscation of the crew, which has been attributed to natural causes. This sort of thing, it is said, is the result of the over-training which the passion for efficiency in political jobs entails.

### Polk on Ward

Not long ago Thomas Edison wrote a letter to Willis Polk in which he said that Willis was the only architect of his acquaintance who possessed a sense of humor. This caused Clarence Ward to remark that if Edison had discovered humor in Polk he had demonstrated anew that he was a great inventive genius. These be weighty matters, and as such I have laid them before my readers in previous issues. In quoting Ward's quip at Willis' expense I remarked that Clarence could spoof Willis with impunity because Clarence was one architect for whose ability Willis had a profound respect. Comes now Willis and asks that this statement of mine be made more definite. "Respect for Ward's ability?" says Polk. "Sure I have respect for

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# Among Our Artists

Edited by Edward F. O'Day

## Some Pacific Coast Art Associations

The impetus of the Fine Arts exhibit at the Exposition and the splendid post-season showing at the Fine Arts Palace, together with the efforts of the San Francisco painters and sculptors, and the interest of certain of our laymen, seem about to promise San Francisco that long hoped for, long deferred, Public Art Gallery. At this time it may be interesting, if not particularly gratifying to San Francisco pride, to note that she is the very last of the major cities of the Pacific Coast to get under way with some sort of scheme to foster and satisfy the community's desire for art. As it is the very last city on the coast, as well as in the country, to express its desire for a Public Art Gallery it has this supreme advantage, that it is able to profit by the mistakes and successes of various other organizations.

Starting, at the top of the map, with Seattle, we find in that city a flourishing "Society of Fine Arts." Of all the Pacific Coast societies, Seattle's organization probably enjoys the heartiest support from the community. Its exhibitions, in its gallery on the top floor of a downtown building, are astonishingly well patronized, and its classes and lectures are always filled. Its popularity is its weakness as well as its strength, however. Its gatherings at times take on a distinctly social nature, and Art is sometimes lost in the crowd. However, people do come to its shows and talk about them and come again, and even buy pictures once in a while. Mr. Carl Gould, a very capable architect of the Northwest, has been the society's guiding influence and has prepared plans for a very beautiful series of galleries to be built, unit by unit, down town in a central location. He has the heartiest support of Seattle's collectors. Seattle's progress is full of significance and is going to be very well worth watching.

Portland's Art Association is not nearly as popular in character and suffers from a lack of local interest. It is, I believe, supported by a few rather than by many, and consequently the burden falls heavily upon those few. It has,

however, a notable nucleus around which its collection is being built and has a well equipped school of art.

Oakland is the newcomer among the cities with worthwhile galleries, and differs from the preceding, in that its movement has a municipal sanction and backing. Its four galleries are housed in the new Municipal Auditorium and are splendidly lighted and hung. Until the time when Oakland builds a Museum of Fine Arts, which may not be so very far away, its exhibitions and collections can be very comfortably housed here, and it is a tribute to the city fathers, or whoever hit upon the expedient of including a gallery in the great building, that they utilized part of the space at their command in this eminently practical way. It is a further tribute to their intelligence that they have intrusted the directorship of the galleries to Professor Robert B. Harshe, who came to them directly from the Fine Arts Department of the Exposition, where, in co-operation with Mr. J. E. D. Trask, his energy and good taste were responsible for much of the success of the exhibitions at the Fine Arts Palace.

In Los Angeles, the Museum of History, Science and Art is supported by both the city and county, and, I believe, in some way the State of California was levied upon. There's an idea worth noting. Mr. Everett Maxwell is the director of the Fine Arts Department of the museum and has displayed much energy in acquiring a very fine permanent collection of modern work, as well as exercising much tact in discouraging undesirable loans and gifts. (And of the two talents the latter is infinitely more important, sometimes, in the director of a large museum.) Mr. Maxwell has shown particular efficiency in organizing and bringing to the coast large shows of the works of Eastern and European men. Los Angeles has been familiar for several seasons with the work of men to whom San Francisco was first introduced at the Exposition.

To me the outstanding and significant feature of the success of these several coast organizations is that many individuals, all with ideas of their own, as to how things should be run, have been willing to sink minor differences and support loyally the man that they have chosen to guide their artistic destinies. Factional dissension has been reduced to a minimum. Possibly this is a suggestion for San Francisco.

—Bruce Nelson.

## What Is Art?

The symposium held at the Palace last week brought out no new definition of art. It was like the disputations on politics and religion which most of us have learned to avoid. Nobody convinced anybody on the other side. Everybody who spoke was eager to make converts, but had no idea of allowing himself to be converted. The fight was a draw. Louis Mullgardt and John Trask are just as far away from an agreement as they ever were. Trask uttered a fervent prayer to be delivered from the esthetics. Mullgardt (presumably an esthete) said a lot of pictures ought to be hung in an insane asylum, not in an art gallery. All the speakers took themselves seriously and laughed raucously at their opponents. They let it be inferred that they knew what real art was but considered it a waste of time to enlighten the

ignoramuses who took issue with them. The adherents of Mullgardt still think that Chase is a great artist and that painters like Bereny are decadents. The adherents of Trask still think that Chase is academic (terrible adjective!) and that men like Bereny are the hope of art and the earnest of its glorious future. Of course it is possible that both sides are right, but nobody seems to have entertained that mild suspicion. The fact is, artists are nothing if not quarrelsome just as musicians (but we must whisper this) are nothing if not jealous. Artists know all about harmony, except in their personal relations with other artists. They know all about composition, except the composition of differences with other artists. Their brush strokes may be delicate and suave, but their strokes when they brush in controversy are heavy and meant to hurt. The most versatile colorist can only see one color when he lays down the palette to pick up the club—that color is red; and he knows only one atmosphere—that atmosphere is blue with harsh language. Bless the artists, they are the most irreconcilable and delightful fellows in the world!

## An Instance in Point

Yes, they are irreconcilable. I recall a most amusing instance in point. When that great connoisseur of painting Charles L. Freer of Detroit was in town last year he gave a luncheon to some of our most distinguished artists. It was a Sunday luncheon at Tait's, and the menu proved that Freer was also a connoisseur in the great art of ordering a meal. Over the vintage wine there was much talk of art conditions here. The great trouble, it was agreed, lay in the factions which divide our painters. And under the mellowing influence of the vintage wine it was decided that there must be no more factions. Away with jealousies! We must all get together! It was a delightful program, and everybody was for it. None was for it more fervently and more enthusiastically than the great artist whom I shall call Blank.

(Continued on Page 17.)

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Following the Beagles

Two beagles were lost and only one hare was caught, but otherwise the first hare hunt with beagles was a great success. Most of those who followed the beagles from the lawn of Mrs. Kohl's place at Easton were dead-tired before the hunt was over, and not a few quit; but still the hunt was a wonderful success. The beagles set a pace which proved too swift for the fashionable hunters and had to be entreated in the hunting language of the horn (which beagles understand) to go more slowly; and there were a lot of false scents which led to nowhere and back again. But just the same I repeat that the hunt was a glorious success from start to finish. It was a sartorial success. If Ruggles of Red Gap had been there he would have admitted that sartorially the hunt was everything a hunt with beagles should be. The sartorial element is extremely important in this sort of hunting. Success is not to be measured by the number of hares tracked by the cute little dogs, but by the smartness of the togs worn by the hunters. You cannot go hunting with beagles in any old last year's rag; you must be vogue from crown to sole. And of a verity these hunters of the peninsula smart set were vogue. I am quite sure Ruggles would have waxed enthusiastic over them, as enthusiastic of course as the solemn and correct Ruggles could wax over anything.

## A Strange Animal

A number of those who took part in this first hunt of its kind to be held down the peninsula were so busy beforehand finding out what was what sartorially and then having it made for them that they neglected to inquire what a beagle was. Many had the vaguest ideas on this subject, not being able to make up their minds whether it was a walking stick of a new pattern, a fowling piece or something novel in the way of a servant. It was a pleasant surprise to these to discover that a beagle was a very nice little dog. Of course these people were not Mrs. Kohl's intimates. The latter knew from Mrs. Kohl and her interesting huntsman just what a beagle was. They have known this ever since Mrs. Kohl brought the pack out from the East. But the uncertainty of the others led to some amusing conjectures.

"Beagle? Beagle?" said one of the Burlington women who is rather bookish. "It has something to do with Darwin."

"It's not a horrid monkey or a missing link or anything nasty like that?" said her companion on the veranda of the country club.

"Nonsense, my dear," returned the other. "Of course not. Let me see. I have it. Darwin wrote a book called 'The Voyage of the Beagle.'"

"But Mrs. Kohl didn't buy a ship, did she?" asked the other.

And so they had to start their speculations all over again.

## A Sartorial Hunt

As the owner of the pack Mrs. Kohl permitted herself the pleasure of wearing a special hunting costume consisting of black velvet cap and coat, white corduroy skirt and white spats. A mighty attractive Diana (queen of the hunt, you know) she looked as he strode along after the beagles with the whips around her. The whips wore black velvet caps and coats, white corduroy trousers, heavy stockings and white spats. These whips were Cheever Cowdin, Frank Carolan, Templeton Crocker and Harry Hastings. The rest of the hunters and huntresses, some hundred at the start and a good many less when it ended with the capture of a poor lone hare, were not so elaborately garbed, but they were sartorially perfect just the same. Those who were not too tired to talk afterwards declared that hunting with beagles had come to stay.

## "Gassing" in the Lobby

"Look out for me," said the hotel reporter when I stopped him in the lobby of the Palace. "I'm full of gas, and I may asphyxiate you."

"You talk like a lethal chamber," I said.

"It's a fact," he said. "I've just been pumped full of gas, natural gas. Pardon the pun, but do I look ghas-tly; or is it my feeble humor that makes you stand aghast?"

"Any more of that low wit," I warned the hotel reporter, "and you'll think I'm a gas stove, because I'll burn you up. What's got into you anyway?"

"Gas," he answered. "I've just been talking to those fellows over there. They're nice fellows, but they're regular gas bags."

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Gas men," said the hotel reporter, "and since they've come to the Palace it almost seems as if the electricians pale their ineffectual fires. The one with his back to you is Rufus Dawes of Chicago. If there's anything he doesn't know about gas it hasn't been discovered yet. He's director in a dozen gas companies, and he believes in all kinds of gas from cooking gas to laughing gas. The man he has by the lapel is J. H. Maxon, also of the Windy City. He's engineer for Dawes. He's going to organize a little old five-million dollar natural gas delivery system for Southern California. It's a gas pipe cinch it'll be a good system, for Maxon doesn't build any other kind. The third man in the group who is being illuminated right now by all the gas talk of Dawes and Maxon is F. R. Bain of the Southern Counties Gas Company. He's interested in the new undertaking which will benefit a lot of towns around Los Angeles. Well, I'm going for a smoke. I started to light a cigar while I was gassing with those gas men, but thought better of it. A lighted match near that gas conversation might start an explosion. So long!"

## He Wants Copper

The clerk at the Palace tells me that Clarence

Deming of Seattle awakened guests in neighboring rooms the other night by shouting "Copper! Copper!" They thought he was calling for the police, and the true condition of affairs had to be explained to them. The clerk may have been spoofing me. At that he is only slightly exaggerating a situation with which Clarence Deming is striving might and main to deal. In his waking hours Clarence Deming is always calling for copper, the metal not the officer. Deming came down from Seattle with a nice contract calling for about four million dollars worth of copper. This copper is wanted by the Russian government which finds that you need an awful lot of copper if you want to win battles. Deming is to deliver a trifling matter of eleven million feet of copper wire and about eighteen hundred miles of telephone wire, a mere nothing! And what a time he's having! He says copper is what you might conservatively designate as just a little bit hard to lay your hands on. And he also admits on cross-examination that people want a snug price for the copper they sell you.

## Snobbery at a Berkeley School

A girl who attends a fashionable school in Berkeley went home in tears and asked her mother if it was disgraceful to own a Ford. The mother replied that it was not. Did not papa own a Ford? That was just it, the girl explained. The girls at the school had formed an automobile club to which only those were eligible whose parents possessed motor cars. Fords were barred; in fact all cars smaller than six cylinder touring cars were excluded from consideration. So this girl felt very badly. The mother investigated, found that what her daughter told her was correct, and took the child out of the school.

## A Patron of Music

I hear with interest that Mrs. Jack Casserly is the active spirit in the promotion of a season of popular symphony concerts to be given at the Civic Auditorium under the leadership of Giulio Minetti. Mrs. Casserly is a true lover of music, and is eager to see the passion cultivated generally. I hope that her efforts will meet with a hearty response. It is to Mrs. Casserly that we owe the Innisfail Quartet which has given us some splendid music. Mrs. Casserly is herself an accomplished musician, her favorite instrument being the harp, and she plays that beautiful instrument with skill and deep feeling. Minetti is a good musician. He was

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first violin at the Tivoli in the days when that dear old playhouse had an orchestra of the first rank. So the popular symphony concerts promise well. But is the Auditorium the place to give them? I am afraid not. I went to the Auditorium recently to hear Elgar's magnificent oratorio "The Dream of Gerontius." The great English composer's musical interpretation of Cardinal Newman's masterpiece was sung by a large choir and vocalists like Mrs. Isaac Up-ham who I know possesses a good voice. But I did not enjoy the singing, and left before the oratorio was one-third over. Of course it was not the fault of the singers; it was the fault of the architect who forgot about acoustics when he drew the plans of the building. It seems to me that the time has come for doing something with this faulty structure. When are we to reconstruct it so that it will be a fit place for musical affairs?

#### The Great War Charity

Mrs. A. B. Spreckels' endeavors on behalf of the French and Belgian war sufferers will be brought to an end on Saturday, March 11, when thousands of gifts will be distributed in the Palace Hotel ball room. It will be a social affair that will last all afternoon and evening. Society girls in oriental costumes will distribute the gifts, and Master of Ceremonies Sam Berger promises some exciting novelties of entertainment. A great many people have reserved tables at the Palace that day, and altogether it will be a gala affair. At the luncheon which took place Monday in the Rose Room of the St. Francis plans for a "whirlwind finish" of the charitable activities started by Mrs. Spreckels were fully outlined. Samuel M. Shortridge presided, and speeches were made by P. H. McCarthy, Sam Berger, La Loie Fuller, Rabbi Nieto, Rev. D. O. Crowley, Justice Melvin, K. C. Beaton, Edward Rainey, Arthur Arlett and Mrs. A. B. Spreckels. A committee to close the campaign of charity was appointed, consisting of: Archbishop Hanna, Bishop Nichols, Rev. F. W. Clappett, Francis V. Keesling, Walter Bacon, M. I. Sullivan, F. W. Kellogg, Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding, Judge Griffin, Raphael Weill, W. H. Humphrey, Theodore Bonnet, Edgar Peixotto.

#### La Loie Fuller Speaks

The weekly luncheon of the Electrical Development League at the Palace was made memorable this week by an address delivered by Miss Loie Fuller. Her topic was "Light and Its Application to Art." It goes without saying that the great dancer is mistress of this subject. Many who had not heard her before learned with surprise that Miss Fuller is a splendid talker. Mrs. A. B. Spreckels spoke briefly and charmingly on the work of her friend Miss Fuller. It was a fine tribute she rendered. C. F. Butte presided at the meeting.

#### Dinner Dance for Engaged Couple

Miss Madge Wilson and her fiance Dr. Chester Smith were the guests of honor at a dinner dance given at the Palace by Mr. W. S. Bowers. Among those who shared Mr. Bowers' hospitality with this fated couple were Mr. and Mrs.

Hugh Fairlie, Mrs. Randall Stoney, the Misses Marian Huntington, Lillian Dean and Lloyd Meiere and Messrs. Walter Bowers, Robert Porter and Philip Paschel.

#### Cowdins Entertain

The Cheever Cowdins entertained with a supper in the dancing room of the Palace Thursday evening. They had a number of our best known fashionables as their guests and also several popular Eastern visitors. Cheever Cowdin and his vivacious wife have the knack of hospitality, and it was a thoroughly enjoyable party.

#### Del Monte Notes

Last Saturday night began the custom of dancing in the new Palm Grill till midnight. Everyone seems pleased with the arrangement. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons there are "the dansantes" in the Palm Grill from four till six. People are beginning to motor in to them from as far away as Santa Cruz, Watsonville and Salinas. On Tuesday night the twenty-ninth there was another of the Pebble Beach Club house parties to which the Del Monte orchestra contributes. These dances are given on every other Tuesday at the Lodge, and there is always a crowd. Mrs. Clayton Garvey and Mrs. Katherine Hicks of New York stopped on their way to Mrs. Garvey's home in Pasadena. With a party of friends they have been spending the past three months in Honolulu. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy and Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Pillsbury are having a delightful stay.

#### The Mardi Gras

The Mardi Gras ball to be given for the benefit of the Children's Hospital next Tuesday evening at the Palace Hotel under the direction of the society women who constitute the auxiliary of the board of directors promises to surpass any of the brilliant costume events that have taken place here for some time. Under the management of Edgar Walter the sculptor, the court and pageantry will be fairyland made real. The sun court of the Palace is to be transformed into a bower of spring flowers. The country estates down the peninsula will send blossoms and greens. The boxes and galleries will be draped in flower festoons. The court of the Lotus Queen impersonated by Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker will be a summer garden of fruit boughs and flowers. The queen's Dragon Fly consort will be Stanford Gwin. The queen's attendants, Mesdames Talbot Walker, Rudolph Schilling, Samuel Hopkins, Arthur Chesebrough, J. Cheever Cowdin, Misses Marian Zeile, Marian Newhall and Gertrude Hopkins, will be respectively a nasturtium, a bluebell, a larkspur, a snowball, a red rambler rose, a jonquil, a daisy and a fuchsia. The courtiers, Messrs. George Bowles, Fred Tillmann, Nion Tucker, Robin Y. Hayne, Karl Kollock of Los Angeles, Heine von Schroeder, William Leib, Kenneth Moore and Walter Hush will represent cicadas, ants, beetles and yellow jackets. Little Misses Francesca Deering and Gertrude Murphy, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, will be lady-bugs, the queen's pages. The prizes for the handsomest costumes are unusually attractive this year. The prize for the women's handsomest costume is a gold vanity case. The second prize for the women is a crystal and pearl hatpin set. The man wearing the handsomest costume will receive a pearl cuff and vest link set. The man's second prize is a gold pencil.

#### For Orphan Boys Who Work

A dance and card party will be given at the St. Francis Monday night for the benefit of the

S. F. Working Boys Club. This non-sectarian club has quarters at 600 Oak street, and during the eight months of its existence has cared for some seventy-five orphan boys between the ages of fifteen and twenty. It provides them with a home and a club and procures them employment.

#### Events at Hotel Oakland

The social calendar for the week preceding Lent was a heavy one. The Oakland Drill Team of Lodge 171 B. P. O. E. entertained with a ball Tuesday evening. There were about six hundred guests. The last Saturday night dinner dance was by far the most successful of the season. The demand for tables was so great that it was necessary to open the ball room. Le Tres Jolie Club entertained with a party of thirty. Mrs. H. B. Vaine of Piedmont gave a party for twenty-two young people. Mrs. S. N. Marks had a party of four. The Daughters of Isabella will entertain with a dinner Sunday night. About fifty guests are expected. Mrs. Hyland is in charge. The Polytechnic College of Engineering gave a dance this Friday. Mrs. J. M. Brothers of Richmond entertained twenty guests at luncheon and bridge Friday. Colonel and Mrs. Henry I. Raymond of the U. S. army and their son W. B. Raymond have taken apartments.

#### At the Somerton

Society was well represented at the Leap Year supper dance given in the ball room Thursday evening. A number of army folk gave supper parties and participated in the dancing. The men only danced when invited by the ladies. Dr. and Mrs. John N. Davis of Philadelphia entertained sixteen friends. Captain and Mrs. James Pourie, U. S. A., were hosts at another table. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Brooks of Atlanta gave a party. At the luncheon presided over by Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Morgan Tuesday ten guests were present. Afterwards the party went to the Orpheum. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jones of Seattle are the motif for much entertaining. A beautifully appointed dinner was given Wednesday evening in the private dining room. The hosts were Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Manley of St. Louis who are spending the winter. One of the favorite amusements is bridge. The guests play in the lounge after dinner.

You never can tell. A heavy purse doesn't always make a light heart.

Some men measure their fun by the amount of misery they have the next morning.

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## Courage in Criticism

By Theodore Bonnet

It is a great virtue I believe to have the courage of one's opinions. I fancy it is a great virtue because I have so often heard persons spoken of with great respect and admiration on account of this moral courage. Yet I have observed that it leads men and women into rashness of a kind that they might be very much ashamed of were it not for the saving grace of blissful ignorance. It is worth while giving ear to such persons because they inspire one with caution and with becoming diffidence. Who can fail to take warning from the courageous expression of opinions that betray a crass ignorance of the subject-matter under discussion. I do not mean opinions that are plainly labeled and modestly put forth in a manner denoting that their author makes no pretention to being well informed. Opinions of this kind are delicate, unobtrusive things that invite suggestion and imply a willingness to receive light. But how rare they are! Far more common are the opinions of Sir or Miss Oracle which have the penetrating sound of the last word of authority. It is wonderful how many people one meets who give utterance to opinions of this kind. It staggers one to find how broadly cultivated one's friends and acquaintances are. Almost any day you may meet men and women with very positive opinions on all the six or seven arts. I have encountered so much oracular criticism that I have come to wonder whether it is all of a piece with what I hear about singing. One need be but slightly informed on the intricacies of this art to be able to avoid being impressed by critics who know not a thing at all. Listening to opinions on vocalists expressed with the air of certitude that implies consciousness of knowledge, one realizes what a dangerous thing it is to have the courage of a certain kind of opinions. Singing appears to be the one art which nobody is too timid to discuss. I have met men and

women who have not the courage to talk about the technical merits or imperfections of a painting, yet who never refrain from airing their ignorance of the art of vocalization. Much to my amazement I have heard painters, with nothing more than an ear for music, talk of singers as though they would have you know they knew what they were talking about. I have even heard musicians, good musicians, with the greatest self-satisfaction betray their ignorance of the art of song. What is the explanation of all this folly? How is it that even musicians skilled on half a dozen instruments absurdly pretend to a knowledge of a technique they never studied? Some of them with a smattering of the art have the courage to teach singing. Surely common sense ought to give them pause. One might suppose that it would occur to them that although everybody is born with a voice everybody is not born with the technique of a Melba, or a Sembrich, or a Destinn, or a Caruso, or a Botta. It ought to occur to them that a technique in which it takes years of unremitting study to acquire perfection is not to be discussed intelligently by persons who never studied it at all. It is as easy for any person with an ear for melody and sweet sound to recognize a good voice as it is to recognize the beautiful tones of an instrument, but as it requires certain technical knowledge to detect the faults and shortcomings of an instrumentalist, so it requires certain technical knowledge to detect the imperfections of a vocalist and the cause of them. I will not argue that the art of the instrumentalist is not a more complicated art than the art of the vocalist, but I will insist that as it takes brains to master the one, likewise proficiency in the other is not to be attained without superior intelligence. So well defined are the principles of the art of song, and so important is facility in its essential elements that unless they are mastered

good singing is impossible. With only a natural voice of good quality a singer may prove to the untutored satisfactory in a narrow range of the vocal art, but to make the best use of a voice, to sing as a Caruso sings or as a Destinn sings or a Schumann-Heink, the singer must have technique. And when you hear it said that a singer is artistic, but does not enunciate clearly, or thins out in the top notes, or employs a tremolo in a certain register, or does anything that is a sign of imperfection, the opinion you have heard expressed is a contradiction in terms. You may be sure of it even though the critic be one of the innumerable body of dilettanteish persons who, having traveled abroad, assume it to be taken for granted that they have absorbed knowledge with atmosphere. Singing is an art that has as many pitfalls for criticism as any other art, and therefore the need of caution. It is no less an art because it is a fragile, evanescent thing that leaves but a memory. It is the art of audible beauty, and though voice is its first essential, to achieve beauty the singing must be faultless, for a thing is art only when it is precisely what it ought to be. It is quite as important therefore for the singer as for any artist, or even for the acrobat, let us say, to have technique, though of course it is dangerous for the acrobat not to be flawless in some of the feats he essays; but it is much easier for the critics to perceive what's wrong with an acrobatic performance than with the singer who, for example, sings a simple aria with a facility that is not apparent in the singing of a ballad that abounds in legato or other passages that call for a perfect technique. There are simple ballads, by the way, that severely test the art of a singer, and the finer the technique of the singer the simpler appears the song. All of which is so platitudinous that it takes courage to write it.

## Gossip of the Theatre

### The Versatile Castles

Films cannot lie about the stunts performed in front of the movie camera. They can be tricked, but they report truthfully what is presented to them. So the film called "The Whirl of Life" is not misrepresenting when it shows us the Vernon Castles as very versatile young people. "The Whirl of Life" purports to be the life story of the Castles. But the films are not responsible for that claim. What the films tell about the Castles deserves credence. And the films seem to show that the Castles might have reached fame by other paths had they not elected to dance their way to it. They are athletes. They are expert swimmers and divers. They are equally good at steeple-chasing and hard riding. Vernon drives a motor car like Barney Oldfield, and his wife paddles a canoe like Minnehaha. They can train dogs to fetch and carry love notes. And how they can fight! Vernon wins half a dozen decisions in rough-and-tumble. Mrs. Castle puts up a fight against a husky admirer that would do credit to a modern Amazon, let alone a frail thing such as she is. They have a lot of other accomplishments I can't think of, the action and the agony are piled on so bewilderingly fast in this motion picture. You go to see the Castles dance,

but the dancing is the least absorbing part of the film. From this fact you may infer that "The Whirl of Life" is an unusually good moving picture. The inference is strictly correct.

—E. F. O'D.

### Crackerjack Vaudeville at Pantages

Two real colored folks by the name of Rucker and Winnifred, the "Ebony Hued Entertainers," are at Pantages this week. What makes them so original is that they don't have to imitate their race, and also that they have more action than the white fellows who darken up. Two of their race would not make a good vaudeville team, so one makes up as a Chinaman. A well made-up Chinaman and a colored comedian is a combination that is very seldom seen, but when seen is greatly appreciated. "Office Girls" is a musical comedy that is playing this week with success. The play is fashioned on the basis of a correspondence school or mail order house that does business solely to answer foolish questions. A lively bunch of young people singing favorite songs and doing dances with action in them makes this act hard to beat. The U. S. S. Sandy Hook sailed into Pantages this week with Ed Gallagher as admiral and Bob Carlin as the flunky in "Before the Mast." They

have the privilege of showing what good times tars have. Keegan and Ellsworth, "The Week Enders," are a couple with stunts and voices that make them topnotchers of their class. Other good performers are the Three Violin Fiends that make their instruments talk ragtime. The piano is also brought into action by Bobby Harris and Harriet Nolin. Bobby sings while Harriet plays. Pantages is giving us crackerjack vaudeville, and it's getting better every week. Alexander Pantages is "spreading himself." He must be paying fancy prices for the bully acts he books, but he is getting the money back. The people flock to Pantages for every show. You see, the people know when they are getting good stuff.

—The Second Nighter.

### Florence Hinkle's Concerts

Florence Hinkle, the young American singer who without ever having seen Europe has gained for herself a position in the front ranks of concert vocalists, will make her first appearance on the Pacific Coast at the Columbia next Sunday afternoon, March 12, under the Greenbaum direction. Her program will consist of old classics by Purcell, Monsigny and Handel, lieder by Schumann, Schubert, Liszt and Brahms,



gems in French by Fourdrain, Vuillermoz, Leoncavallo and Charpentier, and works by Russian, British and American composers sung in English. A second and final concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, March 19. Tickets ready next Wednesday morning at Sherman Clay.

#### La Verbist, Queen of the Dance

The beautiful young Belgian Mlle. Felyne Verbist will give her final "Concert de Danse" at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon at three, assisted by a concert orchestra directed by Paul Steindorff. Among the numbers to be given are "The Fete of the Flowers" from "Hamlet" by Thomas, "Bacchanale" from "Samson and Delilah" by Saint-Saens, "The Death of the Swan" by Saint-Saens, "Spanish Fantasia" by Valverde and several other gems. By request the "Spectre of the Rose" devised by the great Nijinsky to the music of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" will be repeated. Tickets at Sherman Clay, and on Sunday at the Columbia.

#### The Kneisel Quartet

Twelve years ago all music-loving San Francisco was electrified by the glorious playing of the Kneisel Quartet. So busy have these players been in the East and Europe that until now a return visit has been impossible. Only the influence of Will Greenbaum with certain "powers that be" made this coming visit a possibility. The Kneisel Quartet was founded by Major Higginson of Boston just thirty-one years ago in conjunction with his Boston Symphony Orchestra of which Mr. Kneisel was for eighteen years concertmaster and assistant conductor. He resigned in 1905 to devote all his time to his Quartet. The Kneisel is ranked among the world's three greatest chamber music organizations. Its two programs in the early part of April are being eagerly looked forward to. The members besides Mr. Kneisel are

Hans Letz, formerly concertmaster of the Thomas Orchestra; Louis Svecenski who has played the viola since its organization; and Willem Willeke, a famous Dutch 'cello virtuoso formerly with Hans Richter in London.

#### Boston Grand Opera and Pavlowa

Music-loving San Francisco is thoroughly interested in the week of grand opera to be given by the Boston Grand Opera Company in conjunction with Pavlowa and the Imperial Ballet Russe at the Cort beginning Monday, March 13. There has been a large subscription for season tickets. The sale of seats for single performances begins Monday. Perhaps the organization should remain longer than a week, but bookings will not permit. Other than San Francisco, only two coast cities will be visited—Los Angeles and Portland. Those operas of the repertoire containing ballets will have these features restored, and there will be supplementary ballets as well. Naturally, the performances will be lengthy, so the evening curtains will rise at 8 sharp and the matinees will begin at 2 sharp. Among the singers will be Giovanni Zenatello, Tamaki Miura, Maggie Teyte, Riccardo Martin, Felice Lyne, Maria Gay, Jose Mardones, Thomas Chalmers, Elvira Leveroni, Graham Marr, Olivette Marcel, Giuseppe Gaud-

enzi, Fely Clement, Romeo Boscaci, Bianca Saroya, Giorgi Puliti, Maria Lara, Enrico Nava and Elvira Botani. In addition to Pavlowa the principal ballet artists include Alexandre Voiline, Ivan Clustine, Stephanie Plaskovietzka, Stasia Kuhn and Pietro Vaszinski. The orchestra of 60 will be under Roberto Moranzonni, with Alexander Smallens as assistant conductor. Adolph Schmid who has been with Pavlowa for years, will conduct the ballet music. The entire Boston Opera House chorus will be in evidence. The scenery by Joseph Urban and Bakst promises to create a sensation. The real novelty of the season will be the presentation of Montemezzi's new opera, "L'Amore dei Tre Re" (The Love of the Three Kings) which is announced for the opening performance.

#### The Symphony Orchestra

On Friday afternoon, March 10 at 3, and Sunday afternoon, March 12 at 2:30, the last pair of concerts but two of the symphony season will be given. The symphony will be the No. 4 in B flat, Opus 60 of Beethoven, a glorious work. Mr. Hertz has also programmed for the first time at these concerts Paul Scheinplug's Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare, Opus 15, and Grieg's "Lyric Suite" from Opus 54. Mr. Hertz has chosen the Liszt Symphonic



THE INCOMPARABLE PAVLOWA

Coming to the Cort Theatre March 13 with the Boston Grand Opera Company



DOROTHY JARDON

The beautiful Broadway star next week at the Orpheum.



Poem No. 3, "Les Preludes," to close this program. Few works have greater orchestral values and call forth warmer expressions of approval. Seats for the eighth pair of concerts are on sale at the usual places.

#### Two Headliners at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces as next week's joint headliners, Dorothy Jardon, the beautiful Broadway star, and "The Passion Play of Washington Square." Miss Jardon is not only one of our best prima donnas in vaudeville, but also a beautiful woman who gowns in exquisite taste. She created quite a furore in "Madame Sherry." She has a number of character songs. "The Passion Play of Washington Square" by Sidney Hirsch is a one-act play with a surprise. The cast is headed by Mary Servoss. Elsa Ruegger, the world's greatest woman 'cellist, will present a delightful program with the assistance of the conductor Edmund Lichtenstein. Something novel in ventriloquial acts will be offered by Hugh McCormick and Grace Wallace, an Australian team who present a sketch called "The Theatrical Agent." The Herbert Germaine Trio call themselves "thrilling comedy gymnasts." James H. Cullen, the "man from the West," and Moore, O'Brien and Cormack in diverting ditties and witticisms are also among the attractions. The tenth installment of the "Uncle Sam at Work" motion picture entitled "Preparedness" will be shown. A special extra attraction will be George Whiting and Sadie Burt in their "Songsayings."

#### Second Week of Vernon Castles

With the matinee and evening performance this Sunday the photodramatic presentation of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle in "The Whirl of Life" begins the second and final week of its successful engagement at the Cort. An appropriate musical program rendered by a large orchestra, adds to the entertainment. There is a matinee daily at 2:15 and a nightly performance at 8:15.

#### "Traveling Salesman" at Alcazar

"The Traveling Salesman" will be the offer-

ing of the Lytell-Vaughan players at the Alcazar next week. It is some time since this sprightly comedy from the pen of James Forbes, author of "The Show Shop," "The Chorus Lady" and "The Commuters" has been seen in this city and it is bound to be welcome as there are few comedies quite as funny. Bert Lytell has a chance to play one of his best roles, and Evelyn Vaughan is also seen to excellent advantage. Henry Shumer, E. D. Hales, Phillips Tead, William Amsdell, Addison Pitt, Jane Darwell, Margaret Armstrong and the other players will be well cast. On Tuesday night the Commercial Travelers, the big organization of traveling salesmen, will attend the Alcazar in a body. A number of novelties have been arranged for this occasion. Business Manager George H. Davis has just returned from the East and in a short time some surprises will be announced for the spring and summer season at the Belasco and Mayer theatre.

#### Cannibal Girls at Pantages

Gus Elmore and his "Cannibal Maids," a musical extravaganza of the South Seas, is the topping feature on the new bill at Pantages. There are four principals and eight shapely chorus girls. Elmore as the comedy cannibal chief is a scream. Frank Bush who created one of the biggest hits on the Pantages circuit last year, will return for a special week's engagement. Bush is called the "world's greatest story teller," and his dialect yarns are immense. Football



FLORENCE HINKLE

America's greatest soprano who appears in two concerts at the Columbia Theatre on the Sunday afternoons of March 12 and 19

a-wheel is one of the specialties introduced by the Six Imperial Bicyclists. Grace McCormack who has appeared here in concert, will render popular and classical selections on the violin. Rice and Newton have a bright little skit with new dances and songs. The Steiner trio have a lively acrobatic offering. Jay Hanna and company will present "The Prodigal Daughter," a stirring comedy drama. The twelfth episode of "The Red Circle" will end the bill.

None are so deaf as those who refuse to hear when money talks.

Some people boast that they pay as they go, but it seems mighty hard to get them started.

We are all too apt to save our blushes for the mistakes of others.

A pessimist is a person who is already worrying about how hot it is going to be next summer.

## AT THE THEATRES



FLORENCE

HINKLE

Greatest American Soprano  
TWO CONCERTS AT

COLUMBIA THEATRE

Sunday Afternoons, March 12-19

Tickets, \$1.50 and \$1.00; ready Wednesday, March 8, at Sherman, Clay & Co. MAIL ORDERS to W. L. Greenbaum, care above.

Steinway Piano Used.

COMING—THE KNEISEL QUARTET

**Orpheum**

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Magnificent  
Theatre in  
America

D'FARRELL & STOCKTON & POWELL Phone Douglas 70  
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day  
A WONDERFUL NEW SHOW

DOROTHY JARDON, the Beautiful Broadway Star in Character Songs; "THE PASSION PLAY OF WASHINGTON SQUARE" (a Comedy of the Tragic) by Sidney M'traton Hirsch with Mary Servoss and a Company of Players; ELSA RUEGGER, the World's Greatest Woman 'Cellist; MCCORMICK & WALLACE in "The Theatrical Agent"; HERBERT GERMAINE TRIO, Thrilling Comedy Gymnasts; JAMES H. CULLEN; MOORE, O'BRIEN & CORMACK; "PREPAREDNESS," Tenth Installment of the Great Motion Picture Secured Exclusively for the Orpheum Circuit. GEORGE WHITING & SADIE BURT "Songsayings."

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

## ALCAZAR THEATRE

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Commencing Monday Night, March 6th

Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY!

BERT LYTELL-EVELYN VAUGHAN

And Their Own Company of Players in

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'THE TRAVELING SALESMAN'

By James Forbes, Author of "The Show Shop"

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"THE WHIRL OF LIFE"

Nights, 25c and 50c; Matinees, 25c; All Reserved

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VAUDEVILLE

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GUS ELMORE AND HIS CANNIBAL

MAIDS

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A Tropical Musical Extravaganza

FRANK BUSH

World's Greatest Story Teller

8 GREAT FEATURE ACTS

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**CORT THEATRE** Mar. 13  
WEEK STARTING

**BOSTON GRAND OPERA**

COMPANY

Combined with  
MLLE. ANNA

**PAVLOVA**

And Her Imperial  
BALLET RUSSE

MONDAY, March 13—"L'Amore dei Tre Re," and Tschalkowsky's "Nut Cracker" Ballet, with Pavlova.  
TUESDAY, March 14—"Mme. Butterfly," and "Spanish Ballet," with Pavlova.

WEDNESDAY MATINEE, March 15—"I'Pagliacci," and "Coppelia," with Pavlova.

WEDNESDAY, March 15—"La Boheme," and "Walpurgis Night," with Pavlova.

THURSDAY, March 16—"Mme. Butterfly," and Diver-tissements by Pavlova.

FRIDAY, March 17—"L'Amore dei Tre Re," and "Nut Cracker" Ballet, with Pavlova.

SATURDAY MATINEE, March 18—"La Boheme" and "Spanish Ballet," with Pavlova.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18—"I'Pagliacci" and "Coppelia," with Pavlova.

SUNDAY, MARCH 19—Gala performance, to be announced later.

#### SCALE OF PRICES:

Orchestra Seats, \$5; Balcony (1st 8 rows), \$3; Balcony (next 8 rows), \$2; Gallery 1st 7 rows), \$1.50; Gallery (next 8 rows), \$1.

Boxes (seating 8), \$48; Boxes (seating 6), \$36; Loges (seating 5), \$30.

Sale of tickets for single operas starts Monday, March 6, at Cort Theater and Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

NOTE—This attraction will play no other city than San Francisco in northern and central California.



## The Revolt of Congress

(Continued from Page 6.)

unfortunately open to misconception both at home and abroad. And in repudiating their apparent intent, as the President has now done, it was inevitable that he should provoke murmurings and disputations. If he has now come round firmly to the belief that his country cannot on its own hook change the historic law of the sea, and that, under that law, Americans have rights which we are bound to maintain, he ought not to be surprised if it takes a little time and some persuasion to induce his party in Congress to follow him.

### SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN:

The passage by the Senate of the Gore resolution warning Americans to keep off armed merchantmen would have no legal effect; and no similar resolutions concurrently passed by both houses could be more than an expression of sentiment. The rights of American citizens would not be abbreviated in the least, in case they should choose to exercise them. But the passage of such a resolution would have a marked influence in encouraging the Teutonic Powers to resume submarine warfare without the least restraint—against unarmed as well as against armed ships. For they would correctly infer that the President was no longer sufficiently backed by Congress and the American people to make him a factor to be either feared or respected. And it is a demonstrated fact that for months past the only influence on earth that has restrained the Teutonic Powers from indiscriminate submarine attacks without warning on both armed and unarmed enemy merchantmen has been that of President Wilson.

### NEW YORK WORLD:

Does the Congress of the United States purpose to cancel the solemn pledge Germany has made to the Government of the United States and relieve Germany of all obligation to keep faith with this country? That is the only question involved in the so-called "revolt" of certain members of Congress against the President's foreign policy. After the sinking of the Arabic, the German Ambassador, acting under instructions from the German Foreign Office, gave the following pledge to the State Department:

Liners will not be sunk by our submarines without warning and without safety of the lives of the passengers, providing the liners do not try to escape or offer resistance.

This pledge was not restricted to unarmed liners. It applied to all liners that did not try to escape or offer resistance.

## The Battle of the Marne

(Continued from Page 7.)

bit, certainly to the incredulous wonder of the Prussians, quite possibly to the French, and quite as possibly to the surprise of themselves; that there was something singular about the British soldiers. That singular thing may be expressed in a variety of ways; but it would be almost certainly expressed insufficiently by anyone who had not had the moral courage to face the facts about his country in the last decades before the war. It may perhaps be best expressed by saying that some thousands of Englishmen were dead; and that England was not.

The fortress of Maubeuge had gaped, so to speak, offering a refuge for the unresting and tormented retreat; the British generals had refused it and continued to fight a losing fight in

the open for the sake of the common plan. At night an enormous multitude of Germans had come unexpectedly through the forest and caught a smaller body of the British in Landrecies; failed to dislodge them and lost a whole battalion in that battle of the darkness. At the extreme end of the line Smith-Dorrien's division, who seemed to be nearly caught or cut-off, had fought with one gun against four, and so hammered the Germans that they were forced to let go their hold; and the British were again free. When the blowing up of a bridge announced that they had crossed the last river, something other than that battered remnant was saved; it was the honor of the thing by which we live.

The driven and defeated line stood at last almost under the walls of Paris; and the world waited for the doom of the city. The gates seemed to stand open; and the Prussian was to ride into it for the third and last time: for the end of its long epic of liberty and equality was come. And still the very able and very French individual on whom rested the last hope of the seemingly hopeless Alliance stood unruffled as a rock, in the every angle of his sky-blue jacket and his bulldog figure. He had called his bewildered soldiers back when they had broken the invasion at Guise; he had silently digested the responsibility of dragging on the retreat, as in despair, to the last desperate leagues before the capital; and he stood and watched. And even as he watched the whole huge invasion swerved.

Out through Paris and out and round beyond Paris, other men in dim blue coats swung out in long lines upon the plain, slowly folding upon Von Kluck like blue wings. Von Kluck stood an instant; and then, flinging a few secondary forces to delay the wing that was swinging round on him, dashed across the Allies' line at a desperate angle, to smash it in the centre as with a hammer. It was less desperate than it seemed; for he counted, and might well count, on the moral and physical bankruptcy of the British line and the end of the French line immediately in front of him, which for six days and nights he had chased before him like autumn leaves before a whirlwind. Not unlike autumn leaves, red-stained, dust-hued, and tattered, they lay there as if swept into a corner. But even as their conquerors wheeled eastwards, their bugles blew the charge; and the English went forward through the wood that is called Crecy, and stamped it with their seal for the second time, in the highest moment of all the secular history of man.

But it was not now the Crecy in which English and French knights had met in a more colored age, in a battle that was rather a tournament. It was a league of all knights for the remains of all knighthood, of all brotherhood in arms or in arts, against that which is and has been radically unknighly and radically unbrotherly from the beginning. Much was to happen after—murder and flaming folly and madness in earth and sea and sky; but all men knew in their hearts that the third Prussian thrust had failed, and Christendom was delivered once more. The empire of blood and iron rolled slowly back towards the darkness of the northern forests; and the great nations of the West went forward; where side by side as after a long lover's quarrel, went the ensign of St. Denys and St. George.

Young man, if you are in love, be sure you don't write, then go ahead.

Alcohol, the Prohibitionists say, is burning out the nation's vitality \* \* \* Soon the country will be full of publicans and cinders.

## Among Our Artists

(Continued from Page 11.)

Blank is a leader, an influence in our art colony; so his words carried weight. The table was charmed with his indorsement of the peace movement. It listened to him in rapt silence until he concluded with these words: "And as the first step in this great work of harmony we must unite as one man to crush Dash and all those who insist on remaining under his malign influence." I need hardly explain that the man whom I call Dash but whose name Blank mentioned is a leader of an art faction opposed to Blank's faction. The remark was meant quite seriously, but it sort of threw a damper on the harmony program, sort of spiked the wheels of the peace movement. The moral seems to be that you can't reconcile artists of different schools. And when you come right down to it, why should you try?

### TOWN TALK READERS:

You wouldn't dream of leaving large sums of money in your home or office day after day and night after night.

Yet you leave valuable treasures there—heirlooms, jewelry, keepsakes—which money could never replace; you leave important papers there—insurance policies, securities, receipts—the loss of which would cost you large sums of money.

Did it ever occur to you that there is absolutely no safety for your valuables in your home or office?

You do not need to be reminded of fire dangers and the uncertainty and havoc of them, but you may not realize what an intricate, scientific, almost infallible profession burglary is! Home and office locks and safes are slight obstacles in the way of a professional thief.

Your turn may not have come yet, but that does not mean that it never will.

But, it never will if you take the proper precautions.—Don't trust the home hiding places—a joke to thieves—nor to an office safe, because there is only one really secure place—a safe deposit box!

THE CROCKER SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS have been built to defeat the professional burglar and safe-cracker, and to safe-guard against earthquake and fire.

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There is a large and beautifully appointed Committee Room and a Reception Parlor in the Ladies' Department, where every facility is found for reading, writing, resting. Stenographers, Notary and Messenger Service are right at hand.

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Life is full of uncertainties, including most of the sure things.

Man is a worm, and woman is the early bird. Many a man denies his wife a lot of pleasure by refusing to argue with her.



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The war news and Germany's reply on the submarine question has brought about the most acute selling movement we have had for a long time and the industrial stocks have been the chief sufferers. Railroads are bound to make friends under present conditions. Reading, which has been showing accumulation for the past week, touched a new high price. Properties of a similar kind which have enormous margins of earnings above their dividends are bound to be sought by investors. There are two classes of buyers in the Street—those who buy for a speculative possibility, such as the war stocks, and those who buy on present values like the railroads. The latter, in the past year, have not offered the opportunity for big advances, but they do not furnish the similar opportunity for big declines. For weeks, we have been calling attention to the congested condition of the industrial stocks in loans. It has become now a war market, pure and simple. News is largely negative. It is more than likely, that in a battle such as is now raging, even the leaders on the field cannot tell exactly how matters stand. If this present conflict results in a German repulse, we will get a very sharp recovery, and if not, a corresponding decline. Unquestionably, technical conditions are getting better daily. Often it has looked as though we were going to get that big shake-out which has been expected, but each time the selling ceases and a recovery follows. Indications point to a recovery now.

**Wheat**—In the face of some very serious crop damage reports from the Southwest and extremely bullish foreign news, the markets in Canada and North America have been reactionary during the greater part of this week. The producer has shown extreme indifference to the many alarming messages concerning the danger to the crop now developing, if the greatly increased movement from the entire wheat territory is any index to his view of the present situation. Considering the claim, of car shortage, the present runs of wheat to terminals are phenomenal, especially from Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri. where it was supposed, long ago, that no milling grades were obtainable, and where one-fourth of the crop raised last year was fit only for hog feed, and where, a month since, the farmers' reserves were exhausted, or said to be; yet the receipts after the serious storms are, proportionately to last year, as large as ever. A break of 25 per cent from the \$1.38 high point, and 18 cents from the recent \$1.31 quotation in a few days is certainly food for thought, with the abandoned acreage and the weather damage already reported. But, in our opinion, it is simply the liquidating results of a badly pyramided market, and when over, its hygienic influence will be apparent in a quick return to higher levels. We believe next month will disclose a more serious deterioration than has been so far considered, and that, after a battle with the usual climatic vicissitudes, and a visitation of

green bugs and Hessian fly, there will be a return to much higher prices.

**Corn**—The movement of new corn continues and there are no very good reasons why it should not, for much of it cannot be handled to advantage by the farmer and is unfit for feed. The industries are purchasing liberally, but if their requirements are met and if they withdraw from the market, it is difficult to foretell the extent of decline in the cash property. Much of it, however, is taken by the elevator interests for drying and mixing with better grades, as there is said to be good profit in this transaction. In one way, the car shortage is a blessing, as it prevents a congested situation, which would be decidedly unfavorable to prices, if the quantities held in country elevators are not exaggerated. But we presume that the heavy runs of soft corn will be superseded soon by a better quality of grain unless the farmer shall be disposed to hold it until the spring months in anticipation of the better prices expected at that time. We are still unable to connect a continued movement of sample grades with higher prices either for cash or futures although a majority of the trading public seem to argue in this direction.

**Cotton**—The trade generally has been expecting a good rally after the March liquidation, and it would probably have occurred had it not been for the political situation. Heavy selling of cotton held for Wall Street firms and the West. Southern spot-holders were also fair sellers, but the total from this source was not large. What appears to us as a dangerous feature is the fact that so much cotton held in the South is held by speculators many of whom, since the decline, have little or no margins left in their cotton accounts and will have to sell so as to satisfy the banks. It is selling by this class of holders that is likely to bring about general spot liquidation. We believe that similar conditions exist practically all over the cotton belt and for this reason we regard the bull side as extremely dangerous and would take advantage of small rallies to sell.

## Ice Skating Soon

If you ever knew how to skate on ice you will soon have a glorious opportunity to renew your skill in this healthful sport. A mammoth rink will soon be opened by some of the owners of Techau Tavern, at the corner of Eddy and Jones streets where Arcadia Dancing Pavilion is now located. Expert skaters will be imported from New York for exhibition skating and a corps of experienced teachers will give lessons to the public every morning. Ample accommodations will be provided for spectators. The opening date which will be in the near future, will be announced in these columns.

NOTICE OF SPECIAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS OF KERN-NEILAN CO., INC., A CORPORATION, FOR THE PURPOSE OF REMOVING BOARD OF DIRECTORS FROM OFFICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, pursuant to the call and demand of the holders and owners of more than one-half of the issued or outstanding capital stock of Kern-Neilan Co., Inc., a corporation, a special meeting of the stockholders of said corporation has been called and will be held at its office, No. 316 Bush Street, San Francisco, Calif., on Saturday, March 4, 1916, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition of removing from office the present Board of Directors of said corporation and of electing a new board in lieu thereof.

Dated, February 16, 1916.

(Seal of Kern-Neilan Co., Inc.)

ALBERT E. KERN,  
Secretary of Kern-Neilan Co., Inc.

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New York Cotton Exchange  
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HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner  
Haight and Belvedere

DECEMBER 31ST, 1915:

Assets .....	\$61,849,662.02
Deposits .....	58,840,699.38
Capital actually paid up in Cash .....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds .....	2,008,962.64
Employees' Pension Fund .....	211,238.93
Number of Depositors .....	67,406
Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.	

For the 6 months ending December 31st, 1915, a  
dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was  
declared.

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# NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING TO CONSIDER REMOVAL OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF OCEAN BOULEVARD IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, A CORPORATION:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a general meeting of the stockholders of Ocean Boulevard Improvement Company, a corporation, will be held at the office of the company at Number 1468 La Playa, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 20th day of March, 1916, at the hour of four o'clock P. M., for the purpose of considering and passing a resolution then to be proposed, removing from office the present board of directors.

Said meeting is called by order of stockholders of said corporation holding more than one-half of the votes.

Dated: March 2nd, 1916.

F. HERZOG,  
Secretary of Ocean Boulevard Improvement Company, a corporation.

# NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING TO CONSIDER REMOVAL OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

To the Stockholders of Ocean Boulevard Improvement Company, a corporation:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a general meeting of the stockholders of OCEAN BOULEVARD IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, a corporation, will be held at the office of the company at No. 1468 La Playa, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 20th day of March, 1916, at the hour of four o'clock p. m., for the purpose of considering and passing a resolution then to be proposed removing from office the present Board of Directors.

Stockholders holding the following number of shares:

J. HERZOG	2656
A. C. CAMPBELL	1738
F. HERZOG	16
J. W. RIESS	10
LOTTIE J. RIESS	1530

Total Number of Shares 5950

Dated: March 2nd, 1916.

# NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN CHARLES TAYLOR, deceased.—No. 20431; Dept. No. 18.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Will of JOHN CHARLES TAYLOR, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said JULIET LOUISE TAYLOR, Executrix of the Will of said deceased, at the office of Paul McDonald, 464 California Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN CHARLES TAYLOR, deceased.

JULIET LOUISE TAYLOR,  
Executrix of the Will of John Charles Taylor, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 4, 1916.

PAUL McDONALD,  
Attorney for Executrix,  
464 California St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-4-5

# NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HEALEY C. DAVIS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of HEALEY C. DAVIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Norman A. Eisner, her attorney, 344-345 Mills Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HEALEY C. DAVIS, deceased.

FLORENCE DAVIS,

Administratrix of the estate of Healey C. Davis, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26, 1916.

NORMAN A. EISNER,  
Attorney for Administratrix,  
344-345 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 26-2-5

# NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATHILDE GERHARDT (also called MATHILDE J. GERHARDT), deceased.—No. 20299; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of MATHILDE GERHARDT (also called Mathilde J. Gerhardt), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATHILDE GERHARDT (also called Mathilde J. Gerhardt), deceased.

JULIETTE M. DAVIDSON,  
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Mathilde Gerhardt (also called Mathilde J. Gerhardt), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 12, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Executrix,  
No. 333 Kearny Street,  
San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

# SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71603.  
FELIX D. C. MCGOVERN, Plaintiff, vs. JANET B. MCGOVERN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:  
JANET M. MCGOVERN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By ROBERT W. DENNIS, Deputy Clerk.

TOWSON S. GRASTY,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1201 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 26-2-10

# NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS WOODS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of THOMAS WOODS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Paul F. Fratessa, Room 901-7 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS WOODS, deceased.

DAVID W. CRONIN,

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Thomas Woods, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 5th, 1916.

PAUL F. FRATESSA,  
Attorney for Executor,  
901-7 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-5-5

# NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIA CASTAGNETTO, deceased.—No. 20163.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARIA CASTAGNETTO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Jos. F. Cavnagaro, Esq., at No. 550 Montgomery Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

GIACOMO CASTAGNETTO,

Administrator of the estate of Maria Castagnetto, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26, 1916.

JOSEPH F. CAVAGNARO,  
Attorney for Estate,  
550 Montgomery St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 26-2-5

# NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN CAMPE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of ELLEN CAMPE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of W. H. Morrissey, 804 Mechanics Building, 948 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN CAMPE, deceased.

FREDERICK DAREWOOD CAMPE,

Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Ellen Campe, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12, 1916.

W. H. MORRISSEY,  
Attorney for Administrator,  
948 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

There aren't any hick towns any more—they all take their celluloid in movie fillums instead of collars these days.

When a woman tells you your coat is wrinkled in the back and that she doesn't like your tie, go out and buy the ring.

# ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 15539; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of LOUIS LEVY, Deceased.

JACOB LEVY, as Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of LOUIS LEVY, deceased, having on the 23rd day of February, 1916, presented to this Court, and having filed herein his verified petition to due form praying for an order authorizing him to borrow the sum of five thousand dollars, at a rate of interest not exceeding five and one-half per cent net per annum, and to mortgage to the Hibernia Savings & Loan Society as security to it for the payment of such loan, the hereinafter described real property, and that such mortgage security be given by him in the form of a flat mortgage in the sum of four thousand dollars, payable one year after date, with interest thereon at the rate of five and one-half per cent per annum, together with an installment mortgage in the sum of one thousand dollars, with interest at a like rate, principal and interest payable in sixty equal monthly installments of nineteen and 10/100 dollars, and that he be authorized to execute promissory notes therefor, and which said mortgages shall be upon the following described real property situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Turk Street, distant thereon one hundred and two (102) feet seven (7) inches westerly from the westerly line of Buchanan Street, running thence westerly along said northerly line of Turk Street fifty-one (51) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the southerly line of Laurel Avenue; thence at a right angle easterly and along said line of Laurel Avenue fifty-one (51) feet ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to said northerly line of Turk Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 280.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, at the Court Room of Department Number 10 thereof, situate at the City Hall, San Francisco, California, on the 29th day of March, 1916, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M. of said day then and there to show cause, if any they have, why said prayer of said petition should not be granted and the real property above described mortgaged as prayed for.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper published in said City and County of San Francisco.

For further particulars I do hereby refer to the petition now on file herein.

Dated: February 23rd, 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of said Superior Court.

LEO KAUFMANN,  
Attorney-at-law,  
San Francisco, Cal.

2-26-5

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVII. No. 1229

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 11, 1916

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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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San Francisco, March 11, 1916

No. 1229

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### Getting There First

When the Germans opened their attack on Verdun we were told that in all probability it was not undertaken with a purely military purpose, but that its motive was political; that it was intended to have an effect on neutral nations. The same thing has been said about almost every aggressive movement made by Germany since the outbreak of the war. Yet every Teutonic military operation has had considerable military value. The great principle of Teutonic strategy has appeared to be that of offensive warfare. It is almost an axiom of military science that to be able to take the offensive is to be able to put your enemy at a disadvantage, since the army on the defensive has to do all the guessing. Such has been the case at Verdun, where the French were kept busy conjecturing what the enemy was going to do, from what point the next attack would be made. "Beat the other fellow to the punch" is one of the axioms of pugilism, and it was on this principle that the Germans started the biggest of their big drives against the French salient which, ever since September, 1914, stretched to the northeast, east and southeast about Verdun. The most easterly point of this semicircle was very nearly within artillery range of Metz, the chief German base in Lorraine. So long as this French salient was held Metz was in danger. The French salient must have occasioned considerable anxiety among the Germans, who have known that the Allies were preparing for a gigantic smash in the Spring. And the Germans beat the Allies to the punch.

### Brandeis as He Now Appears

President Wilson is very unfortunate in his choice of men. We never had a President quite so unfortunate in his friendships. It appears that even Mr. Brandeis whom he nominated as judge of the Supreme Court is no exception. We

had known Brandeis as a radical eager for sentry duty on the frontiers of life, always on the alert for political and economic vices in the germ, but we had received the impression that whatever his eccentricities he was circumspect in his relations with men and enjoyed the respect of those who knew him. It appears that we were somewhat in error. Mr. Brandeis has been the subject of official inquiry in Washington, and though, having the Administration at his back, his confirmation is to be expected, it is hardly to be said that he has emerged from the inquiry without a blot on his 'scutcheon. On the contrary, as a result of the inquiry many people have received the impression that Mr. Brandeis is no better than that cunning reformer at the bar whose services have a peculiar value because of a reputation for hostility to the interests and love of mankind. It appears that Mr. Brandeis is not at all notable for his devotion to the ethics of his profession. His conduct in connection with the business of the Shoe Manufacturing Company before the Massachusetts Legislature indicates that he is not a man of the finest moral delicacy. But it is not his record so much as his reputation among professional men of high standing in his home town that causes us to deplore his nomination. Lawyers are best known among lawyers, and when lawyers of high standing pronounce one of their profession "unscrupulous and ruthless in the attainment of his ends," we regard it as unfortunate that an idealist, most of whose life has been spent in a classroom, should have the power to elevate a man of that description to the Supreme Court of the United States.

### The Harvard Boys Are for Him

It would be unfair to Mr. Brandeis to take no notice of testimony that has been offered in his behalf. As a matter of fact the preponderance of testimony is in his favor; and as in these days of omniscient democracy majorities not only rule but solve the most abstruse problems it is important that we should count noses for Louis D. Brandeis. One of the leading character witnesses against Mr. Brandeis was President Lowell of Harvard, a scholar, a student of men and affairs, a man with no malice in his soul, a distinguished American with zeal for the welfare of his country. Doubtless his protest against the confirmation of the shifty lawyer from Boston gave men pause. But even where justice is concerned votes are counted, not weighed, and if the majority are insane the sane must go to the asylum. To drown the voice of Lowell there was evoked the clamor of a thousand undergraduates of the university over which Dr. Lowell presides. One thousand under-

graduates signed a paper urging the Senate to confirm the nomination of Mr. Brandeis. Presumably Mr. Brandeis holds the opinion that the Senate of his country should take counsel of the campus before winding up its deliberations on important questions of State.

### One Way to Preserve Peace

Not often are we able to concur in the sentiments of our popular contemporary *The Bulletin*, and so it gives us pleasure to find ourselves in accord with some of its views as expressed in the course of an editorial advising President Wilson how to keep out of the war. *The Bulletin's* idea is that he may avoid trouble with Germany at present by warning Americans "to stay off all transatlantic ships which are not known to be safe against submarine attacks;" also, that "by refusing them passports he can make them stay off." These are assertions which no cautious person would challenge. But when *The Bulletin* goes further and says that it is the duty of the President to do these things, and that it is sufficient for him merely to protest against infractions of international law, and that by merely protesting "he can preserve the influence of the United States as a neutral power," we feel reluctant to go the full distance with our contemporary. The President cannot do all *The Bulletin* advises him to do without assenting indirectly to repudiation of the pledge made to this country after the attack on the Arabic, the pledge that liners would not be attacked without warning and making provision for the safety of passengers and crew. At the time that pledge was given passenger-carrying merchant vessels armed for defense had the status of ships of peace. That is their status under international law, and it was their status as enunciated by Germany herself six months before the outbreak of the war. The pledge is to be interpreted in the light of the conditions and understanding existing at the time it was given. Both law and morals demand such interpretation. The pledge has the binding force of a contract that is not subject to modification at the will of the parties. Now the President has said that "We covet peace and shall preserve it at any cost but the loss of honor;" and in the circumstances it would seem that to abridge the rights of Americans as suggested by our very popular contemporary would be tantamount to proclaiming ourselves careless of our honor. We are of the opinion that our contemporary errs in affirming virtually that we can throw honor to the dogs and preserve nevertheless "the influence of the United States as a neutral power;" also in asserting virtually that we can preserve peace



at any price and "hold true to the highest ideals of the greatest of Americans." We may incur the contempt of the world by our cowardice, and call it sanity and moral courage, but we shall not be likely "to preserve nevertheless the influence of the United States." To preserve our influence we must inspire respect. Nay, failing to inspire respect we might not even be able to preserve peace. The fact is that we have reached a point where it has become very dangerous to do any more yielding.

#### Diplomacy of the Roosevelt Era

President Wilson has taken so firm a stand with respect to the German pledge that he causes us to wonder whether he has been reading Thayer's *Life of John Hay*. This is a work that throws a great deal of light on German diplomacy, and of late President Wilson has had much experience of German diplomacy, experience of the kind that John Hay, according to Thayer, "found it most difficult to deal with." One thing that might be learned from the book is that firmness counts when dealing with the Kaiser. This thing may be learned from the experience of Theodore Roosevelt at the time Germany blockaded the Venezuela coast to enforce payment of Venezuelan debts. It was suspected at Washington that the Kaiser wanted a harbor on the coast, and Roosevelt demanded that the questions at issue between Germany and Venezuela be arbitrated. The Kaiser refused. Roosevelt summoned the German Ambassador Dr. Holleben and told him that unless Germany consented to arbitrate the American squadron under Admiral Dewey would be given orders, by noon ten days later, to proceed to the Venezuelan coast and prevent the Germans from taking any territory. Dr. Holleben protested, saying that his imperial master, having once refused to arbitrate, could not change his mind. President Roosevelt said he did not care to argue the matter. A week passed in silence. Then Dr. Holleben called at the White House, but said nothing of the Venezuelan matter. When he rose to go Mr. Roosevelt asked him about it. The Ambassador said he had heard nothing from his Government. He was then told that Admiral Dewey would sail in forty-eight hours unless an offer to arbitrate was received. During the interview Mr. Roosevelt said that if the Emperor would offer to arbitrate, the matter would be treated as though no suggestion had been made, and that he would heartily praise the Emperor for proposing arbitration. Within thirty-six hours the proposition to arbitrate was received. At that time Admiral Dewey with the American fleet was manoeuvring in the West Indies. He had been ordered to be in readiness, but he never knew what for. President Roosevelt publicly complimented the Kaiser on being an advocate of arbitration.

#### The Uncharitable Ford

Mr. Henry Ford reveals himself as the typical American reformer when he com-

plains of the insincerity and selfishness of the advocates of preparedness. The typical American reformer is a person convinced always that his side is the one that has received divine illumination. All motive and action on the opposing side he reduces to a very simple principle—self-interest. How superficial and narrow, this view of human nature! Self-interest is a very powerful principle, but it is not the only source of our affections or our follies. Henry Ford assumes that the leading advocates of preparedness are manufacturers of munitions or stockholders in munition factories, and that what concerns them is not the security of their country but the profits to be made out of the instruments of slaughter. Mr. Ford cannot conceive that any of the high sentiments of human nature are dictating the views of people who have not his bias of mind. Of course he does not realize that in pampering his self-complacency by indulging the familiar vice of reformers he renders himself liable to the suspicion that self-interest is the dominating principle of his personality. But let us avoid the danger of doing Mr. Ford injustice. To attribute a selfish motive to him is to imply that he is less ingenuous than we thought when he chartered the nut ship *Oscar*.

#### Boswell's House

The despatches tell us that Boswell's house is coming down. An unimportant piece of news this at a time when some of us are troubled with the illusion that the world itself is tumbling about our ears. Boswell's house is merely going the way that historic structures in Belgium and elsewhere have gone. Only that it is not going by way of reprisal, or because it happened to be a place of shelter for the enemy. The world may be going backward, but they are pulling down Boswell's house because it is in the pathway of Progress. They are only just now pulling down Boswell's house, but the work of pulling down his reputation was in full swing long ago. It was Macaulay that attended to that business. Macaulay was a man of singularly lucid mind, but he did a lot of very loose thinking about Boswell. True, he pronounced *The Life of Johnson* a great book, a very great book. In his opinion Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes not more decidedly the first of orators than Boswell is the first of biographers. Boswell had no second according to Macaulay. Yet to Macaulay Bozzy was a fool whose great work brought him nothing but contempt. In the whole range of literature there is no more striking bit of evidence of the failure of one genius to appreciate another than Macaulay's caricature of Boswell. Though Carlyle found that "poor Bozzy" was a great drunkard whose devout discipleship seemed hardly anything more than a mean spanielship, yet Carlyle did not regard him as a worldly sycophant or a lick-spittle. As Carlyle points out, from a worldly point

of view Boswell had everything to lose and nothing to gain by sticking to Johnson, among whose friends and admirers he was more laughed at than envied. He neglected opportunities in his profession and in society, faced the ridicule of his wife and incurred the contempt of his father, but as Carlyle says he had "a genuine reverence for Excellence." Now Bozzy was not without merit himself. His literary judgments were on the whole just and acute, and in his ethical discussions he was as often in the right as his mentor. With regard to the great question of the day, the trouble with the American colonies, Boswell was on the side of Chatham and Burke while Johnson was for "resolute government." But Macaulay is a great name to conjure with, and many people gather their knowledge of literature from his books rather than from the books criticized, and in many minds, though Boswell's book is a great book, he was a silly sort of ass that wrote it. The fact is Macaulay failed even to appreciate the book. He found proof of Bozzy's asininity in the very touches with which Boswell filled in the outlines of Johnson's individuality making it stand out with distinctness. "No man," he says, "ever published such stories respecting persons whom he professed to love and revere. He would infallibly have made his hero as contemptible as he has made himself had not his hero possessed some moral and intellectual qualities of a very high order." Clearly Macaulay was of the opinion that the greatest of biographers did not know what he was doing. Evidently he read the opening pages somewhat carelessly, for therein Boswell sets forth his intention: "I cannot conceive a more perfect mode of writing a man's life than not only in relating all the more important events of it in their order, but interweaving what he privately wrote and said and thought; by which mankind are enabled as it were to see him live, and to 'live o'er each scene' with him. . . . And he will be seen as he really was; for I profess to write, not his panegyric, which must be all praise, but his Life; which, great and good as he was, must not be supposed to be entirely perfect." All of which Bozzy did, and to get his material he practiced self-effacement and devotion, with the result that he has been called a fool and a mere corkscrew of Johnson's bottle of brains. The friendship of Johnson and Boswell is a noble and lovely story which has given several generations of readers amusement and instruction. Had it not been for Boswell how little would the twentieth century have known of the greatest moralist and man of letters of his day! Boswell's house is coming down, but his book will remain to keep his memory fresh.

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# Varied Types

CCLXXI—WILLIAM H. CROCKER

By Edward F. O'Day

"If California wants the Republican party—and I think California wants it and needs it—California should elect this ticket of delegates."

I wonder if the above is not the first political speech Will Crocker ever made? I do not remember him ever making one before. Hitherto Will Crocker has served his State in many ways, but none of the ways has been political. Doubtless he has contributed to Republican campaign funds—and generously, as he contributes to all the funds of which he approves—but politics has not known him, headquarters have not seen him, the rostrum has never supported his weight. So I think it is correct to say that the sentence I have quoted represents his virgin effort as a political exhorter. And I think you will agree that it is not a bad sort of speech for a beginner.

Cast your eye over that speech again. Does it not stand as an illustration in miniature of what a political speech should be? It has brevity which is a great desideratum; it has point; it has directness. It states an attractive proposition, one that is not difficult of proof, and draws from it with indisputable logic the conclusion which the speaker wishes to enforce. Really, if Will Crocker goes on the stump when the campaign waxes hot, he cannot do better than elaborate this little speech of his. As the seed contains the full blown flower, so the sentence which constitutes his first speech, embraces a complete political exhortation.

Of course it was not in the form of a speech that Will Crocker spoke that sentence. One does not deliver a speech tete-a-tete. Will Crocker's tone when he uttered the sentence was not oratorical but conversational; he was not uplifted on the platform beside the flag-draped stand that holds the cut glass water pitcher, but was comfortably seated in his swivel chair; he was not addressing a gathering of his fellow citizens, but only a lone interviewer who tried to pay strict attention to his words despite the unfamiliar activities of a great banking institution which threatened to distract him at every minute.

More than two years ago I tried to interview Will Crocker concerning his distinguished activities as a director of the Exposition. It was impossible to induce him to unbosom. He was working hard, and he was taking particular pleasure in the work; but he would not talk about it. "Pass me up as you would a white chip," I remember his saying; and the remark was as characteristic as it was serious. Will Crocker loves the background as most men love the centre of the stage. He is that rare bird, a modest man. He does not say that he "loathes publicity"—the men who say that are the men who actually love it—but he soon lets you know that he has devised rather efficient means of shunning it. And so, while I learned a great deal about what Will Crocker was doing on the Fair directorate, I did not learn it from his lips. Nor did the general public. He was one of the most infrequent orators of that body in which the speaking average was very high. He was content to let his deeds speak for him, and it must be said that they gave an excellent account of him, an account which would shock his modesty were it summarized within his hearing.

But now Will Crocker is in politics. Not in very deep, of course. He could never be that. Natural inclination and acquired tastes, business

and the habits of a lifetime keep him out of that amazing arena where politicians disport. But when his friend Frank Keesling came to him and asked him to allow his name to go before the voters as a candidate for delegate to the Republican national convention at Chicago, he asked a single question and abided by Keesling's answer. "Do you think I ought to?" he asked Keesling. "I do," said Keesling. And so Will Crocker appears on the regular Republican ticket as a candidate from the eighth Congressional district.

It is a departure for Will Crocker, and that I suppose is why he overcame an habitual reluctance and consented to talk about it.

"I do not know just how active a part I shall take in the campaign," he said. "I must wait and see how things shape themselves. If there are to be personalities I shall have nothing to do with them. When personalities are injected into politics men say things which are not true and which they know to be untrue when they say them. There are men on the other side with whom I have had friendly relations all my life, social relations and financial and philanthropic relations and relations in connection with the Exposition and the University. There are such men on the other side as my friends John Britton, Rudolph Taussig and Guy Earl. Certainly I shall have nothing to do with any personalities leveled at these and other men in the heat of politics.

"I can disagree with them without indulging in personalities. I do not think that they should select a ticket of delegates and submit it to the voters. They have been Progressives, and now that there is no third party they ask to be taken back into the Republican party. They should be taken back by all means, but they should not seek to dictate to the party. Yet they named a ticket of their own. And when for the sake of harmony the Republican State Central Committee offered to split their ticket with the Progressives fifty-fifty, the offer was turned down. The best they would offer the regular Republicans was seven out of twenty-six delegates. Now our ticket is a representative ticket. There was no program about its selection, as in the case of the other ticket. And so I say that if California wants the Republican party—and I think California wants it and needs it—California should elect this ticket of delegates.

"And I think California Republicans will elect this ticket. I am told that in Los Angeles and the South the Progressives are disintegrating.

"As for myself I am rather curious to see what will happen. I have always held that a man like myself could never be elected to any office. I am speaking impersonally, you understand. I am a banker, and that intangible composite known as 'the people' has been taught to regard the banker as a dangerous factor in public life. The banker is held up as one of the sinister figures in that so-called conspiracy against 'the people' which goes by such catch words as 'Wall Street' and 'the interests.' The banker is supposed to be unpatriotic, to have no motive except personal gain. The public regards the banker as President Wilson and many of those around the President regard him. When President Wilson was putting forward his Currency measure he would not see or consult with any banker or financier. His attitude was:

"This measure is aimed against you, Mr. Banker, and I'm not going to discuss it with you. I'll discuss it with the people whom I propose to protect against your wicked methods." I think that if we could step outside this bank and stop, let us say, two thousand people as they pass by—any two thousand that pass by at any time—and poll their opinions and reduce those individual opinions to one collective opinion, we'd find that it was the same opinion which Mr. Wilson holds. It would be an opinion that the banker is to be distrusted, and that he is not to be given any office in the public service.


"As a matter of fact, this is a very unjust opinion. I take it that the ordinary man loves first his family, and then his possessions. And yet he entrusts his possessions to the banker. That which is second dearest to him in life he places in the hands of the banker. And the banker realizes his responsibility. The banker must many times deny his personal inclinations in order to retain that trust which the ordinary man places in him, in order not to forfeit the confidence which he has won. The banker is a patriot, a greater patriot than the job chaser. But the people have been industriously taught to think otherwise, and you cannot disabuse them of their unjust prejudice.

"And so I am curious to see what happens to me. Of course the outcome would throw more light on the point I have explained if I were running against a Democrat for Congress or the governorship or some such office, not merely for delegate to the national convention. I cannot think of any banker who was ever elected to office, can you? Take the case of Joseph S. Tobin who ran for mayor. I don't know a finer man or a finer citizen. He has high ideals, an excellent mind, is eminently respectable and is a man of a profound religious nature. He would have made a splendid mayor. Yet he was beaten by Schmitz. You see, the public will trust us bankers with their money, but not with their offices. It is a strange thing, is it not?"


And so Will Crocker goes into the fray, with the armor of philosophy girded on his back. I'm sure he will enjoy the experience, let it issue as it may. For he is a student of human nature, a kindly student who is never so happy as when making some new discovery in that inexhaustible science. And no matter what happens, he'll see that Chicago convention which promises to be one of the greatest in the history of his party.

"My friend Fred Upham of Chicago," he says, "has reserved seats for me in his box, and I'll be there, whether as a delegate or as a spectator."

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## Perspective Impressions

"Oregon town sliding into river," says the headline. No doubt it is tired of being dry.

Just in confidence, Mr. Garrison, what do you think of the new Secretary of War?

You are a patriot, Mr. Garrison. What emotion do you experience at finding the portfolio that was recently yours in the possession of a "peace-at-almost-any-price" man?

No doubt you were amused, Mr. Garrison, when you read that your successor was an advocate of three-cent fares. Mr. Newton D. Baker may have no fixed ideas on preparedness, but if he reduces, for our soldiers, the high cost of street car rides, what a reform that will be!

You will admit, I think, Mr. Garrison, that the Cabinet possesses greater homogeneity since you quit it. Think what a pal this Newton D. Baker ought to make for Josephus Daniels! The nicest thing that can be said of you, Mr. Garrison, is that you didn't belong in that Cabinet.

When you come right down to it, Mr. Garrison, don't you think that it's rather disgraceful to reward a man with a Cabinet position for fighting the unit rule in the Baltimore convention? But I forgot: you're out of politics. More's the pity. We need men like you to offset the Newton D. Bakers.

Nicholas Murray Butler asks, "Are we sure what America stands for?" If we aren't we can find out by reading the newspaper files backward to the day when the flag was not saluted at Vera Cruz.

"This nation," says Secretary Lane, "is not willing to sacrifice self-respect rather than fight." Once upon a time this assurance would strike us as supererogatory.

Popular philosophers of the Feminist school are popular in proportion to their abstinence from philosophy.

Among the quite unimportant war articles we include what we have seen from the pen of Richard Harding Davis.

An Oakland woman has proposed marriage to John D. Rockefeller, stating that she loves him for the money he has made. If John D. only realized it, that is just why a lot of his so-called friends love him.

The lives of some men remind us that the tragedy of life is sometimes the obsession of self.

Novelists of the Elinor Glyn brand owe their popularity to their badness rather than to their goodness.

"He was a patriotic American," says the New York Times, speaking of Henry James. The Times has some new definition of patriotism, but what's the use of asking what it is?

The Germans think that England is beaten but has not the sense to see it. The English think that Germany is beaten but has not the sense to confess it. The French appear to be sawing wood, and their ominous silence is little less dreadful than a fleet of Zeppelins.

## Anxiety In England

Editors Speculating as to the Outcome of the War and Wondering Whether Germany Has Any More Surprises to Spring

By ROBERT McTAVISH

Alfred Harmsworth (Lord Northcliffe) has been talking to us in the press despatches in a quite sanguine tone. He tells us that the French have the situation well in hand, and he gives us the impression that in his opinion God's in His heaven, and all's well with the British Empire. Not all the editors of England are in the same happy frame of mind. Ten days before the Germans started the bombardment of Verdun there was a note of pessimism in more than one London journal. For instance: "We have recently undergone a minor experience which is not encouraging. A fleet of Zeppelins cruised about over the countryside for twelve hours, very much as it willed. It was left free to select any point that seemed important, and to treat such selected points as it wished. So far as one can gather, the few guns that roared served to economize the flash bombs the enemy was forced to drop in order to discover his whereabouts. It was the fog which stood between us and the kind of damage at which he may be supposed to have chiefly aimed. There is no evidence that the Government had calculated its risk. We are left to discover from the immunity of the raiders that the control of our defenses was in the hands of several authorities. The Admiralty is in charge of the air defense of the country, while the defense of London is in how many hands? After the mischief has been done, we are, it seems, to have a unified control. If we are to pursue this method to its limits we shall, presumably, create an overwhelming defense organization after we have been beaten in the greater as well as the minor operations of the war."

One writer, in the second week of February, was speculating as to the outcome of the war, thus: "Upon every theatre of the war there has now descended a lull. It is not the natural cessation which will one day give peace to the world. It is a lull which is in some ways more

terrible than the fiercest battles; for in these at least we can form some estimate of the forces engaged, and therefore fix the limits of disaster or success. We can almost hear the whirring of the wheels and the trampling of feet which constitute the tensely of preparation. For eighteen months we have been at war, and victory is not yet in sight. The enemy boasts of his victories; but he knows that he has not achieved victory. We believe in our victory, but we, too, realize that we have not yet realized it. We have the raw material of victory—if we are reasonably thrifty with it—except perhaps the will and decision; he has those two elements, but his command of the materials is inferior. With declining powers he has still to avoid a crowning defeat; with increasing powers we have still to make victory sure. Hitherto we have danced as he piped. How will he pipe next, and do we know the measure? Are we prepared?"

The editor of the London Nation is evidently not so sanguine a person as Lord Northcliffe. He tried to cheer up by reading a Swedish newspaper which had summed up the situation and struck a balance in favor of England. Speaking of the Swedish paper, he says: "A Swedish newspaper recently summed up the present situation. It recognizes that Germany is at present the winner on land; but it gave the definite victory on sea to us. The point which it decided in favor of the Allies was that whereas the resources of Germany are failing, those of the Allies are declining at a lower rate, and their man-power is actually increasing. The existing German superiority on land is, therefore, contested by a serious opponent, whereas it is unthinkable, so the neutral writer thought, that the British navy should ever be beaten during the war. Generally we may accept that view. But if we accept it unreservedly, we do

so at our peril. It is unfortunate that the present attitude of the official world seems to support it. For there are undoubtedly points which tend to blight so cheerful an opinion."

The writer of the foregoing alluded to the report that Germany possesses a 17-inch naval gun. "We know nothing of the merits of this supposed invention," says this English writer, "but any student of naval warfare, particularly in this war, realizes the general proposition that the lighter gun is as though it had no existence in face of the superior weapon. Have we considered the position such a gun may create?"

Apparently the "Appam" and "Moewe" incident produced something of a shock in England. At any rate the "Moewe" caused a good deal of fretful speculation as to whether Germany has some more big surprises to spring on the British Admiralty.

"Making allowance for the romancing of Lieutenant Berg," says the Nation, "there is still a mystery behind the sudden transformation of an innocent tramp into a formidable auxiliary cruiser. If it were a fruit ship, how was it gunned? If it escaped from Germany in the night, there seems no reason why a cruiser should not have evaded our watch. And, in any case, where is it now? There is the further possibility that the so-called 'Moewe' was merely an intermediate stage in this German achievement, and that the ship itself was seized by a submarine of greater power and radius than any we yet know. This, after our experience in the Mediterranean, is so obvious a line of development that a wide-awake Admiralty would take it as an almost inevitable fact. But is this the case? The only man who, in recent years, has proved his competence to live ahead in naval strategy and tactics is not now at the helm. Is the Admiralty preparing to counteract an extension of sea warfare which might ultimately nonsuit our position?"



# Poems About San Franciscans

## XVII—TO INA COOLBRITH

By George Sterling

(Ina Coolbrith is not only the people's poet but the poet's too. There is hardly a poet of any consequence in the West who has not celebrated her. Some weeks ago Clarence Urmey's beautiful tribute was published in this series. It is interesting to compare it with this exquisite appreciation from the pen of our foremost singer.)

With wilder sighing in the pine  
The wind went by, and so I dreamed;  
And in that dusk of sleep it seemed  
A city by the sea was mine.

No statelier sprang the walls of Tyre  
From seaward cliff or palaced hill;  
And light and music met to fill  
The splendid courts of her desire—

(Extolling chords that cried her praise,  
And golden reeds whose mellow moan  
Was like an ocean's undertone  
Dying and lost on forest ways.)

But sweeter far than any sound  
That rang or rippled in her halls,  
Was one beyond her eastern walls,  
By summer gardens girdled round.

'Twas from a nightingale, and oh!  
The song it sang hath never word!  
Sweeter it seemed than Love's, first-heard,  
Or lutes in Aidenn murmuring low.

Faint, as when drowsy winds awake  
A sisterhood of faery bells,  
It won reply from hidden dells,  
Loyal to Echo for its sake . . . . .

I dreamt I slept, but cannot say  
How many dreamland seasons fled,  
Nor what horizon of the dead  
Gave back my dream's uncertain day.

But still beside the toiling sea  
I lay, and saw—for wall's o'ergrown—  
The city that was mine had known  
Time's sure and ancient treachery.

Above her ramparts, broad as Tyre's,  
The grasses' mounting army broke;  
The shadows of the sprawling oak  
Usurpt the splendor of her fires.

But o'er the fallen marbles pale  
I heard, like elfin melodies  
Blown over from enchanted seas,  
The music of the nightingale.

## An Irishwoman

By Lennox Robinson

It is her grief that in her grief one source of comfort must forever be closed to her.

It is not so with all her race. Two miles away, on the other side of the hill, lives another woman, Irish also, who said last autumn, "I'm proud to have two sons fighting for the Empire—proud!" and who, even after that dark January day was able to say through her tears, "But I'm prouder than ever."

For her there can be no such comfort.

Since the telegram came she hasn't crossed the hill to see her friend. She would be expected, she knows, to show the same feeling of sad pride; she would hear her perhaps say, "Who dies if England lives?" And then she might suddenly lose her self-control and say cruel, violent things—things she doesn't really mean, things he would have hated her to say.

Not that they two—brother and sister—had wasted their time or energy in hating England; simply, it was seldom in their thoughts. They came of a stock that had always spent itself for Ireland with a lavish hand. Their grandfather had died, worn out, the year after the Famine year, but it proudly shone in the annals of the family that of their three thousand tenants not one had perished from hunger or fever. Their father in the years of the land trouble had split up his land among his tenants, reserving for his own use only a couple of hundred acres. The ring of prosperous farms around Cummeen bore witness to his generosity. When, late in life, he married, he sometimes regretted that lavishness of his early years, but neither his son nor his daughter would have cared to have had things different.

The old serving spirit beat up strongly in the young generation. She—for she was many years older than her brother—caught the flame of the Irish renaissance first, but as he grew

older she taught him all that it meant to her, this new movement in which poet and peasant were to combine to give their best to their country. In vain Canadian cousins held out welcoming hands, he renounced all ideas of a career—splendid though it promised to be—there. It was to be Cummeen, but Cummeen made more perfect than it had ever been before, a Cummeen that would be a model to the country-side, a Cummeen that would call for years of hard learning on his part.

She rejoiced in his decision. She could not count it a sacrifice. It meant for her, indeed, some years of loneliness when she must stay on alone in the big house after their father had died and before her brother felt competent for the task of re-making Cummeen. But it was loneliness gladly borne, for even from a distance he could direct and she could work. It was her pride to follow out his instructions to the minutest detail, to break down the wrong old-fashioned ideas of the laborers, to prove the new, strange method a success. The country people used to say she had a "lucky hand" with cattle and crops, but she'd only smile back and say, "Ah, wait till my brother comes home!"

He would be back very soon now. After Christmas he could consider himself sufficiently equipped to undertake the management of the place. After Christmas he would be ready to throw all the experience and learning of years at Ireland's service. Those last summer holidays at Cummeen flashed by in a whirl of plans and schemes for the spring.

The war came across their plans like an iceberg sailing suddenly into a sunny bay, freezing and blighting everything. The stupidity of the war, the waste—just when he was ready to get to work!

He raged at the futility of it. He wouldn't—

daren't—admit at first that it could be Ireland's quarrel. After a few weeks—still raging—he joined the army.

She felt he was right to go, and perhaps now that he had gone she would feel some pride and enthusiasm in the deeds of the Empire. She ought to, she knew. There were no reasons—except the far-fetched—why she shouldn't; and yet week by week the sufferings, the young lives blotted out, brought her nothing but profound, passionate regret.

No ray of patriotism lighted that cloud.

Did such a ray ever shine for him? She hardly could think so. A sentence out of one of his letters comes back to her: "This isn't a man's life, soldiering's supposed to be manly, I can't feel it so—it makes me feel mean . . . . . Thank God, we're bound to go out soon; I couldn't have stood this much longer. Lots of us feel this way, I'm sure, but, of course, we daren't admit it—not even to ourselves . . . . . Did I tell you Con Casey is in my company? We were talking of the Tree Field. He has a clever idea for draining the north corner, we must try it when I get back."

His thoughts were always with Cummeen. She commiserated with him being under canvas during the rains of July. He wrote back: "I don't matter; but I lie awake thinking of the hay. Whatever happens, don't let the men get slack and discouraged. They must open it out on fine days, even if the weather seems threatening . . . . anyway, it's saved the turnips . . . . How are your flowers?"

She is kneeling in the middle of them, planting out seedling pinks. He loved pinks, and there was to be a thick border of them next summer. A sudden nausea sweeps over her. The pinks fall from her hands on to the path. She will never grow pinks again, nor any other

(Continued on Page 17)



# The Spectator

## A Lenten Resolution

Meeting the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock on the land side of the Embarcadero I proposed that we step into Jack Welch's and "hoist one," which of course is waterfrontese for "pinning one on." Much to my astonishment the bilge water Socrates wagged his grizzled poll in token of refusal.

"I'm on the water wagon," he said.

"Doctor's orders?" I asked, stifling a yawn, for I am not fond of hearing about rheumatic joints and all that sort of thing.

"No, thanks be," said the clock winder. "I ain't had to consult Charlie McGettigan for a long, long time. My works are running nicely. The main spring is sound, and I ain't suffering from so much as a scratched crystal. As they say in our set, I am vulgarly healthy. My friend Tom Carew will have to wait a long time before he 'does my work,' as the undertakers delicately put it. I'm on the water wagon, as you might guess if you had a spark of religious feeling in your make-up, because this is the holy season of Lent. I'm doing a little penance for my sins. It ain't easy, because I like a drop of the creature as well as the next fellow. But I'm going through with it, so help me, and you needn't think there's going to be a celebration after Easter either."

I hastened to assure the clockwinder that I had too high an opinion of his temperance in all matters including that of drink, to entertain any such thought.

## The Ordeal of Swearing Off

"Cutting out the booze is no joke," continued the clockwinder. "Drinking is like any other habit. It grips you in unexpected ways. I go out to spend the evening at a friend's house, and at the proper time we adjourn to the dining room for crackers and cheese and beer. Before I know it the cool foam has wet my mustache. Then I remember my resolution, and put the glass down. It wouldn't hurt me of course, but I've promised myself to lay off it for a while, and I've got to keep my promise or suffer a loss of self-respect. Or I meet a friend like you on the water front, and a drink is proposed. Before I get my bearings I'm on my way through the swinging door. At the last minute I remember to order water. The drink wouldn't do any harm, and the water won't do any good; but the resolution has to be kept. The hardest of all is when a friend comes to see me. I treat him, and he has to drink without me. It's not sociable, but of course Lent is not the season of sociability."

"Why didn't you pick out some other penance?" I asked.

"Yes," said the clock winder in a sarcastic tone, "I might have sworn off eating candy or going to the movies. Those don't happen to be things I'm addicted to. And I'm a drinking man. I'll tell you the real reason why I went on the water wagon. It was because I didn't have the courage to attempt swearing off on tobacco. I don't think I could get away with that."

## Expected Benefits

"You see," he continued, "just the keeping away from beer and whisky isn't the whole of this penance of mine. I expect to derive other benefits from swearing off. When a fellow kids me about swearing off I try not to get mad.

When another fellow praises me for it I try not to get all swelled up. When I see the boys lifting a few I try not to look down on them from my height of superior virtue. In other words, I try to be square with myself in this matter. I don't pretend that I hate the stuff; I like it. I don't pretend I'm better off without it; I happen to know that it's good for me. I have always pitied the fellow who cuts out the booze and then goes around scowling at the men who still drink it. I'm not going to fall into that mistake if I can help it. Why should I? I'll be drinking again after Easter. My little ride on the Spring Valley cart ain't going to make a prohibitionist out of me by a long shot. I'm not even going to try to induce anybody else to follow my example. What I drink is my affair; what the other fellow drinks is none of my business. So you see, in my humble way I'm trying to keep my mind on the water wagon as well as my body. I'm not going to be temperate in drinking and intemperate in thinking, if I know myself. But I guess that's enough on the subject. Here I am swelling myself already. Just for that I'll step into Jack's with you after all. You can have your Scotch, and I'll take milk and vichy. And this is on me. I don't want you to think I'm doing Lenten penance just to save money."

## Lent and the Dries

"Has it ever occurred to you," continued the clockwinder when he had draped his elbow on the mahogany, hoisted his right foot on the rail, and was sipping his milky concoction, "has it ever occurred to you that the Prohibitionist cuts himself off from a lot of spiritual benefit? The poor Prohibitionist cannot fatten his heavenly batting average by going on the wagon during Lent because he is already on the wagon. And there are no merit marks registered for him up above in connection with his abstinence because he believes all ardent drink is poison. The good Lord doesn't reward you for giving up poison. He rewards you for giving up something wholesome that you like. That's where I come in, and the unfortunate Pro is left out in the cold. I suppose you've noticed that the people of Vermont will have a chance to get some of this spiritual benefit this Lent?"

I told the clockwinder that I did not understand.

"Why, Vermont is off the water wagon. Vermont was as dry as a twig in midsummer, from 1852 till 1903. The Pros have been trying ever since to put the State back on the water wagon, and the other day they had an election. The proposition to put Vermont back in the dry column was beaten almost two to one. So the Vermonters who want to do a little Lenten penance are now free to do it. They wouldn't be free—they'd have to do it—if the dries had their way. You see, this personal liberty thing has a lot of angles. Well, now that you've wet your whistle and I've rinsed mine I guess I'll go back to work. Drop around any time. The bottle of red liquor is still on tap in the pendulum room, and if you don't call the spiders will weave cobwebs to it before Easter Sunday. So long."

## A Tip from the Clockwinder

"Say, Gus," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock to his friend, Senator Hartman, "give me the low down on this fight for control

of the G. O. P. What's the inside, the under-your-vest stuff?"

"I haven't got it. But Al McCabe tells me the Governor will be satisfied whichever ticket wins."

"You don't mean to say the Governor is with Keesling and Fredericks, do you?"

"Well, not exactly, but he didn't have any objection to Fredericks heading the Keesling ticket. I know that much. The Governor isn't worrying at all. He'll be out for Roosevelt for President, and Teddy is a sure winner in California."

The clockwinder smiled. "I can see you're not on, Gus. You've been so long away from Sacramento that you're getting rusty. The big fight in California this year is not for the Presidency; it's for United States Senator. It's a cinch we'll have a Republican succeed Woodrow, and so the important question is, Who is the man to recommend Republicans for the Federal jobs?"

"I nominate Heney," the little Senator exclaimed; "Francis J. for mine."

"I'm happy to say there's not a chance for that little squirt," said the clockwinder. "He's so far gone that Kent wouldn't risk any more money on him. No, we're going to give it to a Los Angeles man, but Los Angeles won't stand for a carpet-bagger. We'll pick out a man that all hands will stand for. Take my tip—Republicans will get together behind a candidate for the Senate."

One never knows whether he is in earnest or merely giving people a thrill to increase his circulation. We can be certain only of one thing—that the country is his china-shop and that he is a very playful bull.—Will R. Hearst: A Critical Study, by Theodore Bonnet in the March Lantern.

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### Twin Peaks Tradition

This is not the first time the question of the origin of Twin Peaks has been the subject of lively and interesting discussion. Years ago a prominent member of the bar had his curiosity aroused when he came into possession of one of the early maps of the city on which the peaks were designated "Los Pechos de Choco." It was a map bearing a certificate of genuineness signed by a number of pioneer residents. At that time James Alexander Forbes was living. Forbes was the son of the James Alexander Forbes who was British vice-consul here at the time of the first American occupation, and who was supposed to have been working in favor of English occupation. Forbes came to this city at a very early day, and he was the author of one of the first books written on California. He married one of the Galindos, a family prominent in the early history of the State. The son was a scholarly man with a keen recollection of the events of his boyhood in San Francisco. Now he was asked by my friend the attorney if he knew the origin of the name of our Mission hills which appeared on the map. He said that "Choco" had no meaning that he knew of save the Spanish dictionary meaning—the young of a cuttle-fish. But he also said that in his boyhood the hills were very generally called "Las Cuartas" of which the Spanish connotation is fourths. It may be, however, that "Las Cuartas" is Mexican-Spanish. While the Californians generally spoke very good Spanish, they employed a great many provincialisms and many words not found in the Spanish dictionaries. However, Forbes was a man whose assertions were not to be challenged. He said the peaks were originally called "Las Cuartas," and I have no doubt they were. "Los Pechos de Choco" is another story.

### "The Breasts of Choco"

Not all the descendants of the first Californians have vanished. Some are to be found in Marin county, some in Santa Clara, some across the bay. Somewhere may be some one able to tell us the story of "Los Pechos de Choco." I am sure that woven into the story would be found a pretty Spanish romance. I am sure because years ago I learned where the word "Choco" came from. Years ago the granddaughters of Luis Peralta, grantee of the Peralta Grant, which included all of Oakland, were interviewed as to the origin of the name "Los Pechos de Choco." They said that in early days there was living on a rancho on this side of the bay, a man named Sanchez, whose name in all probability has been perpetuated in the street called Sanchez. This man had a beautiful daughter who was known by the nickname of "Choco," which was probably a pet name, for it had no meaning. She was a great favorite in all the Spanish community, and by some whim, the peaks, by common consent took

the name "Los Pechos de Choco," meaning "the breasts of Choco."

### Why the Story Is Plausible

This story of the origin of the name is not only a very plausible, it is a very likely, story. Such names of peaks and mountains are not uncommon. The three "Tetons" near the Yellowstone Park have the same signification as "Los Pechos." "Tetons" and "Pechos" and "Breasts" are common. One remembers "Sheba's Breasts" in Rider Haggard's fine story of "King Solomon's Mines." That Miss Sanchez should not have been nicknamed would have been uncommon, for the giving of nicknames in the Spanish families was a general custom. Francisco was called "Pancho;" Jesus Maria, a common name, was changed to "Chumalia;" and I have read of a "Nutria" which, I believe, means a seal. It is perhaps not without significance that another conspicuous hill in San Francisco received its name from a family prominent in the Mission days—the Bernal family. When I was a boy the Bernals, the Noes, the Valencias and the Sanchezs were quite numerous in the Mission. Most of them were living on tradition. They were not given to hard work, though well do I remember the melancholy thoughts provoked by seeing a Valencia driving a street car on Valencia street.

He who has never been spanked lacks the fullness of a man's experience. Spanking reaches the seat of intelligence by a short cut.—Thoughts on Spanking, by Edward F. O'Day in the March Lantern.

### Military Persiflage

"On the theory that civilized soldiers cannot do without cooks I suppose we should be glad that there is a Baker in the War Department," says Tom O'Connor. "We know an army moves on its stomach, and this Newton may prove a pippin after all. But isn't it too bad that we should have to surrender a Garrison merely to gain a Baker?"

And the strategists of the St. Francis lobby murmured a sympathetic assent.

Hearst reminds me of Leonardo da Vinci's Gioconda, the lady who has haunted three centuries with a smile wherein lurks all the subtle wonder of the ages.—William R. Hearst: A Critical Study, by Theodore Bonnet in the March Lantern.

### Jean Kleber, Irishman

The other day the French military authorities gave out a report of the death at the front of Captain Jean Kleber. Behind this report is hidden a thrilling romance of the war known only to a small circle of the dead man's friends. John Kleber was not his right name. He was an Irishman with more than a dash of the

qualities that made the heroes of Lever lovable and fearless characters. The son of a wealthy Belfast merchant, he was graduated with honors at Trinity College, Dublin, and he studied some years in Germany. His father was, and is still, a prominent member of the Ulster Unionist party. Early in life Kleber developed ultra-Nationalist views that caused his estrangement from his family. Betaking himself to Paris in the late eighties, Kleber served some years in the Foreign Legion in North Africa, and in 1897 he was with Marchand at Fashoda. Two years later he took service with the Boers and went through the whole of the war. Afterwards, believing that a war between Great Britain and Germany was imminent, he offered his services to the Kaiser's army, and through the influence of his wife, a wealthy Heidelberg woman whom he had married in his student days, the offer was accepted. In 1911 when there was a threat of a German attack on France he retired from the German army and separated from his wife. He always spoke of France as the foster-mother of the Irish race, and loved the French people. So when the war broke out he enlisted in the French army. The younger of his two sons joined him and is now serving under his father's real name. The other son, who was the father's favorite, remained with his mother, and entered the German army.

### His Bitter End

Though fighting as an ally of England, Kleber's Irish prejudices remained intact. These prejudices he had a chance to exhibit and he did so after the French lost Charleroi. It was during a critical period in which the fate of an important British detachment depended on the ability of the French commander to advise his British colleagues of certain changes in the disposition of the French forces. A messenger would have to pass through a part of the German line and get back with a reply. The Irish soldier of fortune volunteered, and after two days of adventures succeeded, returning to the French lines made up as a crippled and imbecile peasant. When he arrived in the British lines he declined "to dine at the same table with enemies of his country." The British officers were astonished, and reminded him that Great Britain was the ally of France. "Yes, gentlemen," was the reply, "the ally of France, but the enemy of Ireland." After the Aisne and subsequent battles Kleber went with his regiment to the Champagne country, and took part in the bitter fighting in that region against the Crown Prince. In the thick of one of the many scenes of carnage he recog-



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nized among a group of German officers spurring their men on to renewed efforts his favorite son. A few minutes later his regiment was ordered to charge the Germans. When the fight was won the tortured father found his son among the slain. All that night he shut himself up in his quarters. Next morning he appeared on parade as calm as ever. In the evening his company was selected to cover a partial retreat. They threw the Germans back time after time. When the signal came that the retirement was complete, Kleber instructed a junior officer to take charge of the rearguard, and he himself remained in the trench to receive the last enemy attack. He kept firing with a rifle taken from a dead man until the enemy closed round him. Kleber stood up to meet the foe, and in sight of his devoted men he dropped riddled with bullets.

The drum is a noble instrument. Let the lad in process of being spanked glow at the thought that his skin has become a drum-head. He is being initiated into life's battle by means of a rear action.—Thoughts on Spanking, by Edward F. O'Day in the March Lantern.

#### The Meanness of Senator Gore

It has become evident to Senator Thomas Pryor Gore himself that he made a prodigious ass of himself when he attributed to the President of the United States a terrible indiscretion of speech. Senator Gore is a very vicious individual, and he ought to be driven out of public life. If President Wilson had expressed the sentiment attributed to him it would nevertheless have been unwise for Senator Gore to give publicity to it. But Senator Gore cautiously disclaimed the responsibility of authority. This is not the first time, as the record of the Congress will show, that Senator Gore has been guilty of this kind of cowardly meanness. Once before he tried to do an injury by making a statement which he was unable to corroborate, and which he was forced to withdraw.

In his journalism, whatever argument is to be made, news must be manufactured to give it a bottom. The end always justifies the means for Hearst, and it doesn't matter if you cannot even justify the end.—William R. Hearst: A Critical Study, by Theodore Bonnet in the March Lantern.

#### After the War

Great profits having led to great personal extravagance in the Eastern financial and industrial centers it is believed there will be a great reaction after the war. Wise business men are therefore advising people to practice economy and husband their resources. This matter is discussed in the current financial letter of the Anglo & London Paris National Bank which says:

"As the far West has had no inflation it has not to fear any reaction. On the contrary, whatever happens elsewhere the Pacific Coast has everything to gain by peace. It will release tonnage, reduce freights and open markets now closed to us for our abundant supplies of raw materials. But upon the conclusion of peace profitable outlets must be found, either in this or in foreign countries, for the output of great plants and hundreds of thousands of men now directly or indirectly engaged in producing and transporting distinctively war materials. There must also be reductions in the price of most metals, possibly closing the least profitable mines, and probably lower prices for food products. It is also quite possible that there will be labor troubles growing out of the determination of organized labor to retain at all hazards the advance in wages which war profits have made possible. These are conditions which, being probable, we should foresee and prepare for although likely to affect us on this coast mainly by temporarily impairing the purchasing power of our customers."

#### Our Unsettled Land Question

Here is another paragraph from this interesting financial letter: "So far as the influence of the best informed and most experienced can control or direct, all sections of this country are preparing themselves for many changes and much expansion when peace finally comes. In this State our unsettled land questions are being attacked with a thoroughness and intelligence never before displayed. We have large areas of land not properly utilized. The country is full of people ready and anxious to occupy and utilize it if ways can be found to enable men of small means to safely incur debt for the land and for those who can pay for it to do so without risk of loss. The subject is therefore being approached not so much from the standpoint of those who have land to sell as to ascertain what possible buyers can afford to pay. There is a well defined purpose in influential quarters to squeeze the romance out of the California land question and ascertain what are the actual rewards of labor expended on land in this State. On the other hand there is increasing study of our possibilities of industrial expansion which will increase land values by providing home markets for their products."

Rupert Brooke was an unspanked poet. He died very young, just a little past the spanking age. Instead of being spanked he was spoiled, petted, coddled, given the run of the Muses' temple so to speak—and of course he ran wild. Thoughts on Spanking, by Edward F. O'Day in the March Lantern.

#### Another Lantern

The Lantern is now a year old. The first number of this little magazine made its appearance in March, 1914, the twelfth came out this week. On its debut it was given a royal welcome, receiving three encores, and even the third edition of that first number is now almost out of print. The current issue will probably be as big a hit as the first, its contents being of an especially attractive character. The leading ar-

ticle is an exhaustive critical study of William R. Hearst by Theodore Bonnet. It is the first complete critical study ever made of the most powerful citizen of the United States. In this article it is Mr. Bonnet's thesis that Mr. Hearst is our most powerful citizen, and he reviews the career of the colossus of journalism for the purpose of showing the prodigious influence for evil that he has wielded from the dawn of this generation to the present day. The author gives us not only a pen portrait of Hearst but a searching analysis of his character and a study of his ways, his methods and his progress in journalism and politics. Literary folks will find the March Lantern attractive by virtue of a study of Rupert Brooke by Edward F. O'Day in characteristic vein. According to Mr. O'Day the young poet who gave up his life in the Dardanelles campaign was a spoiled darling of the Muses. He should have been spanked, but he was petted, and having died a glorious death there is now much indiscriminating praise of his works. Mr. O'Day examines his poetry, and indicates what is good and what is bad. He finds that there was much that should have been blotted out, but he finds also five sonnets which, he says, will "be enshrined in those depositories of the poetry men take to their hearts, the anthology and the schoolboy's reader." There are several other things worth while in this month's Lantern. A sketch entitled "To Every Man a Damsel or Two" is one of them, a poem by Arthur Symons, never before published in this country, is another; also John Davidson's "A Ballad of Hell." One of those rare historical studies for which The Lantern is notable is included in this number. It is entitled "The Wit of Augustus."

#### Criticism in Oakland

Bruce Nelson is holding an exhibition of his landscapes in the art gallery of the Oakland Auditorium. The show is attracting a great deal of attention, as did Nelson's recent show in this city. There are many admiring comments made by those who view it—and some of another sort, of course. An art-lover who saw the show the other day tells me of a conversation he overheard. A rather portly woman richly gowned toddled up to one of Nelson's best marines and said:

"Well, I dunno, Madge. Did you ever see any ocean right bang up against the rocks like that without any foam?"

"My dear," answered Madge, "that's the way they paint the ocean nowadays."

So at least Nelson is in fashion.

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# Among Our Artists

Edited by Edward F. O'Day

## Severe with Frieske

Last week I quoted a remark by an art critic in New York to the effect that the painters who got medals at our Fair were less important than those who did not get them. The highest award, it cannot be forgotten, was given to Frederick Frieske for his "Summer" and other pictures. Frieske has been exhibiting in Philadelphia, and one critic I have read is very severe with him. This critic says Frieske is a good copyist of the boudoir school. He says that Frieske shows "one of his blue pictures, poorly drawn, but a soothing eye symphony none the less, and a louder but still more harmonious color scheme, 'Torn Lingerie,' depicting a girl in pink—very décolleté above and below—repairing the damage of probably last night's gaiety. On a nearby table are flowers and boudoir articles; on the background wall is a blue arrangement with white spots, suggesting for all the world half an American flag, but never mind, it is all joyful color and the head is more studied and more agreeable than in most of the miles of canvases Mr. Frieske produces." Obviously this critic doesn't think too highly of our gold medalist. The next time you visit the post-Exposition show on the Fair grounds look at Frieske's pictures and see if you agree with this censorious critic. I don't. I find by reference to Michael Williams' handy catalogue just published that the Frieskes are in rooms 67 and 73.

## A Query

If Chase's portrait of himself is art, and Bereny's portrait of Bortok is not art; or if on the other hand Bereny's portrait is art and Chase's is not, what do you call the portrait of the late Emperor Norton just presented to the Park Museum?

## At Rabjohn and Morcom's

W. F. Jackson is exhibiting two of his poppy pictures in the gallery of Rabjohn and Morcom, 240 Post street. Both canvases were painted in Marin and they show a lot of light

and atmosphere. In each there is a glimpse of the ocean, and the presence of considerable lupin adds greatly to the beauty of the scenes. C. Jonnevold is showing a rather poetical pastoral scene in the same studio. It is done in the yellowish evening glow and was painted on the bay shore here. Jonnevold's pictures, by the way, are coming quickly into demand. Leslie Rabjohn reports that many of them have been sold in eastern States recently, and one Eastern buyer visited the artist here in January with a commission to buy ten canvases. This sale netted Jonnevold several thousand dollars. Lucile Jouillin, wife of Amedee Jouillin, is exhibiting twelve pictures of the Exposition.

## Introducing Karl Schmidt

Do you know the work of this young man? If not, step into the Schussler gallery and have a look at it. Karl Schmidt is a good deal of a rover, so it is uncertain whether he will settle down here. He has painted abroad and in the East, and he brings a promising talent into our local art world. Among the pictures he shows at Schussler's is an Evening Landscape of nice feeling. It is a simple composition—trees on rolling ground against an evening sky. It is not realism that attracts this young painter, so you are not interested in knowing where he painted this picture. You are quite content with the fact that he painted it somewhere. Another "Landscape" of brown trees in a sunset glow shows his luminous quality to excellent effect. Karl Schmidt idealizes his landscapes, showing a strong creative talent. His pictures should appeal. Armin Hansen is showing some new canvases at Schussler's. The best (and Hansen's best means a great deal) is a little picture of a fishing boat on a stormy sea. It will remind you perhaps of Winslow Homer. This picture is a gem. Hansen also shows a scene on the Yser where so much bloody fighting has taken place during the past year and a half. Hansen once had a studio at Nieuport, a city now, alas! no more. Aside from its particular interest in connection with the war the Yser scene is finely handled and shows Hansen's nice sense of color. Another picture well worth stepping in to see is Ferdinand Burgdorff's latest. It shows Venus shining above a beach, her silver radiance streaming over the water. It is the time of the outgoing tide, and the wet sand is admirably painted. This was painted somewhere on the coast of Southern California. It is a poem. By the way, Burgdorff has gone to visit his folks in Cleveland, and will be absent for six months.

## The Brangwyns in Little

There must be many art lovers among us

who desire to possess Frank Brangwyn's Exposition murals, for the Virginia Studio at 128 Post street reports the sale of many copies. This studio which specializes in Exposition pictures, has on display a number of photographs of the Brangwyn murals colored in oils. The photographs are by the official photographer of the Exposition, and the fine coloring in oils is the work of the artists of the Virginia Studio who have done their work very well indeed. The murals, I need hardly mention, are those which attracted so much attention during the Fair and which are now on display in the central gallery of the Palace of Fine Arts. They represent "Fire," "Water," "Air" and "Earth." The final disposition of the originals is a matter of doubt, but art lovers may have these masterpieces in little through the efforts of the Virginia Studio.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## The Mardi Gras

Well, we've bidden farewell to the flesh once more. Our goodbyes have been getting more elaborate every year, and this was perhaps the most elaborate of all. We outdid ourselves in spectacle. We were more careful than ever in preparation. The modistes, the milliners and the costumers made more money out of us than ever before. And we never had a better time. This Shrove Tuesday romp at the Palace will live in our social annals. It will be difficult to better its beauty, to mount above its height of merriment. A Court of Flowers was bound to be rather a dismal failure were it not a transcendent success, and this was indeed an overwhelming success. Art with a capital letter informed this Court of Flowers. It was not too formal, and yet it was not too unstudied either. Our Lotus Queen was superb, and with true queenly dignity did she preside over her garden entourage. What magnificent blossoms bloomed in her path! The Blue Bell received a lot of my admiration. Mrs. Rudolph Schilling's costume was as beautiful as herself, and that's saying a great deal. And I loved the Larkspur. Who could help loving Mrs. Sam Hopkins in that dainty impersonation? And Marion Zeile, the Jonquil—she was a dream of floral loveliness. But indeed, the remark applies to all of Mrs. Templeton Crocker's attendant flowers—to Mrs. Talbot Nasturtium Walker, to Mrs. Arthur Snowball Chesebrough, to Miss Marion Daisy Newhall, to Mrs. Cheever Rambler Rose Cowdin, and to Miss Gertrude Fuchsia Hopkins. I was so busy admiring them that I paid little attention to the men of the court. They looked very fine indeed, but to my mind they were no more important than the groom at a great wedding.

## Protracted Merriment

The music stopped at six o'clock Ash Wednesday morning, very much to the chagrin of a crowd of revelers whose dancing legs were good for two or three hours more. But a Mardi Gras must come to an end some time. Ash Wednesday does not begin, I have heard said by one for whose orthodoxy I cannot vouch,

until you have the ashes on your forehead. But at six Ash Wednesday morning it is surely time to begin to think of one's devotions. And so at that hour, with a throng still on the floor, the Mardi Gras came to an end. At the height of the brilliant crush, there were, surely two thousand people in attendance, perhaps more. It was of course the greatest night of the season, one of the very greatest nights of many, many seasons in fact. And it will be talked about for weeks to come.

## Nothing Was Lost

"Was it a great affair?" said genial Roy Carruthers, repeating my question, addressed to him as to an expert. "I should say it was. And not a single article of value was lost."

That of course is a subject of gratification to a hotel manager who knows how often great balls are unpleasantly attended by the mysterious disappearance of jewels. Roy Carruthers looked pleased when he said it—and also looked a little sleepy. You see a hotel manager is too busy to make up lost sleep the way leisured folk do.

"One lady was a good deal worried for a while," continued Roy Carruthers, "when she discovered while dancing that her pearl necklace was missing. She hurried back to her box, and found that it was lying waiting for her there. You can imagine her relief. It was a magnificent string. Any number of valuable brooches were picked up on the floor in the course of the evening, and all were returned to their rightful owners."

## Quite a Farewell Party

"There's a man," the hotel reporter said to me the other day, as we stood chatting in the Palace lobby, "who is universally loved in his home community. And yet his friends are never sorry to see him leave. Sounds like a contradiction in terms, doesn't it? But it isn't. That's U. M. Slater of Reno. If you know Reno you must know the Nevada Packing Company. He's president of it. Well, when he drops down from Reno to the Palace for a whirl of sociability here, he signalizes his departure from the Nevada city by dining his friends. He dined them just before he left this time. Not all of them, of course. That would be quite an undertaking. But four hundred of them sat down to an elaborate dinner at which he played the host. It happened to be "Farmers' Week" in Reno, and as you may imagine that dinner was the feature of the week, as it was of the season for that matter. So you see what I mean when I say that while they love him, Slater's friends like to see him go away."

## Oil versus Romance

"There's many a story to be read in this Palace lobby," continued the hotel reporter, "if you only know people and can put two and two together. Observe, for instance, those four men standing over there. They are all guests of the hotel. Three of them, you may observe, are in no hurry; but the fourth is obviously eager to get away. They want to talk to him, but he's not in the mood for their conversation. Look! He has broken away. Now just watch him, and see if he doesn't make for the Palm Court. What did I tell you? You see, he is joining that very charming young lady who has

just finished writing a note. Looks like a bride, doesn't she? Well, she is—she's that chap's bride. Now you know why he wanted to get away. The three men he left and who are still deep in their talk are oil men. They are M. H. Whittier, W. G. Hunt and O. M. Sonden, all oil men of Los Angeles. The bridegroom is an oil man too. He's G. A. Halliwell, manager of the Standard Oil at Sacramento. Can you blame him for not wanting to talk oil wells and oil prices and oil dividends on his honeymoon? You see, he is now leaving the hotel with his very charming bride. I'll bet they're on their way to the steamship office to buy tickets for Honolulu. That's where they are going to spend their honeymoon."

## How About This?

D. A. Munger of Los Angeles is in town, and brings a new idea with him. I met this interesting man who has charge of the H. E. Huntington interests in Los Angeles, at the Palace where he is putting up, and he unfolded his idea. It is nothing less than a season of winter sports at Huntington Lodge, located in the high Sierras, seventy-five miles east of Fresno. Munger proposes a veritable winter carnival, and is seeking the approval of society people. I think he will find them in a receptive mood. That wonderful mountain country in back of Fresno is not well known to us, and we are of an exploring bent. It is an ideal place for winter sports. So I am willing to prophesy that we will take to Munger's idea, and that henceforth we shall have two favorite places of winter resort, Truckee and Huntington Lodge.

## Three Poniatowskis Fighting

Not alone Prince Poniatowski but his two sons Stanislas and Casimir as well are in the army of France. This fact has been brought vividly to the attention of the Prince's relatives and friends in this city through the publication in a New York paper of a picture of the father and two sons in uniform. The picture is from a pencil drawing by the well known portrait painter J. Coraboeuf. When the war broke out the "banker of princes and the prince of bankers," as Jack Casserly called him, had just passed the military age, but he volunteered for active service and was accepted. After some months of work at the rear, drilling new troops, organizing transports, etc., the Prince made a visit to this country in the interest, it was said, of the French-English war loan; and then he went to the front where he earned a war cross

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for distinguished services. He is at present attached to the Ministry of War where he is devoting his time to work on aviation. The young Poniatowskis had not reached the military age when they volunteered. Prince Stanislas, after an adventurous time driving an automobile about the front for staff officers, is now with a machine gun in the trenches. Prince Casimir is a gunner. They are serving in a section of the country they know well, not far from the Prince's country seat at Baisne.

#### Gold on the Race Track

"Many a man made a tidy fortune when luck was with him, picking the winners at the old race track in Helena, Montana. But nobody dreamed when the ponies were running there that there was gold under the track waiting to be dug out. But there was, lots of it."

The speaker is H. S. Wilson of Montana who is stopping at the Palace. Some time ago Wilson discovered that his property adjoining the abandoned track at Helena was actually a gold mine, and the find has created quite a lot of excitement. Wilson was also interested in the race track at Butte. That old track is also proving a gold mine, not actually a gold mine like the Helena property, but figuratively. The Butte track has been cut up into lots and is being sold off at handsome figures. A state law closed the tracks in Montana, but you see they are still yielding nicely.

#### Del Monte Notes

The Del Monte team won the return polo match with the San Mateo team last Sunday on El Cerrito Field, 6 to 5 3/4. Del Monte is pleased, for it was the team's first game away from the home field. Goals for Del Monte were made by every player: Harry Hastings 2, Capt. R. E.

McNally 2, Lieut. L. Brown and Lieut. R. M. Howell one each. The links were crowded Sunday, and in the afternoon a large party went down to the bath house and had a most interesting swimming party. Later Mr. and Mrs. Stanley invited and chaperoned a party of eleven of the younger set to dinner at Pebble Beach Lodge. In the party were: Mr. and Mrs. Carl S. Stanley, Miss Brown of Springfield, Ill., Miss Lloyd Meiere who came down from San Francisco for the week-end, Miss Gladys Booth, Miss Margaret McKaig, and Messrs. Baiden, Cobbs, McKaig, Hyatt and Head. Mrs. W. L. Hathaway who has a beautiful cottage at Pebble Beach also brought her guests Dr. and Mrs. Franklin, Mr. Douglas Short of San Francisco and her daughters Misses Marie and Mabel Hathaway to the Lodge for Sunday night dinner. On Saturday night Mr. and Mrs. Harry Leon Wilson entertained a large party of friends at dinner at the Lodge, later motoring over to Del Monte for the dance at the hotel. Those at the dinner were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Leon Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley, Mr. and Mrs. Louis W. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Roscoe, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Daniels, Lieut. and Mrs. Sleiney, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. McKaig, Miss Margaret McKaig, Miss Byington, Dr. Hollingsworth, Capt. Colburn and Mr. Vachel the artist.

#### Events at Hotel Oakland

On last Friday Mrs. Wm. G. Corlett entertained the members of the bridge club of Berkeley ladies with a luncheon. Mrs. J. M. Brothers of Richmond was hostess at a luncheon last Thursday. The invited guests were Madams H. F. Hulin, V. A. Fenner, E. G. Griffin, C. E. Neidecker, W. S. Lucas, E. W. O'Brien, G. B. Fredenburg, H. C. Adair, A. M. Irwin, S. N. DeLuna. Mrs. J. M. Ough was hostess at a luncheon last Friday, entertaining Madams Stewart, J. N. Gilman, William Taber Phillips, Richard Ough, Herbert Stout, F. C. Phelps, U. H. Collins, Chester Chipchase, Harry Scarritt and Robert Hoedel. Owing to the illness of the invited guest, the California Writers Club have indefinitely postponed their dinner, but will have a meeting on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock in the Northwest room. On Thursday this week the Alameda County Medical Association held their annual dinner. This Friday the Oakland Civic Center had their usual meeting. This Saturday the Association of Collegiate Alumni will give a luncheon in the Ivory ball room. About 500 guests are expected. The Fashion Show, under the auspices of the Ladies' Relief Society, promises to be a great success. Already table reservations are being made for the supper which is to follow the show. Mrs. Willard Williamson is in charge of the arrangements. Mrs. L. B. Williams, Mrs. L. N. Nash and Mrs. C. A. Fieweger were amongst the hostesses at the Saturday Night Dinner Dance.

#### Women Organize for Preparedness

On January 21 the California Peace Preparedness Chapter of the Woman's Section of the Navy League of the United States was formed with headquarters in San Francisco. The charter has been secured from Washington, D. C. from Mrs. Vylla Poe Wilson, national organizing secretary, and the following officers were duly elected: Regent, Mrs. Chas. Fremont Pond; vice-regent, Mrs. F. W. Clampett; recording secretary, Mrs. Edward Wm. Reynolds; corresponding secretary, Mrs. James Bull; treasurer, Mrs. Jessie Bowie Detrick; auditor, Mrs. Harry M. Maxwell, chairman of executive committee, Mrs. I. Lowenberg; chairman of legislative committee, Mrs. Andrew S. Rowan; chairman of membership committee, Mrs.

George J. Buckwall; chairman of press committee, Mrs. Virginia A. Beede.

#### The Beringer Recital

The Beringer Musical Club under the direction of Professor and Mme. Joseph Beringer will give its thirty-fifth piano and vocal recital Thursday evening, March 16, in Century Club Hall. An unusually attractive program will be presented. Miss Monica Heffernan, Miss Flora Flynn, Miss Myrtle Dow and Miss Genevieve Holmberg will be heard in operatic and song selections, and the Misses Anna Dabelich, Emily Muller, Eleanor Alberti, Louise Cameron, Charlotte Ibscher and Helen McKinlay will play compositions by Beethoven, Rubinstein, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Liszt.

#### Ice Palace for Techau Tavern

The Techau Tavern Ice Palace will soon be opened at the corner of Eddy and Jones streets, and the public will be able to enjoy ice dramas presented as they are staged at the New York Hippodrome, by as fine a corps of professionals as could be engaged in the East. The rink is 115 by 115 feet, affording ample room for the public to participate in this exhilarating sport. Mr. Henry Eickhoff was the recipient of a very elaborate dinner at Techau Tavern on Saturday, March 4. Among the guests were Messrs. Adolf Koshland, Rudolph Mohr, E. E. Priber, A. M. Bender, E. F. Delger, N. H. Frank, M. J. Kast, F. S. Brittain, Isaac Frohman, Dr. Max Magnus and Max Khul.

If it be true, as Henry Holt avers, that the magazines of today are sending literature to the dogs, considering the quality of some of that literature, is not this a clear case calling for the intervention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?

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## Brother Leo

By Theodore Bonnet

Elocution depending on technical cunning and its own simple elements unfortified by any thrill or lure apart, usually leaves one cold. Even Shakespeare rendered by an elocutionist does not grip like Shakespeare read by oneself. Often have I heard the dialogues of Shakespeare declaimed; often have I admired the execution and been coldly appreciative, but the other night I had a new and pleasant experience. At a recital of Shakespeare I was aglow with the response of mind and heart. On this occasion I was made to realize, as never before, how unimportant are scenery and costume when one yields his imagination to the magic appeal of the great dramatist. After all, the main thing is the art that speaks to the senses through the brain, and it does not matter so very much whether it be the art of the actor or the art of the recitationist. But when it is the art of the recitationist it must have the touches and the qualities that distinguished the performance of Brother Leo, the performance I so greatly enjoyed at Y. M. I. Hall. Brother Leo, I will digress to remark, is a man we should see more of now that we are in the year of the Shakespeare tercentenary. This is a year of Shakespearean revivals, and there is to be much lip-service to Shakespeare. Now Brother Leo is able to put us on good terms with Shakespeare. He is worth while not merely because he is able to lead us into the atmosphere of the plays and

induce us to linger with him at Elsinore or in the Forest of Arden, but because he is able to talk to us critically and entertainingly between dialogues. The average actor, or the average elocutionist, as somebody has pointed out, cannot detach himself from his work. His medium is himself, and he is concerned only about his impersonation. In the estimation of the actor, the dramatist is of little consequence. To the public the actor appeals for himself. Brother Leo is a quite different sort of person. He is not an actor but a man of letters; quite a distinguished man of letters though almost unknown in our so-called literary circles hereabouts. He enjoys the high distinction of being one of the contributors to Macmillan's Pocket Classics. In that valuable series is to be found "The Imitation of Christ, by Thomas A' Kempis, Edited with Introduction and Notes by Brother Leo, F. S. C., professor of English Literature in St. Mary's College, Oakland, California." Brother Leo's delight is that of his vocation, and when he emerges from the classroom to appear on the stage it is to pay homage to great literary genius. He detaches himself from his work to talk about its creator. He recites, not like the actor, to win applause for himself, but to exemplify the genius of the dramatist. But his success is in proportion to his art, the art of the elocutionist, a ripe, mellow art, that demands rare fertility in

significant and delicate modulations of the voice. Brother Leo has the voice, the manner, the mimicry to portray alternately two characters, and to produce the illusion of two, and sometimes of three, persons engaged in conversation, though manifestly there is but one before you. There is a great charm in this performance. There is charm in the finesse of it. There is charm in the recitationist's sonorous, flexible voice, his liquid articulation of every syllable and the colloquial quickness by which he gives the lines the vehemence of life and sheds on them color, diversity and warmth. Brother Leo loves the savor of words on the tongue, and enjoys their beauty and expressiveness. Unlike the average recitationist he cares naught for the effects that the actor delights in. His performance is intellectual. He is as sparing with his effects as Shakespeare was of his words. He avoids acting when the difficult thing is not to act. Depending chiefly on modulations and intonations, he is more inclined to over-restraint than to excess; but his changes of expression are not lacking in significance. To me the art of Brother Leo was a revelation, but what shall I say of his feat of memory? He gave us scene after scene from Julius Caesar, As You Like It, Othello and Hamlet and though he was on the stage two and one-half hours he never faltered once for a word.

## Gossip of the Theatre

### Florence Hinkle's First Appearance

This Sunday afternoon at the Columbia Miss Florence Hinkle, the concert soprano whose career has shown that an American-trained singer may reach the heights in the world of music, will give her first concert in this city. Miss Hinkle never having appeared in opera, has not been heralded to the general public, but to those who follow the activities of the great symphony orchestras her name and fame are well known. At any rate Manager Greenbaum is confident that his patrons will enjoy a rare afternoon of song. The artist will sing groups of old classics, German, French, Russian and English, and for those who care for the modern operatic numbers there will be the aria from Charpentier's "Louise." The second and last Hinkle concert will be given Sunday afternoon, March 19. Tickets for both events at Sherman Clay.

### The Kneisel Quartet

The famous Kneisel Quartet will play two special programs of chamber music in this city on Sunday afternoon, April 9, and Wednesday night, April 12. At the first the program will be made up of works by Brahms, Beethoven and Bach. The second offering will consist of works by Haydn, Dvorak and Schubert besides some violoncello solos played by Willem Willeke who is ranked among the world's five greatest virtuosos on that instrument. The Kneisel Quartet was established thirty-one years ago. There is no finer chamber music organization in the world. A most interesting program will be given in Oakland on Monday night, April 10, under the auspices of the Music Section of the Oakland Teachers' Association.

### Josef Hofmann's Triumphs

Not even Paderewski is attracting the audiences this season that Josef Hofmann is. The vogue of this master has grown every year. It is the consensus of opinion not only among the critics but also among his colleagues that Hofmann is today the first of pianists. In New York the announcement that Hofmann will appear, either in recital or with orchestra, means a sold-out house. Next Wednesday Josef Hofmann will leave New York as special star soloist with the trans-continental tour of the complete New York Symphony Orchestra of over eighty players. This is the biggest thing ever attempted in this way since the famous tour of Rubinstein with the Thomas Orchestra over thirty years ago. Hofmann is a Rubinstein pupil, by the way.

### The Loring Club

On Tuesday evening, March 14, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the Loring Club in the second concert of its thirty-ninth season will present a program of unusual variety and attractiveness. For the first time in San Francisco, and possibly for the second time in the United States, there will be heard "Four Songs of Finland" for chorus of men's voices. These had their first hearing in America at the concert of the celebrated Schola Cantorum a few weeks ago in New York. A couple of "Songs of the Open Air" for baritone soloists and chorus of men's voices, with accompaniment of strings and piano, will be another notable feature of the program. The club will have the assistance of Mr. Kajetan Attil, solo harp. The piano accompanist will be Frederick Maurer, while Gino Severi will be the leader of the strings assisting

in the accompaniments. The concert will be under the direction of Wallace A. Sabin, the conductor of the Loring Club.

### Novelty Dances at Orpheum

Ivan Bankoff and Lola Girlie who are among the most successful modern classic dancers will introduce Mr. Bankoff's own conception of classic, Russian and Cake Walk dancing at the Orpheum next week. They are the embodiment of grace and skill. Bankoff is a Russian but his partner is an American. Umberto Sacchetti, the grand opera tenor who has been associated with the Metropolitan and Boston companies, will make his first appearance here in vaudeville. Julie Ring, who is closely following in the footsteps of her sister Blanche, will present a playlet written for her by John B. Hymer entitled "Twice a Week" in which she has scored a great hit. The Mirano Brothers, "the Flying Torpedoes," will appear in feats of daring. Lillian Fitzgerald, an unusually captivating and versatile comedienne, and Henry I. Marshall, a successful composer of popular songs, will contribute a most enjoyable act. The eleventh installment of the Uncle Sam at Work motion picture entitled "To Arms" will be shown. "The Passion Play of Washington Square" interpreted by Mary Servoss and company; and George Whiting and Sadie Burt will conclude their engagements. It will also be the last week of the prima donna Dorothy Jardon who will be heard in new songs.

### The Symphony Concerts

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz conductor, will give the ninth Sunday concert of the season at the Cort tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 sharp. The program,



one of the best given this season, is the same as given Friday afternoon. The patrons of Sunday's concert will hear the concert for one-half the prices asked for the Friday concert; 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00. Seats will be on sale at the Cort after ten a. m. Sunday. The program for the ninth pair of concerts which will be given Friday afternoon, March 24, and Sunday afternoon, March 26, embraces the Symphony No. 13, G major of Haydn; "The Pied Piper," Symphonic Poem of Frederic Jacobi (first performance anywhere); and the Symphony No. 7, C major of F. Schubert. Attention is called to the fact that books containing the program notes and music themes will be ready for distribution by Thursday of next week at the box offices at Sherman Clay, and Kohler and Chase. These program books are the same as those distributed at the concerts, and are written by Philip Hale and Felix Borowski, writers of great literary and musical ability. As the time before a concert and the intermissions are usually filled with conversation, it is suggested that all who desire to enjoy the concerts secure copies of the program booklets in advance. Tickets for the ninth pair of concerts will be on sale Monday.

#### Military Play at Alcazar

Earl Derr Bigger, the author of "Seven Keys

to Baldpate," is responsible for the next offering at the Alcazar which is to be a splendid production of his military drama "Inside the Lines." This unusual drama teems with exciting situations. The author has breathed a certain amount of romance into the story. The large personal following of Bert Lytell and Evelyn Vaughan will be able to give them a big rousing welcome in this new drama, for it suits their unquestioned talents. A number of new players have been especially engaged. There is a pleasing amount of comedy in "Inside the Lines." The production, under the expert direction of Addison Pitt, will be up to the usual Alcazar standard.

#### Film of "Ramona" Coming

For the first time in the history of motion pictures a novel universally read has been graphically portrayed in such a manner as to leave little to the imagination. One cannot view the wonderful fiesta scenes of the early days in California, or the burning of the Indian villages by the white settlers, without finding oneself in great sympathy with the spirit of Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona," a book that has taken its place in American literature. The film lacks nothing in detail, in photography, in continuity, to make it intensely interesting. Furthermore, the presentation of "Ramona" will

mark a film epoch, for a novel method of presentation has been attempted. There will be Spanish singers and an orchestra of twenty. "Ramona" will be presented at the Cort beginning Monday, March 20.

#### Boston Grand Opera at Cort

The much discussed season of grand opera by the Boston Grand Opera Company, combined with Pavlowa and the Imperial Ballet Russe, opens at the Cort Monday night. A brilliant audience will be in evidence, and the sale indicates capacity houses. The engagement is for a single week, and there is no possibility of an extension. It was Max Rabinoff who allied the Boston Grand Opera with the Ballet Russe. Rabinoff's ideal of opera is a departure from the accepted Italian conception. He insists more on the dramatic and choreographic elements. In addition to the operas and the ballets incidental to them, a supplementary ballet will be given at every performance by the incomparable Pavlowa and her corps de ballet. This will make the performances a trifle longer than opera is wont to be, so the curtain will rise nightly at 8 and at 2 at the matinees. The organization numbers something like 250 persons, including the Boston Opera chorus and orchestra, the latter under the direction of Roberto Moranzoni. The scenery is the work of Bakst and Joseph Urban. The singing forces include such notables as Giovanni Zenatello, Maggie Teyte, Riccardo Martin, Felice Lyne, Maria Gay, Jose Mardones, Thomas Chalmers, Graham Marr, Giuseppe Gaudenzi, Bianca Saroya and Tamaki Miura, the last named being the famous Japanese prima donna who will sing the role of Cho-



UMBERTO SACCHETTI

Formerly tenor with the Boston and Metropolitan Grand Opera Companies at Orpheum next week



MAGGIE TEYTE

With the Boston Grand Opera Company at the Cort



Cho-San in "Mme. Butterfly." The opening opera will be Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re," an operatic novelty in its true sense, for the work is barely three years old, has been presented but a few times in this country and never west of Chicago. The ballet to follow will be Tchaikowsky's "Snowflakes," from the "Nutcracker" suite.

#### Strong Bill at Pantages

Norine Carmen's minstrels in a real old fashioned black-face first part; Grace Cameron, the magnetic little singing comedienne; and Bett's trained seals are a trio of strong attractions which will top the new eight-act program opening at Pantages Sunday. Miss Carmen is the lone female in the minstrel production which numbers six singers of old plantation melodies. Miss Cameron will render a repertoire of her own original songs. Bett's trained seals will be put through wonderful tricks assisted by a couple of monkeys, a few roosters and a dog. Andy Lewis, the legitimate character actor who was last seen here in the leading role of "The Queen of Sheba," will present "The Duke" with Vera George and Jack Martin assisting. Ruth and Kittie Henry, two dainty maids; the Flying Howards, aerial gymnasts; and two well known local boys, Paul Robinson and Bobby Levine in an entertaining cabaret specialty, will round out the show.

#### Landfield to Lecture

The announcement that Jerome B. Landfield will give a series of lectures on Russian literature has been received with keen enthusiasm in the literary and social world of San Francisco and the bay cities. The lectures will be held in the rooms of the Sorosis Club in Sutter street, which has become identified with Mr. Landfield during the past year through his Wednesday morning talks on Current Topics. They will be given every Thursday morning during the coming six weeks. The first lecture of the course will be given at a quarter to eleven on the morning of March 16.

#### PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY

By H. S. Haskins

Hortense is bounded on the north  
By such a pretty hat,  
It seems a bit of Eden which  
My eyes are looking at.  
To eastward, lace and furbelows  
Of wondrous shape and kind,  
Quite dazzling to my vision, prove  
That love's not always blind.  
To south of her are tiny feet  
In candid silken hose,  
That carry her across my heart  
In shoes with velvet bows.  
To westward, sheerest draperies  
In rainbow tints, suggest  
That goddesses, at least, should be  
Not always too much dressed.

But where to find her inmost thoughts  
I hold no magic chart,  
Geography does not compute  
Degrees to find her heart.  
So I'll explore, both far and near,  
Its secret for my own,  
In frigid or in temp'rate or  
(Fate grant) in torrid zone.

"Hypocrite!" cried the Swordfish to the Clam.  
"Why hypocrite?" retorted the Clam.  
"You consider yourself the emblem of pacifism,  
and all the time you and your tribe are engaged  
in the making of shells!" sneered the Swordfish.

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CORT, TOMORROW 2:30 P. M.

NINTH PAIR OF SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Friday Afternoon, March 24, 3 P. M.

Sunday Afternoon, March 26, 2:30 P. M.

CORT THEATRE

PROGRAM

Symphony No. 13, G major.....Haydn  
"The Pied Piper," Symphonic Poem.....Frederick Jacobi  
(First performance anywhere)

Symphony No. 7, C major.....F. Schubert  
PRICES: Friday—\$2, \$1.50, \$1, 75c box; and loge seats \$3.

PRICES: Sunday—\$1, 75c, 50c; box and loge seats \$1.50.

Tickets on sale Monday at Sherman, Clay and Kohler & Chase.

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Knicker—The price of automobiles is going up.

Bocker—That means we shall have to build more expensive houses to mortgage for them.

#### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 15539: Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of LOUIS LEVY, Deceased.

JACOB LEVY, as Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of LOUIS LEVY, deceased, having on the 23rd day of February, 1916, presented to this Court, and having filed herein his verified petition to due form praying for an order authorizing him to borrow the sum of five thousand dollars, at a rate of interest not exceeding five and one-half per cent per annum, and to mortgage to the Hibernia Savings & Loan Society as security to it for the payment of such loan, the hereinafter described real property, and that such mortgage security be given by him in the form of a flat mortgage in the sum of four thousand dollars, payable one year after date, with interest thereon at the rate of five and one-half per cent per annum, together with an installment mortgage in the sum of one thousand dollars, with interest at a like rate, principal and interest payable in sixty equal monthly installments of nineteen and 10/100 dollars, and that he be authorized to execute promissory notes therefor, and which said mortgages shall be upon the following described real property situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Turk Street, distant thereon one hundred and two (102) feet seven (7) inches westerly from the westerly line of Buchanan Street, running thence westerly along said northerly line of Turk Street fifty-one (51) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the southerly line of Laurel Avenue; thence at a right angle easterly and along said line of Laurel Avenue fifty-one (51) feet ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to said northerly line of Turk Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 280.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, at the Court Room of Department Number 10 thereof, situate at the City Hall, San Francisco, California, on the 29th day of March, 1916, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M. of said day then and there to show cause, if any they have, why said prayer of said petition should not be granted and the real property above described mortgaged as prayed for.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper published in said City and County of San Francisco.

For further particulars I do hereby refer to the petition now on file herein.

Dated: February 23rd, 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of said Superior Court.

LEO KAUFMANN,  
Attorney-at-law,  
San Francisco, Cal

2-26-5

## AT THE THEATRES

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

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Monday—"L'Amore dei Tre Re" and "Snowflakes."  
Tuesday—"Mme. Butterfly" and "Spanish Ballet."  
Wednesday Matinee—"I Pagliacci" and "Coppelia."  
Wednesday—"La Boheme" and "Walpurgis Night."  
Thursday—"Mme. Butterfly" and Divertissements.  
Friday—"L'Amore dei Tre Re" and "Snowflakes."  
Saturday Matinee—"La Boheme" and "Spanish Ballet."  
Saturday—"I Pagliacci" and "Coppelia."  
Sunday—First act "I Pagliacci," "Elysian Fields" and second act "Carmen."  
Casts include: Zenatello, Miura, Teyte, Martin, Lyne, Gay, Mardones, Chalmers, Marr, Gaudenzi, Saroya.  
Pavlova and complete Ballet Russe will appear at every performance.

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CURTAIN AT 8 SHARP NIGHTS; 2 SHARP MATINEES.

This attraction will play no city other than San Francisco in northern and central California.



## An Irishwoman

(Continued from Page 7.)

flower. Better to give over the garden to bishop-weed and wild convolvulus. Con Casey never can tell now his scheme for draining the Tree Field. Neither can tell. The hay, after all, was safely saved, but they were not saved.

In the evening light Miskish Mountain stands up very large in front of her, seeming to spring out of the end of the garden almost. A sentence flits back into her mind, "It's a fine rugged place, one headland reminds me of Miskish. Maybe it's the one we'll have to storm. Fancy trying to charge up old Miskish! . . . It's moonlight and so calm tonight, but yesterday the gunfire was awful . . . Someone says that tomorrow we're to try Suvla Bay."

Miskish, the Tree Field, Suvla Bay, Con—incessantly the names move through her mind in meaningless procession. She has read and read again the newspapers, trying to piece together the accounts and discern just where he fell; read of the Maori, the Australian and the Sepoy found dead on the crest of the hill; tried to thrill at that symbol of Empire and link it to the glorious bravery of the Irish regiments; tried to get some sort of pride that will relieve this awful agony that tears at her heart. In vain. Like the pinks scattered on the path they lie—Con Casey, her brother, the flower of Ireland cut down on that harsh shore. Other countries, she feels, can well afford to throw away some young lives to prove their manhood; but her country—Ireland? Clinging, as it seems to her, desperately to a cliff face, slipping every year a little nearer extinction, can it afford a single young life? "For us there comes no second spring." All those long years of preparation to end like this—Cummeen empty, the pinks dying on the path, the Tree Field undrained, the plans untried. And with all this grief and loss no throb of kinship with England's Empire, no beat of pride for the cause for which he died.

## Letters

### May Sinclair's Latest

Perhaps one needs to be English, or at least be brought up under strict British traditions, to get the points of view of the characters in a book like "The Belfry." Here in America where it is taken for granted that every one has a right to make the best of himself provided he is not personally offensive in the process, it is difficult to conceive of the antipathy that is provoked by any one who is not "contented with that condition in life in which the Lord has placed him." One can all but guess the caste of the characters by their names. Could a Viola Thesiger be anything but a "lady." And what chance has a James Tasker Jevons to escape cockneyism and boulderism and all the other awful isms? Viola was one of seven daughters and nine children of Canon Thesiger of Canterbury, and family means were restricted. The girls were not marrying off very fast and the prospects of the younger ones were none too rosy, when Viola, sixth in line, decided to earn her own living as a typist, and presented herself, half an hour late for the appointment, at the rooms of one Walter Furnival, author. Perhaps, from first to last, she really was as innocent and unsophisticated as she is represented to be, but one suspects her of knowing a thing or two and enjoying a slide over the thin ice, relying upon her family connection to save her in case of need. James Tasker Jevons was climbing up. He had had a wretched childhood, had spent some years in the monotonous task of recording vital sta-

tistics, served later as a compositor and proof-reader, and now was making his way into literature, reporting football matches and sporting events for a beginning, but with his future course all mapped out in his own mind. The surprising thing about Jevons was not only that he knew what he wanted to do, but just how and when he was going to accomplish it, and when he casually remarked, "I give myself six months" to do thus and so, he invariably did it. Jevons and Viola met, and of course fell in love. On her side perhaps it was at first the same sort of love that prompts a woman to buy Billikens and Kewpies. He was so different from anything to be met in canonical circles and cathedral closes. Jevons was very serious and, as usual, set himself a limit. Now Jevons took a vacation and planned to spend it in Belgium. In correspondence with Viola, he wished she was there to enjoy it. Viola likewise wished, and settled the matter by going—all perfectly innocent of course, only one has to wonder whether modern girls, in or out of canonical households, are never advised to have an eye to appearances. All might have gone well but for a Brother Reggie of the Thesiger household, and apparently a family idol. Reggie was in the army. His regiment was ordered to India. Sister Viola should have remembered the date and been on hand to bid him farewell, but this was just the time she had taken to go to look at the Belfry (at Bruges). Author Furnival was called upon to furnish her address, the idea being that she had taken a vacation somewhere in England, and Viola, discovered, was hurried home to avert a scandal. She evidently knew what she was about, and had taken her Belgium sojourn with the purpose of "burning her boats." It was Jevons who was the real innocent. Of course there was a mild family scandal and a marriage which, in the Thesiger eyes, was almost worse than a big scandal, but Jevons, being successful, was gradually accepted and everything might have gone well enough if it had not been for the return of the impeccable Reggie who simply could not countenance the "bestly bounder," and whose attitude so affected Viola that she began to make the most and the worst of all poor Jevons' faults, and, in fact, to withdraw herself and become as "Thesiger" as she once sought not to be. What might have come next no one knows but for the war. Jevons knew he was no hero, he admitted that he was afraid and that he did not want to go to the front, yet he tried his hardest. He absolutely refused to go as a war correspondent, but sought active service. Thesiger influence operated to keep him from getting a commission. Why? Did they think that glory was the prerogative of their own Charlies and Berties and Reggies? Recruiting officers rejected him on account of his weak heart, and finally by main strength and obstinacy and the expenditure of his own money in equipment and service, he at last managed to force himself in as an independent ambulance man. He accomplished heroic deeds. His final acceptance in the Thesiger contingent was won when at the expense of his own right arm and with incredible suffering, he saved the life of the worshiped Reggie, and so was recognized as quite decently human. Viola, of course, played the part of Red Cross nurse in becoming costume. Maybe Jevons had phenomenal luck, but he certainly worked for it, and despite his occasional misplaced h's and his gestures that betrayed his humble origin, he was all man and one cannot but think he and his kind are of far more use in the world than the Reggies and the Violas. May Sinclair always gives us a book that is worthy of capital letters. Her characters are never lay figures, and her situ-

ations are always believable though never commonplace. Just why she has chosen "The Belfry" for her title will be made clear to readers, and the expression has meaning enough for the initiated to deserve its place in the current speech. From the Macmillan Company.

Mrs. Knicker—Wouldn't you take a hyphenated cook?

Mrs. Bocker—No, she might blow up our rubber plant.

Flubdub—I saw the doctor stop at your house yesterday. Anything serious?

Harduppe—You bet. He came to collect his bill.

From a Kansas paper: "The Baptist Church at Leoti will lose its pastor because another church raised the ante. The Leoti people refuse to call the raise, and will stay out and draw another pastor."

Bacon—Has your wife a cookbook?

Egbert—Oh, yes.

Bacon—Did you ever get anything out of it?

Egbert—Sure! Indigestion.

"I say, old man, what was that awful noise in your house last night?"

"Oh, my wife merely asked me where I'd been."

## Town Talk Press

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PUBLICATION CATALOGUE  
**PRINTERS**  
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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN W. SHIELDS, deceased.—No. 20460 N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the estate of JOHN W. SHIELDS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the office of their attorney, Lewis F. Byington, Room 617 Balboa Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN W. SHIELDS, deceased.

ALVIN W. SHIELDS,  
KATE GARRETT,

Executor and Executrix of the estate of John W. Shields, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 11, 1916.

LEWIS F. BYINGTON,  
Attorney for Executor and Executrix,  
617 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

3-11-5



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—It was a slow market in stocks last week, and prices were generally lower, although a few specialties showed some slight improvement. Traders were so upset over political affairs at Washington that they were inclined to let the market alone, and as a result, fluctuations were in a very narrow range. Underlying conditions are all in favor of the constructive side of the market, but until political conditions, not only on this side but on the other side, improve, the market will be allowed to drift. Steel products are now at the highest point in twenty years. Most descriptions are now double the price that they commanded in the closing months of 1914 and are above the high levels of 1907, 1909 and 1912. The mills have cleaned up their low-priced orders and are now working on contracts which yield such large profits that estimates are made in Wall Street that net earnings of the United States Steel Corporation will reach a quarter of a billion dollars this year. Equipment and munition shops are making large profits. The Du Pont dividends of 24 per cent on the common stock told the story. Copper at 28½ cents a pound in New York and Zinc selling for more than standard copper in London assure prosperity for mines that never paid a dividend before this year. Railroad earnings are on a parity with the industrial improvement and railroad shares are cheap where the best dividend payers can be bought to yield 6 per cent, as was the case at the end of the week. Steel common is cheap on book value and current earnings, and the corporation is piling up a surplus that will insure dividends for years to come. The chief danger today is that the prices of manufactured and semi-finished merchandise are too high and may check domestic expansion. The building trades would be more active if structural steel was cheaper.

**Wheat**—During the week, wheat has scored an extensive decline, liquidation being urgent and of a most thorough character. The failure of any special export business to develop on the various declines, except for Canadian wheat, caused a feeling of discouragement to permeate the trade, and gradually long holdings have been coming on the market, with a comparatively light demand, the latter emanating in considerable measure from shorts. The primary movement continuing at liberal figures was also instrumental in affecting sentiment, particularly as a condition of congestion exists at the seaboard, and ocean tonnage is unequal to the demand for it. The liberal receipts offset in a degree the unfavorable reports which have been received touching on the condition of winter wheat, but these advices have been rejected in the July month, which has been constantly gaining on the May. The shipments from Argentina this week are again liberal and it looks as though efforts were being made to

move that crop. However, the situation from a European standpoint appears consistently strong, but naturally, owing to the difficulty in securing wheat from other countries, even though the supply is plentiful. Questions of an international kind have entered somewhat into the action of the market this week. The market has had sufficient decline, and without question, is in a healthy technical condition providing the supply and demand conditions have undergone no material change. The present level of prices has not been witnessed for several months and is probably low enough to affect the attitude of the country and restrict offerings,—circumstances which with a reasonable export demand ordinarily would strengthen values. However, the fact that prices are so much lower than they were several weeks ago does not at present appear to incite a public demand, and very likely good export sales will have to be assured before the market makes any pronounced recovery.

**Corn**—Prices are ruling somewhat lower, but nevertheless the market is regarded as showing a good deal of strength in not being any more depressed in view of the decline in wheat. When the situation rights in other grains, corn seems to show an advancing tendency, and because of this, there has been quite an improvement in the demand through commission houses. The export demand this week has not been notable, although some business was reported. However, the movement from the country is considerably less than last week's and cash prices are much steadier. The shipments from Argentina continue light, and Liverpool prices have been consistently firm. Notwithstanding the position of a considerable part of the trade in anticipating a higher level of prices, the technical position is sound, and in view of the possible scarcity of good corn, the market should continue to exhibit strength.

**Cotton**—The cotton market sold down to new low levels last week for the season, but toward the end of the week, the market turned stronger and a fair recovery was in order throughout the list. No improvement of note is shown in the exports of cotton, and the present movement is running at the rate of five and one-half million bales for the season, which, with the large domestic consumption, will take care of the small crop raised last year. The carry-over will therefore be as large as last year. The prolonged war is reducing the spinning in the accessible countries, and large exports do not appear promising. The market showed very good strength under the circumstances, and though the trend has been lower, there has not been a pronounced selling movement. New crop prospects will shortly be dominant in the market. Indications are for an increase of from eight to ten per cent, although there is no certainty as yet. The eastern section is not

buying fertilizer as largely as usual, on account of the higher prices, and the crop will be more subject to chance than last year. In the Southwest, the acreage will be increased on account of the loss of winter wheat and oats. In the eastern Gulf States, there is a disposition to curtail acreage to avoid boll weevil.

Even common sense is a paradox. It's so uncertain.

The wheel of fortune won't turn for you unless you put your shoulder to it.

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DECEMBER 31ST, 1915:

Assets	\$61,849,662.02
Deposits	58,840,699.38
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,008,962.64
Employees' Pension Fund	211,238.93
Number of Depositors	67,406
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For the 6 months ending December 31st, 1915, a dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was declared.	

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# NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING TO CONSIDER REMOVAL OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF OCEAN BOULEVARD IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, A CORPORATION:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a general meeting of the stockholders of Ocean Boulevard Improvement Company, a corporation, will be held at the office of the company at Number 1468 La Playa, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 20th day of March, 1916, at the hour of four o'clock P. M., for the purpose of considering and passing a resolution then to be proposed, removing from office the present board of directors.

Said meeting is called by order of stockholders of said corporation holding more than one-half of the votes.

Dated: March 2nd, 1916.

F. HERZOG,  
Secretary of Ocean Boulevard Improvement Company, a corporation.

# NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING TO CONSIDER REMOVAL OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

To the Stockholders of Ocean Boulevard Improvement Company, a corporation:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a general meeting of the stockholders of OCEAN BOULEVARD IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, a corporation, will be held at the office of the company at No. 1468 La Playa, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 20th day of March, 1916, at the hour of four o'clock p. m., for the purpose of considering and passing a resolution then to be proposed removing from office the present Board of Directors.

Stockholders holding the following number of shares:

J. HERZOG	2656
A. C. CAMPBELL	1738
F. HERZOG	16
J. W. RIESS	10
LOTTIE J. RIESS	1530

Total Number of Shares 5950

Dated: March 2nd, 1916.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN CHARLES TAYLOR, deceased.—No. 20431; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Will of JOHN CHARLES TAYLOR, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said JULIET LOUISE TAYLOR, Executrix of the Will of said deceased, at the office of Paul McDonald, 464 California Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN CHARLES TAYLOR, deceased.

JULIET LOUISE TAYLOR,

Executrix of the Will of John Charles Taylor, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 4, 1916.

PAUL McDONALD,  
Attorney for Executrix,  
464 California St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-4-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HEALEY C. DAVIS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of HEALEY C. DAVIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Norman A. Eisner, her attorney, 344-345 Mills Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HEALEY C. DAVIS, deceased.

FLORENCE DAVIS,

Administratrix of the estate of Healey C. Davis, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26, 1916.

NORMAN A. EISNER,  
Attorney for Administratrix,  
344-345 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 26-2-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATHILDE GERHARDT (also called MATHILDE J. GERHARDT), deceased.—No. 20299; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of MATHILDE GERHARDT (also called Mathilde J. Gerhardt), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATHILDE GERHARDT (also called Mathilde J. Gerhardt), deceased.

JULIETTE M. DAVIDSON,

Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Mathilde Gerhardt (also called Mathilde J. Gerhardt), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 12, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Executrix,  
No. 333 Kearny Street,  
San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

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## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71603.  
FELIX D. C. MCGOVERN, Plaintiff, vs. JANET B. MCGOVERN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JANET B. MCGOVERN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By ROBERT W. DENNIS, Deputy Clerk.

TOWSON S. GRASTY,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1201 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 26-2-10

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIA CASTAGNETTO, deceased.—No. 20163.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARIA CASTAGNETTO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Jos. F. Cavnagaro, Esq., at No. 550 Montgomery Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

GIACOMO CASTAGNETTO,

Administrator of the estate of Maria Castagnetto, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26, 1916.

JOSEPH F. CAVAGNARO,  
Attorney for Estate,  
550 Montgomery St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 26-2-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN CAMPE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of ELLEN CAMPE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of W. H. Morrissey, 804 Mechanics Building, 948 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN CAMPE, deceased.

FREDERICK DAREWOOD CAMPE,

Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Ellen Campe, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12, 1916.

W. H. MORRISSEY,  
Attorney for Administrator,  
948 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

# NOTICE OF SPECIAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS OF KERN-NEILAN CO., INC., A CORPORATION, FOR THE PURPOSE OF REMOVING BOARD OF DIRECTORS FROM OFFICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, pursuant to the call and demand of the holders and owners of more than one-half of the issued or outstanding capital stock of Kern-Neilan Co., Inc., a corporation, a special meeting of the stockholders of said corporation has been called and will be held at its office, No. 316 Bush Street, San Francisco, Calif., on Saturday, March 4, 1916, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition of removing from office the present Board of Directors of said corporation and of electing a new board in lieu thereof.

Dated, February 16, 1916.

(Seal of Kern-Neilan Co., Inc.)

ALBERT E. KERN,  
Secretary of Kern-Neilan Co., Inc.

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVII. No. 1230

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 18, 1916

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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVII

San Francisco, March 18, 1916

No. 1230

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### Lind Late of Mexico

Villa's raid, according to John Lind, former confidential adviser of President Wilson, was "inspired and financed by interests on this side." This may be so, but we don't believe John Lind has any proof to offer in support of his statement. We do not mind admitting that we have no confidence in John Lind. He is essentially the kind of man whom Woodrow Wilson would go to for advice, and from our experience of the consequences of the counsel that our President has been acting on in all matters for three years we feel justified in our distrust of his favorite fountains of wisdom. President Wilson boasts that he has a one-track mind. His advisers are evidently similarly equipped, and evidently also their single track is narrow gauge. When John Lind went to Mexico as confidential adviser to the President he was in a state of mind similar to that of the Methodist preacher who proudly declared in a Texas pulpit a year or two ago that the troubles in Mexico were inspired by good Christian clergymen in the interests of a priest-ridden people. It will be remembered that for a time, when Lind was in Mexico, Villa the bandit was in high favor in Washington, and that the President was strongly determined that nobody should be permitted to interfere with the downtrodden peons while they were "working out their salvation in their own way." They were working it out under the guidance of Villa. When Lind returned from Mexico he revealed his state of mind by quoting a Papal Bull that never existed. Proof in support of his utterance was demanded of him by the editor of *America*, a Catholic magazine. John Lind took refuge in silence. The demand was repeated. He did not have the manliness to confess that he had spoken of something of which he had no knowledge. So we don't believe John Lind. Not on his word will we believe that Villa was hired to massacre Americans, but were we to be-

lieve it we should nevertheless be of the opinion that it is not the worst crime to be atoned for in connection with the policy of watching and waiting for the redemption of the peons.

### Back Goes the Pendulum

Once again we are beholding the triumph of time and change. A new era is disentangling itself from the old, and the mollicoddle is taking to cover to indulge in primrose reflections and upland dreams. We have grown weary of stepping tiptoe as in a sickroom lest some bully be disturbed and angered. We have seen that conditions on this boisterous planet are unfit for the timid soul indisposed to the rough and tumble of life. The soft-pedaled Pacificist may prate and sentimentalize with thick voice and sanguine air, but the Carnegie-Bryan philosophy has been found to be a gigantic fraud by which the weak deluded the strong into abnegation of their natural domination. So now for the reaction. Editors in every State in the Union—five hundred in all—have been asked by *The Literary Digest* to what extent, in their opinion, we should go in preparedness. From the replies it appears that the average estimate of the size of an adequate army is 285,000 regulars and 1,215,000 reserves. Forty per cent of the editors favor a navy second only to Great Britain's, while sixty per cent favor a navy as large as any in the world. The editors of the country are by no means representative of a radical element. In spots they lead public opinion in matters of little importance, but on questions of absorbing general interest they but reflect public sentiment. At times they are carried off their feet, and such appears to be the case now. The pendulum has swung back. It is absurd to talk about building a navy as large as any in the world, but this absurdity is excusable in newspaper offices as it originated in the General Board of the Navy. It is absurd because it is impracticable unless Great Britain would agree to quit building ships until we caught up. Admiral Dewey, president of the General Board, recommends that the navy be increased gradually year by year until 1925 when the goal desired should be attained. One naturally wonders whether Admiral Dewey thinks that meanwhile the British navy will be destroyed and England will quit business. As a matter of fact Admiral Dewey does not know the size of the British navy at present. We are a great people, but we have not an infinite capacity.

### How the Way Was Paved for Teddy

Undoubtedly the present state of feeling with regard to preparedness is the outcome of over-emphasis on the humanitarian ideals of an Administration that we elected in a fit of absence of mind. The same thing

has happened before. It happens every little while. A wave of sentimentality swept over England toward the end of the eighteenth century, and ebbed before the stress of the Napoleonic wars. Some years later it returned, and we find Disraeli in the second book of his trilogy preaching the ideals of our time. In his *Sybil* he inveighed against the brutalities of capitalists and the tyranny of landlords; he dwelt on the miseries endured in factories, on the squalor and horror of life in industrial centres. His gospel is that salvation is to be found in humanitarian ideals. But what Benjamin Disraeli put only into fiction Mr. Wilson would put into practice. After Disraeli's novel came a message of vigor and revolt satisfying to a nation wearied of the drabness of uniform success. So it goes in the life of a nation as in the life of the individual. Now, we of America are a joyously impracticable people, very easily seduced, and we go from one extreme to another. A few years ago when nothing titillated us like the Big Stick the national idol was a Tartarin of Tarascon, and we hated mollicoddles and reveled in the strenuous life. Later came the Jane Adams era with its sleazy sentimentality and its aromatic culturine of the Eugenics school, and then we began pampering the "victims of society" behind prison bars, and coddling our congenitally unfortunate murderers, and raising the age of consent, and reforming all hands from the employers of child labor to the interstate philanthropist. Soused in cant, we raised our hands in holy horror at the thought of a surgical operation on a rabbit; we mirrored the firmament in our eyes by way of mute testimony of our sympathy with crusaders against the social evil. Tartarin came back from Africa in time to hear sterile femininity chorusing its disapproval of motherhood among the poor, and at once the erstwhile stormy petrel realized that it was the psychological moment for "Onward Christian Soldiers." Now he tells us it's no use wanting him for President again unless we are prepared for heroic deeds. In other words, "more chops, bloody ones with gristle" or Teddy will deny himself to us. As though he did not know the current mood of the people! It was bad enough with a half-brother to Jane Adams at the head of the navy, but when at this critical period of our history more of the color of opera-bouffe was added to the Government by lifting a left-over Ford delegate out of parochial politics and putting him at the head of the War Department, we readily perceived that Tartarin bore the aspect of a man of destiny. The idealists and sentimentalists have had their day. We are in the rough and tumble of life where we have experienced futilities and disappointments, and our feelings have grown too sore to be caressed and played



with by people who take a perverse pleasure in dwelling lovingly on piteous things and fondling imaginary emotions. We feel that we should take things as they come, and not as we should like them to be. So we shall probably welcome Teddy.

### Home Life, Past and Present

Gone is the evening home circle of yesteryear, and Archbishop Hanna laments, and exhorts us to revive the sweet family life of yore. He would have us quit running about and spend a little of our time in improving the mind. It is one of the evil symptoms of our day that the home circle has lost its charm. When the history of our day comes to be written, in all probability the historian, speculating on our civilization as we now speculate on the civilization of Rome and Greece, will see that the poor blossoms of public and private virtue which we put forth owe their feebleness to the fact that our lives are no longer permitted to take root at the fireside. Once the home was a place saturated with memories, brightened with hopes. A man became familiar with his home. For him it assumed a warm friendliness, an intimate individuality. His home was in what was called a neighborhood, and the man next door was not a person who moved into an apartment last week, but a neighbor; not someone to criticise, but a man to befriend. The personal possessions of the old-fashioned home circle—the furniture, the pictures and the books—were adorned with memories of the past and cherished as legacies to the future. Now the home is little more than a place to sleep in. People spend more time in their motor cars than at home, and they eat out of a delicatessen shop and entertain their friends in a restaurant. What a blessing would be the revival of the old-fashioned home life! Well, perhaps the blessing is not so remote as the signs of the times indicate. Whatever cynics may say, the war is not all to no purpose. The other manners of other times are already returning in Europe, and life in Europe is bound to be reflected in this land. The war has made us prosperous, but a world of wealth cannot be destroyed without effects reaching to the remotest corners of the earth. When we begin to economize we shall also begin to rest our nerves.

### The News from Vermont

What about the news from Vermont? We have seen no editorial comment on it hereabouts. Yet the news from Vermont is of tremendous significance to people who are not averse to a little intellectual exercise at times. And the news from Vermont ought to be called to the attention of all the people of California—all save those incorrigible hidebound fanatics who are drawn up in deadly array against the advance of truth. For them, prohibition "though sun and moon were in the flat sea sunk." It is no use talking to them. But the momentarily misguided,—for their benefit it should be observed that here is Vermont, a State that had many

years experience of prohibition, and that will have no more of it. The obvious question to be asked is, Why should California experiment at a prodigious cost in what has been tried and found wanting? The professional prohibitionists of the Slaughter brand will probably offset the news from Vermont with the fact that Kansas has had prohibition for many years and that Maine has also wallowed many years in blind pig-stys and hypocrisy. The obvious retort is that, as to Kansas, even the prohibitionists of that State admit that no attempt was made to enforce the law till a few years ago; and as to Maine public sentiment is manifestly turning as it turned in Vermont. In the Maine elections of September, 1914, prohibition was the issue. Governor Haines, a prohibitionist, appealed to the electorate for re-election. He had served two years on a platform that pledged him to make the prohibition law effective. He tried to enforce the law, and in trying he removed the sheriffs of four counties and substituted four prohibition sheriffs. But his appeal for re-election was turned down. His total vote in 1912 was 70,931. His vote in 1914 was 58,500. The victor in 1914 was Oakley C. Curtis of Portland, who was known to be for local option. He was elected by a plurality over Haines and Gardner of 3300. So we see that even in Maine, which has had prohibition for fifty years, the people have grown weary of hypocrisy. No wonder! when we consider that the city of Bangor with a population of 25,000 has a record of 2000 convictions for drunkenness in one year.

### Our Foremost Neutral


Says the veracious Mr. Hearst: "We have followed the President's first and wisest counsel to the very letter and observed a neutrality which we believe to be the right, the sensible and the only honorably patriotic American line of conduct in these troublous and dangerous times." The fact is that our darling native son has been more neutral than the Kaiser himself. The Kaiser has never demanded that we put an embargo on munitions. The Kaiser never said that in order to destroy for his benefit an advantage won by his enemies we should prevent the shipment of munitions to the only belligerents who were able to export them. To that extent he has been willing to abide by the rules. Hearst has lived up to his definition of neutrality, a definition for which he has the high authority of such neutrals as Professor Munsterberg and George Sylvester Viereck. Acting under that definition he has refrained from ridiculing and denouncing the crowned heads at war, and so, says he, "I am neutral." True, he has held the Russians up to execration for alleged atrocities in Poland and apologized for the Turks in Armenia, but it pays to attack the Russians, for they have many enemies in this country and the German propaganda is against them. Likewise there is a feeling here against Japan, and though it would benefit Germany at this time to


involve us in war with the Japs Hearst has tried his best to precipitate that catastrophe, but not for the benefit of the Central Powers; not at all; rather for the benefit of the white race, which enjoys the Yellow Kid's deepest solicitude. Hearst is so impartial with respect to the belligerents of Europe that he doesn't mind going perilously near to treason to his own country. He is making a reputation for neutrality in this war that will live after him.

### Colonel House a Novelist

The news comes out of Washington that Colonel Edward Mandell House, President Wilson's confidential adviser and peripatetic ambassador, is the author of *Philip Dru, Administrator*, a novel published in 1912. This news, according to the *New York Sun*, goes a long way toward solving a mystery that has disturbed the minds of the American people for months, the mystery of the tie that binds the President to the solemn and enterprising gentleman from Texas. "It now appears," says *The Sun*, "that their friendship for each other, extraconstitutional in its manifestations, is based upon their sincere admiration for each other's literary gifts." While this is a plausible theory, after looking over the novel we have come to the conclusion that it is not Colonel House's literary gift that appeals to President Wilson, but rather the Colonel's genius for setting things right. In this novel Colonel House gives us a hero who is commander of the forces that overthrow the reigning Administration. He becomes a dictator for seven years, during which period he revises the Federal, State and municipal governments, directs the drafting of new laws and provides for more industrial freedom. There is set down in the book a new Federal and State Constitution and a description of a new kind of battleship with turrets that revolve with such velocity that they fend off any shells that strike them. The Colonel's hero is a man of many ideals, much interested in social betterment and a new freedom, just the sort of man who might be expected to embrace a Brandeis, put a Daniels at the head of the navy and send a Marye to Petrograd. President Wilson, warm admirer of the present Secretary of Labor and Commerce, could not help yielding his imagination to a man who thinks along the thought-line of the creator of Philip Dru.

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## Varied Types

CCLXXII—M. A. GUNST

By Edward F. O'Day

In the history of the Hotel St. Francis lobby there have been only two reserved chairs. One—it has disappeared—occupied a position of strategic importance in Peacock Alley. It commanded the length and breadth of that distracting promenade as well as all the approaches thereto and its occupant could rake with the enfiling fire of his eye all the troops of dainty femininity that debouched into the line of battle. That chair was reserved for the matinee use of Baron von Schroeder who perhaps thinks of it now with a not unsoldierly yearning in the pauses of service somewhere on the German fighting front. None dared usurp it in those peaceful days when Baron von Schroeder could still salute Raphael Weill. Only once do I remember its harboring an intruder. That was when the late Watt Brown held it against the approach of the Baron to win a bet. But Watt Brown could take such liberties. Quite appropriately, that chair disappeared when the Baron went to fight for the Fatherland.

The other reserved chair is still in daily use. Like the Baron's it is a dignified fauteuil of carved wood with a softly cushioned seat of red plush. And like the Baron's it is strategically placed, though not for the frivolous convenience of an amateur of feminine loveliness. It stands just southeast of the desk where the sitter may study to excellent advantage Jules Mersfelder's picture of Tamalpais over the fireplace as well as the two entrances to the tea room; but—and this is much more important—it enables the sitter to see with half an eye anybody who enters the lobby through the revolving door that faces Union Square. It is a very convenient chair, a chair to linger in; but nobody lingers in it when its rightful occupant comes along.

Here he comes now. A glance at the desk clock tells you that the afternoon is about two hours old. He always comes about this time. He approaches from the direction of the dining room with a quill in his mouth, walking slowly and favoring his Malacca stick. He is a well made little man, of a build that passes pudginess but doesn't quite attain to roly-poly plumpness. As soon as he is ensconced, and before he can light his Vandyck cigar with a flare match torn from a little paper package, he is surrounded by friends who wish him the time of day. Let the afternoon's business proceed! In the words of an immortal message, Mose Gunst has come! While he sits there men from the four corners of America pass and repass, and one out of every two greets him pleasantly by his first name. Now and then Tom Keating or Alvah Wilson or Ernest Drury—or even the big boss James Woods—pauses to confer with him. And why not? Is not Mose Gunst, like Charles Josselyn, one of the volunteer assistant managers of the hostelry? Has he not many suggestions to make? Has he not visiting friends by the dozen to recommend to the particular attention of the official management? All three of these questions being of a rhetorical sort, the discerning reader has already answered them correctly.

Mose Gunst was born in the city of New York shortly before the Civil War. He went to school in Thirteenth street, one of his classmates and pals being the great Jack Dempsey. This is worth mentioning because the friendship which began when the two youngsters were swapping marbles and punches lasted without

a break to the day of the fighter's death. All of Mose Gunst's friendships have exhibited that enduring quality. Mose Gunst has always kept his friends, one reason being that he has always been loyal to them. Great boxers have come and gone since Jack Dempsey was a ring hero, but Mose Gunst's loyalty to that old idol of the American people has remained unshaken.

"He was the greatest fighter of them all," says Mose Gunst. "And, by the way, did you ever hear the story of how Nat Goodwin went to the Corbett-Choynski fight on the barge? There was great secrecy about that fight, and only a limited number of men were invited to see it. Nat Goodwin wasn't one of them. Late in the afternoon Nat met Jack Dempsey who was to be in Choynski's corner.

"'Jack,' he said, 'let's measure wrists. I made a bet that mine was bigger than yours.'

"Dempsey put his along side of Nat's, and in the twinkling of an eye Nat took handcuffs from his pocket, snapped one bracelet on Dempsey's wrist and the other on his own.

"'What's this you're doing?' demanded Dempsey.

"'You're going to that fight tonight,' said Nat, 'and I want to make sure that you take me along.'

"When we were all on the tug that left San Francisco at midnight Nat unlocked the handcuffs."

Just before the Civil War started Mose Gunst's father moved to Georgia.

"During the bombardment of Atlanta," says Mose Gunst, "we lived in a well under the pistol factory. I went out once in a while to look around, and discovered that a shell which explodes in back of you is more dangerous than one which explodes in front. My father was provost marshal of Atlanta. With James C. Calhoun, the uncle of Pat, he ran up the white flag which surrendered Atlanta to General Sherman."

Mose Gunst's father had been here in '53. Mose came in '67, and went to work in Hirstel's cigar store at Montgomery and Clay.

"It was a very popular place," he says, "and men like Lawrence Barrett, McCullough, Frank Mayo and Charlie Thorne used to make it their headquarters."

In 1874 Mose Gunst went into business for himself, on Kearny street between Sutter and Bush. A little later he moved to the corner of Kearny and Sutter. Over his store was the celebrated Washoe Club where men played poker for big stakes. Gunst had an interest in that club.

"The biggest men in the community played poker there," he says. "Some of those men are playing a bigger game on the New York Stock Exchange today. I won't mention any names, because it's not considered virtuous to play poker now."

No sketch, however slight, of Mose Gunst's career would be complete without a mention of his service on the Police Commission. He was appointed by Governor Markham, and served for five years with Colonel Tobin and Alvord. It was a life position at that time.

"And it should be a life position now," says Gunst, "provided we could get men like Jim Woods to fill it."

Gunst's was a constructive service. He tried hard to introduce the inspector system in the

police department, and enlisted the assistance of Colonel Burns in his fight, but Rainey and Martin Kelly blocked his efforts. To this day Gunst thinks that the inspector system is desirable in a large city like ours.

"We had the best police department in the country," says Gunst. "It consisted of 650 men, 405 of whom were native sons with good school educations."

One of Gunst's heroes is Colonel Roosevelt. They became acquainted when the great Theodore was a New York assemblyman, and the friendship improved when both were police commissioners.

"And I've been with him ever since," says Gunst.

The fact is, he was one of the original Roosevelt men in the West. For the sort of reform which Roosevelt has advocated Mose Gunst has the heartiest approval; but for the professional reformer, the man who makes a business of meddling with other people's morals, he has outspoken contempt.

"I'd have to hire a hall to tell all I think about such reformers," is the way he dismisses them.

Mose Gunst is a very rich man. He made his money in the cigar business. In those feverish days of our earlier history when the town went mad over mining speculation Mose Gunst held consistently aloof from the stock market, and went on improving the quality of his cigars and extending his business.

"Success in life," he says, "comes from learning to do something, and sticking to it. You can't be successful if you turn aside from the business you know to try things you don't know."

He is a conspicuous proof of his own theory. On the downgrade of life he is reaping the fruits of his business wisdom. He never gives more than an hour a day to his great cigar interests. He takes good care of himself, keeps his penmanship in good order by writing checks for charitable causes, and plays a good game of bridge when he is not taking the sun of Golden Gate Park in a motor or occupying his chair in the St. Francis lobby. It was getting close to bridge time when our little talk came to an end and his friends closed in around his chair.

### San Francisco home of most important lens grinding industry

There is located in San Francisco a lens grinding industry which is attracting the attention of optical people throughout the United States. A lens has been developed and perfected for far and near seeing which has revolutionized lens manufacturing. Only the highest skilled men are intrusted with this most intricate work for the secret of its success is due to the great accuracy in grinding. Distortion between the reading and distance portions is entirely overcome, each part of the lens being optically perfect. This famous lens is known under the trade name as "Caltex."

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## Perspective Impressions

"Bryan approves of Wilson's course" we read. This should make the President uneasy.

Speaking of this Lamson case, it's high time for somebody to make a quip about the Slaughter of the innocents.

Hint to bromides: When you visit the Fair grounds, refrain from saying that "the glory has departed," and you may be mistaken for a sulphite.

We suggest that Gaby des Lys join the Portuguese army as a vivandiere.

So there's trouble over the installation of the Exposition organ in the Auditorium. But the greatest trouble will come when it's installed and we try to hear it.

Tom Marshall had a birthday this week. Who is Tom? Why, he's the one who says, "Does the Senator from Florida yield to the Senator from South Carolina?"

Fame is fleeting. Nobody mentions Stella any more.

Fashion hint: Ladies' boots are climbing higher all the time, but ladies' skirts (only in the provinces) are still one jump ahead of them.

Second fashion hint: So little material is wasted on waists these days that a bath is preferable to merely laving the neck.

Fashion hint for men: Eyes are being focussed eighteen inches above the sidewalk this season.

Second fashion hint for men: If your cute partner clasps you about the neck in the latest dancing hold, be sure to have your coat brushed before going home to wifey.

A good Lenten penance consists in not making ribald remarks about the Oroville trial.

Oroville is wetter than ever since the sob sisters got there.

When the time came for a dash into Mexico our Government wasn't quite sure whether it was on foot or on horseback.

Evidently we must be very careful of the highblown dignity of the lordly Carranza. We have handled this pompous Mexican with gloves so long that he has been swelling himself like the frog in the fable and is almost ready to burst.

Miss Violette Wilson, daughter of J. Stitt of Berkeley, ought to read her prototype, Marie Bashkirtseff, before preening herself too much on the discovery of her soul and the importance of her ego.

"I do not oppose schools and colleges," says J. Stitt's precocious daughter Violette, "but I say off with the old and on with the new." That's what her father says, too, and so does the Rev. Paul Jordan Smith and all the half-baked philosophers of the Tribe of Revolt that sits in the "Disordered Dusk of Things" by the shores of the Dead Sea.

## The Inside of German Propaganda

By ROBERT McTAVISH

More stolen letters have appeared in the New York World, but I have not yet seen any of them quoted in our great San Francisco dailies. The stolen letters are of national interest, and they have been discussed by the press of many cities, but not by the press of San Francisco. The letters were published on the morning of the day on which the House of Representatives went on record by a vote of 276 to 143 as opposing all interference with the President's conduct of foreign affairs, particularly with reference to the armed ship controversy, and in Washington the World created what the reporters describe as a tremendous sensation, the reason being, as the New York Times said the next day, the letters "are an astounding chapter in the continued story of German conspiracy against the United States" and "prove that a secret campaign has been carried on by a nation-wide German organization, the National German-American Alliance, to prevent legislation unfavorable to the designs and interests of Germany." Nevertheless, not a word in the great purveyors of news published in San Francisco. Probably they did not think the news worth while; or probably it was crowded out by the more important news of the Mardi Gras ball which took place the night before; or the news of the row between the board of education and the superintendent of schools which was given space on the front page. But maybe I am mistaken in supposing that the news is of any importance in San Francisco. In the East the newspapers were wildly excited about the Gore and McLemore resolutions. One newspaper said that it was time to haul the German flag down from the Capitol and to run up the American flag in its stead. Papers like the Tribune and Times have gone daffy on the subject of intrigue. They take it very seriously. The San Francisco press preserves a philosophic calm. The Examiner is worried only about the white race, which, by what may be a significant coincidence, is the principal object of a German lobbyist's solicitude, as I learn from one of his stolen letters.

According to the New York World the principal driving force behind the Gore and McLemore resolutions was the National German-American Alliance. To prove it the World produced a number of letters written to Alphonse G. Koelble, president of the United German Societies, by T. L. Marsalis, a German lobbyist in Washington, by Leo Stern of Milwaukee, Congressman Bartholdt of St. Louis and President Hexamer of the German-American Alliance. Koelble has admitted the genuineness of the letters and is eager to have the thief arrested. He denounced the World as the personal organ of President Wilson.

The World said that the new German propaganda to influence Congress came into being last December following the return from Europe of Mr. Koelble, who "had been to Europe in the interest of the German cause." It started with a circular sent to prominent German-Americans stating that, "in view of the serious political position of all Americans of German blood arising from the unjust and unfounded statements of President Woodrow Wilson, it is our holiest duty to revenge to the utmost our curtailed rights as citizens of this country." The circular contended that it was necessary to form a better organization and closer union, to show "the nativists what we can do," since "all mass meetings and protest meetings are useless if we are not in a position to show our strength at the ballot box." Emphasis was laid on the necessity for secrecy, and it was suggested that not more than twenty men should be "in the know" and that the money to carry on the campaign should be raised from the smallest possible number of contributors. It was provided that all officers of the proposed organization should be men whose names were not Teutonic, Hungarian or Irish and that the movement should be organized "politically throughout the country for the purpose of influencing Presidents, Senators and members of Congress

now and of electing those friendly to us next election."

J. T. Marsalis appeared in Washington on January 6, the day after the first Gore resolution to prohibit the issuance of passports for use on belligerent liners was introduced. On the same day the Gore bill to prohibit American citizens from traveling on belligerent vessels was introduced, and on January 10 Mr. Gore introduced his joint resolution authorizing and directing President Wilson "to interdict the exportation of contraband of war to the signatory Powers of the Declaration of London" when such Power "shall be ascertained to be interfering with the neutral commerce of the United States." In his letter of January 6, Mr. Marsalis, using the name "Goethe," wrote Mr. Koelble of the progress he was making. "I had," he said, "very satisfactory talks with Senator Gore and Senator Martine," and he told of appointments he had made with other legislators. A letter of January 11, signed "Locke," told of seeing Representative Stephens of Nebraska and Senator Gore of Oklahoma, both of whom had presented bills to prevent Americans from traveling on belligerent ships.

The letter from Leo Stern of Milwaukee said that it was a foregone conclusion that President Wilson would be renominated; that, to get a candidate against him acceptable to the German element, it is necessary that a portion of the delegations to the Republican national convention—a quarter to a third—shall consist of approved distinguished German-Americans. This scheme is called "The Wisconsin plan."

Henry Weismann in a letter advocated a strong stand against "the nativists" and "the pro-British who are behind the present Administration."

"What is a 'nativist'?" Mr. Koelble was asked after he had pronounced the World a petty larceny thief.

"A nativist," he answered, "is one of those persons who have a horror of foreign-born citizens, in other words they are Know Nothings."



## The Coming of the Janissaries

*(This is another chapter from G. K. Chesterton's latest book "The Crimes of England" wherein he devotes himself to the thesis that the crimes of his country were committed when she was allied with Prussia or when she was under Germanic influence. In this chapter he treats of the crimes against Ireland under Hanoverian Kings.—Editor's note.)*

The late Lord Salisbury, a sad and humorous man, made many public and serious remarks that have been proved false and perilous, and many private and frivolous remarks which were valuable and ought to be immortal. He struck dead the stiff and false psychology of "social reform," with its suggestion that the number of public-houses made people drunk, by saying that there were a number of bedrooms at Hatfield, but they never made him sleepy. Because of this it is possible to forgive him for having talked about "living and dying nations;" though it is of such sayings that living nations die. In the same spirit he included the nation of Ireland in the "Celtic fringe" upon the west of England. It seems sufficient to remark that the fringe is considerably broader than the garment. But the fearful satire of time has very sufficiently avenged the Irish nation upon him largely by the instrumentality of another fragment of the British robe which he cast away almost contemptuously in the North Sea. The name of it is Heligoland; and he gave it to the Germans.

The subsequent history of the two islands on either side of England has been sufficiently ironical. If Lord Salisbury had foreseen exactly what would happen to Heligoland, as well as to Ireland, he might well have found no sleep at Hatfield in one bedroom or a hundred. In the eastern isle he was strengthening a fortress that would one day be called upon to destroy us. In the western isle he was weakening a fortress that would one day be called upon to save us. In that day his trusted ally, William Hohenzollern, was to batter our ships and boats from the Bight of Heligoland; and in that day his old and once-imprisoned enemy, John Redmond, was to rise in the hour of English jeopardy, and be thanked in thunder for the free offer of the Irish sword. All that Robert Cecil thought valueless has been our loss, and all that he thought feeble our stay. Among those of his political class or creed who accepted and welcomed the Irish leader's alliance, there were some who knew the past relations between England and Ireland, and some who first felt them in that hour. All knew that England could no longer be a mere mistress; many knew that she was now in some sense a suppliant. Some knew that she deserved to be a suppliant. These were they who knew a little of the thing called history; and if they thought at all of such dead catchwords as the "Celtic fringe" for a description of Ireland, it was to doubt whether we were worthy to kiss the hem of her garment. If there be still any Englishman who thinks such language extravagant, this chapter is written to enlighten him.

In the last two chapters I have sketched in outline the way in which England, partly by historical accident, but partly also by false philosophy, was drawn into the orbit of Germany, the centre of whose circle was already at Berlin. I need not recapitulate the causes at all fully here. Luther was hardly a heresiarch for England, though a hobby for Henry VIII. But the negative Germanism of the Reformation, its drag towards the north, its quarantine against Latin culture, was in a sense the beginning of the business. It is well represented in two facts; the barbaric refusal of the new astronomical calendar merely because it was invented by a Pope, and the singular decision to pronounce Latin as if it were something else, making it

not a dead language but a new language. Later, the part played by particular royalties is complex and accidental; "the furious German" came and passed; the much less interesting Germans came and stayed. Their influence was negative but not negligible; they kept England out of that current of European life into which the Gallophil Stuarts might have carried her. Only one of the Hanoverians was actively German; so German that he actually gloried in the name of Briton and spelt it wrong. Incidentally, he lost America. It is notable that all those eminent among the real Britons, who spelt it right, respected and would parley with the American Revolution, however jingo or legitimist they were; the romantic conservative Burke, the earth-devouring Imperialist Chatham, even, in reality, the jog-trot Tory North. The intractability was in the Elector of Hanover more than in the King of England; in the narrow and petty German prince who was bored by Shakespeare and approximately inspired by Handel. What really clinched the unlucky companionship of England and Germany was the first and second alliance with Prussia; the first in which we prevented the hardening tradition of Frederick the Great being broken up by the Seven Years' War; the second in which we prevented it being broken up by the French Revolution and Napoleon. In the first we helped Prussia to escape like a young brigand; in the second we helped the brigand to adjudicate as a respectable magistrate. Having aided his lawlessness, we defended his legitimacy. We helped to give the Bourbon prince his crown, though our allies the Prusians (in their cheery way) tried to pick a few jewels out of it before he got it. Through the whole of that period, so important in history, it must be said that we were to be reckoned on for the support of unreformed laws and the rule of unwilling subjects. There is, as it were, an ugly echo even to the name of Nelson in the name of Naples. But whatever is to be said of the cause, the work which we did in it with steel and gold, was so able and strenuous that an Englishman can still be proud of it. We never performed a greater task than that in which we, in a sense, saved Germany, save that in which a hundred years later, we have now, in a sense, to destroy her. History tends to be a facade of faded picturesqueness for most of those who have not specially studied it: a more or less monochrome background for the drama of their own day. To these it may well seem that it matters little whether we were on one side or the other in a fight in which all the figures are antiquated; Bonaparte and Blucher are both in old cocked hats; French kings and French regicides are both not only dead men but dead foreigners; the whole is tapestry as decorative and as arbitrary as the Wars of the Roses. It was not so: we fought for something real when we fought for the old world against the new. If we want to know painfully and precisely what it was, we must open an old and sealed and very awful door, on a scene which was called Ireland, but which then might well have been called hell.

Having chosen our part and made war upon the new world, we were soon made to understand what such spiritual infanticide involved; and were committed to a kind of Massacre of the Innocents. In Ireland the young world was represented by young men, who shared the

democratic dream of the Continent, and were resolved to foil the plot of Pitt; who was working a huge machine of corruption to its utmost to absorb Ireland into the Anti-Jacobin scheme of England. There was present every coincidence that could make the British rulers feel they were mere abbots of misrule. The stiff and self-conscious figure of Pitt has remained standing incongruously pure in hand; while his manlier rivals were stretching out their hands for the sword the only possible resort of men who cannot be bought and refuse to be sold. A rebellion broke out and was repressed; and the government that repressed it was ten times more lawless than the rebellion. Fate for once seemed to pick out a situation in plain black and white like an allegory; a tragedy of appalling platitudes. The heroes were really heroes; and the villains were nothing but villains. The common tangle of life in which good men do evil by mistake and bad men do good by accident, seemed suspended for us as for a judgment. We had to do things that not only were vile, but felt vile. We had to destroy men who not only were noble, but looked noble. They were men like Wolfe Tone, a statesman in the grand style who was not suffered to found a state; and Robert Emmet, lover of his land and of a woman, in whose very appearance men saw something of the eagle grace of the young Napoleon. But he was luckier than the young Napoleon; for he has remained young. He was hanged; not before he had uttered one of those phrases that are the hinges of history. He made an epitaph of the refusal of an epitaph: and with a gesture has hung his tomb in heaven like Mahomet's coffin. Against such Irishmen we could only produce Castlereagh; one of the few men in human records who seem to have been made famous solely that they might be infamous. He sold his own country, he oppressed ours; for the rest he mixed his metaphors, and has saddled two separate and sensible nations with the horrible mixed metaphor called the Union. Here there is no possible see-saw of sympathies as there can be between Brutus and Caesar or between Cromwell and Charles I. There is simply nobody who supposes that Emmet was out for worldly gain, or that Castlereagh was out for anything else. Even the incidental resemblances between the two sides only served to sharpen the contrast and the complete superiority of the nationalists. Thus, Castlereagh and Lord Edward Fitzgerald were both aristocrats. But Castlereagh was the corrupt gentleman at the Court, Fitzgerald the generous gentleman upon the land; some portion of whose blood, along with some portion of his spirit, descended to that great gentleman, who—in the midst of the emetic immoralism of our modern politics—gave back that land to the Irish peasantry. Thus again, all such eighteenth-century aristocrats (like aristocrats almost anywhere) stood apart from the popular mysticism and the shrines of the poor; they were theoretically Protestants, but practically pagans. But Tone was the type of pagan who refuses to persecute, like Gallio: Pitt was the type of pagan who consents to persecute; and his place is with Pilate. He was an intolerant indifferentist; ready to enfranchise the Papists, but more ready to massacre them. Thus, once more, the two pagans, Tone and Castlereagh, found a pagan

(Continued on Page 17)



## Poems About San Franciscans

XVIII—TO CHARLES ROLLO PETERS

By George Sterling

"Master-Porter of Nocturnes" is what George Sterling calls Charles Rollo Peters in the sub-title of this sonnet. Many poets have celebrated painters, but not all who have done so have succeeded in embodying a sound art criticism in their lines. This Sterling has done, not only in the sonnet to Peters but also in his sonnet to Xavier Martinez already included in this series. The fact is, George Sterling is a very good art critic. If he chose to write art criticism, the literature of the subject would be enriched.)

The padres have departed from our lands,  
And gone with them is all their gentler lore;  
The mission bells waft yet, beside the shore,  
Their music to the hills and lonely sands;  
But all in vain the memory demands  
A vision of the mute romance of yore.  
We well had said: "It shall return no more.  
We beckon back the past with futile hands."

Nay, it was lost till you, with subtlest wiles,  
Recalled the glamor and the mystery—  
The cypress hushed beneath the evening star,  
And haunted headlands graven by the sea—  
Till Beauty that was fled from darkness smiles,  
And moonlight is a fane to her afar.

## The Spectator

## National Pride

The latest music hall hit from London comes to me by way of a friend who returned from England this week.

First Speaker: Have you heard the news?

Second Speaker: What news?

First Speaker: Another ship torpedoed, all the Americans aboard drowned, and all the others saved.

Second Speaker: How do you account for that?

First Speaker: The Americans were too proud to swim.

## A Lusitania Story

The true story of the sinking of the Lusitania is one that my friend brought back from England. This story is explanatory of what has been regarded all along as a very remarkable circumstance for which the British Admiralty has been much censured—the failure to safeguard the big passenger steamer as she was approaching the home port. The story was told in the presence of my friend by a Government official who is regarded as high authority. He said that an official wireless message was sent to the Lusitania, directing her course thirty miles from the one she took, and that she was to have been met on that course by torpedo boats. As soon as the captain got ashore he was asked about the message, and it was then learned that he had been misled by the wireless operator. According to the narrator of this story the operator was arrested as a German spy and shot. While there is nothing incredible in the story it seems hardly credible that it should not have leaked out when people were asking why the Lusitania had not been safeguarded and censuring the Government for its apparent neglect of a ship which was known to be a special object of attack. But my friend says that such are the reputation and standing of his informant he is sure the man told the truth.

## The Clockwinder Talks of "Rudie"

"What do you know about this Western Pa-

cific reorganization fight?" The question was asked by former Senator Hartman in the pendulum room. The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock gasped in astonishment, and looking the little statesman in the eye, exclaimed: "I'll bet you're one of the bondholders! I've always had the suspicion that you were mixed up in high finance."

"You're wrong," said Hartman. "The only bonds I ever had anything to do with were bail bonds, and I've seen so many of them go wrong that I'm bond-shy. No, I haven't any interest in the fight, but I'd like to know what it's all about."

"Well, I'll tell you," said the clockwinder, as he sat down and crossed his legs, "it's a fight between the long end and the short end with my old friend Rudolph Spreckels trying to turn a new trick."

"What does Rudie want?"

"I don't know exactly what he wants, but I'm sure he isn't looking for the worst of it. I'm a little puzzled it's so unusual to find our darling young civic patriot in favor of the deal in hand. Heretofore he always found it to be to his interest to be ferninst the deal. It looks to me as though this time he has been let in on the ground floor. But I'll find out all about it when I see him."

## His Terrible Offense

"You must be close up," Senator Hartman remarked.

"I used to be," said the clockwinder, "but I've been finding fault with him lately, and he doesn't take kindly to my criticisms."

"What have you been kicking about?"

"I haven't been kicking. I've only been advising him to quit imitating Pat Calhoun. You know, when Pat was in trouble he used to sit down every little while and deliver 'An Address to the American People.' 'Rudie' is doing the same thing. He's explaining it to the people every little while, explaining why he didn't want to put up for the Exposition, why he can't support the President, why he isn't for preparedness. It's a bad sign, you know, when a man thinks all the world has its ear to the ground waiting for him to say something. And besides when a man splits his infinitives he should keep away from the typewriter. It might explode."

## Fee-Fo-Fum Forever

Senator Hartman sprang to the center of the room, and looked at the clockwinder in amazement. "Horrible!" he exclaimed. "Fancy a man who associates with people that hunt with the beagles splitting his infinitives. I thought that was done only by members of the legislature."



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Here the clockwinder took up the morning paper to make out a case against his friend. "On the whole," he said, "this latest address to the American people is a remarkable document. Rudie charges the opposition with 'venom and selfishness.' Most people have supposed that Rudie has always been under the impression that venom and selfishness were the hall-marks of manliness and high character. They have been guilty of an injustice. Another thing that makes the document remarkable is Rudie's threat to squelch the opposition by exposing the motives of the enemy. There was a time when Rudie's motives were called selfish, and Rudie then thought it was absurd to talk about motives."

"Perhaps he has reformed since the old days," Hartman remarked.

"No," said the clockwinder, "he's the same old Rudie, for he's up in the air threatening to run amuck and do a lot of damage if the other fellows don't come to time. Rudie is the typical exponent of frightfulness."

#### Hearst Promises to Reform

Watch the Examiner, and study it in process of purification. The Examiner is going to turn over a new leaf, not because it has seen the error of its ways or been overwhelmed with repentance or overcome with remorse, but by reason of a sense of expediency. Last Sunday Father Bradley of the Paulist Church took occasion to allude to the Examiner in the course of his sermon at old St. Mary's. He spoke of it as a paper unfit to be read in the home, and he referred to its manner of dealing with the unclean case of a minister up country and to its publication of a letter addressed by a mercenary adventuress to the wife of a man against whom she had brought suit. Father Bradley expressed the hope that Catholics would banish the Examiner from their homes. It was a very interesting sermon that Father Bradley delivered, and it made such a stir that echoes of it were heard in the Examiner office. Immediately a representative of the great paper was

sent to the old church on the hill there to beg forgiveness for the Examiner, and to promise that it would reform and try to be decent. These are melancholy days for the Monarch of the Dailies. Ever since Mr. Hearst announced his alliance with the rascals of Westerville who have come to California to destroy property and spread the blind-pig plague his circulation has been deranged, and he finds that he has many ways that it might pay to amend. All of which reminds me that there is a critical study of William R. Hearst in his variety in this month's Lantern and that it is attracting a great deal of attention. It threatens to send this sprightly magazine into a second edition.

#### Some Don'ts from Polk

Looking out upon the world with an eye for its imperfections, Willis Polk came to the conclusion the other day that along with battle, murder and sudden death should be classed the motor car nuisance, and so, as is his wont he proceeded to lucubrate. The result of the intellectual upheaval was a letter to Police Sergeant Goff, urging him to call a conference of the Teamsters' Union and all jitney drivers and chauffeurs and submit to them the following Don'ts:

Don't stop on a crossing.

Don't drive up the wrong side of a street.

Don't cut corners.

Don't remain standing opposite entrances.

"Of course the worst offenders," says Mr. Polk in his letter, "are the newspaper distributing vans, but perhaps like the police, fire and emergency hospital they have the right of way."

#### Joe Scott's Third Victory

We San Franciscans don't get the news of libel suits brought against newspapers. There is a blanket arrangement for the censorship of this news in the local newspaper offices; and in this case censorship is synonymous with suppression. So we have had no word of the three libel suits which Attorney Joe Scott of Los Angeles brought against the Los Angeles Times.

He won all three suits in jury trials. Scott's suits were based on articles published in the Times in February of last year. They had to do with his conduct in a divorce action. There were three articles reflecting on his professional integrity, and he based a libel action on each of them. In the first action a jury awarded him a verdict of \$30,000. A new trial was granted, and Scott's appeal from that decision is now pending before the State Supreme Court. The trial of the second suit resulted in a verdict of \$1,000 for Scott. He states that the Times has paid that judgment. The third suit has just been tried, and last Friday the jury gave him a verdict of \$7,500 for actual and \$30,000 for punitive damages. So Joe Scott has been awarded a total of \$68,500. It must be abundantly clear to all Los Angeles that Joe Scott's professional character is above reproach.

#### A Cafeteria Poet

"Scorn not the cafeteria," writes my occasional Los Angeles correspondent, "for something more than a full stomach comes out of this peculiarly Los Angeles institution. It has inspiration for the poetic soul as well as odors for the man with an appetite." And to prove it my correspondent sends me a clipping from the Los Angeles Times whereon is printed a poem entitled "Passing of the Jefferson Cafeteria." It is a genuine elegiac from a heart full of sentiment, a palpitating threnody from a pen that must have perspired in the effort. I infer from this little masterpiece that the author, Mr. L. J. Ball, was formerly the owner of the Jefferson Cafeteria, though it may be that before bursting into pathetic song he was a mute in-

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U. S. Bonds to secure circulation at par.....	2,500,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds at par.....	100,000.00
Other Bonds .....	2,982,145.01
Other Assets .....	400,000.00
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit and Acceptances.....	2,706,267.19
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	20,278,434.41
	<b>\$45,479,489.67</b>

#### LIABILITIES

Capital Stock .....	\$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	1,966,137.81
Circulation .....	2,461,600.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign and Acceptances.....	2,706,267.19
Deposits .....	34,345,484.67
	<b>\$45,479,489.67</b>

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gone forever away,  
Though dear to me like a precious child, I could  
not make you stay.  
My hopes were all bound up in you and Oh!  
I loved you so,  
But somehow the wires were all laid wrong, so  
I could not make you grow.  
I tried so hard and suffered much, I drank the  
bitter cup  
But alas my beautiful cafeteria, I was forced  
to give you up!

This is not all. Our poet like every true poet is supplied with tips from Above. And he enjoys prevision. Even now he has a prelibation of a new cafeteria.

#### He's Coming Back

Give ear to our poet as he sings on full of hope and courage:

But God in His infinite wisdom and grace has  
been teaching His children how,  
So out of your ruins there will spring up something fairer and better than thou.  
Out of it all comes a brand new life, wiser and stronger and better I travel on,  
With malice toward none, obeying the spirit instead of the letter.

And so on through another stanza smoking hot with emotions on the grill. There is the flavor of grape juice in every line and much evidence of religious fervor. This sort of literature has a strong appeal in Los Angeles where every cafeteria is a centre of romantic tradition.

#### Recognition for Sterling

That which has been prophesied of George Sterling a hundred times in these columns is now coming to pass. He is being recognized far and wide as a great American poet. Some time ago the New Age of London waxed enthusiastic over a volume of his poems, and demanded that all his works be procured for the British Museum. A little later T. P.'s Weekly of London procured all his volumes and devoted a page review to them. Now the London Sphere writes of Sterling, saying that he "is a Californian poet of whom it is believed that he will yet make his name on this side of the Atlantic as he has already done in his own country." In this country the reviewers are beginning to take a firm stand on behalf of Sterling's excellence, a sure sign that he has arrived. Current Literature for February used superlatives in its praise of "The Evanescent City," the poem which had such a remarkable sale here during the Christmas holidays. And Current Literature for March returns to Sterling's latest work. "In the midst of his labors as poet-laureate of the Exposition," the poetry editor writes, "he has found time to give us one of the finest things he has ever written in the form of an extended ode on Yosemite." The editor refers specifically to the "eloquence and exaltation, that lift one in sustained flight and unroll a panorama of wondrous beauty and sublimity." Speaking of Sterling's three latest books, "The Evanescent City," "Yosemite" and the "Exposition Ode," the Review of Reviews pays a tribute not only to

Sterling, but also to A. M. Robertson, his publisher, in these words: "They are exquisitely printed. . . . For felicitous phrasing, melody, and adherence to classical standards, the poetry of George Sterling is unexcelled among that of American poets." And the Literary Digest says: "His 'Ode on the Exposition' which has recently been published in sumptuous format by A. M. Robertson of San Francisco, is the sort of poem which only two living poets might be expected to write—Mr. Sterling and Mr. William Watson. It is done in the grand manner, as befits its theme; it is sonorous, dignified, splendid."

#### Our Sanskrit Pundit

Arthur William Ryder teaches Sanskrit at the U. C. With that ancient language which has been called "the eldest and only surviving daughter of the old mother-tongue," he is on terms of the closest intimacy. Ryder can call the old Sanskrit writers by their first names, and pronounce the jaw-breaking titles of their interminable effusions. Ryder has probably read the Ramayana through, and the Mahabharata, and the Rigveda. He knows his Kalidasa as well as Herbert Cory knows his Shelley; can discourse about Bilhana of Kashmir as entertainingly as Mills Galley can discourse about Beaumont and Fletcher. It was Arthur W. Ryder who gave us an English version of the old Sanskrit play "The Little Clay Cart." It is to Arthur W. Ryder that we are indebted for verse translations from the Sanskrit poets which make the dead world of India live again. Arthur Ryder is a pundit, but no dryasdust. The fact is, he's a poet. Witness his "Women's Eyes" which has just reached its second printing.

#### The Success of Women's Eyes

Yes, its second printing. Some publishers would call it a second edition, but our Aleck Robertson is true to the fine old traditions of his noble calling; and as Ryder's book has been put back on the press without alterations, this issue that is just fresh from the binder is rightly called a "second printing." The little book was issued in 1910. It received a very cordial greeting from the lovers of poetry. It sold steadily until the last copy was exhausted, and another issue was amply justified. So Robertson has given it to us. "Women's Eyes," therefore, has enjoyed a solid success, a success on which I congratulate Ryder and his publisher. One of these days we shall, I hope, have another volume of Sanskrit verse translations from the hand of Ryder. He has been busy at them since the publication of "Women's Eyes," I know; for I have read some beautiful specimens within a year or two in the University of California Chronicle. The success of "Women's Eyes" should encourage Ryder to give us another volume.

#### Introducing Bhartrihari

The little poems—one hundred in number—which make up this collection of translations from the Sanskrit which Ryder calls "Women's Eyes" are taken principally from the works of the Sanskrit poet Bhartrihari. Some say Bhartrihari was a grammarian. Ryder, who ought to know, says he was King of Ujjain (which, by the way, is the region to which "The Little Clay Cart" introduced us). Perhaps Bhartrihari was both. He must be one of the most appealing

Sanskrit poets, for besides Ryder, C. H. Tawney and (I believe) P. E. More have translated his little poems. Bhartrihari lived about fifteen hundred years ago, it seems, and up to a certain point was a pleasure-loving monarch. Then something happened. Ryder tells the brief tale in his introduction to "Women's Eyes," and it's so good I hope it's true. "He gave," says Ryder, "a magic fruit to a girl whom he loved. She loved another, and passed the gift on to him. He presented it to his ladylove, who in her turn loved the king. When Bhartrihari received the magic fruit from her and learned of its travels, he was disgusted with the fleeting joys of the world, gave up his kingdom and spent the rest of his life in a cave, writing poetry." The incident is thus summarized:

The maid my true heart loves would not my true love be;  
She seeks another man; another maid loves he;  
And me another maid her own true love would see:  
Oh, fie on her and him and Love and HER and me!

#### Dainty Poems

So most of the little poems in "Women's Eyes" came out of a cave where a king sulked. They are dainty little poems on woman's beauty, woman's charm, woman's fickleness. The disillusioned king is scarcely bitter at any time. You notice that he gently cried, "Oh, fie!" and not, "Out upon her, the jade!" or anything harsh. Indeed this poet-king smiles in his cave; he's a philosopher who shrugs his shoulders and takes the world as it is, not even desiring to change it. Love is always young, he tells us, and so is sin. The thought that beauty flies away with youth pierces his heart. Woman fills him with wonder. "Whom does she love enough to hurt?" he asks. And why does she keep on loving when he is tired? But he is not really tired; he admits he never wearies of "a maid with lotus-eyes." But he is afraid of "the serpent-woman" whose "hood is coquetry." He confesses with a sigh that logic is all very well—until "a young fawn-eyed maiden's glance shall find its way to the logician's heart." Wise in love's ways, he despairs when his love looks at him "the way she looks at other men." And so on. It is all very charming, and delicate, and mostly true. And Arthur Ryder has preserved its charm and delicacy in these very happy renderings of his. If Bhartrihari could only come out of his cave and speak, he'd thank Ryder from the bottom of his Indian heart for translating his little poems with so much vivacity. Of course he'd present his compliments in Sanskrit, but what of that? Ryder would understand. Sanskrit is no dead language to Ryder.

Hokus—Henpeckke is quite a linguist. In fact I have heard it said that he has mastered all the modern tongues.

Pokus—Yes, all except his wife's.

"My boy," said the patronizing member of the club, as he handed around the Flor de Toofas, "that's something like a cigar!"

"Yes," responded one of the victims after he had taken a puff or two, "what is it?"

No man is such a pessimist as to refuse to believe the good things he hears about himself.

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# Among Our Artists

Edited by Edward F. O'Day

## The Arthur Davies Pictures

The hottest kind of controversy has raged over the pictures of Arthur B. Davies, but it is only since the post-Exposition show opened in the Palace of Fine Arts that we San Franciscans have had an opportunity to take sides. Taking sides is the life of art. Painters thrive on partisanship. We have now become partisans in the battle fought around the Davies pictures. Go into the Davies room in the Palace of Fine Arts, and you find yourself on the battle front. Some say that Davies is crazy; some, that he's a faker; some, that he's a genius. The future may decide. Perhaps, though, the future will not be interested. As G. B. S. remarked, you never can tell. But the present is intensely interested in Davies. He may be merely a bold experimenter, but he has a raft of ideas. That's enough to make him interesting. There is no doubt that when he wants to, Davies can draw—but he doesn't always want to. Some of his charcoal and chalk drawings are beautifully done. Others are quite the reverse. Davies has an eye for grace, but he often shuts it. He has an exceptional color sense—but it isn't always working. Some of his oils appeal to your sense of the ludicrous—if you have such a sense. Many art critics, it seems, have not. Some of them appeal powerfully to your sense of beauty, notably one which may be Europa and the bull. It is fine work, whatever the subject, and is no whit injured by a suggestion of futuristic blockiness. But why should Davies draw on torn sheets of paper, deliberately seeking an effect of untidiness? This seems to be affectation. And why should he paint compositions in which the figures are simply puzzles? If there is one thing a work of art should not be, cannot be, that thing is a puzzle. Sam Lloyd never claimed to be an artist. After careful study of this Davies room I can only say: Better one picture by George Bellows or Walter Griffin than a dozen by Arthur B. Davies. By the way, have you examined the Bellows and Griffin exhibitions in the Palace of Fine Arts? If you haven't you don't know what you've missed.

## What Brinton Has to Say

Christian Brinton is a recognized art critic. He writes for the International Studio, and has published books on art in English, German and French. He was a member of the international jury for the Department of Fine Arts, P. P. I. E., and spent some time here during the Fair. And he has just published a volume giving his "Impressions" of the art of our big show. Brinton went through the Palace of Fine Arts in a severely critical mood. Here are some of his conclusions: "Assiduous amateurs of contemporary painting encountered little that was novel in the American section of this same classic-romantic Palace of Fine Arts. . . . The collective impression has proved inconclusive. . . . Suspended in dual, sometimes even triple, alignment, the effect was stupefying rather than stimulating. Save in a few instances the backgrounds were dull, grimy, and unprepossessing." In very detached retrospection he writes: "The dream of a splendid exhibition of contemporary painting, of something uniquely educational and uniquely inspirational, had meanwhile vanished. The architect, with the perspective of the ages behind him, succeeded, in his visible suggestion of human aspiration and human futility, in giving us something more subtle than that vouchsafed by the art director. The one was a prophecy, the other merely a promise." One looks in vain through this book for any barest mention of the Californian painters who exhibited. Of the Californian sculptors he makes "grateful mention" of Arthur Putnam's Mermaids adorning the fountains in the South Gardens; and he is almost enthusiastic about Ralph Stackpole's Shrine of Inspiration in front of the rotunda of the Fine Arts Palace. That is all. Most of the sculpture, he writes, did not transcend mediocrity. Brinton writes like a very tired critic, or a blasé critic who needs an artistic shock to make him sit up and take notice. So it is refreshing to come across his praise of the Whistler room which he calls "a secluded little sanctuary to taste, a corner where one could commune with a frail though ardent spirit, one whose legacy to posterity is slender, yet imperishable." In the minds of some of us way out here on the edge of the world, that Whistler room was sufficient to offset any number of sins of commission and omission throughout the rest of the gallery; but doubtless Brinton could not be expected to take that liberal view of the matter.

## A Rollo Peters Sale

Elsewhere in this issue of Town Talk is published George Sterling's beautiful sonnet to Charles Rollo Peters. Sterling calls Peters the "master-painter of nocturnes." Some wag at the Bohemian Club christened him "the prince of

darkness." Both titles show how closely Peters is associated in the minds of art-lovers with the depiction on canvas of the witchery of night, especially of night glamored by moonlight. When the great connoisseur Charles L. Freer of Detroit was here during the Fair, he declared that Peters was the biggest artist on the coast. The opinion is widely held, not alone here but throughout the East and in Great Britain, that Charles Rollo Peters is one of the great figures of contemporary art. To buy a Peters is rightly regarded as an investment, for his canvases grow in value every year. For this reason alone the sale of twenty pictures by Peters, announced to take place on March 30, is bound to cause excitement among our discriminating picture buyers. The pictures show Peters at his very best, and there is no doubt that they will be snapped up. The sale will take place in the Keith Galleries, H. Taylor Curtis presiding, and it will be a sale by auction, the canvases being put up without reserve prices on them and sold to the highest bidders.

## A Triptych by Schmidt

Reference was made last week to the pictures by Karl Schmidt in the Schussler gallery. This young painter is making quite an impression in local art circles. To his pictures in this gallery has just been added a beautiful triptych depicting a scene at Santa Barbara. The dominating color is a warm, glowing brown, and the picture is one the eye rests upon with great pleasure. It shows eucalyptus trees near the sea, with a field of poppies. It is a wonderfully decorative triptych, and shows Schmidt's gift of composition at its best. Anne Bremer is showing a flower picture in her best vein. It is a bowl of hydrangeas, and the pink and lavender petals and green leaves make a very effective color scheme.

It sometimes pays to chuck a bluff. If you can't have your own way, pretend the other way is yours.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Mrs. Atherton Was Lioness

Mrs. Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff is the great highbrow of New York society, and her parties are heavy with culture. She gave one recently in honor of John Masefield, and a great many authors were present to do honor to the author of "The Tragedy of Nan." Among these were our own Edwin Markham, Mary "To Have and To Hold" Johnston, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Kate Douglas Riggs, William J. Lamp-ton, the "yawping poet," Hamlin Garland, Robert W. Chambers and Gertrude Atherton. I put Mrs. Atherton last on purpose. Without seeking to do so she turned out to be the great lioness of the occasion, the attention she received overshadowing the guest of honor. I am glad it was so, and I don't think a sensible man like Masefield objected to it. And yet it may have been in revenge that he insisted on reciting from Chaucer whom many of those present mistook for a dialect poet, a sort of English Whitcomb Riley.

## Death of Mary Van Buren

So beautiful Mary Van Buren is dead at Baltimore. The news has caused much grief in many circles here where Mary Van Buren was well known and dearly loved. There were three Marys in the old Frawley company of pleasant memory: Mary Hampton, unfortunate Mary Scott, afterwards Mrs. Porter Charlton, and Mary Van Buren. Mary Van Buren was the handsomest of the three, which is saying much, for they were a trio of fine looking women. Who that saw here will ever forget Mary Van Buren as Trilby to Wilton Lackaye's Svengali at the old Grand Opera? Was there ever a lovelier Trilby on the stage? Her Sans-Gene was another fine role. Mary Van Buren began her stage career with E. S. Willard, and her talent developed rapidly. Owing to her fine family connections she was a pet of society no less than of theatregoers in this city. Her father was a colonel who fought for the Union; and two of her brothers held commissions in the army. I believe she was related to General Chaffee. She was as jolly and good tempered as she was beautiful. It was said of her that she was a general favorite behind the scenes, liked by everybody from the stage manager to the call boy.

## An Unassuming Magnate

For three weeks a great man was putting up at the Palace, going and coming, attending to business and enjoying himself, without anybody discovering that he was in any way extraordinary. The reason is that F. J. Fisher is unassuming, modest and quiet. Just before he left town a former Detroit man recognized him, and then the Palace people learned that they

had been harboring one of the manufacturing geniuses of the country. Some years ago F. J. Fisher started a little shop for the manufacture of automobile bodies. He had a little machinery and six men. Today Fisher's Detroit plant employs more than eight thousand men and manufactures automobile bodies for sixty per cent of the American trade. He has exclusive contracts with the biggest motor concerns in the country. And he has a business in which six millions have been invested. F. J. Fisher came up from the ranks, and has never forgotten it: there is nothing "upstage" about him, to use a theatrical expression.

## Wholesale Hospitality

"He deals in hospitality by the wholesale," said my friend the hotel reporter as we stood in the lobby of the Palace the other day.

"Who does?" I asked, following the hotel reporter's pointed finger. He seemed to be pointing to L. H. Rose of our town, but I didn't think he referred to this popular motor dealer.

"Rose does," said the hotel reporter. "Or rather, he's going to, next week. Haven't you heard of California-Chalmers Day?"

"You surprise me," he went on when I shook my head. "Rose, as you know, is head of the Rose-Chalmers Company here. Well, Tuesday next will be California-Chalmers Day, and Rose will be host. He has invited six hundred auto dealers of Northern California to be his guests at the Palace for that day. The hospitality he will dispense will consist of breakfast, luncheon and dinner Tuesday, breakfast and luncheon Wednesday and hotel accommodations over night. In other words, none of the dealers who accept his invitation will have to bring any money along. Mind you, he's not inviting Chalmers dealers alone, but all sorts of dealers. And you may be sure they'll come. That sort of hospitality is not ignored. The dealers from Sacramento and vicinity are coming in a body by special boat. It will put an awful dent in Rose's pocket book, but he says he'll get it back by extracting valuable ideas from the dealers when there is a general discussion of auto affairs at the big dinner Tuesday night. Incidentally, Hugh Chalmers will be on hand. He's one of the livest wires in the business, and his talk will be a treat. And Frank Smith, Hugh's right-hand man, will also be on hand. He's one of the niftiest after-dinner speakers in the country. I hope my paper asks me to report this big convention, for it'll be worth while."

## Society at the Palace

The supper dance at the Palace continues to attract our fashionables who regard this as the proper sort of informal entertainment for the Lenten season. On Thursday night Wellington Gregg had a party consisting of his two daughters (who look like his sisters) and their husbands. In addition to Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn and Mr. and Mrs. Daulton Mann, Dr. and Mrs. Alanson Weeks were in the party. Mrs. W. E. Dargie of Oakland also entertained, her guests being Mr. and Mrs. Neville Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brayton and J. Frank Moroney. On Wednesday Mrs. Fred Sharon entertained at an elaborate luncheon, her guests including Mrs. Ben Ali Lounsberry, Mrs. Keeney, Miss May Friendlander, Mrs. Oxnard, Mrs. Moffitt and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hill and family are staying at the

Palace. Louis Hill is the president of the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern.

## An Eye for Art

The decorators and painters are in possession of the parlors of Willard J. Batchelder's home in Piedmont. They had stripped the paper from the walls of one parlor—as much of it as would come off—when the genial music teacher received one of his pupils in the other. Looking through the open folding doors at the white walls with jagged strips of colored paper sticking to them here and there, the pupil said to Batchelder:

"That's very beautiful."

"What is?" asked Batchelder, following the direction of his pupil's gaze.

"That," said the pupil, pointing to the almost-naked walls. "It's a futurist decoration, isn't it?"

## Society Is Interested

About a year ago, it will be remembered, Patricia O'Connor who is Mrs. Tyler Tubbs Henshaw in private life, was billed to appear in concert at the McDonough in Oakland with the tenor Constantino. But Constantino had an attack of temperament and would not appear, so Mrs. Henshaw's society friends who filled the theatre went away disappointed. She was to have sung Michaela to Constantino's Don Jose on that occasion. Last Sunday she sang Michaela at the "pop" in the Oakland Auditorium, the Italian singers associated with her displaying their temperament on the stage instead of behind the scenes. And she made a great success. The singers with whom she appeared were Signori Puccini and Brava, and fine singers they are. They are to be heard in a sextet at Pantages in this city next week. Mrs. Henshaw will not be heard with them, but Mrs. Lilian Bianca will. Mrs. Bianca is prominent in Italian society here as well as in club circles, and there will be a decided social flavor to the audiences at Pantages this week, for all of Mrs. Bianca's friends are making up theatre parties to hear her. As Puccini and Brava have a high reputation among the music lovers of our Latin Quarter the audiences at Pantages next week will remind one of the opera.

## Del Monte Notes

Owing to the departure of the First Cavalry from the Presidio of Monterey, last Sunday's polo game between Del Monte and the cavalry had to be called off. Del Monte guests were disappointed not to have the pleasure of witnessing Miss Marion Hollins of New York who

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is the best known of the women polo players. She is visiting with Miss Janetta Alexander of New York. There were many dinner parties last Saturday before the dance. One of the most interesting was that of eighteen of the younger set. Everyone danced in the ballroom till eleven when all adjourned to the Palm Grill where dancing continued till midnight.

#### Events at Hotel Oakland

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Letts Oliver were entertained at a dinner celebrating their ruby wedding anniversary last Saturday night. Only the immediate family were present. For favors the guests received jewels from the Tower of Jewels. The sixty members of the Daughters of the American Revolution met Monday afternoon in the tapestry room. A delightful tea was served. Mrs. Barnes is president. Thursday evening Prof. Lee Emmerson Bassett lectured before the Rotary Club and the Oakland Civic Center in the south room. On Friday night there was a St. Patrick's Day dance in the ball room. Prof. F. C. Dana who has been having his classes at the hotel was in charge of this affair. On Wednesday, March 22, the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity will hold their annual dinner. About one hundred guests are expected. Mr. J. T. Allen, 37 Mosswood road, Berkeley, is in charge. The University of California Alumni Association will have a dinner and dance on Thursday, March 23. Thursday, March 23, there will be a dance for the benefit of the Belgian and Servian soldiers.

#### At the Somerton

Duchess roses and maiden hair ferns formed an exquisite table decoration for the dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Alexander of Boston in the private dining room Wednesday. Lieutenant and Mrs. Charles C. Soule came down from Mare Island this week. A bridge tea was given Tuesday by Mrs. J. H. Hartley. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hartley are prominent residents of Philadelphia who are spending several months in San Francisco. Among the officers who came down from Mare Island for the hop given at the Somerton Thursday was Lieutenant J. W. W. Cumming. He gave a supper on the same evening. The dance was a distinct success, and all the supper tables were taken. Mrs. Mortimer Bigelow, wife of Captain Bigelow, came up Tuesday from the Presidio of Monterey. She was accompanied by her daughter Ruth. Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Lund and Miss Lund gave a dinner Thursday. They return next week to their home in Salt Lake. An elaborate dinner

was given by Mr. and Mrs. James R. Kellogg of Detroit in the private dining room Wednesday.

#### At the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Cobb, society folk of New York were the guests at an elaborate dinner given by Mrs. William Franklin Morris Sunday. Covers were arranged for fourteen, and after dinner the hostess and her guests motored down the peninsula. Mr. and Mrs. Porter Ashe who have been spending the winter at the Cecil left the first part of this week for San Rafael where they will sojourn during the summer. Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Symmes also left this week for Mill Valley. Mrs. Helen Harvey was hostess at an informal luncheon Tuesday. Covers were laid for ten.

#### A Flower Day Coming

The ladies of the Auxiliary of the Humane Bureau, the most active of all Catholic charities, will have a "Flower Day" on the first Wednesday after Easter when they will sell sweet blooms in aid of the shoe fund. At their last meeting they elected Genevieve Cunningham president and Mrs. Andrew Welch vice-president. Other officers elected were the Misses Mejia, Kossi and Lacey.

#### The Sandona Exhibition

An exhibition of oils and pastels by Matteo Sandona opened at the Oakland Auditorium Art Gallery Monday and will continue for three weeks. There are forty-five pictures in all, among them being portraits of well known society women, such as Mrs. D. C. Jackling, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McKittrick, Miss Marian Newhall, Mrs. Tyler Tubbs Henshaw and Miss Edith Grant. Sandona regards this as the best exhibition he has ever had.

#### "Imperial Caesar's"

Been down there lately? If not, you'll be surprised at the string of motors along the curb and the throng of merrymakers clustered about the tables or swirling over the dance floor. "The heart of Bohemia" still beats to rhythmic

the attractions which made old Caesar's famous are still attracting, for Caesar's knows how to keep up with the procession.

#### The City in Green

With the announcement by Mayor Rolph that the Irish flag will wave from the top of the City Hall on St. Patrick's Day it seems probable that emerald green will be the prevailing color for all social functions on Friday of this week. Matrons of our smart set have been selecting table favors for several days, and sham-rock shades have predominated strongly in all their purchases. In my search for inspiration I naturally sought out the windows of the Haas candy store in the Phelan building. And sure enough the windows were beautifully decorated, everything being done in green. A profusion of table favors and many sorts of candies trimmed with green are most artistically arranged. Much celebration has been planned for the occasion, and from all indications it is intended to make this day of Ireland's patron saint a memorable one.

#### Get Ready for Ice Skating!

It will soon be time to get out that old pair of ice skates which you have been wondering if you would ever be so fortunate as to use again. A big ice rink, 115 by 115 feet, will soon be opened at the corner of Eddy and Jones streets by the stockholders of Techau Tavern. It will be known as the Techau Tavern Ice Palace and will be under the management of Mr. C. A. Morrisson of that popular cafe. It is planned to give a class of entertainments which will be in the same class as those given at the New York Hippodrome and a large corps of professional skaters has been engaged in New York, to present novel ice dramas. There will be ample room for spectators and lessons will be given to the public every morning.

Hokus—Do you think the colleges turn out the best men?

Pokus—Sure, I was turned out in my freshman year.

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merriment. The cuisine has been improved, if that is possible; and the music is kept to the high level of excellence guests of Caesar's are used to. Of course the vocalists are still singing that beautiful music of sunny Italy to which only native Italians can do justice. In a word,

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## Song and Symphony

By Helen M. Bonnet

Fifteen years ago when "The Geisha" was having "a run" at the Tivoli, Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet, who was just emerging from obscurity, wrote a criticism of the performance for one of our papers. He was very enthusiastic about the performance and very sad on the subject of Japanese singing. He told of some great singer in Tokio who made ugly noises, sometimes like a cat and sometimes like a pig. In that criticism the poet, who is now famous, exhorted his countrymen to come to America "and fight a thousand years to free the captive song-angel in Japanese throat-prisons." I hope that London, where Noguchi now lives, is not too far away to be reached by the news of the great triumph of Tanaki Miura in San Francisco. Here is a Nipponese singer who has realized the poet's dream. The captive song-angel has been released from the throat-prison, not of one of Noguchi's countrymen, but of a darling Japanese woman. This is not without significance. The women of Japan are quite as ambitious as the men, and like the women of other countries they are advancing. A long stride has been taken by Tanaki Miura, who has come to us by way of Boston with a grand opera company that we should very much like to become better acquainted with. She is a genuine vocal artist. When I went to the Cort Theatre on Tuesday evening to hear "Madam Butterfly" I knew the orchestra would be inspiring, the ensemble delightful, and I felt sure that the Cho-Cho-San would be an anemic shadow of the dearest, most magic little lady in opera-land. How delightful was my surprise to find the Cho-Cho-San of this beautiful production one of the outstanding figures in the cast. I have heard several singers of renown—Latin and Anglo-Saxon—in this romantic role, but the exquisite pathos of it, that painless sense of the pressure of the heroine's pain, I realized to the full only when the

suggestion of it was expressed by the one woman who might have suffered the terrible soul-torture which a tone-poet took for his theme. This Japanese woman has not the elocutionary power to express storms of emotion, but she brings to us a sense of the charms that might appeal to a man of the Western world. Daintiness and strangeness are her qualities. She is like the butterfly, born to flutter in glory for a day and perish in oblivion. She has the rhythmic motions of a flower in a breeze. And this little Japanese woman has learned the art of song. Her voice is of a colorful quality. What Noguchi prayed that a Japanese voice might be taught to do in a thousand years, Tanaki Miura has already been taught to do. She has been taught, as he expressed it, to make "the music of spring rain and the whispering of mountain winds, the fine, clear, high voice of birds." I have not the space to say all I should like to say about the Boston Opera Company and the art that its stage manager has revealed to us. It has made an impression in San Francisco that will last, and probably the management will feel that it will be worth while coming again and staying longer. Not only has it given us good music; as though under the delusion that San Francisco wants all it can get for its money and more, too, it gave us the ravishing Pavlowa and the Russian ballet.

Last Sunday I heard Florence Hinkle. Here is an American singer who sings right up to her reputation. Florence Hinkle has been admitted to the magic circle of great vocal artists. She could not be denied, for hers is a beautiful voice, lovely, luscious, tender; the kind of which even an untutored child would say, "It has music in it," the kind of which a connoisseur of song would say "It has the material that was worth developing." Evidently some master early observed its beauty and developed it right, for

which let all music lovers thank Heaven. It is a joy to listen to Florence Hinkle, a great pleasure to observe the excellence of her technique. Her voice is a lovely lyric soprano. All of its beauties are revealed by intelligence and a true artistic sense of values. She sings the most perfect legato imaginable, and has at easy command the power to paint in tone, light and shadow. Her enunciation is so distinct that one has the supreme comfort of actually hearing every word without the effort of strained attention. She sang a long, delightful program of German, French and English songs and revealed herself in each one an artist of distinction of whom America has reason to be proud.

To the eighth pair of symphony concerts I am almost tempted to pay the tribute of banal compliment in familiar phrase, but now that Mr. Hertz is the fashion, and there are no dissenting voices, and no reason for fault-finding, there is little to say. As to the technique of execution and the esthetic of "reading" one might indulge in dry criticism, but hardly without being hypercritical. It seems as though with the season drawing to a close Mr. Hertz and his band have grown immensely in the favor of music lovers. Last week Mr. Hertz gave us something new—Paul Scheinplug's "Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare." The composition is of a delightful quaintness, which is to say that it really does express Elizabethan humor in eccentric rhythms. What I enjoyed principally were the Beethoven symphony (the fourth) and a Grieg suite from Opus 54, pieces characteristic of the Norwegian's genius in their fragile lyric quality and obsessing beauty. The performance on the whole abounded in delightful thrills, and compelled the audience to thunder its applause at the end.

## Gossip of the Theatre

### An Enjoyable Oddity

John B. Hymer is a sketch writer whose name appears at intervals on Orpheum programs. It has never appeared to better advantage than this week. Hymer is the author of a sketch called "Twice a Week" in which Julie Ring is the headliner. Hymer calls this sketch an "oddity," and the name fits. "Twice a Week" is not only odd, it is also original. Hymer thought of a brand new idea for a vaudeville sketch and worked it out very entertainingly. The scene is laid outside the gate of a cemetery. Not a cheerful setting to think about, is it? Yet this oddity of Hymer's is a comedy which stimulates the best of good humor in the audience. At the cemetery gate a widow who has been mourning her husband for two years meets a widower who has been mourning his wife for the same period. Twice a week all that time these two faithful bereaved ones have brought flowers to the graves of their spouses. They have always come on different days until now, and as the cemetery gate is locked and the key lost and it takes the sexton some time to file a new key, they become acquainted in the most natural manner possible. In a manner not quite so natural, yet natural enough for the purpose of a vaudeville sketch they discover that their fidelity to the departed

has been misplaced. The dead husband and the dead wife had been lovers in life, had been untrue to their marital vows. If there is a touch of cynicism in this it is a light touch which the confirmed Orpheumite disregards and the occasional Orpheumite does not resent. The little play ends with the disillusioned ones walking off together in a pouring rain, well started on the road to a new romance. John Hymer has done well, and the three who play his sketch do well by him. In addition to Julie Ring these are James Norval and B. J. Murphy.

—E. F. O'Day.

### Boston Opera and Pavlowa

This Saturday afternoon at the Cort the Boston Opera and the Ballet Russe will offer "La Boheme" with Maggie Teyte, Riccardo Martin, Jose Mardones, Olivette Marcel and Graham Marr, to be followed by Pavlowa and her company in the "Spanish Ballet" by Massenet, Moszkowski and Glazounow. In the evening at eight sharp "I Pagliacci" will be given followed by the two-act ballet "Coppelia." The Sunday night gala performance will include the first act of "I Pagliacci," the second act of "Carmen" with the great Maria Gay in the title role, introducing the complete ballet suite by Bizet; also the "Elysian Fields" from Gluck's "Orfeo and

Eurydice" with Maria Gay, Bianca Saroya and the entire ballet company headed by Pavlowa and Volinine.

### The Opera in Oakland

Owing to hundreds of orders from out-of-town as well as in the city that could not be filled the great organization decided to cancel its dates in Victoria and Vancouver and will give three performances in the beautiful Oakland Auditorium Opera House. On Monday night "L'Amore dei Tre Re" followed by the "Snow-flakes" ballet from Tschaiakowsky's "The Nutcracker" will be given. Tuesday night "La Boheme" followed by the exquisite "Spanish Ballet." On Wednesday night "Madam Butterfly" with the dainty Japanese star Tamaki Miura, followed by "The Elysian Fields" from "Orfeo" in which the entire ballet headed by Pavlowa and Volinine and the singers Maria Gay and Bianca Saroya will take part. The prices will be the same as during the San Francisco engagement.

### Florence Hinkle's Farewell

Miss Florence Hinkle, American concert soprano, will give her second program at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon at 2:30. The program will include Mozart's "Dove Song" from



"The Marriage of Figaro," Schubert's "Faith in Spring," "The Trout" and "Impatience," Schumann's "Silent Tears" and "Shepherd's Song of the Hills," some gems in French by Bachelet, Pierne, Massenet and Goring Thomas, and charming English numbers by Salter, Eugen Haile, Homer, Horsman, Russel, Park and others.

**The Kneisel Quartet**

Manager Greenbaum will offer his next attraction on Sunday, April 9, when the famous Kneisel Quartet will make its first appearance here in twelve years. This is one of the world's three greatest string quartets. Two programs will be given here.

**New York Symphony**

Last Wednesday the complete New York Symphony Orchestra accompanied by Josef Hofmann, the great piano virtuoso, left New York for the longest concert tour ever attempted by a symphony orchestra of over eighty players in conjunction with one of the world's foremost stars. For such an organization to make a coast-to-coast tour is a most daring undertaking, but when one of the highest paid virtuosi is engaged to accompany it as soloist, the venture is unprecedented.

**"Sadie Love" at Alcazar**

Belasco and Mayer will offer to the patrons of the Alcazar the first production in this city of Avery Hopwood's latest success "Sadie Love," produced this season by Oliver Morosco at the

Gaiety, New York. This romantic farce is full of lively situations, has witty lines and a most charming love story. This New York success was "snatched hot off the griddle" by business manager George H. Davis of the Alcazar on his recent visit to New York. Only two other cities have seen "Sadie Love," Los Angeles where it was originally produced, and New York. Evelyn Vaughan will have one of the best roles of her Alcazar career, and Bert Lytell will be seen at his best.

**"Ramona" at Cort**

Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona" has been made into a cinema and will be seen at the Cort Monday afternoon and for the forthcoming week. It is said to be the largest picture production ever assembled, and is the work of Clune who is taking the production to New York with the approbation of the West. "Ramona" is at once a motion picture and a theatrical entertainment. It has a remarkable symphonic score which is interpreted by a large orchestra. Musicians, singers and dancers on the stage give an unusual quality to the entertainment. Matinees will be given daily at 2 o'clock and the evening presentations at 8.

**Gentle and Persinger in Concert**

There will be a joint concert by Alice Gentle the famous dramatic soprano, and Louis Persinger, distinguished violin virtuoso, at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Wednesday evening, March 29. Although Miss Gentle has frequently been heard in operatic performances she has never been heard on the concert stage in San Francisco. After much urging on the part of her friends she has consented to appear. Louis Persinger is concertmaster of the Symphony Orchestra. This will be his final appearance in concert before his departure for the East where he is extensively booked. The program will be an unusually attractive one. Tickets will be on sale March 20, at Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase's.

**Florence Roberts at Columbia**

When Florence Roberts in "The

Eternal Magdalene" comes to the Columbia this Sunday theatregoers will have an opportunity to see for the first time the play that was the New York success of the present season. The remarkable success it achieved in New York was due to the fact that those who saw it discussed it earnestly afterwards. No sordid half-world scenes are dragged in, and no attempt is made to appeal to sentiment. Selwyn and Company have assembled a particularly strong company. Headed by Miss Roberts, the organization includes: Edmund Elton, Millard Vincent, Frances Younge, Carrington North, Perce Benton, Arthur Davis, Brian Darley, Taylor Carroll, George La Roe, June Janin, Howard Smith and James E. Smith. During the engagement of "The Eternal Magdalene," matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The engagement will be of two weeks' duration.

**George Damerel at Orpheum**

All nine acts at the Orpheum next week will be entirely new. Harry Green heads a little company and is presenting a farce called "The Cherry Tree." Mr. Green appears as George Washington Cohen, an uncompromising disciple of the cherry tree fable. His support includes Miss Billie Long, Walter Allen, Frank Clancy and Lawrence Sterner. Gara Zora, India's newest exponent of symbolic dances, will be seen in the "Dance of the Elements." William Hallen and Ethel Hunter will present a skit called "Just for Fun" in which Miss Hunter plays the violin and Mr. Hallen does comedy songs. Harry Hines has an act composed of descriptive songs and funny lines. Thomas Dugan and Babette Raymond have a comic skit "They Auto Know Better." Olga Cook is a sweet and dainty singing comedienne. Dupree and Dupree will do bicycle and unicycle riding. The final installment of the Uncle Sam at Work motion picture will be shown. A special feature will be George Damerel of "Merry Widow" fame supported by Myrtle Vail, Edward Hume and a number of beautiful girls in the fantastic comedy "Temptation," the music and lyrics by William B. Friendlander and the book by Will M. Hough.

**The Ninth Pair of Symphonies**

The ninth pair of symphony concerts will be given at the Cort next Friday afternoon at three and next Sunday afternoon at two-thirty. Mr. Hertz promises several unusual features,



MYRTLE VAIL  
Next week at the Orpheum



SCENE FROM "RAMONA"  
The famous cinema-theatrical entertainment at the Cort



the most interesting being the first performance anywhere of "The Pide Piper," a symphonic poem by Frederick Jacobi, the talented brother of Mrs. I. W. Hellman Jr. For the first time two complete symphonies will be given on one program. One is the G major of Haydn. The other is C major of Schubert.

#### Mysterious Canary at Pantages

The best eight-act bill Pantages has offered in years will open Sunday with "The Mystic Bird" topping the show. "The Mystic Bird" is a live canary which answers calls and melodies played on the violin by Master Paul. The lad and the canary have a duet "The Mocking Bird" which electrifies an audience. The La Scala Sextet, composed of six grand opera stars, will render excerpts from standard operas. The sextet numbers Signora Bianca, Mme. Jennings, Signora Silva, Signor Brava, Signor Puccinni and Signor Reubens. "The Dairy Maids," a tinkling little musical "tab" in three scenes, starring Eddie Foley and Lea Lutere and a flock of pretty maids; Mates and Wheeler in a singing novelty; Angelo Arminta and his brothers, sensational tumblers; Wright and Davis in "The Love Insurance Agent," are other good features. The closing chapter of "The Red Circle," and the opening episode of the latest Pathe serial, "The Iron Claw," will also be shown.

Don't jump to the conclusion that a man knows a lot just because he never says anything.

Many a woman who bleaches flatters herself that she is keeping her age dark by keeping her hair light.



FLORENCE ROBERTS  
In "The Eternal Magdalene" at the Columbia Theatre March 19

#### Pipes

It chanced three eager fairies  
Presided at Smith's birth,  
And vied with friendly counsels  
To plan him gifts of worth.

Up rose the brightest fairy  
And said: "To mortal man  
No treasure could be sweeter—  
I give the pipes of Pan."

"Not so," replied the second,  
A comfort-loving sprite,  
"A meerschaum pipe I vote him  
With fragrant leaf alight."

"Nay, friends," remarked the third one,  
An elf with level head,  
"A plumber's riches give him  
And make his pipes of lead."

### COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse Phone Franklin 150 Geary and Mason

Two Weeks Beginning **SUNDAY** March 19th

Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays  
Selwyn and Company Present

### FLORENCE ROBERTS

In Robert McLaughlin's Play

"THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE"

Prices, Evenings and Saturday Matinees, 25c to \$1.50  
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### Joint Song and Violin Recital

ALICE GENTLE

Dramatic Soprano

LOUIS PERSINGER

Violin Virtuoso

(His Final San Francisco Concert Appearance)  
AT

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

Wednesday Eve., March 29, at 8:30 o'clock

Prices, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. Tickets on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and, on evening of performance only, at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

### SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ—CONDUCTOR

Ninth Pair Symphony Concerts

CORT THEATRE

Fiday, March 24, at 3 o'clock

Sunday, March 26, 2:30 o'clock

#### PROGRAM:

Symphony No. 13, G major.....Haydn  
"The Pide Piper," Symphonic Poem....Frederick Jacobi  
(First Performance Anywhere)

Symphony No. 7, C major.....F. Schubert  
PRICES: Friday \$2, \$1.50, \$1, 75c; box, loge seats \$3.  
Sunday \$1, 75c, 50c; box, loge seats \$1.50.

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase.

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Helen Hunt Jackson's Historical and Romantic Story of  
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A Cinema-Theatrical Entertainment

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HARRY GREEN & CO. in the Novelty Skit "The Cherry Tree;" GARA ZORA, India's Newest Exponent of Symbolic Dances; HALLEN & HUNTER, "Just for Fun;" HARRY HINES, the "58th Variety;" DUGAN & RAYMOND in "They Auto Know Better;" OLGA COOK, Dainty Singing Comedienne; DUPREE & DUPREE, a Novelty in Cycling; "THE HEART OF A NATION," Twelfth and Last Installment of the Uncle Sam at Work Motion Picture; GEORGE DAMEREL & CO. in the Musical Comedietta "Temptation."

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

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TODAY at 2—"La Boheme" and "Spanish Ballet."

TONIGHT at 8—"I Pagliacci" and "Coppelia."

TOMORROW NIGHT (Gala Performance):

1st Act "I Pagliacci."

2nd Act "Carmen."

Ballet "Elysian Fields" from "Orfeo."

With Zenatello, Teyte, Maria Gay, Saroya, Pavlowa, Volinine, Mardones, and entire company.

Tickets, \$5 to \$1, on sale at Cort Theatre.

SPECIAL—THREE NIGHTS IN

### OAKLAND

AUDITORIUM "OPERA HOUSE"

MONDAY NIGHT, MARCH 20TH:

"L'Amore dei Tre Re" with Zenatello, Teyte, Chalmers, Mardones, etc.

"Snowflakes Ballet" with Pavlowa, Volinine and Ballet Russe.

TUESDAY NIGHT, MARCH 21ST:

"La Boheme" with Teyte, Guadenzi, Chalmers, Mardones, etc.

"Spanish Ballet" with Pavlowa, Volinine and Ballet Russe.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, MARCH 22ND.

"Madama Butterfly" with Tamika Miura, Martin, Marr, Leveroni, etc.

"Elysian Fields" ballet from "Orfeo" with Maria Gay, Saroya, Pavlowa, Volinine and Ballet Russe.

PRICES: Orchestra, \$5 and \$3; Balcony, \$3 and \$2; Gallery, \$1.50 and \$1.

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International Grand Opera Stars

In Excerpts from Standard Operas

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Closing Chapter of "THE RED CIRCLE" and Opening

Episode of the Latest Pathe Sensational

Mystery Story "THE IRON CLAW"

THE SEASON'S GREATEST SHOW



The Coming of the Janissaries

(Continued from Page 7.)

end in suicide. But the circumstances were such that any man, of any party, felt that Tone had died like Cato and Castlereagh had died like Judas.

The march of Pitt's policy went on; and the chasm between light and darkness deepened. Order was restored; and wherever order spread, there spread an anarchy more awful than the sun has ever looked on. Torture came out of the crypts of the Inquisition and walked in the sunlight of the streets and fields. A village vicar was slain with inconceivable stripes, and his corpse set on fire with frightful jests about a roasted priest. Rape became a mode of government. The violation of virgins became a standing order of police. Stamped still with the same terrible symbolism, the work of the English Government and the English settlers seemed to resolve itself into animal atrocities against the wives and daughters of a race distinguished for a rare and detached purity, and of a religion which makes of innocence the Mother of God. In its bodily aspects it became a war of devils upon angels; as if England could produce nothing but torturers and Ireland nothing but martyrs. Such was a part of the price paid by the Irish body and the English soul, for the privilege of patching up a Prussian after the sabre-stroke of Jena.

But Germany was not merely present in the spirit: Germany was present in the flesh. Without any desire to underrate the exploits of the English or the Orangemen, I can safely say that the finest touches were added by soldiers trained in a tradition inherited from the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, and of what the old ballad called "the cruel wars of High

Germanie." An Irishman I know, whose brother is a soldier, and who has relatives in many distinguished posts of the British army, told me that in his childhood the legend (or rather the true) of '98 was so frightfully alive that his own mother would not have the word "soldier" spoken in her house. Wherever we thus find the tradition alive we find that the hateful soldier means especially the German soldier. When the Irish say, as some of them do say, that the German mercenary was worse than the Orangemen, they say as much as human mouth can utter. Beyond that there is nothing but the curse of God, which shall be uttered in an unknown tongue.

The practice of using German soldiers, and even whole German regiments, in the make-up of the British army, came in with our German princes, and reappeared on many important occasions in our eighteenth-century history. They were probably among those who encamped triumphantly upon Drumossie Moor, and also (which is a more gratifying thought) among those who ran away with great rapidity at Prestonpans. When that very typical German, George III, narrow, serious, of a stunted culture and coarse in his very domesticity, quarrelled with all that was spirited, not only in the democracy of America but in the aristocracy of England, German troops were very fitted to be his ambassadors beyond the Atlantic. With their well-drilled formations they followed Burgoyne in that woodland march that failed at Saratoga; and with their wooden faces beheld our downfall. Their presence had long had its effect in various ways. In one way, curiously enough, their very militarism helped England to be less military; and especially to be more mercantile. It began to be felt, faintly of course and never consciously, that fighting was a thing foreigners had to do. It vaguely increased the

prestige of the Germans as the military people, to the disadvantage of the French, whom it was the interest of our vanity to underrate. The mere mixture of their uniforms with ours made a background of pageantry in which it seemed more and more natural that English and German potentates should salute each other like cousins.

But the German hirelings or allies had another character which (by that same strain of evil coincidence which we are tracing in this book) encouraged all that was worst in the English conservatism and inequality, while discouraging all that was best in it. It is true that the ideal Englishman was too much of a squire; but it is just to add that the ideal squire was a good squire. The best squire I know in fiction is Duke Theseus in "The Midsummer Night's Dream," who is kind to his people and proud of his dogs; and would be a perfect human being if he were not just a little bit prone to be kind to both of them in the same way. But such natural and even pagan good-nature is consonant with the warm wet woods and comfortable clouds of South England; it never had any place in the plains of East Prussia, the land of the East Wind. They were peevish as well as proud, and everything they created, but especially their army, was made coherent by sheer brutality. Discipline was cruel enough in all the eighteenth-century armies, created long after the decay of any faith or hope that could hold men together. But the state that was first in Germany was first in ferocity. Frederick the Great had to forbid his English admirers to follow his regiments during the campaign, lest they should discover that the most enlightened of kings had only excluded torture from law to impose it without law. This influence, as we have seen, left on Ireland a fearful mark which will never be effaced.

The Crocker National Bank of San Francisco

Condition at Close of Business, March 7, 1916

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$16,302,476.70
U. S. Bonds.....	2,010,800.00
Other Bonds and Securities.....	676,944.09
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.....	120,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....	359,173.16
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	15,023,659.23
	\$34,493,053.18

LIABILITIES

Capital.....	\$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	3,359,157.27
Circulation.....	1,933,497.50
Letters of Credit.....	398,318.16
Deposits.....	26,802,080.25
	\$34,493,053.18

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Stirring events at home and abroad kept Wall Street at high tension all through the week and caused liquidation of speculative accounts of traders long of stocks. European war news was more important and critical than at any time since last September. With so many difficulties at home and abroad to meet the future cannot be forecast, but the prosperity of this country seems well assured in any event. Railroads, mines and all important industries are earning vastly more than ever before, and their shares were never cheaper in proportion to their earnings than they are today. Scarcity of labor is the only serious drawback, and strikes are the only danger that confronts our large business interests. This war cannot really touch us, no matter what happens, unless Congress should declare an embargo on exports of supplies for the belligerents. Liquidation from abroad has become lighter and is likely to be controlled by strong banking interests. In time of war the stock market is always open to attack, and speculation is dangerous for those who lack nerve and plenty of money, but for the man who wants a safe and generous income, the market is full of attractive offerings. Speculating in "war stocks" has not been profitable for five months for those who always take the long side. Copper and zinc mining shares have become favorites and many of them seem in a strong position. These metals are selling at the highest prices ever known, and no sudden decline is probable. After peace is restored, the demand for copper will be very great. Many traders believe that the public will come into the market again as soon as Congress disposes of the resolutions that were designed to embarrass the Federal Administration. It will be a good traders' market, for it is sure to fluctuate widely in a presidential year even if there were no war.

**Wheat**—During this week, prices again sustained a severe decline brought about by liquidation. Since the extreme low prices were made, the market has made some recovery, but no remarkable snap has been shown considering the rapidity and extent of the decline. The market is no doubt readjusting itself and digesting the heavy load that was put upon it, but the fact that there is only a nominal export demand, with receipts about as large as during recent weeks, has taken away the stimulus that prices require. The congestion in domestic shipping and difficulty in securing adequate tonnage are obstacles to a foreign demand of sufficient volume to overcome the weight of the statistical situation in this country. Besides these facts, there have been advices of larger shipments from Australia with provision being made for a movement of good size from that country; the Argentine shipments this week are not as large as at first estimated and are about the equivalent of last week's but greatly under those of the corresponding week of last year. Damage re-

ports continue to come in regarding the condition of winter wheat, and apprehension concerning it is reflected in the comparative firmness of the July future. The decline has been sufficient to make liquidation thorough and to put the situation on a purely supply and demand basis, prices being probably low enough to affect the farmer in selling and likewise affect the attitude of the buyer, and more especially, should it become apparent that the winter wheat crop has sustained material injury. Under these circumstances and in view of the fact that war conditions still prevail, the long side at this level seems the logical one.

**Corn** suffered some further decline, probably on account of the violence of the decline in wheat as much as any other consideration. Liquidation began and the break was rapid and rather thorough in view of the fact that the technical position of prices was not regarded as weak. The primary movement is very much lighter than during the few preceding weeks, and the situation from the standpoint of Argentina has been strengthened, but owing to the embargoes on shipping and the scarcity of ocean tonnage, very little export business has been done. The private estimates of farm reserves put some damper on enthusiasm, but considering the amount of merchantable quality, the quantity is not such a depressing factor. The situation seems to contain enough elements of strength to warrant purchases on weak spots.

**Cotton**—The cotton market the past week has been very irregular with prices at the close of the week showing an advance of about three dollars a bale from the recent low level. The liquidation due to the heavy March tenders seems to have had its effect, and as this cotton was well taken care of, the market turned, on some good buying by spot houses. The local New York professional element, who have been against the market for some time, seem to have overstayed the market, and were kept busy covering their short contracts. The South sent good buying orders and said the recent break did not dislodge any actual cotton, and holders of spot cotton were more convinced that their position was right and that the market had reached a level where the spinner would take all cotton offered. There was very little said about the acreage going in now. Some were of the opinion that there would be no increase in acreage, while others called attention to the failure in part of the small grain, due to the drouth, and said this acreage would all go into cotton. Political news from abroad swayed the market from time to time, but it is not having the influence on prices that it had some time ago. We regard the cotton market is being in a position where it should be bought with confidence, and believe that all bearish factors have been thoroughly discounted in the price and anything favorable will give the market a good permanent upturn.

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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATTHEW NUNAN, deceased, No. 20334.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the will of MATTHEW NUNAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 18th day of March, 1916), in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, Room number 2002 Hobart Building, Number 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATTHEW NUNAN, deceased.

FRANK NUNAN,  
MICHAEL SULLIVAN,

Executors of the will of Matthew Nunan, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1916.

GARRET W. MCENERNEY,  
Attorney for Executors,  
2002 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

3-18-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN W. SHIELDS, deceased.—No. 20460 N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the estate of JOHN W. SHIELDS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the office of their attorney, Lewis F. Byington, Room 617 Balboa Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN W. SHIELDS, deceased.

ALVIN W. SHIELDS,  
KATE GARRETT,

Executor and Executrix of the estate of John W. Shields, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 11, 1916.

LEWIS F. BYINGTON,  
Attorney for Executor and Executrix,  
617 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

3-11-5

## NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING TO CONSIDER REMOVAL OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF OCEAN BOULEVARD IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, A CORPORATION:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a general meeting of the stockholders of Ocean Boulevard Improvement Company, a corporation, will be held at the office of the company at Number 1468 La Playa, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 20th day of March, 1916, at the hour of four o'clock P. M., for the purpose of considering and passing a resolution then to be proposed, removing from office the present board of directors.

Said meeting is called by order of stockholders of said corporation holding more than one-half of the votes.

Dated: March 2nd, 1916.

F. HERZOG,

Secretary of Ocean Boulevard Improvement Company, a corporation.

## NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING TO CONSIDER REMOVAL OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

To the Stockholders of Ocean Boulevard Improvement Company, a corporation:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a general meeting of the stockholders of OCEAN BOULEVARD IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, a corporation, will be held at the office of the company at No. 1468 La Playa, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 20th day of March, 1916, at the hour of four o'clock p. m., for the purpose of considering and passing a resolution then to be proposed removing from office the present Board of Directors.

Stockholders holding the following number of shares:

J. HERZOG	2656
A. C. CAMPBELL	1738
F. HERZOG	16
J. W. RIESS	10
LOTTIE J. RIESS	1530

Total Number of Shares	5950
------------------------	------

Dated: March 2nd, 1916.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN CHARLES TAYLOR, deceased.—No. 20431; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Will of JOHN CHARLES TAYLOR, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said JULIET LOUISE TAYLOR, Executrix of the Will of said deceased, at the office of Paul McDonald, 464 California Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN CHARLES TAYLOR, deceased.

JULIET LOUISE TAYLOR,  
Executrix of the Will of John Charles Taylor, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 4, 1916.

PAUL McDONALD,  
Attorney for Executrix,  
464 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

3-4-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HEALEY C. DAVIS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of HEALEY C. DAVIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Norman A. Eisner, her attorney, 344-345 Mills Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HEALEY C. DAVIS, deceased.

FLORENCE DAVIS,  
Administratrix of the estate of Healey C. Davis, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26, 1916.

NORMAN A. EISNER,  
Attorney for Administratrix,  
344-345 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

26-2-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES B. HAGGIN, deceased, No. 19515.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors and executrix of the will of JAMES B. HAGGIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 18th day of March, 1916) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors and executrix at the office of F. G. Drum, Room number 704 West Coast Life Building, Number 354 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES B. HAGGIN, deceased.

LOUIS T. HAGGIN,  
MARGARET V. HAGGIN,  
ALLAN McCULLOH,  
H. ESK MOLLER,

Executors and executrix of the will of James B. Haggin, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1916.

GARRET W. MCENERNEY,  
Attorney for Executors and Executrix,  
2002 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

3-18-5

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71603. FELIX D. C. MCGOVERN, Plaintiff, vs. JANET B. MCGOVERN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:

JANET M. MCGOVERN, Defendant.  
YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By ROBERT W. DENNIS, Deputy Clerk.TOWSON S. GRASTY,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1201 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

26-2-10

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIA CASTAGNETTO, deceased.—No. 20163.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARIA CASTAGNETTO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Jos. F. Cavanaugh, Esq., at No. 550 Montgomery Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

GIACOMO CASTAGNETTO,  
Administrator of the estate of Maria Castagnetto, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26, 1916.

JOSEPH F. CAVAGNARO,  
Attorney for Estate,  
550 Montgomery St.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

26-2-5

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 15539; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of LOUIS LEVY, Deceased.

JACOB LEVY, as Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of LOUIS LEVY, deceased, having on the 23rd day of February, 1916, presented to this Court, and having filed herein his verified petition to due form praying for an order authorizing him to borrow the sum of five thousand dollars, at a rate of interest not exceeding five and one-half per cent net per annum, and to mortgage to the Hibernia Savings & Loan Society as security to it for the payment of such loan, the hereinafter described real property, and that such mortgage security be given by him in the form of a flat mortgage in the sum of four thousand dollars, payable one year after date, with interest thereon at the rate of five and one-half per cent per annum, together with an installment mortgage in the sum of one thousand dollars, with interest at a like rate, principal and interest payable in sixty equal monthly installments of nineteen and 10/100 dollars, and that he be authorized to execute promissory notes therefor, and which said mortgages shall be upon the following described real property situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Turk Street, distant thereon one hundred and two (102) feet seven (7) inches westerly from the westerly line of Buchanan Street, running thence westerly along said northerly line of Turk Street fifty-one (51) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the southerly line of Laurel Avenue; thence at a right angle easterly and along said line of Laurel Avenue fifty-one (51) feet ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to said northerly line of Turk Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 280.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, at the Court Room of Department Number 10 thereof, situate at the City Hall, San Francisco, California, on the 29th day of March, 1916, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M. of said day then and there to show cause, if any they have, why said prayer of said petition should not be granted and the real property above described mortgaged as prayed for.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper published in said City and County of San Francisco.

For further particulars I do hereby refer to the petition now on file herein.

Dated: February 23rd, 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of said Superior Court.  
LEO KAUFMANN,  
Attorney-at-law,  
San Francisco, Cal.

2-26-5

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVII. No. 1231

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 25, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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The Pro-German Irish  
Is The President Popular?  
Why the Allies Fight On  
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Mr. Wilson’s Fatal Cocksurenness  
George Sterling’s New War Sonnets  
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Scheffauer—“Poet Without A Country”  
Rudolph Spreckels For Railroad President  
Admiral Von Tirpitz—Father Of German Navy

*“A Study of Hearst” In The March Lantern*



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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVII

San Francisco, March 25, 1916

No. 1231

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88 First Street, San Francisco  
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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor  
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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Los Angeles Representative, W. R. Baranger, 432 South Main street.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

## Is the President Popular?

There are optimists of the President's party who tell us that by keeping us out of war Mr. Wilson has more than offset all the ineptitudes by which his Administration has contributed to the gaiety of nations. Further, they tell us that he will be a strong candidate in November if by that time we shall not have permitted ourselves to be dragged into the war. If these views are to be relied upon we are a wonderfully sanguine and easy-going people, and while it doesn't take much to satisfy us it takes a great deal to make us at all apprehensive. Yet we have thought ourselves inclined to hysteria, and we have had so little confidence in our public servants that we have spent much time in devising ways and means of making it easy to get rid of them. It is incredible that nothing short of war can shake our faith in the Administration that has been rocking the ship of state for three years. Are we to believe that the dear people have viewed complacently the strange goings-on in Darkest Washington; that apart from foreign relations, in matters purely domestic, they have perceived nothing to amaze, to startle, to shock or to alarm? Maybe the extraordinary dullness that is postulated of the people by the President's optimistic friends has become an American malady, but if the people have been able to appreciate Henry Ford maybe his luminous contemporaries are not beyond public ken.

## His Fatal Cocksureness

Immediately after the recognition of Carranza it became generally known everywhere but in Washington that we were in danger of precisely what happened at Columbus. In Washington apparently no thought was given to the matter. Yet the President received many warnings. All of

them he ignored as he has ignored the truth on many subjects of vital importance from the Philippines to the La Follette bill that gave the Pacific to the Japanese. Cocksure as always, when informed by competent authority of the great peril arising from inadequacy of the military establishment on the border line, instead of strengthening the border force he diminished it by the withdrawal of several units. For mischievous obstinacy and costly self-reliant certitude it would be hard to match the case of President Wilson anywhere in history. Amazing is his cocksureness, and though he has been kept busy changing his mind and trying to rectify his errors he cannot be induced to suspect his judgment. Senators from the border States fairly pleaded with Mr. Wilson for an armed force proportionate to the danger, and now we see that because they pleaded in vain we were compelled to face a situation which the mere presence of a few additional thousands of men might have averted. Yet we are told that this great academic statesman is to be credited with keeping us out of war. Has everybody forgotten his ship purchase bill? The fact is now indisputable that if the bill had passed complications would have arisen that would have almost certainly involved us in a fatal imbroglio. So it is hardly extravagant to say that President Wilson is the one man who almost got us into the war and that we were kept out by the Senators who defeated his bill.

## News Hot From the Front

Far from satisfactory are the reports that come to us from the spots where the battle rages on the Western front. Yet, all things considered, it is amazing how much our newspapers know about the ebb and flow of the opposing armies. To be sure they have alert correspondents in Paris who get all the news that is vouchsafed them, but there is a censor at every point whence news is despatched, and the censor is an unemotional person with a blue pencil which probably works automatically. A most efficient person is the censor, judging from the following precise information about the fighting at Verdun when the fighting was at the hottest:

"The Germans have brought up against Verdun all the heavy guns which they recently withdrew from.....and those which they employed in the invasion of Serbia. In December.....divisions were brought back from Serbia. In January.....new army corps were utilized to reinforce the two corps extended between.....and....."

It is news of this sort that forms the basis of many a column in the daily press

and that enables our experts in strategy to figure out just what is likely to happen next.

## Why the Allies Fight On

In Germany Maximilian Harden occupies a position somewhat similar to George Bernard Shaw's position in England: that is to say, he is regarded as a brilliant crank. But whereas Shaw utters himself in the columns of any journal he is pleased to select for his medium, Harden edits his own paper, *Die Zukunft*, a journal that reflects his individuality, and that has many readers in circles that are not in servile sympathy with the Government. As a critic of the Government Harden has been in disfavor more than once during the war, and his paper was under the ban, but it came out a few weeks ago with a vigorous article urging the Government to begin negotiations for peace forthwith. This article it is to be presumed was not regarded as objectionable. According to Harden Germany can negotiate for peace without humiliation. "Germany," he says; "has reaped victory upon victory. Upon her, therefore, devolves the duty of making an offer of peace. Such an offer could only add to and not diminish her prestige. It would be proof of her strength, not weakness." All of which is quite true, and the force of the statements is not diminished by Harden's frank assertion that victorious Germany should do as he suggests because she needs peace. He admits that the Government is beset with difficulties. There is a dearth of indispensable "raw materials," and the third harvest will be hard to gather. Assuredly Germany needs peace, and so does every nation engaged in the war, but among the difficulties with which the Government of Germany is beset is the difficulty of persuading her enemies that despite all they have suffered and must suffer it would be to their advantage to consent to a draw. When it was said some time ago that before the war Germany foresaw everything but what happened doubtless it was meant that Germany had no conception of the impression she was destined to make on the rest of the world. Long before the war Germany, by reason of her huge military preparations and her unexpected and significant self-assertiveness on certain occasions, alarmed the chancelleries of Europe and aroused suspicions that seemed to be confirmed by her impetuous conduct in July and August, 1914. Formerly in some quarters those suspicions were pooh-poohed, but in the light of the 1914 apocalypse the Allies believe they saw confirmation strong as Holy Writ. Their perceptive faculty may be imperfect, but assuredly they attribute to Germany designs, principles and tendencies which



make them fearful of a premature peace. They may be doing Germany great injustice. As to that, history alone will determine. But the fact is that Germany has made it hard for herself to induce the mood receptive in her enemies. The very fears that she inspired before and during the war have apparently strengthened the determination of the Allies to fight to the bitter end. The methods by which she has acquainted them with her amazing preparedness and impressed them with the finesse and coordination of all her divers agencies for making war and compelling submission to her will have only had the effect of quickening all their energies of resistance. This is the situation as it appears to us, and so we feel that victorious Germany must go on with her terrific drives, gaining more of the thing that is called glory, sacrificing more of her brave and gallant sons and slaughtering more of her enemies until to them it has been made as clear as sunlight that they are more in need of peace than she. It was this situation that was not foreseen in Berlin twenty months ago.

### The Pro-German Irish

"What could Germany do for Ireland?" is a question asked by James K. McGuire and answered by him in a book, the purpose of which is to show that it is to Ireland's interest to support Germany on the battlefields of Europe and the rostra of the United States. Mr. McGuire's book is a message to the Irish people which will be received in true Irish fashion: that is to say, with hearty dissent and equally hearty approval. There is one thing that Germany might do for Ireland, but it is not one of the things mentioned by Mr. McGuire. And it is the one thing worth while for the Irish. Germany might make the Irish unanimous, and that is probably the greatest blessing that could be bestowed on them. Certainly if Germany ruled Ireland the Irish would have to refrain from jangling discords offensive to the Teutonic ear. But we cannot conceive of Ireland inviting German rule. Between Teutonic and Irish character there has always appeared to be something fundamentally antagonistic. This antagonism was illustrated at the Orpheum last week by a comic vocalist who sang a song about two picnic parties—one Irish and one German—trying to have a day's pleasure in close contact. Who is so dull as to require a description of what happened? The difference between the Irish and the Germans is chiefly temperamental; the Irish hate to be ruled, the Germans love to be ruled; the Irish are sentimental and obstinate, Germans are emotional and amiable; the Irish love poetry, the Germans love philosophy. However, the conclusion is not inevitable that the Germans would not be able to transform the Irish and make them as amenable to discipline as they are themselves. The susceptibility of the German to wise discipline is his most remarkable characteristic. This is partly explanatory of his intense patriotism and

his whole-hearted devotion to his disciplinarians. What a blessing it would be to the Irish to become as united and tractable as the Germans! Was there ever a people more in need of this blessing? Consider that today while thousands of Irishmen are shedding their blood in defense of a cause on the battlefields of Belgium and France, thousands of Irishmen are shedding their sweat in this country in the hope of making that cause all the harder. But of course the pro-German Irish of this country are quite sure that the anti-German Irish of Ireland don't know what's good for them, and so, as Mr. Redmond points out, the Irish who left Ireland because they could not have home rule are now averse to home rule for the men who stuck to the soil. The truth is that the Irish who are fighting in the trenches are concerned about the Ireland of today, whereas the Irish of America are bleeding inwardly for the Ireland of one hundred years ago.

### Money and Ornament

Owing to the scarcity of the precious metals in Germany iron is now used for small change. This is not the first time that iron has been used for money, and it may not be the last. Owing to the scarcity of gold in Europe (so much of it has come to this country) the price of silver is going up, and before the war is ended the Germans may not be the only people using iron as a medium of exchange. Now that we are absorbing the gold of the world and national debts are piling up, there may develop a very good reason for using iron as coin. If iron is not ornamental, at least it is divisible, and therefore it has one of the important characteristics of money. But it was chiefly the ornamental characteristic of gold and silver which first caused them to be generally esteemed. It is the conventional explanation that when man first began to trade he adopted gold and silver for money because other metals were more abundant. This explanation is in keeping with the abstractions of Adam Smith, Ricardo, Mill and others who regard man as a utilitarian born to work and to buy and sell his own and other men's goods. There is another theory that seems to us quite as good, if not better. According to this theory man took to play long before he thought of work in the modern sense. Before everything man is a vain animal; he loves show, decoration, ornament. Before going to work he spent his time tattooing his body. Nothing is so necessary to him as luxuries; to get ornaments he began to work; and his pet luxuries were ornaments that gave him consequence among his fellows. He loved to see his family arrayed in what everybody else coveted because it added to his importance. A savage person was the primitive man. Though centuries removed from us, in the mainsprings of character how close the resemblance! Whatever of the material at their disposal best serves individuals for personal adornment according to the popular taste they eagerly collect, and so it was

in the ages ago that individual property first arose in the accumulation of precious things. Other things belonged to the tribe, and were produced and enjoyed in common. At one time all the metals were more or less used as ornaments, but gold and silver came to be preferred to others because they were more attractive esthetically. The effect of the appeal to the esthetic sense is shown in the use of shells as money. Shells were common enough, yet they had almost as great a vogue in the world as the precious metals. Even now they are used as money by some tribes, and when a tribe that has not known gold and silver gets European coins, the first use they are put to is that of adorning the person. The close connection between ornament and money exists to this day. Although ornament has been left almost wholly to women it expresses something more than a love of trifles. It is a display of power, it is evidence of success, and the man who is successful nowadays ranks high, like the Indian who had lots of scalps. But whereas the Indian was precisely what the scalps indicated, a brave who had contributed to the welfare of the tribe, the man who loads his wife with pearls and precious junk and parades her in a glass case on rubber tires may be only a gilded scoundrel or a typical merchant or the degenerate son of an asinine sire. It is not because women are vain of their person that they ornament themselves extravagantly. How many women emphasize their barrenness with furs and diamonds! When an ugly woman is overdressed she is a nightmare, and she cannot be wholly unconscious of her frightfulness. The ugly woman who accentuates her ugliness by making it extra vivid can hardly have any other motive than that of aiding and abetting the assertion of a husband's commercial triumphs. Husbands themselves lavish adornment on their wives for no other purpose than to give evidence of family influence and social power. Thus to the end we have the close connection between ornament and money which has existed from the beginning.

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## Varied Types

CCLXXIII—GRANT CARPENTER

By Edward F. O'Day

Let us see: who is this Grant Carpenter? Well, he's the playwright who gave the stage a truer and more artistic Chinese play than "The First Born," the same being "The Dragon's Claw," first produced by the Little Theatre of Philadelphia. He's the weaver of fiction who has written the only important stories of oriental life as it is lived in the Occident, that are to be read in the English language. Wonderful stories they are of oriental guile, oriental jealousy, oriental cruelty—yes, and oriental love as manifested in the curious milieu of San Francisco's Chinatown. When Grant Carpenter was a San Francisco newspaperman, he was one of the best. Had we ever a greater reporter? I mean by a great reporter a man with the faculty of nosing out a big exclusive story in all its ramifications and then writing it in such fashion that the grip of the narrative makes you forget your breakfast coffee and toast. I don't think we ever had a greater than Grant Carpenter. The Examiner of other years put him on a big salary when he wrote so many first-page stories that his "space bill" assumed staggering proportions! Grant Carpenter practiced law with distinction. But he is a writing man, and his heart shrank from the aridities of the codes. So he wrote the ephemeral stuff of the dailies; he wrote light operas for the Tivoli of blessed memory; he wrote jingles that still make the rounds of the papers with the signature of prolific old "Anon;" he wrote fiction; he wrote plays; and now he is writing scenarios for the big "movie" firms. Shall I identify Grant Carpenter still more distinctly? He's a twin brother of Grace Hudson who paints the Pomo Indians. He's the man who made Russian Hill the headquarters for the toothsome escargot. He can play bridge with Elwell, and poker with Old Man Greenlaw of Arkansas City. In the best sense of the term he's the greatest Bohemian San Francisco has ever produced.

During the past year Grant Carpenter has been residing in Los Angeles, writing for the "movies." He's a free lance, but his best work has been done for Griffith and the Universal. He came up to San Francisco the other day to claim a bride, and in his favorite club which is The Family he told me a lot of interesting things about films and filmers. Of course we talked about that bugaboo of the "movie" business, censorship.

"The Los Angeles censors are practically a thing of the past," said Grant Carpenter. "The talk about transferring the cinema industry from Los Angeles to San Francisco frightened the censors into inaction. It is still for the future to decide whether the transfer will take place, and it is well for San Francisco to know that its chance of securing this important industry will be increased if certain censorship plans I have heard discussed here are abandoned.

"The Los Angeles censors went to curious extremes. D. W. Griffith who is fond of little touches spent considerable time and money training a calf to lick salt off a little girl's cheek. In the film the little girl and a little boy were sitting on a bench in a meadow with their backs to the audience. The calf came up behind them, and licked the little girl's face. The little girl turned to the little boy and said: 'Willie, if you do that again I'll slap you.' The censors banned this scene on the ground that it gave

bad example to little children. The censors made a rule that a film kiss couldn't be more than two feet long. Of course all film action is measured in feet. A twenty-minute picture consists of one reel—a thousand feet of film. So you see, the censors believed in extremely short kisses.

"The coming of the film companies to Los Angeles produced some curious results. People are so used to seeing the 'movie' players acting in the streets that they are not surprised by the most unusual incidents. You see a man knocked down by a thug and robbed in broad daylight, and you don't even look for the camera. Then again, you stop in front of a church to watch a wedding party coming out. You are interested in the beauty of the bride and her bridesmaids. You study the groom, and wonder if he's going to make that lovely girl happy. Then you turn away and confront a camera man spitting tobacco juice and turning a crank. You are never surprised when you meet people with their faces painted like zebras. You see, the experienced 'movie' player knows how to paint his or her face to bring out all the good points, and to turn bad features into good. The colors that photograph dark, like red and yellow, are put on to suppress defects; the colors that photograph light, like blue or white, are put on to bring out good points. I have known an actress who is fifty-six so alter her face that she looks sixteen on the screen. When you see these people on the streets they look like walking advertisements for Diamond Dyes.

"There are countless other tricks in the 'movies.' Everybody is familiar with the substitutions whereby dummies or doubles do the spectacular and hazardous stunts which high-priced stars balk at. These and other tricks have been described by Charlie Van Loan in his excellent stories of the 'movies.' Van knows the business backwards and forwards, and his stories are true to the life as well as good yarns. Perhaps people wonder how actresses shed tears for the screen. We've all seen the film heroine who is so overcome by emotion that a big tear rolls down her cheek. It is a simple trick. An onion does it sometimes. Sometimes an eyedropper is used. With a drop of water in her eye the heroine has only to blink at the proper moment, and behold a tear!

"In the 'movies' as everywhere there are quickly changing fashions. For some time the plays were built around handsome leading men like Bushman, Kerrigan, Lockwood, Blackwell and so on. But now the pretty men are being shelved. It is the season of 'cutes and curls.' The ingenue is the style, and Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark and the like are all the rage. The girl in rags is a particular favorite.

"I suppose you know that when film plays are being acted words suitable to the action are spoken. Some of the 'movie' players are a rough sort and use pretty bad language. So when they are called upon to speak things suitable to the action they are going through, their language is appropriate enough to the action but is hardly fit for polite ears. A friend of mine who is an instructor for the Berkeley Institute for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind tells me that the deaf-mutes who are experts at lip reading read some very strange things when they go to the 'movies.'

"The screen drama is evolving in an interest-

ing manner. Hitherto pictures have been strung together on a slender plot that carries spectacular stunts and what the camera men call 'pretty shots,' just as in musical comedy various numbers are strung together on practically no plot at all. Or if there was character, it was static character as in melodrama. Or if the picture was taken from a famous novel the scenario writers worked like the old Connecticut miners who came to California in '49—they only took the rough gold. All this is changing. It is hard mining now. The development of character step by step with the development of the story is coming into demand. Producers have learned the difference between a film and a drama. They are beginning to insist on all the four essentials of a good film: a play, action, photography and direction. When these things are provided, and the star system which is more ruinous in the 'movies' than on the stage, has been eliminated, we shall begin to have real pantomimic drama in the films. The best screen play so far, I think, is 'The Cheat' produced by Cecil de Mille."

Of course I had to ask Grant Carpenter about Charlie Chaplin.

"That \$670,000 contract he has made with the Mutual people is on the square," he said. "And they won't lose any money on him. Where there is a demand for thirty copies of other films there is a demand for one hundred of a Chaplin film. Charlie Chaplin is a very decent fellow. He's an Englishman who got his training in vaudeville. He plays the fiddle with his left hand, handling it like a 'cello. It is his modest ambition to write a great novel, a great poem, a great play and a great piece of music. When he has done all that he says he'll be satisfied.

"There is a little mob psychology about the success of Charlie Chaplin. If you saw a Chaplin film in a theatre where you were the only spectator you'd probably say 'rotten.' But when you sit in a crowded house and hear children laughing out loud at Charlie you catch the spirit of the thing and enjoy it. It is the same with pathos on the screen. It is written for the lowbrow, but others succumb to it. When a big fat washerwoman begins to sniffle the haughty society lady sitting next to her can't help following suit."

### Benj. Franklin invented first glasses for far and near seeing

This achievement of the great inventor-statesman attracted much attention but like everything new had objectionable features. Since that time scientific men have been endeavoring to perfect a bifocal lens ground from one piece of optical glass of uniform density, but time after time gave up declaring it a mechanical impossibility. Others persisted and their endeavors have been rewarded in the perfecting of a bifocal lens which leaves nothing further to be desired. The name of this new lens is "Caltex."

W. D. Fennimore J. W. Davis A. R. Fennimore



181 Post St. } San Francisco  
2508 Mission St. }  
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## Perspective Impressions

Bois des Corbeaux. The Wood of the Crows! What pickings there must be for those birds of ill omen around Verdun!

"Fabulous ore found in Oregon," reads the head line. But it is usually the news that is found to be fabulous.

A Mexican in Brownsville, Texas, who threw a lariat at a school teacher has been sentenced to five years in prison. Proving that to court a lass with a "lass" leads, alas! to court.

In Indiana the other day a man in an auto ran down a fox that was running for its hole at its usual gait. Doubtless if it had been a child the man would have pleaded that he was going under ten miles an hour.

On the level, are you as enthusiastic about saving the Palace of Fine Arts as you were at first?

To show his detestation of prizefights Hearst only publishes a column or so a day about the Willard-Moran match.

No, his hat isn't in the ring, but wait till he sees some other person's hat loom up and then hear him roar.

Defended by the attorney for the "wets," indicted by "dry" jurors and accused by members of his own congregation, yet the Rev. Slaughter poses as a victim of the liquor interests.

Now that we have the preferential primary system will its advocates please tell us why it isn't working?

The Examiner asks: "Wouldn't it have been far better if we had let William H. Crocker and his generous colleagues go ahead with their fine opera house in the civic center?" Yes, indeed. And wouldn't it have been far better if the Examiner had protested in time instead of waiting two years to lament?

The French, by their stubborn resistance at Verdun, remind us that a few years ago a distinguished scholar down the peninsula, who knows a little of everything, pronounced them a decadent people.

## Funston, Tamer of Bad Men

The fighting man who has struck into the deserts and mountain strongholds of Mexico to "get Villa, dead or alive," is the same Fred Funston who was ordered just fifteen years ago this month to "get Aguinaldo." The long arm of coincidence has reached out to push the little general from Kansas to the forefront as the dependable man, when nerve, combined with guile, is required by Uncle Sam.

General Funston has been getting what he went after, whether it was bad men or imperative results, ever since he was graduated into long trousers. He is 51 years of age now and his career has been crammed with adventurous episodes. He was 16 when his father, Foghorn Funston, moved from Carlisle, Ohio, to southwestern Kansas. In 1885 young Fred entered the State University of Kansas, where he had for a classmate William Allen White. There was a negro in the college town who started for Funston one day with a gleaming razor. The negro weighed 200 pounds, Funston barely 100. The negro was 6 feet tall, Funston 5 feet 3 inches. In fifteen minutes Funston had the half-crazy black man in the lockup and hadn't even mussed his own clothing.

When he left college General Funston got a job as city editor of a paper in Fort Smith. It was Democratic. The day before an election the editor-in-chief left town and he was temporarily the boss. Next day the paper appeared as a red-hot Republican sheet, reviling all things Democratic. As a crowd gathered at the front door young Funston retired by the back and from journalism. He explained later that he was weary of newspaper work, "tired of a rotten town, a rotten sheet and its rotten politics and I thought I would wake things up a bit before I left, just to show them I was alive."

His next job was as a conductor on the Santa Fe. A cowpuncher passenger, fired by whisky, shot holes in a car ceiling. General Funston took his gun away and threw him off the train, then stopped the train, ran back along the track and thrashed the gunman. His roving, adventurous spirit then took him to Mexico, where he sought options on coffee plantations, but he never was keen about business. He was looking for action, just as he had looked for it in 1891, when he nearly died of thirst in Death Valley as a member of a United States botanical expedition, and as he sought for it in 1893, during a hard Klondike

winter, when he made his escape after spending weeks with a band of Indians.

General Funston was in New York in 1896 when the late General Sickles made a rousing speech at Madison Square Garden in behalf of the oppressed Cubans. Moved by the appeal for Cuba Libre, General Funston offered his services to the Cuban Junta, although he knew nothing about military affairs.

The Cubans were glad to have this vigorous youth and General Funston set himself to study the intricacies of twelve pounder Hotchkiss rifles and other things that a soldier should know. General Gomez made him second in command to Winchester Dana Osgood, the Cornell football player who had charge of the insurgent artillery. General Funston distinguished himself for bravery at Guimaro in October, 1896, when Osgood was killed. He took command and with a dynamite bomb in his hand led a charge that broke the Spanish front and ended the fight. At Bayamo he was wounded three times and had his horse killed under him. He was in the thick of the fighting at Las Tunas. After this battle the Cubans insisted on shooting fifty prisoners. Funston protested, was waved aside and promptly resigned his commission. General Garcia gave him an order for transportation and a safe conduct. He fell in with a Spanish patrol and ate the documents. On reaching the United States in 1898 he was suffering from stomach trouble, malaria and wounds and his weight was just ninety-five pounds.

When the United States went to war with Spain General Funston was ready to fight again. He declined an easy job on General Miles' staff and finally got what he was after, a commission as colonel of the Twentieth Kansas Regiment of Volunteers. The regiment was ordered to the Philippines and while waiting for sailing orders General Funston married Miss Eda Blankart, a music teacher. Six hours later the transport sailed and when Mrs. Funston rejoined her husband a month later in Manila it was just before a battle. His regiment held an important place in the fighting around Manila when the Filipino insurrection began in 1899. During the fighting at Malolos the regiment was punished by a wicked fire from insurgents entrenched on the far bank of the Marilao river. Calling for volunteers, General Funston swam the river with a revolver gripped in his teeth and twenty men at his back, charged the Fili-

pino trenches and put the insurgents to flight. Shortly afterward he more than duplicated this exploit, swimming the Rio Grande de la Pampagna with two men under fire and set up a rope ferry by which his troops hauled themselves across the river and delivered a blow that won a battle. For this he was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. General Otis described him as "the greatest daredevil in the army, a man who would rather fight than eat."

Aguinaldo was footloose then and a nuisance, as everyone remembers. From inaccessible mountain strongholds he sallied out to raid American patrols and burn villages. It was certain that his capture would break the backbone of the revolt, but nobody seemed to know how to reach him. He was hiding in the mountains near the northeast coast of Luzon. It happened that cipher letters sent by Aguinaldo to one of his lieutenants fell into the hands of Lieutenant Taylor of the Twenty-fourth Infantry. The letters revealed that Aguinaldo was awaiting reinforcements at a definite time. General Funston conceived the plan of disguising a force of seventy-nine Filipino scouts as Aguinaldo's expected reinforcements. At the head of this command and accompanied by four ex-insurgent officers and four American officers General Funston plunged into the jungle where no white man ever had been.

After eight days march through the jungle, posing as prisoners taken by Aguinaldo's anticipated reinforcements, General Funston and his men reached Aguinaldo's hiding place and arrested him without the loss of a man. The President made General Funston a Brigadier-General of the regular army in recognition of the exploit.

He served here and there until another chance came his way. This was the earthquake which shook our city in 1906 and started the great fire. As soon as the full scope of the catastrophe was known General Funston rushed troops to patrol the streets and guard the banks. As the disaster grew he rose to the occasion. He was policeman, fireman, undertaker and dominated civil authorities. He did not hesitate to assume responsibility. He telegraphed to the Secretary of War:

"I shall do everything in my power to render assistance and trust to the War Department to authorize any action I may have to take."

How thoroughly he accomplished his task

(Continued on Page 17)



## Sonnets on The War

(Nine of the following dozen sonnets have never been published before. The three entitled "Europe" have already appeared in the New York World. Most were written in August, 1914. With some two score other sonnets on the war they will appear in Sterling's new book "The Caged Eagle and Other Poems" which is in course of publication.)

By GEORGE STERLING

### The Dream of Wilhelm II

He, a colossus towering toward the spheres,  
With tyrant shadow casting triple night  
On Europe, saw with dominating sight  
The great world-caldron seethe with futile tears,  
And heard as with a god's commending ears  
The tread of armies whose resistless might  
Should stay mankind's advancement to the  
light,  
But throne his dynasty a thousand years.  
Then rose he from the conquered globe on  
wings  
Such as in vision serve the will of kings,  
Till gazing from the violated skies  
He saw, below his battle's smoky bars,  
With flaming France and Russia for its eyes,  
Earth like a skull that glared upon the stars.

### To Europe

I

Beat back thy forfeit plow-shares into swords:  
It is not yet, the far, seraphic Dream  
Of peace made beautiful and love supreme.  
Now let the strong, unwearable chords  
Of battle shake to thunder, and the hordes  
Advance, where now the famished vultures  
scream.  
The standards gather and the trumpets gleam;  
Down the long hill-side stare the mounted lords.  
Now far beyond the tumult and the hate  
The white-clad nurses and the surgeons wait  
The backward currents of tormented life,  
When on the waiting silences shall come  
The screams of men, and, ere those lips  
are dumb,  
The searching probe, the ligature and knife

II

Was it for such, the brutality and the pain,  
Civilization gave her holy fire  
Unto thy wardship, and the snowy spire  
Of her august and most exalted fane?  
Are these the harvests of her ancient rain  
Men reap at evening in the scarlet mire,  
Or where the mountain smokes, a dreadful  
pyre,  
Or where the warship drags a bloody stain?  
Are these thy votive lilies and their dews,  
That now the outraged stars look down to see?  
Behold them, where the cold, prophetic  
damps  
Congeal on youthful brows so soon to lose  
Their dream of sacrifice to thee—to thee,  
Harlot to Murder in a thousand camps!

III

Was it for this that loving men and true  
Have labored in the darkness and the light  
To rear the solemn temple of the Right,  
On Reason's deep foundations, bared anew  
Long after the Caesarian eagles flew  
And Rome's last thunder died upon the Night?  
Cuirassed, the cannon menace from the height;  
Armored, the new-born eagles take the blue.  
Wait not thy lords the avenging, certain knell—  
One with the captains and abhorrent fames  
The echoes of whose conquests died in Hell?—  
They that have loosened the ensanguined  
flood,  
And whose malign and execrable names  
The Seraph of the Record writes in blood.

### The War-God

Behold the pandar of Oblivion  
This idiot monster, holding hate his law!  
It is for him that Life must stand in awe,  
For him that Art hath cringed and Science done  
Whoredom among the tribes, refusing none.  
In his red day our scruples are as straw:  
The nations gather at his word, and draw  
His chariot, refulgent as the sun.  
The stars of many masterdoms have set,  
But that star sets not ever, and the light  
That fell on Troy is cast on Europe now;  
And as of old the mothers' eyes are wet,  
And the brute god, girded with steel and  
night,  
Above Time's charnel scowls with armored  
brow.

### The Aeroplane

Afar and high, on wings that feared no wind,  
The intrepid dragon of espial flew,  
Unseen at last within the housing blue,  
And o'er dim provinces at last inclined,  
Stared from the pinnacles of noon to find  
The plan and purpose of the war's review—  
What counsels launched, what jeopardies  
withdrew  
The groping armies, ominous and blind.  
Then homed the watcher to its armored nest,  
Down the cold dome immense and desolate,  
Where clouds beleaguer and the sunlight  
chills—  
Death's herald, bearing to the anxious west  
The secret of the captains, and the fate  
Of legions hidden in the deadly hills.

### Betrayal

I

Strange, that the race relinquish to the hands  
Mailed and relentless, of the haughty few  
Its destinies! The pomps Assyria knew  
Moan to the twilight of the bitter sands  
With lips of stone, and in the desert stands  
No record of the millions, that she slew.  
There gleams no throne in Time's august  
review

But sent a sword upon the patient lands.

On Europe now, as once on Babylon,  
The vulture bands go forth beneath the sun,  
And ravens hover at the flanks of war  
With clamor echoless and desolate,  
As tho' each birds cried hoarsely to its mate,  
"The kings are at their bloody work once more!"

II

Why will ye suffer it, and give to kings  
The reins of government, O brothers blind?  
Upon their roads of empire ye shall find  
Despair and agony and shattered things.  
Their suns conspire; the throne's deep shadow  
swings  
Its midnight on the race's heart and mind;  
Your homes they open to the rain and wind,  
Your portals to the bat's familiar wings.  
Their feet take hold on Hell, and on their path  
Lie Beauty violate and Love profaned;  
Their armies trample and their chariots ride  
On harvests and the hearth-stone, and your  
wrath  
Wakes not, nor hath your purblind strength  
arraigned  
Their idiot "honor" and insensate pride!

### Earth's Anthem

The mighty tempest of the world-war breaks—  
That Armageddon that our sires foretold.  
This is the lash the lords of Europe hold  
To scourge their peoples, and the battle takes  
Frontiers of flame and thunder, and Earth makes  
A melancholy music, bleakly rolled  
On fateful heavens menacing and cold,  
Where Shadows gather and the Red Star shakes.

The vulture's beak is whetted for the dove.  
In vain we build our temples, and in vain  
We tend the lamps of Science and of Love,  
When on the flame and consecrated oil  
War, in a vast and headlong hurricane,  
Launches the Night in which no man shall  
toil.

### The Feast

Never, O Death, was such a wine as this  
Given thine everlasting thirst to drain,—  
Never a vintage of so royal stain,  
Crushed from the youth of Europe for thy bliss.  
At these thine orgies Hate and Madness kiss,  
And Horror crowns the frantic brows of Pain;  
Garlands of serpents are thy flowery chain  
And, for thy music, their infernal hiss.

Drink deep: such banquet shall not be again.  
Drink till the lees are cloudy in the cup,  
And in thy veins a scarlet venom sings!  
Then, drunken with the doom of myriad men,  
Kneel, and at ruined altars offer up  
Thy deep thanksgiving to the power of  
kings!

### The Little Farm

Along the vague horizon, vapor-bound,  
A monstrous muttering forever broke,  
As tho' the Titans at their council spoke,  
Far off, or in some cavern underground;  
But at the little farm there was no sound,  
Save when a low and idiot laughter woke.  
Ashes, till then a home, sent up their smoke;  
A raven dozed upon an eyeless hound.

One laughed whom men had fettered to a tree.  
Above his head a broken-hilted knife  
Pinned a small hand that clasped a bit of  
string.  
And still he laughed, nor turned his gaze to see  
The stripped and ravished body of his wife.  
A weathered sign announced: No 'tres-  
passing.

### Broadway, New York, 1916

Indifferent to a world in agony,  
The drunken wasters crowd the cabaret,  
Whose midnight orgies end but with the day.  
O Liberty, are these the fruits of thee—  
This swarm of vampires that the dark sets free,  
To batten upon murder, and decay?  
Are these our masters and the race their prey,  
And hast thou long to live when such things be?

So in the wake of war do jackals come  
To feast on those that perish in thy name,  
And when the wounded breasts at last are dumb,  
To howl exultant to the setting moon,  
Till, frightened by the sun's returning flame,  
They scamper to their holes and sleep by  
noon.



# Poems About San Franciscans

XIX—TO RAPHAEL WEILL

By Lucius Harwood Foote

(Raphael Weill was a "pal" of the late General Lucius Harwood Foote. The following was written to be read at the dinner tendered to Mr. Weill by the citizens of this city on the occasion of his investment with the Cross of the Legion of Honor by the Consul General of France. Mr. Weill has lately celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday, and has just left for a visit to France where his nephew Michel Weill is in the trenches.)

In glad response I strike my dormant lyre,  
To give thee greeting loyal friend and true;  
And as old mem'ries flood my soul anew,  
I fain would wake once more its fervid fire.

The boon companions of thy foster-land,  
Now standing here on life's meridian crest,  
Exult to see that cross upon thy breast,  
Proud token of the open heart and hand.

Not in the realm of letters or of art,  
Nor on the tented field like knight of old,  
By some brave deed hast thou thy guerdon won;  
But here where thou hast nobly borne thy part,  
This honor comes, with blessings manifold,  
To crown thy life Dear Heart, for good deeds done.

## The Spectator

### Rudie for President

"You're right about that Western Pacific scrap," said Senator Hartman as he panted into the pendulum room Monday morning. The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock was winding it and humming the while a strange tune. The Hartman apparition was so sudden that it almost took the clockwinder off his high chair in surprise.

"What are you talking about?" he demanded.

The little statesman, not being in good trim for stair-climbing, sank into a chair and caught his breath. "You said the other day that you guessed that Rudolph Spreckels had been let in on the ground floor in that railroad reorganization matter, and you're right."

The clockwinder squinted sidewise at his little friend. "How do you know I'm right?"

"Listen. I've been leaning over the back fence, and I've heard a few things, and I want you to do something for me. Keep this under your vest: Rudolph Spreckels is going to be president of the Western Pacific when it's reorganized."

The clockwinder dropped his key, and, as a consequence, for the next five minutes Senator Hartman was caressing a sore toe.

### Gus Wants to Help

"Where do you get that stuff?" the clockwinder asked as soon as the little statesman appeared to be able to talk.

Hartman crossed his lips with his index finger. "I get it straight from a Yiddish friend in New York who's in on the deal. Now, listen. My friend knows what he's talking about. If this thing goes through and Rudie gets the job he'll begin to cut some ice in politics. He'll have a real machine then, and I can be of some help to him. You know Rudie has a lot to learn about this game, and I've had the experience that will be worth something to him. He's crazy to be a boss, but he doesn't know how. He turns so many corners that it makes a fellow dizzy trying to follow him. I'll get a Spanish bit for him. Will you fix it for me?"

The clockwinder cautiously promised that he

would see what he could do, and then he went into a deep brown study.

### That Stock Transaction

Senator Hartman grew impatient watching the clockwinder communing with himself, and suddenly startled him by asking what he was thinking about.

"I've been wondering," said the water front sage, "what my friend Mr. Spreckels was up to when he bought that Savings Union stock."

"He was up to form," Senator Hartman observed. "That's Rudie's idea of being a big smart fellow. And that's why he needs me. I want to break him of some of his bad habits and make a good fellow of him."

"His bad habits?"

"Yes. This isn't the first time that Rudie went a-gumshoeing."

"No?"

"I should say not. Years ago he bought a few shares of Union Trust stock. It was said that he expected to get a peek at some papers in a private trust managed by the bank. I believe it was after that that the Legislature amended the Bank Act making such papers inviolate. But anyway Rudie didn't get a peek, and he lost his suit which he had brought to compel the sale to him of a piece of property on Montgomery street."

"Nevertheless," said the clockwinder, "I'm for

Mr. Spreckels, and for the reorganization of the Western Pacific."

Senator Hartman sprang to his feet, and fixed the clockwinder with a glaring eye.

"What's the matter?" the clockwinder asked.

"You've been let in."

"On what?"

"On some of the arguments with which the Wall Street propaganda is fortifying its case in San Francisco. I'm on! So you're close up to the Goulds, eh?"

"Hold on."

"Good night!" and the Senator started for the door, but the clockwinder hooked him with his key.

### The Senator Explains

"Sit down," said the clockwinder, "and tell me what you're driving at. What do you mean by the Wall Street propaganda?"

"Don't you know?" the Senator asked, and he appeared incredulous.

"Cross my heart," said the clockwinder.

"Then you must be asleep. This reorganization plan is a frame-up for the benefit of the Denver and Rio Grande, which is a Gould road, and which is trying to evade responsibility under a contract. Did you ever hear of the Goulds as public benefactors?"

"I don't think I ever did."

"No, you surely never did. Old Jay Gould's principal business was wrecking railroads, and



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his sons have never distinguished themselves as upbuilders. Do you suppose they're worrying now about the bondholders of the Western Pacific, or that the little group of New York financiers that are handling the deal are philanthropists very much concerned about California?"

"I don't know anything about it. What I want to know is what you were driving at a minute ago."

"What I was driving at is this—that the New Yorkers are not working for their health, and that they're doing a lot of propaganda work out here. It made me laugh to hear Rudie talking about other people's motives. You know, I learned something about the strategy of financiers when I was in the Legislature. If a man is really for the people he's against these private reorganization schemes. They don't stand for them in England. There the thing is done under the supervision of the courts. Only the other day in New York a judge called attention to the importance of guarding against personally conducted reorganization enterprises."

"Then as I understand it," said the clockwinder, "you're opposed to my friend's position."

"Not at all," said Senator Hartman. "Mr. Spreckels is all right, but I want to be with him. I was with him when he went East to have the Government buy the road. And when he switched over to Wall Street I was with him in spirit. I can follow him wherever he leads, through as many windings as he may take, and if he's to be president of the road I want to be with him. Don't misunderstand me."

Senator Hartman took his leave and the clockwinder again fell into a deep brown study.

#### Seeing Marston Off

The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock was standing just in front of me in the crowd which witnessed the start of Colonel Frank Weston Marston's heroic walk to San Jose. Marston and Mayor Rolph were posing in the doorway of the Union League Club, and the shutters of half a dozen cameras were clicking in unison.

"Which," said a stranger, tapping the clockwinder on the shoulder, "which is Marston and which is Rolph?"

"Marston," answered the clockwinder, "is the one who loves publicity."

The stranger surveyed the twain in the doorway, and shook a puzzled head.

As the crowd surged toward Powell street to get a better view of the procession the clockwinder spotted me.

"Marston has run up into the club for a minute," he said.

"What for?" I asked.

"To get his shoes shined again," he explained. "The mayor stepped on them while jockeying for position before the camera."

"There was considerable discussion about the order of the procession," continued the clockwinder as we lingered at the curb.

"I didn't hear about it," I said.

"Why, yes," the clockwinder went on. "Marston wanted to walk in front of the hearse, but Doc Abraham who kidded him into the walk, wouldn't stand for that. The doc said that Frank would have to walk behind the horses, for obvious reasons."

"What do you think of the whole thing?" I asked.

"Does it call for thought?" queried the clockwinder. "If it does, I think that Frank is making a Marston of himself, but he's a good fellow and he likes to make people laugh."

#### With Apologies to Kipling

Tom O'Connor was so overcome by the march-

ing away of Colonel Marston that he dropped into parody. Here is what I deciphered when I borrowed the lawyer's pencilled cuffs:

"What are the horses neighing for?" said the Chicken on parade.

"They know their end, they know their end," the old hearse driver said.

"What makes you look so glum, so glum?" said the Chicken on parade.

"We've got to put the crupper on," the old hearse driver said.

"For they're hamming Colonel Marston, you can hear the Dead March play;

The town has all turned out in force, they're hamming him today.

They've put him in knee breeches to give his legs away,

And they're hamming Colonel Marston in the morning."

"What makes the crowd all laugh so hard?" said the Chicken on parade.

"It's Mayor Rolph, it's Mayor Rolph," the old hearse driver said.

"What makes the front rank men stand back?" said the Chicken on parade.

"A moving picture camera," the old hearse driver said.

"They're hamming Colonel Marston, they are joshing him around;

They've halted Marston and the Mayor by the camera on the ground.

And 'e'll start in 'arf a minute like a Blingum beagle hound.

Oh, they're hamming Colonel Marston in the morning."

"He used to serve good ham and eggs," said the Chicken on parade.

"He's serving for a ham right now," the old hearse driver said.

"The Creamerie was quite a place," said the Chicken on parade.

"The cream is on the jest today," the old hearse driver said.

"They're hamming Colonel Marston, they've got him in his place;

He walks behind the horses, they can't look him in the face;

The Colonel's chest is sagging, and his corset's snapped a lace,

And they're hamming Colonel Marston in the morning."

"What's that so wet upon his brow?" said the Chicken on parade.

"The perspiration's started now," the old hearse driver said.

"And what's that snicker on the air?" said the Chicken on parade.

"It's San Francisco laughing," the old hearse driver said.

"For we're done with Colonel Marston; he has gone to San Jose;

And the grateful town is cheering as they're marching him away.

But we'll never miss the Colonel, for the Mayor intends to stay,

So we'll do a little hamming every morning."

#### Scheffauer, "Poet Without a Country"

This uncomplimentary term is applied by Robert Haven Schauffler, poet and musical critic, to Ezra Pound, George Sylvester Viereck and our own Herman Scheffauer. In justification of its harshness he quotes from recent utterances of the three. He quotes Pound as writing of Americans as "that mass of dolts." He quotes the notorious remark made by Viereck in a letter to von Papen, "I am thoroughly ashamed of my country." And from Schauffauer's poem "America" he quotes these lines:

White leman of the West . . .

. . . And thy lost soul sits rocking by thy gates

And the tawdry maelstroms violate thee,  
Suborned and pallid mistress of the States.

Scheffauer is now living in Berlin, and it is interesting to note that he has changed the spelling of his first name from Herman to Herrman. At the beginning of the war he was making his home in England with his English wife who is the poet Ethel Talbot. Here is the poem called "The Poets Without a Country" which Schauffler addresses to the trio:

Their motherland is slow to yield them fame;  
In childish wrath they seek a foreign shore;  
There, turning on the land they loved before,  
They smear foul rhymes upon her honored name,

While aliens, half in scorning, half acclaim.  
Now, when their Mother, peaceful, strives  
with war,

Another sows sedition in her door,  
Prating the while of his unfilial shame.

No more, my country, let them "bear the brunt,"  
Nor with crude speech molest their lyric ear.

Thou hast thy boats that ply beneath the foam!

In these immerse them, that thy breeze affront  
Their delicate nostrils nevermore—then steer  
Down to the depths uncursed by sight of  
home!

#### Sarah Althea in Stockton

What has become of the heroine of the Sharon case, the most celebrated of all the celebrated cases of California? Offhand you will guess that she is dead? Surely, you will say, it is unlikely that she has survived all the other protagonists of that thrilling drama. It was in the year 1883 that the beautiful Sarah Althea Hill produced the document that purported to be a marriage contract between herself and Senator Sharon, and it was in that year that suit was started to have the document declared null and void. The litigation lasted nearly six years. Toward the close of it Justice Field of the Supreme Court committed Sarah Althea and the man she had married, Judge Terry, to jail for contempt. In August, 1889, Judge Terry revenged himself by slapping Justice Field in the face, and he was killed by the jurist's bodyguard. In March, 1892, Mrs. Terry was sent to the State asylum for the insane at Stockton. There she is today, a withered old woman, happy in the belief that she is a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. All of which was learned at a banquet of the three chapters of

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the Phi Delta Phi society which took place at the Commercial Club the other night, Justice Gilbert of the Court of Appeal presiding. Among the distinguished speakers was Justice Melvin of the Supreme Court who was down for a paper on the famous Sharon case, and a very interesting and scholarly paper it was. When he declared that Sarah Althea was still among the living he caused general astonishment, for it has been often rumored that she was dead. I have since learned that among the inmates of the asylum is a daughter of Dr. Aylette, the first superintendent of the asylum and the man whose dueling pistols were used in the Terry-Broderick duel.

#### The Voice from the Gallery

The voice from the gallery was not altogether stilled by the passing of the political convention. It was heard in the Clunie Theatre, Sacramento, a few nights ago. There was a vice meeting. Sacramento is all "het up" about vice, owing to the agitation started by Lynn Simpson of the Sacramento Union and two professional vice crusaders, Chauncey Dunn and the Rev. S. Fraser Langford. The last named who is called "Sam Langford" by the irreverent of the capital is a Baptist minister. The Rev. Madison Slaughter of Chico, it will be recalled, is of the same sect. The Rev. Langford delivered a diatribe on vice conditions in Sacramento, and immediately after he finished came the voice from the gallery of the theatre:

"Why don't you go to Chico and reform Slaughter?"

There was no reply.

#### St. Patrick's Day Amenities

There is not a jollier guest at Mine Host James Woods' hostelry than big Warren Holbrook. And there are not two more patriotic Irishmen in the employ of the St. Francis than McGettigan the bar-tender and Kearney the night watchman. Warren Holbrook is the friend of everybody around the place from the manager to the concierge; McGettigan and Kearney are his pals. Holbrook was to be out of town on the great Seventeenth of March, but before leaving he went to Miss Riley at the flower stand and whispered some instructions in her ear. Miss Riley nodded, and her eyes twinkled,—the easiest things, by the way, which Miss Riley's eyes do. And so it happened that on St. Patrick's Day a bellboy delivered a gift to McGettigan and a gift to Kearney. The gifts were identical: pots of growing shamrock imported from the only isle where the shamrock grows. You may imagine the delight of the two Irishmen. And you may imagine the other feeling that surged within them when each noticed that the pot of shamrock was topped off with a yellow rose and wound about with yellow ribbon! They did not need to consult the cards attached to know that it was a Warren Holbrook prank.

#### Woods Praises St. Patrick

Speaking of Jim Woods—he read a paper at the St. Patrick's Day "row" of The Family last Thursday night. It was one of the wittiest papers heard in the club in many a day, so good that Willard Batchelder, one of the club's favorite humorists, remarked: "It's a shame that a man who can write like that should be merely running a roadhouse on Powell street!" Woods declared that St. Patrick was a very great saint.

The manager of the St. Francis paused to let that sink in and added: "Indeed, he was even greater than St. Francis!" Whereupon Woods received three rousing cheers for his magnanimity.

#### Bopp Is a Wag

Herr Franz Bopp, the German Consul, has a vein of waggishness which is just coming to the notice of the public, although his intimate friends have always known about it. When the news came to this city that the Parliament House at Ottawa had been destroyed by fire, Charlie Coleman, the city editor of the Examiner, telephoned to Bopp at his Berkeley home. It was late at night and the German Consul was awakened from sleep to answer the phone. Coleman told him of the fire, and of the rumor that it had been started by spies inspired by the German consulate here.

"I'll tell you about that, Mr. Coleman," said Bopp. "Twelve years ago I was stationed at Montreal. I spent a day in Ottawa and visited the Parliament House. While there I secreted a bomb timed to explode just twelve years later. That's how it happened."

A despatch came the other day that French aviators had dropped bombs on Gladbach and Munich. As this feat involved a round trip of one thousand miles from the French frontier, it was quite a story. Bopp was interviewed, and said:

"It is evident that the hyphenated city of Munchen-Gladbach, and not the Bavarian capital was the target of the aviator. Dislike for the hyphen which has lately come into such prominence, may have been the reason why Munchen-Gladbach was changed into Munich and Gladbach. I have no fear for Munich. I wish I was there."

#### The Great Von Tirpitz

The Germans of this country received their first big shock since the outbreak of the war when the news was received of the retirement of Grand Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz. So I have been informed by a German who pronounced it "another dropping of the pilot," at the same time explaining that he employed the phrase merely to indicate the seriousness of the loss. What precisely were the circumstances that induced the retirement of the Grand Admiral is known only in Berlin, but the supposition is that the Kaiser wanted a younger man to conduct an offensive movement in the North Sea. Born without aristocratic connections, Von Tirpitz rose to high command and great responsibility because he was the most energetic, efficient, resourceful and magnetic man in the German navy. In naval affairs he was as great as Bismarck was in diplomacy. It was he that cultivated public sentiment in favor of a big navy and overcame opposition in the Reichstag to a naval program that contemplated rivalry with England. A man of masterful temper is Von Tirpitz, and even the Emperor was more inclined to conciliate than to resist his will. It is related that once upon a time a young officer who had been disciplined by Von Tirpitz sought the personal influence of the Emperor. "You'll have to get along with him as well as you can," said the Emperor, "that's what I have to do."

#### Efficiency His Gospel

A great stickler for efficiency is Von Tirpitz.

He preached the gospel of efficiency and not in vain. There are American naval officers who believe that the German navy is more thorough and workmanlike than the British. To an ambitious officer who wanted a ship the admiral said brusquely: "You have very white hands for a man who hopes to command a cruiser." To another he paid this compliment: "You waltz divinely," thus implying that he had no sea legs. The bluff old admiral had the statistics of all the navies of the world by heart, and through the years he looked forward with confidence to the day of the realization of his dream,—a German navy as great as the British navy. To his great sorrow he was not quite ready at the psychological moment, and in desperation he went in for "submarine warfare" and frightfulness at sea.

#### The Note of Modernity

General Townshend with a British force is surrounded by the Turks at Kut-el-Amara on the Tigris. A force under General Alymer is advancing up the Tigris, amid great difficulties, to his relief. General Townshend's force is amply provisioned and is not worrying. The two forces are in communication by wireless. Recently General Townshend sent a message to General Alymer asking for gramophone needles. They were dropped into his camp at Kut-el-Amara—by aeroplane. And all this in Mesopotamia, considered by many scientists the cradle of the human race, if not the Garden of Eden! Is not this an interesting example of the present touching hands with the past?

#### More Exposition Books

Clearly, when the time comes for the compilation of a bibliography of Exposition literature—an interesting task which I commend to those notable bibliographers Boutwell Dunlap and "Bob" Cowan—the work will be an impressive one, undoubtedly the best showing of the sort ever made for an American exposition. But the time has not yet come, because there is not yet a "closed season" for the writing of Fair books. There have been several published lately. There is Michael Williams' "Brief Guide to the Palace of Fine Arts" for the post-Exposition season, a companion manual to his guide book for the Exposition art show. And there is the beautiful little brochure "The Lights Go Out," written by Frank Morton Todd, the official historian of the Exposition. It is an account of the last day of the Fair, its ceremonies, etc., and it is enriched with George Sterling's poem "The Builders," read that day by Arthur Arlett. It has for frontispiece a facsimile of the President's toast in his own handwriting. And it enshrines those fine words from Charles C. Moore's last speech: "The end of a perfect day; the beginning of an endless memory." Then there is still another book of exquisite format, "That Was a Dream Worth Building," which is "a tribute and retrospect," to use the words of its author. The author is Louis J. Stellmann, writer and photographer. The book which is published by H. S. Crocker Co. contains twenty Exposition pictures taken by Stellmann and colored by his wife Edith Kenney Stellmann. They are fine photographic studies, and the letter press which accompanies them is a pretty piece of rhetoric. The camera is for Stellmann a fine medium of expression, and lovers of the Fair will value these pictures.

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# Among Our Artists

Edited by Edward F. O'Day

## Art Critics and the New Art

The honest man is he who is always trying to utter the unutterable, to describe the indescribable; but the quack lives not by plunging into mystery, but by refusing to come out of it.

Perhaps this distinction is most comically plain in the case of the thing called art, and the people called art critics. It is obvious that an attractive landscape or a living face can only half-express the holy cunning that has made them what they are. It is equally obvious that a landscape painter expresses only half of the landscape; a portrait painter only half of the person; they are lucky if they express so much. And again it is more obvious that any literary description of the pictures can only express half of them, and that the less important half. Still, it does express something; the thread is not broken that connects God with nature, or nature with men, or men with critics. The "Mona Lisa" was in some respects, not all, I fancy, what God meant her to be. Leonardo's picture was, in some respects, like the lady, and Walter Pater's rich description was, in some respects, like the picture. Thus we come to the consoling reflection that even literature, in the last resort, can express something other than its own unhappy self. Now the modern critic is a humbug, because he professes to be entirely inarticulate. Speech is his whole business; and he boasts of being speechless. Before Botticelli he is mute. But if there is any good in Botticelli, for there is much good and much evil too, it is emphatically the critic's business to explain it; to translate it from terms of painting into terms of diction. Of course, the rendering will be inadequate, but so is Botticelli. It is a fact he would be the first to admit. But anything which has been intelligently received can at least be intelligently suggested. Pater does suggest an intelligent cause for the cadaverous coloring of "Venus Rising from the Sea." Ruskin does suggest an intelligent motive for Turner destroying forests and falsifying landscapes. These two great critics were far too fastidious for my

taste; they urged to excess the idea that a sense of art was a sort of secret to be patiently taught and slowly learned. Still, they thought it could be taught; they thought it could be learned. They constrained themselves, with considerable creative fatigue, to find the exact adjective which might parallel in English prose what had been done in Italian painting. The same is true of Whistler and R. A. M. Stevenson, and many others in the exposition of Velasquez. They had something to say about the pictures; they knew it was unworthy of the pictures: but they said it. Now the eulogists of the latest artistic insanities, cubism, Mr. Picasso, and so forth, are eulogists and nothing else. They are not critics, least of all creative critics. They do not attempt to translate beauty into language; they merely tell you that it is untranslatable, that is, unutterable, indefinable, indescribable, impalpable, ineffable, and all the rest of it. The cloud is their banner; they cry to chaos and to old night. They circulate a piece of paper on which Mr. Picasso has had the misfortune to upset the ink and tried to dry it with his boots, and they seek to terrify democracy by the good old anti-democratic muddlements: that "the public" does not understand these things; that "the likes of us" cannot dare to question the dark decisions of our lords. I venture to suggest that we resist all this rubbish by the very simple test mentioned above. If there were anything intelligible in such art, something of it at least could be made intelligible in literature. Man is made with one head, not with two or three. No criticism of Rembrandt is as good as Rembrandt; but it can be so written as to make a man go back and look at his pictures. If there is a curious and fantastic art, it is the business of the art critics to create a curious and fantastic literary expression for it; inferior to it, doubtless, but still akin to it. If they cannot do this, as they cannot; if there is nothing in their eulogies, as there is nothing except eulogy, then they are quacks, or the high priests of the unutterable. If the art critics can say nothing about the artists except that they are good, it is because the artists are bad. They can explain nothing, because they have found nothing; and they have found nothing because there is nothing to be found.

—G. K. Chesterton in "America."

## A Marriage in Art Circles

Considerable interest was aroused in art circles on both sides of the bay by the news of the marriage of Miss Leila B. Duncan and Mr. E. B. Courvoisier. Miss Duncan who is a daughter of Railroad Commissioner Thomas Duncan of Indiana, is a teacher of harmony and of the history of music in the Oakland

High School where she has developed a deep feeling for music and great enthusiasm for the art. In musical circles across the bay Mrs. Courvoisier is much esteemed for the influence she has wielded and the impetus she has given to musical study among her pupils. Mr. Courvoisier is one of our most prominent art dealers, a gentleman beloved by California artists for the interest he takes in their work and for what he has done toward arousing the interest of others. His gallery and workshop on Sutter street near Stockton is a favorite rendezvous of artists and art lovers. This week he has spent most of his time receiving the felicitations of his friends.

## A Thrifty Painter

An amusing instance of an artist's thrift is being told by Mill Valley picture lovers. Some Germans of the Marin town decided to hold a benefit raffle for war sufferers, and they agreed that a canvas of Tamalpais would be an attractive prize. Then they induced one of their neighbors who is prominent in the local art world to paint it. The committee offered to buy all the materials from Schussler Brothers here, and the painter proceeded to make out a list of what would be needed. The list he submitted was a long one, so lengthy in fact that the cost of the materials enumerated threatened to absorb all the money received at the raffle. So the Schussler expert on artists' materials was asked to prune it. And from his examination it developed that the artist had planned to get enough free material to paint a score of canvases.

## A Painter of Sand Dune

It is a remarkable fact that San Franciscans have a great love for sand dunes. It is remarkable, because there is not in evidence the same general love for other features of our scenery. Some like our hills and some our beach, some our parks and some our bay; all are almost sentimentally fond of our sand dunes.

(Continued on Page 17)

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## The Koshland Party

"It is a wonderful privilege to be able to entertain one's friends without thought of the expense involved; it is still more wonderful when one has the taste which makes entertaining an art."

So one of the guests at the coming-out party of pretty Miss Margaret Koshland, and he pointed his remark by speaking of the brilliant function which was planned in all its artistic details by Mrs. Marcus Koshland alone. Mother-love gave Mrs. Koshland her inspiration, and it must be said that her debutante daughter Margaret is so beautiful in a flower-like way that it was the most natural thing in the world that the mistress of the "Petit Trianon" should hit upon a fete of flowers and butterflies as the most appropriate for this occasion. The older set were invited to dinner, and dined in view of the fountain court where the "butterflies" of the younger set—Miss Koshland's friends—gathered later in the evening. There has been no function like it here. Mrs. Koshland is noted for the brilliance and originality of her parties; this time she surpassed herself.

## Miss Sears On Skates

I'm told that Eleanor Sears includes in her repertoire of athletic stunts all the best accomplishments of the ice-skating virtuoso, and that she will give us a great treat when the Techau Tavern Ice Palace is opened to the public. Doubtless the athletic Eleanor will prove a great drawing card, for while she is something of a celebrity she is known to the public only by her pictures in the papers. All of us have not been to Burlingame to see her perform on track and field. We have taken the unique Eleanor for granted on the word of the bavardes, but soon we shall see her vindicate herself, as it were, right before our eyes. They say she can cut mystic figures on the ice with all the grace of a Pavlova doing a symbolic dance. So the girl from Boston will be worth seeing. But she will not be the only attraction contributed by the peninsula set.

## Her Only Rival

Eleanor's only rival in the field of feminine strenuousness is Marion Hollins of New York who is now the guest of Mrs. Charles W. Clark at San Mateo. Marion organized the Meadowbrook Woman's Polo Club, and was captainess of it for several seasons. She is also a whip of great skill, to say nothing of more ordinary accomplishment. It will be a great sight to see Marion playing polo, as she intends to do when the peninsular girls who favor the strenuous life get into form. The polo club she is organizing will have such players as Mrs. Robin Hayne, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Christian de Guigne and Mrs. Felton Elkins.

## Julia, All Hail!

The most important person in this city just

now, in the estimation of the thousand guests of the St. Francis, is Julia. Julia is the latest sensation of that shrine of exacting epicures. Julia is a Southern mammy of the school whose fame once made a clearly defined boundary for the section south of Mason and Dixon's line where such dishes as chicken Maryland, Baltimore chicken and hoe cake, fried chicken Georgia style, gumbo chicken, hashed cream potatoes Susan Jones, compone, Southern biscuit, beaten biscuit and like delicacies are prepared with reverence. Every day at dinner Julia serves a new set of old-fashioned dishes, redolent of New Orleans and the territory of the old regime. Is she a hit? Just ask the gourmets!

## Speaking of Sherman—

Henry F. Fortmann, the genial president of the Alaska Packers, having dined very satisfactorily at the Bohemian Club, ordered a glass of kummel. The steward came to the table and expressed his regret. There was none. The club was out of kummel.

"How's that?" demanded Fortmann.

"On account of the war," explained the steward.

"They're carrying this war too far," said Fortmann.

## Birdie Hates Publicity

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Jr.—our "Birdie," as we delight to call her, though she hasn't been ours for years—went to Florida recently in a private car, and it was a gay trip. The papers said she sought secrecy concerning her luxurious mode of traveling because she loathes publicity. On the beach at Miami she is said to hide her face for the same reason every time she spots a camera man. And yet no New York matron has been photographed on the sands more frequently this season. It is evident that despite Birdie's detestation of publicity the camera men take her pretty face and fetching figure very often when she isn't on the lookout.

## My Quippish Friend

"There will be a party of eight in the Rose Room of the Palace tonight—a dancing party—and the hostess will be Loser" said my friend the hotel reporter when he stopped me in the Palace lobby Thursday afternoon.

"Why will the hostess be loser?" I demanded.

"Because she can't help being Loser," said my friend.

"Does she know she'll be loser?" I queried.

"Sure she knows it," said the scribe.

"Then why does she want to give the party of eight?" I asked.

"Why shouldn't she?" he answered. "She's Loser now."

"What has she lost if she's loser?" I asked.

"She hasn't lost anything," said the hotel reporter. And then, noticing that I was getting impatient: "You see, her name is Loser—Mrs. C. C. Loser."

And he went away laughing. What are you going to do to a man like that?

## Rose Room Parties

Among the merry little parties I've noted in this same Palace Rose Room this week was one given by Mrs. Francis Carolan Tuesday night. It was a dinner party, and the distinguished matron had four guests. Mrs. R. J. Hanna also

had four dinner guests. And Mr. Herbert Littlejohn had a jolly party of six.

## The Chalmers Convention

The Chalmers two-day entertainment at the Palace was a great affair. It took the form of a convention of motor dealers from all over the North, but it was the most unconventional convention, the jolliest, brightest, happiest, wit-tiest convention imaginable. Hugh Chalmers of course was the star of the occasion. He made one of his electric talks—the kind that has a punch in every sentence. It was principally about business, but Hugh also had a good deal to say about preparedness in which he is an earnest believer. The banquet was a great affair, the menu being perfect and the talks full of meat. And they say that when L. H. Rose got his bill for the whole affair he neither fainted nor gasped at the figure, but sat down and wrote a check as calmly as if he were paying for an ordinary lunch instead of for the entire upkeep of several hundred healthy motor dealers who had been his guests for two days. I consider L. H. Rose a hero.

## The Society Kindergarten

Local society believes in preparedness—at least terpsichorean preparedness. The difficulty of trying to emulate Pavlova or to interpret Bakst or Beethoven in the medium of rhythmical dancing has been brought home; so now our smart set will begin long before the sub-debutante period to acquire those graces of movement which we were formerly content to leave to the professional artiste. The kindergarten of the Hotel St. Francis where the youngsters of the social elect are schooled in music and in ballet, folk, fancy and ball room dancing—when they are not occupied in the sand pile or with clay or chalk—is the scene of this new preparedness. Last Friday there was quite a marshalling of forces at the St. Patrick's Day birthday party of Patricia Game and Carl Richards; and the cleverness of the youngsters was a revelation to their elders. Among those who participated in the exhibitions and fun were Joanna Elijah, Tom Elijah, Helen Johnson, Ludwell Gilmer, Ramona Vinson, Dorothy Vinson, Patricia Game, Donald Lewis, Doris Rogers, Billy Price, Mamie Blethen, Lawrence Roberts, Gerald Dow, Helen Clancy, Mary Boos, Carl Richards, Christel Richards and Wardell Rice. Mrs. Edith Harries-Kuester sang two of her original baby songs, "Garden and Cradle" and "Corn Baby," and M. Brenner played "Air de Ballet," a composition of his own.

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**Del Monte Notes**

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. Moore motored to Del Monte last Friday for a few days' visit. With them was George Middleton of South Pasadena, the Misses Josephine and Mary Moore and Dorothy Crawford. Harry Hastings, Ray B. Splivalo and Thomas A. Driscoll have been down, talking polo and enthusing over the plans for the tournament. Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall are there for a good stay. They came down in their roadster and are constantly out of doors whirling over the splendid new roads. Mr. and Mrs. H. Henneberger of Pasadena stopped for a few days of golf on their way south. There were many San Francisco people down for the last week-end. Among them: Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bocqueraz, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. N. O'Brien, Dr. and Mrs. Walter F. Schaller, Mrs. Frank Schaller, Baroness von Hirschfelde, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. King, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Harrison, O. A. Robertson, L. W. Wolcott, Eugene B. Murphy, Mrs. Martin L. Crimmins, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McCormick, Dr. and Mrs. Rohner, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Lynch, Mrs. Fred Schaaf, Miss Florence E. Brauerman, Frank R. Girard, Mr. and Mrs. M. Fleishhacker, Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, Mr. and Mrs. Dewart Hewitt, Arthur Herbert, John Grosberg, E. F. Conlin, Mr. and Mrs. M. Meyerfeld, Mrs. F. F. Schloss, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ruyter, Philip Noyes Westcott, Harry Wiel, Walter Baldwin, Lewis Hobart, E. D. Porter. Mr. A. E. Harder, assistant manager of the Fairmont, has been at Del Monte with his bride. Mrs. Harder is most attractive and has completely won everybody with her charming personality.

**Events at Hotel Oakland**

Mrs. P. B. Cross recently entertained at luncheon. Her guests were Mmes. C. C. Loser, W. H. Obeir, Warren Shannon, V. V. Hoxie. Mrs. W. P. Phillips entertained recently with a luncheon and card party. Her guests were Mms. R. Day, D. M. Stuart, Scaritt, Gillman, Ough, Mott, Stout, Misses Tower, Waterfall, Hoedel and Kidd. The University of California Alumni Association dinner held Thursday, March 23, was the largest affair the Association has ever given. Mrs. A. Whitney will be hostess at a tea this Saturday. About forty-two guests are expected. Rev. Bernard C. Ruggles held a reception in the rose reception room Friday evening for the members of his congregation of the Church of Universal Christ. On Monday

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at 10:45 a. m. Mrs. Charlotte Curtis will give a psychological and spiritual interpretation of Lohengrin. This is the first of a series of five lectures.

**At the Somerton**

Entertainments of an informal and formal nature have been given this week. The supper dance at which Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Leonard were hosts Thursday was a source of enjoyment to their numerous friends. The supper was served in the palm garden and dancing was enjoyed until a late hour in the ball room. They entertained a score of their friends. Dr. and Mrs. Reading are from Reading, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. James R. Brown of Phoenix entertained a dozen guests at luncheon Tuesday. Corsage bouquets of violets were the favors at the dinner presided over by Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Tooley of Boston Monday. After the function dancing was enjoyed in the ball room. A coterie of friends accepted the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Dugan at dinner Thursday. Covers were laid for sixteen. Mr. and Mrs. Dugan are prominent socially in Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McDermott arrived Monday.

**At the Cecil**

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Miller returned on the last steamer from Honolulu and are stopping at the Cecil. They will probably leave in April for their home in Detroit. Mrs. H. L. Kemper and her daughter Miss Julia entertained at dinner Monday. Ten were included in the party and after the dinner the hosts and their guests went to the Orpheum. Lieutenant and Mrs. E. V. Cutler who are guests entertained informally at luncheon. The private dining room where the luncheon was given was decorated with jonquils and potted plants. A score of friends of Mrs. Royal D. Hawley enjoyed her hospitality at bridge Monday. Mrs. William J. Ahearn who makes her home at the Cecil gave a matinee party Wednesday at the Columbia. After the performance tea was enjoyed at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Ryan and Miss Julia Ryan of Davenport, Iowa, are among the recent arrivals. Mr. and Mrs. James Platt and James Platt Jr. arrived Monday, and are guests at the Cecil. They are society folk of Detroit.

**Ems with the St. Francis**

The Hotel St. Francis announces the appointment of Mr. Oscar Ems as its official courier. A man of great experience in this work, Mr. Ems is prepared to give free information in reference to all points of interest in San Francisco and the vicinity. He will also plan itineraries for trips to the Grand Canyon, Yosemite, Yellowstone, Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Japan, China, South America, Australia, Samoa, the Straits Settlements and trips 'round the world. Travelers who so desire may secure Mr. Ems' personal services as courier. He has the advantage of speaking five languages. His headquarters are in Suite 361 of the hotel.

**Ice Skating Soon**

In a few weeks the Techau Tavern Ice Palace will be open to the public at the corner of Eddy and Jones streets. It will be up-to-date in every particular and is of such ample proportions, the ice surface being 115 by 115 feet, that it will accommodate many skaters without crowding. Professionals will be brought from New York where some of the most noted ice skaters have already been engaged. They will present many attractive features of the character made popular at the New York Hippodrome. Expert teachers will instruct the public each morning.

Seating accommodations will be provided for a large number of spectators.

**Men and Women**

A woman begins to show her age when she doesn't care who looks over the birth records in the family Bible.

It's an easy matter to take a day off, but it isn't every man who can put it back.

Most women are curious, but the most curious thing in the world is a woman who isn't.

A man must be a pretty good waiter who expects to have greatness thrust upon him.

The one time a woman can always hit what she aims at is when she casts reflections.

If some people should ever try to swallow their pride they would choke to death.

A man's memory proves that it is much easier to forget what to remember than to remember what to forget.

It's all right to mount upward, but the fellow who falls from the top has the furthest to fall.

A woman feels that she has lost her grip when she can longer twist a man around her little finger.

What a profoundly silent place this world would be if we should talk only when we have something to say.

**New Heaven**

Paradise now has many a Knight,  
Many a lordkin, many lords,  
Glimmer of armor, dinted and bright,  
The young Knights have put on new swords.

Some have barely the down on the lip,  
Smiling yet from the new-won spurs,  
Their wounds are rubies, glowing and deep,  
Their scars amethyst—glorious scars.

Michael's army hath many new men,  
Bravest Knights that may sit in stall,  
Kings and Captains, a shining train,  
But the little young Knights are dearest of all.

Paradise now is the soldiers' land,  
Their own country its shining sod,  
Comrades all in a merry band;  
And the young Knights' laughter pleaseth God.  
—Katharine Tynan.

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## "The Eternal Magdalene"

By Edward F. O'Day

Elijah Bradshaw, good but hard, believed the social evil  
Deserved the treatment meted out to typhus and boll weevil.  
Elijah gave no quarter when engaged in godly strife.  
"No compromise with vice," he cried; and meant it—betcha life!  
A Billy Sunday sort of chap who preached "the sawdust trail"  
Was reaping quite a harvest of Christian souls and kale.  
Elijah with his check book and this Gleason with his slang  
Soon shooed the fallen women from each ruby-lit shebang.  
The night the gals were scattered and virtue reigned supreme,  
Elijah slumbered at his desk and had an awful dream.  
He dreamt a fallen woman claimed asylum 'neath his roof—  
His daughter out of wedlock—'twas true beyond disproof.

His lawful daughter Bessie—the apple of his eye—  
Was tempted by a salesman, and beat it on the sly.  
His dear old frau expired when she learned of Bessie's shame;  
His son embezzled at the bank to keep a what's-her-name.  
Then Gleason said Elijah was a man of carnal sin,  
And was living with the fallen gal he'd kindly taken in.  
The Christian mob was horrified; amid a storm of groans  
It marched to poor Elijah's house and started chucking stones.  
Elijah faced the music while the sinner clasped his chest.  
"Let him that hath no sin," he cried, "first cast—," you know the rest.  
And now Elijah found his heart beginning to unhardens;

He realized that he was wrong and asked the Lord for pardon.  
Whereat the fallen woman smiled and made a parting bow,  
Explaining to Elijah that he didn't need her now.  
"First tell me who you are," he said; and in a sobby scene  
She slipped it to him that she was The Eternal Mag-da-lene.  
As Magda faded from the view Elijah rubbed his eyes,  
And found that he'd been dreaming, very much to his surprise.  
It made another man of him, less holier-than-thou;  
A change that made him nicer to his children and the frau.  
Our thanks are due Miss Roberts for bringing us this show;  
And yet, it's not a wonder—'fess up now, is it, Flo?

## Gossip of the Theatre

### "Bob" Drady of Pantages Was Right

Robert Drady of Pantages announced at the close of last week's show that the one following would exceed all others. I went in to see if what he said was true. As we were ushered into our seats "The Dairy Maids" were just greeting Eddie Foley, the stranger from New York who had come to their little country place to get whatever was to be gotten, even including the eight Dairy Maids. This is an act of jest and mirth, with catchy songs and dancing of a high standard. Before the smiles wore off our faces Master Paul had his canary Caruso whistling the latest ragtime song. Master Paul has taught his pet to whistle anything he plays on his violin. To prove that the public is not being buncoed he has his canary passed into the audience and furthermore will have it whistle any song or imitate any call of any other song bird you may desire. Our smiles grew broader when we saw Yates and Wheeler in "Who's Who and Which?" They are two women impersonators who are an immense joke spelled with capital letters. As grand opera is out of my class I'll pass this up, but if any more like the La Scala Sextet comes, I'll make it a feature. The only thing that need be said about Wright and Davis, "The Love Insurance Agents," is that they get away with it. The last word I'll say is, when "Bob" Drady again declares that a good show is coming, I won't wait to be the second nightier; I'll be the first.

—The Second Nightier.

### A Surprise and a Coincidence

Just about forty years ago the world was surprised at the announcement that an American orchestra, the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of New York, had engaged Anton Rubinstein, the greatest pianist the world has ever known, to make an extensive tour of the United States. Such an undertaking was unheard of, for Rubinstein's fee was considered colossal in those days and even in Europe such a tour would not have been dreamt of. A tour of the United States at that time meant from New York as far west as Chicago. Not since then has any similar undertaking been attempted

until now when the announcement is made by Will L. Greenbaum that the entire New York Symphony Orchestra of over eighty players under the baton of Walter Damrosch will tour

more, in order that hundreds who cannot attend afternoon concerts may hear this, one of the three greatest orchestras in America, he has leased the Columbia for the entire week, keeping the house dark on the nights that no concerts are given. He preferred to do this rather than ask his patrons to sit in one of the uncomfortable and inconvenient auditoriums. That ideal concerts should be given in ideal places if possible, is his motto.



LOUIS PERSINGER

The noted violin virtuoso who will appear in joint recital with Alice Gentle at Scottish Rite Auditorium on March 29

from ocean to ocean with Josef Hofmann, unquestionably the greatest living pianist, as soloist. It is a coincidence too that Hofmann is the only living private pupil of the great Rubinstein.

### Greenbaum's Daring

The virtuoso is to receive the sum of \$1,000 for each concert and he is to play forty times on the tour. In most cities where the orchestra appears he is to play once, in three places twice; the other concerts being played by the orchestra alone. In San Francisco, however, the daring Greenbaum is to give us Josef Hofmann at each of the four concerts, and further-

### The Great New York Symphony

The New York Symphony Orchestra was founded thirty-nine years ago by Dr. Leopold Damrosch. After his death his son Walter was chosen conductor and has held the position ever since, even when occupied with his duties as director of the German operas at the Metropolitan and with the Ellis-Damrosch Opera Company. He is credited with being not only a master conductor but the greatest program builder in this country, a fact that may be ascertained by looking over the offerings he has arranged for his four concerts in San Francisco. The first joint New York Symphony-Hofmann concert will be given Thursday night, April 13. The program will consist of the Symphony "From the New World" by Dvorak, the Suite "Adventures in a Perambulator" by James Alden Carpenter, and the Concerto for Piano and Orchestra C minor (first time here) by Saint-Saens with Josef Hofmann as soloist. Friday afternoon, April 14, at three the program will consist of the Symphony by Brahms No. 1, "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds" by Liszt orchestrated by Felix Mottl, and the Concerto for piano and orchestra in F minor by Chopin. Saturday night, April 15, Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony, Richard Strauss' grandest Tone Poem "Death and Transfiguration" and the Concerto in G major by Rubinstein which no one living can play as Hofmann does, will be the offering.

### The Farewell Program

The farewell program on Sunday afternoon, April 16, will offer the Symphony in G minor by Kalinnikow, Percy Grainger's Suite of British



Tunes played here early in the season by our home orchestra, and the exquisite Concerto in A minor by Schumann. Season tickets may now be ordered by mail. Address all letters and make money orders payable to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman Clay & Co.'s. The prices for the series of four concerts will be \$10, \$8, \$6 and \$4. Seats for single concerts may also be ordered. These will be filled in order of their receipt after the season tickets have been selected. Remember, these concerts will be given in the Columbia where every seat is a good one. On Saturday afternoon, April 15, Mr. Damosch will give one of his famous Young Peoples' Concerts, explaining the various works to be played that afternoon and describing the various instruments which go to make up the modern orchestra, illustrating their uses by having each man play a short number on his instrument. Popular prices will prevail for this event so that children will be encouraged to attend.

#### The Kneisel Quartet

The Kneisel Quartet, one of the world's very greatest chamber music organizations, was founded just thirty years ago by Henry L. Higginson in conjunction with his Boston Symphony Orchestra. Franz Kneisel from whom the Quartet derived its name was the first concertmaster and assistant conductor of the Boston Orchestra, and he is still the leader of his splendid Quartet. For over a quarter of a century the four players have been visiting all parts of this country and Europe, and there is not another musical organization in America that has done as much for the cause of the best music. Twelve years have elapsed since the Kneisels last visited this city, and Manager Will L. Greenbaum takes special pride in announcing that they will play two exceptionally beautiful and important programs under his management at the Columbia. The first of these is announced for Sunday afternoon, April 9, at 2:30 when the program will consist of works by Brahms, Beethoven and Bach. The first two will be represented by "Quartets," and Bach by the Suite for Violoncello played by William Willeke, the famous Dutch virtuoso. The second concert is scheduled for Wednesday night, April 12 at 8:15, also at the Columbia. Quartets by Haydn and Schubert will be given, and the exquisite "Terzetto" for two violins and viola is on the list are also two movements from a Quartet by Max Reger. Mr. Willeke will be heard in a group of 'cello solos. Both season and single tickets will be ready Monday, April

3, at Sherman Clay where mail orders and communications may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum. Season tickets will be \$3.50, \$2.50 and \$1.50 and single tickets \$2, \$1.50 and \$1.

#### Last Week of Vaughan and Lytell

The season of the popular favorites Bert Lytell and Evelyn Vaughan, and their splendid company of players, will end at the Alcazar next week when they will offer, for the first time in this city, Fred Jackson's bright new farce "A Full House," one of the biggest farce successes New York and the East have known in a long time. Fresh, clean and wholesome humor is the outstanding feature, and as most playgoers prefer to laugh, it seems certain that "A Full House" will enjoy a large measure of favor. It provides lively roles for Bert Lytell and Evelyn Vaughan. Following the stock season, and for two weeks only, Belasco and Mayer will offer at the Alcazar, commencing Monday afternoon, April 3, San Francisco's favorite German comedians Kolb and Dill in their own big photoplay "Glory."

#### "Ramona" at the Cort

The success of "Ramona" at the Cort is assured. Great audiences are attracted by Clune's "cinema-theatrical entertainment" based on Helen Hunt Jackson's novel. Sunday night "Ramona" enters upon its second week. It is in thirteen reels, backed by three "atmospheric sets," and is accompanied by an orchestra of symphonic proportions. The matinees begin promptly at 2 and the evening performances at 8.

#### Last Symphony Concerts

With the concerts which will be given at the Cort Friday afternoon, March 21, and Sunday afternoon, April 2, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will bring its fifth season to a close. The program that Conductor Hertz has selected includes the Symphony No. 3, "Eroica," E flat major, Op. 55, by Beethoven; Overture, "Geno-veva" by Schumann, and "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" (Rondo), Op. 28, by Richard

Strauss. The musical advantages of San Franciscans, since the founding of this orchestra, have enormously increased. Without depending upon the limited performances of visiting orchestras or trips to Eastern cities, San Franciscans have had right here at home, during the last five seasons, symphony concerts of a high degree of excellence with the greatest artists as soloists. Tickets for the tenth and last pair of concerts will be on sale Monday at the box offices of Sherman Clay, and Kohler & Chase.

#### Gentle and Persinger Recital

Much interest is being taken in the joint recital of Alice Gentle, dramatic soprano, and Louis Persinger, violin virtuoso. The concert will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Wednesday night, March 29. Miss Gentle is featuring a number of American songs as well as a group of Russian songs that are rarely heard. Mr. Persinger will be heard for the last time in concert before his departure for the East. Mrs. Persinger will be the accompanist for her husband, and Miss Mildred Turner for Miss Gentle. Tickets may be had now at Sherman Clay's and at Kohler and Chase's; at Scottish Rite Hall on the evening of the affair.

#### The Sultanas at the Orpheum

Harry Green will be seen again at the Orpheum next week in the laughable skit "The Cherry Tree." Desiree Lubowska who is the latest exponent of impressionistic character dances to reach this country, will make her first appearance here. She achieved a great success in New York. Clark and Verdi are comedians who portray Italians in a highly faithful and diverting manner. Fred Warren and Effie Conley contribute a satirical skit "On the Boardwalk" which enables them to sing, dance and converse wittily. Ed Morton who sings is a great favorite wherever he appears. Before adopting a stage career he was a sergeant of police in Philadelphia. Arthur Stone and Marion Hayes will appear in a carnival episode entitled "Green Goods." As a village wisecrack Mr. Stone gives



THE KNEISEL QUARTET

At the Columbia Theatre Sunday afternoon, April 9, and Wednesday night, April 12



SCENE FROM "RAMONA"

The wonderful cinema-theatrical entertainment at the Cort



a clever performance, and as the experienced showwoman Miss Hayes presents a character new to the stage. Bert Wheeler and Company will introduce their automobile pantomime "The Troubles of a Jitney Bus." The Sultanas, a quartet of fine vocalists in an offering called "An Oriental Betrothal" will be a special feature. Miss N. Allen, a soprano of beautiful voice, is the feature of the act. Her associates are Miss C. Druar, alto; Mr. V. Baroni, tenor; and Mr. M. L. Boule, baritone. Mr. E. Volpich is musical director.

#### Second Week of Florence Roberts

"The Eternal Magdalene" which is being presented by Florence Roberts and a cast of New York players at the Columbia, will continue next week. Selwyn and Company are the producers. The engagement will end Sunday night, April 2. Matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday.

#### Will Ward at Pantages

Will J. Ward and his five piano girls in a delightful singing specialty entitled "A Musical Bouquet" will be the headline attraction at Pantages. Ward is a classy, debonnaire young chap who has been topping the big circuits with his swagger musical offering, and was last seen here a few years ago as the feature of a big comedy show. Athena, the Egyptian dancer, created a series of mild sensations at the Exposition where she was the star of the Streets of Cairo. She has beautiful dances which include oriental and Grecian numbers. "The Bachelor's Sweetheart," with William Brandell and several pretty show girls, is another pleasing attraction. Dashing little Maidei De Long who calls herself "the baseball girl," and is one of the favorite comedienne of the circuit, will return with her clever character impersonations. The Cavana duo will show the latest stunts on the tight wire. Burns and Kissen, a pair of Hebrew comedians, and the second installment of "The Iron Claw" will round out the bill.



FREDERICK JACOBI

Composer of "The Pide Piper" to be played by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at its ninth pair of concerts this Friday and Sunday

## AT THE THEATRES

### THE KNEISEL QUARTET

Founded in Conjunction With the Boston Symphony Orchestra by Col. Higginson

#### COLUMBIA THEATRE

Sunday Afternoon, April 9, at 2:30  
and Wednesday Night, April 12, at 8:15

Season Tickets \$3.50, \$2.50, \$1.50. Single Concerts \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. Box Office Opens Monday, April 3, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, corner Sutter and Kearny, where Mail Orders May Now be Addressed to WILL L. GREENBAUM.

The Mason & Hamlin Piano Used.

### EVENT EXTRAORDINARY!!

The Entire



### New York Symphony Orchestra (80 Men)

WALTER DAMROSCH, Conductor

In Conjunction With

### JOSEPH HOFMANN

The Master Pianist



### 4 CONCERTS

2 NIGHTS AND 2 AFTERNOONS

Thursday and Saturday Nights, April 13 and 15,  
At 8:15

Friday and Sunday Afternoons, April 14 and 16,  
At 3

Season Tickets \$10.00, \$8.00, \$6.00, \$4.00, ready Wednesday, April 5. Single Tickets \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00 ready Saturday, April 8. Box Seats \$3.00.

ADDRESS MAIL ORDERS WITH CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO WILL L. GREENBAUM at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, corner Sutter and Kearny Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

—SPECIAL—

### YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT

SAT. MAT., APRIL 15, AT "POP" PRICES

Steinway Piano Used.

## CORT

### LEADING THEATRE

Ellis and Market

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2ND BIG WEEK STARTS SUNDAY, MARCH 26

2 P. M.—TWICE DAILY—8 P. M.

Clune's Premier Production

Helen Hunt Jackson's Thrilling and Romantic Story of California and the Mission Indians

### "RAMONA"

The Story Completely Told in 14 Sections  
Complete Musical Score Interpreted by Vocalists and Symphonic Orchestra

Nights, 25c, 50c, 75c; Matinees, 25c, 50c

ALL SEATS RESERVED

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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon.

Safest and Most  
Magnificent  
Theatre in  
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Matinee Every Day

Last Week

### HARRY GREEN & CO.

In "The Cherry Tree"

In Conjunction With

### A GREAT NEW SHOW

The Inimitable DESIREE LUBOWSKA, Impressionistic Character Dancer; CLARK & VERDI, Italian Comedians; WARREN & CONLEY, "Fun On the Board Walk;" ED MORTON, Vaudeville's Pleasing Singer; ARTHUR STONE & MARION HAYES in "Green Goods;" BERT WHEELER & CO. in "The Troubles of a Jitney Bus;" ORPHEUM TRAVELOGUE; THE SULTANAS, "An Oriental Betrothal," Featuring Miss Nellie Allen.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

## SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ—CONDUCTOR

Tenth (Last) Pair of Symphony Concerts

### CORT THEATRE

Friday, March 31, 3 P. M.

Sunday, April 2, 2:30 P. M.

PROGRAM:

Symphony No. 3, "Eroica," E flat major, Op. 95.....

.....Beethoven

Overture, "Genoveva" .....Schumann

"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" (Rondo), Op. 28....

.....Richard Strauss

PRICES: Friday, \$2, \$1.50, \$1, 75c; box, loge seats \$3. Sunday \$1, 75c, 50c; box, loge seats \$1.50. Tickets at usual places.

## COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse Geary and Mason

Phone Franklin 150

BEGINNING SUNDAY NIGHT, MARCH 26

SECOND AND LAST WEEK

Selwyn and Co. Present

### FLORENCE ROBERTS

In Robert McLaughlin's Play

"THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE"

(Not a Film)

Evenings, Including Sunday, Also Saturday Matinee, \$1.50 to 25c. Wednesday Matinee, 25c to \$1

### Joint Song and Violin Recital

ALICE GENTLE

Dramatic Soprano

LOUIS PERSINGER

Violin Virtuoso

(His Final San Francisco Concert Appearance)

AT

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

Wednesday Eve., March 29, at 8:30 o'clock

Prices, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. Tickets on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and, on evening of concert only, at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

## ALCAZAR THEATRE

PHONE KEARNY 2

Commencing Monday Night, March 27th

Matinees Thursday, Saturday, Sunday

FAREWELL WEEK

BERT LYTELL-EVELYN VAUGHAN

And Their Own Company of Players in

The Very Latest New York Laughing Success

"A FULL HOUSE"

By FRED JACKSON

First Time in San Francisco

PRICES—Evenings: 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees: 25c, 50c

Next—Kolb & Dill in Their Big Photoplay

Success: "Glory"

## PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE

MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON

WILL J. WARD

And His

FIVE PIANO GIRLS

"A Musical Bouquet"

ATHENN

Famous Oriental Danseuse

WM. BRANDELL & CO.

"The Bachelor's Sweetheart"

A WONDERFUL 8 ACT SHOW!



## Funston, Tamer of Bad Men

(Continued from Page 6)

is history too recent to require repetition. After the crisis was over the New York Sun said of General Funston:

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, and Frederick Funston must be saluted as a victor in a stupendous crisis."

When ex-President Taft, then Secretary of War, went on his mission to Cuba General Funston went with him. Subsequently he served as head of the army service schools at Fort Leavenworth and in other routine posts of duty. Then came the Mexican crisis of the spring of 1914 when General Huerta's subordinates refused to salute the American flag at Vera Cruz after firing on American sailors and marines. The navy took Vera Cruz and General Funston was sent there in command of a force of occupation and remained in command until the order to withdraw troops arrived.

## Pershing Chased Geronimo

Ever since he came out of West Point in 1886 as senior cadet captain, the highest honor there, Brigadier-General John J. Pershing has been living and fighting battles that fit him preëminently to deal with Villa and his followers.

General Pershing was ten years in the Southwest, fighting Geronimo and his Apaches. He was in the Spanish war with a negro regiment and was called by his colonel the bravest and coolest man under fire he had ever seen, and he accomplished the extraordinarily difficult task of subjugating the Moros in the Philippines.

It was for all of these things probably, but chiefly for his work in the Philippines, that President Roosevelt in September, 1916, promoted Captain Pershing to the rank of Brigadier-General, jumping him over the heads of 862 other officers—the record jump in the history of the army.

In January, 1914, General Pershing left the island of Mindanao and four months later he left this city for the Mexican border in command of the Eighth Brigade. On August 27 of last year his wife, who was Frances Warren, daughter of United States Senator Francis E. Warren of Wyoming, and three of their little children were burned to death in the fire at the Presidio.

General Pershing's first duty after being graduated from West Point, where his rank as senior cadet captain stamped him as the nearest of his classmates to the ideal of a soldier, was to plunge into the campaigns that destroyed the power of Geronimo and opened the Southwest to a tardy civilization.

He was assigned to the old Sixth Cavalry, and in August of 1887, scarcely a year from school, he was complimented by General Miles for "marching his troops, with pack train, over rough country, 140 miles in forty-six hours, bringing in every animal and man in good condition."

This is a better record than that which Pershing made at the inception of the Villa hunt last week when he led his force at the gruelling pace of one hundred and ten miles in forty-two hours. This was at the rate of about two and one-half miles an hour. The old record average a little more than three miles an hour.

In 1889 Lieutenant Pershing rescued a party of horse thieves and cowboys who were besieged by hostile Zunis without firing a shot, for which he was "highly commended for discretion" by General Carr. There were other recommendations which he won during the ten

years of service in the Department of Arizona during the desperate clashes there.

His next post was back at West Point as tactical officer, but in 1898 at his own request he rejoined his regiment, the Tenth Cavalry, and went to the Spanish war. He was promoted for gallantry at the battle of El Caney in Cuba and returned from Santiago to Washington to solve problems as the head of the division of customs and insular affairs.

It was in September, 1899, that he was assigned to duty in the Philippines, again at his own request, and he became Adjutant-General, executive officer, of the Department of Mindanao and Jolo. There he studied the "Moro problem," and in June, 1901, he was sent out single-handed to cope with the old problem which Spain had shirked and which revolved about Lake Lanao in the island of Mindanao, where a horde of murderous farmers, Mohammedans, were engaged in the work of killing infidels.

These natives, commanded by their dattos, or warlords, who in turn were led by their sultans, increased the number of raids on coast towns when the American soldiers arrived, and their first check was received in the fight at Bayan, a brilliant tactical victory for Pershing.

When the Sultan of Bacolod would not be conciliated Pershing, in command of a battalion of infantry, a squadron of cavalry and a section of guns, warned him that Bacolod would be destroyed. In two days the fort in which the sultan dreamed of perpetual security was only a memory and Pershing's men had received on their bayonets the charge of a hundred maddened Malays. The casualty list for the United States soldiers consisted of two slightly wounded men.

Then other strongholds of the Moros were demolished, one after another, until forty forts were destroyed and island of Mindanao was placed under subjection, while only two Americans were killed.

Pershing became the military governor of the island; he became the friend of the subjugated natives, was elected a datto by them and sat as judge over their disputes.

In 1903 he was relieved of the command of

the Lanao expedition because of illness. Later he led commands against rebellious Moros under the Sultan of Jolo and over them his victory was also complete.

In 1906 he became a Brigadier-General. Under the law President Roosevelt could not have bestowed the rank of Colonel upon Captain Pershing, so the President gave him the record promotion.

## Among Our Artists

(Continued from Page 11.)

So it is not surprising that on entering the gallery at Rabjohn and Morcom's where Adolph Berson is giving an exhibition of his oil paintings, the eye travels first to the canvases that depict the dunes. Here are "Gray Day Among the Sand Dunes," "Sand Dunes, Pacific Grove," "Sand Dunes, Monterey," and simply "Sand Dunes." They are faithful renditions of the stretches we delight in. Perhaps it is not merely our prejudice which pronounces them the best pictures in the exhibition.

### SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF CITY ABSTRACT AND TITLE INSURANCE CO.

of San Francisco, in the State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1915, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California pursuant to law.

Assets	
Mortgage and collateral loans.....	\$157,250.00
Cash in company's office and banks.....	15,042.66
Premiums in course of collection.....	1,455.40
Bills receivable .....	3,289.70
Other ledger assets—Plant .....	\$125,000.00
Furniture and fixtures.....	5,754.54
Recording .....	241.90
	<u>130,996.44</u>
Ledger assets .....	<u>\$308,034.20</u>

### NON-LEDGER ASSETS:

Total gross assets .....	\$308,034.20
Deduct assets not admitted .....	11,045.85
Total admitted assets .....	<u>\$296,988.35</u>

### Liabilities

All other liabilities Title Insurance surplus fund.....	\$ 10,397.50
Total liabilities (except capital and surplus) .....	10,397.50
Capital .....	250,000.00
Surplus .....	36,590.85
Total liabilities, capital and surplus.....	<u>296,988.35</u>

H. W. DIMOND, President.  
J. H. HUMPHREY, Secretary.  
3-25-4



DESIREE LUBOWSKA

Impressionistic character dancer next week at the Orpheum



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The stock market the past week was irregular, but on the whole the market gave a good account of itself and in some cases specialties were advanced sharply. The Mexican situation was not a factor, and in the face of trouble with Mexico, Mexican Petroleum was buoyant and the stock advanced easily. Some of the railroad issues, especially the coal roads, became quite prominent. The earnings of this class of rails have shown a decided improvement over last year, and these stocks are now being looked over by investors. The steel tonnage report showed an increase of over 500,000 unfilled tonnage, which was somewhat larger than expected. The demand for steel products far exceeds the capacity of the mills, and the leading products are unwilling to contract too far ahead. The corporation has so much on its books now that further additions to its unfilled orders make little or no difference, because it can get them if it is in a position to accept them. Railroads have placed large orders for locomotives, cars and rails recently, and foreign orders are coming in freely. The General Electric Company and some other large concerns are not figuring on any more war orders, having all the commercial business they can handle. The Allies are not distributing orders for war materials as widely as before, but are giving preference to those concerns which have given the best satisfaction. The day of the speculative go-between is over. It is probable that orders for 1,000,000 tons of rails will be booked for delivery in 1917, and this is more important than war orders. The amount of metals consumed in filling war orders is much less than the public has been led to believe. If the St. Paul Railroad electrifies its mountain division, the wiring alone will call for more copper than all the war orders amount to, and the real bullish factor of today is the vast increase in the demand for and production of peace products. War orders stimulated business a year ago, but are not its backbone today. Steel shares were strong and active, and the same old story about a big pool in Steel common was again told.

**Wheat**—Prices are only slightly under last week's figures, and meanwhile have been at times lower and at times higher, notwithstanding that recently the statistical situation has assumed a very bearish cast. This aggregation of statistics began with the Government's figures on farm reserves, since when the private computation of wheat in all positions in this country and Canada gives a result so ponderable that it is surprising the effect is not more pronounced. Little encouragement has been derived from the export situation, the demand being of a moderate character. Besides, it has been reported that some of the vessels recently used for carrying grain are to be diverted to the transportation of other supplies, and that the allied nations have bought up large quantities of wheat in countries other than this. The

market so far has withstood the effect of this news, perhaps because prices have reached a level that ordinarily would be considered reasonable from the standpoint of war conditions. In a measure, prices have been sustained by the discouraging reports that have been received in relation to winter wheat, but of course the extent of the damage has to be determined, and it is not as yet a potent factor in the situation. The Argentine shipments this week are about the same as last week, and Liverpool was reported as disappointed that the shipments were not larger. From this, it could be assumed that the facilities for handling the Argentine and Australian crops were not to be any more plentiful than exists for the handling of this country's wheat. There is little in the situation to encourage optimism as to a considerable advance in prices until it is seen whether any material harm has been done to the winter wheat crop; at the same time, it does not appear conservative to anticipate much lowering of values after a decline of such extent, despite the statistical facts, and we consequently incline to the belief that purchases on normal setbacks is the safer policy, much for the reason that a part of the trade is in a mood to press the short side on the appearance of weakness and thereby creates a reasonably healthy technical condition at such times.

**Corn** is ruling somewhat higher, but there has been no special weakness or strength since a week ago, prices maintaining about an average level. This is due somewhat to the fact that receipts continue comparatively moderate. There has been, however, no particular demand and no export sales of note. War conditions no doubt have created some extraordinary channels of consumption besides which there is undoubtedly a good feeding demand. The Government's figures indicate a moderate percentage of merchantable corn, and this fact has recently extended some strength to values. Argentine shipments are light, and it is assumed that some export business could be done were cars and ocean tonnage available. The technical position is sound, but it is doubtful if prices will experience any decided weakness from the low level made within the last few weeks; on the contrary, it seems more logical, under the conditions, to expect an appreciation in values.

**Cotton**—The cotton market continues to mark time, and prices are not very far from last week's closing figures. Sentiment, however, has undergone a change to the constructive side of the market. A good many of the pronounced bears have covered their short commitments and are now waiting for something to develop which will move the market out of its present rut. The textile business in this country is very good and mill men report an increase in the demand for all kinds of cotton goods. The foreign situation has shown very little change, and the export business is slow. Judging from

the talk in cotton circles, the drought in Texas is a factor operating for bullish sentiment in cotton, although advices from the Southwest would suggest that it will cause an increase in the cotton acreage originally intended. The idea appears to be that the drought will affect the production of cotton. Some cotton men express the opinion that the market will hold strong until Texas gets rain. As far as experienced cotton people can see the situation, the sole effect of the drought for the present will be to cause the abandonment of grain for cotton, leading to, possibly, a material increase in the cotton area. Should the dry spell continue, it may be that planting of cotton will be delayed. Nor can the cotton already planted be expected to germinate until rain comes. Granting this, these people maintain that there is plenty of time for Texas to plant cotton and grow it successfully. We are of the opinion that cotton around the 12 cent level warrants a purchase.

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Haight and Belvedere

DECEMBER 31ST, 1915:

Assets .....	\$61,849,662.02
Deposits .....	58,840,699.38
Capital actually paid up in Cash .....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds .....	2,008,962.64
Employees' Pension Fund .....	211,238.93
Number of Depositors .....	67,406
Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.	

For the 6 months ending December 31st, 1915, a  
dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was  
declared.

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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES B. HAGGIN, deceased, No. 19515.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors and executrix of the will of JAMES B. HAGGIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 18th day of March, 1916) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors and executrix at the office of F. G. Drum, Room number 704 West Coast Life Building, Number 354 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES B. HAGGIN, deceased.

LOUIS T. HAGGIN,  
MARGARET V. HAGGIN,  
ALLAN McCULLOH,  
H. ESK MOLLER,

Executors and executrix of the will of James B. Haggin, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1916.

GARRET W. MCENERNEY,

Attorney for Executors and Executrix,  
2002 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

3-18-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATTHEW NUNAN, deceased, No. 20334.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the will of MATTHEW NUNAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 18th day of March, 1916), in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, Room number 2002 Hobart Building, Number 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATTHEW NUNAN, deceased.

FRANK NUNAN,  
MICHAEL SULLIVAN,

Executors of the will of Matthew Nunan, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1916.

GARRET W. MCENERNEY,

Attorney for Executors,  
2002 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

3-18-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20,540, N. S.; Dept. No. 10, Probate.  
In the Matter of the Estate of MARY A. HAMILTON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Executor of the last will and testament of MARY A. HAMILTON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the office of McCutchen, Olney & Willard, Room No. 1107 in the Merchants Exchange Building, situate at the southwest corner of California and Leidesdorff Streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY A. HAMILTON, deceased.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON,

Executor of the last will and testament of Mary A. Hamilton, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, March 25th, 1916

McCUTCHEN, OLNEY & WILLARD,

Attorneys for Executor,  
Room No. 1107 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,  
San Francisco, California.

3-25-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN W. SHIELDS, deceased.—No. 20460 N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the estate of JOHN W. SHIELDS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the office of their attorney, Lewis F. Byington, Room 617 Balboa Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN W. SHIELDS, deceased.

ALVIN W. SHIELDS,

KATE GARRETT,

Executor and Executrix of the estate of John W. Shields, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 11, 1916.

LEWIS F. BYINGTON,

Attorney for Executor and Executrix,  
617 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

3-11-5

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Street and No.....

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN CHARLES TAYLOR, deceased.—No. 20431; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Will of JOHN CHARLES TAYLOR, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said JULIET LOUISE TAYLOR, Executrix of the Will of said deceased, at the office of Paul McDonald, 464 California Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN CHARLES TAYLOR, deceased.

JULIET LOUISE TAYLOR,  
Executrix of the Will of John Charles Taylor, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 4, 1916.

PAUL McDONALD,

Attorney for Executrix,  
464 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

3-4-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HEALEY C. DAVIS, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of HEALEY C. DAVIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Norman A. Eisner, her attorney, 344-345 Mills Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HEALEY C. DAVIS, deceased.

FLORENCE DAVIS,

Administratrix of the estate of Healey C. Davis, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26, 1916.

NORMAN A. EISNER,

Attorney for Administratrix,  
344-345 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

26-2-5

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71603.  
FELIX D. C. MCGOVERN, Plaintiff, vs. JANET B. MCGOVERN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:  
JANET M. MCGOVERN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

By ROBERT W. DENNIS, Deputy Clerk.

TOWSON S. GRASTY,

Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1201 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

26-2-10

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIA CASTAGNETTO, deceased.—No. 20163.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARIA CASTAGNETTO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Jos. F. Cavanaugh, Esq., at No. 550 Montgomery Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

GIACOMO CASTAGNETTO,

Administrator of the estate of Maria Castagnetto, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26, 1916.

JOSEPH F. CAVAGNARO,

Attorney for Estate,  
550 Montgomery St.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

26-2-5

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 15539; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of LOUIS LEVY, Deceased.

JACOB LEVY, as Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of LOUIS LEVY, deceased, having on the 23rd day of February, 1916, presented to this Court, and having filed herein his verified petition to due form praying for an order authorizing him to borrow the sum of five thousand dollars, at a rate of interest not exceeding five and one-half per cent net per annum, and to mortgage to the Hibernia Savings & Loan Society as security to it for the payment of such loan, the hereinafter described real property, and that such mortgage security be given by him in the form of a flat mortgage in the sum of four thousand dollars, payable one year after date, with interest thereon at the rate of five and one-half per cent per annum, together with an installment mortgage in the sum of one thousand dollars, with interest at a like rate, principal and interest payable in sixty equal monthly installments of nineteen and 10/100 dollars, and that he be authorized to execute promissory notes therefor, and which said mortgages shall be upon the following described real property situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Turk Street, distant thereon one hundred and two (102) feet seven (7) inches westerly from the westerly line of Buchanan Street, running thence westerly along said northerly line of Turk Street fifty-one (51) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the southerly line of Laurel Avenue; thence at a right angle easterly and along said line of Laurel Avenue fifty-one (51) feet ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to said northerly line of Turk Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 280.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, at the Court Room of Department Number 10 thereof, situate at the City Hall, San Francisco, California, on the 29th day of March, 1916, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M. of said day then and there to show cause, if any they have, why said prayer of said petition should not be granted and the real property above described mortgaged as prayed for.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper published in said City and County of San Francisco.

For further particulars I do hereby refer to the petition now on file herein.

Dated: February 23rd, 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of said Superior Court.

LEO KAUFMANN,  
Attorney-at-law,  
San Francisco, Cal.

2-26-5



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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVII. No. 1232

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 1, 1916

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Germany The Industrial Octopus

Washington Smashing Business Again

What Idealism Has Done In Mexico

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A Blingumite Talks of "Tommy" Sears

*Read the March Lantern*



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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

### Plans of Preparedness

The problem of preparedness is far from solved. It is not to be solved until the mollicoddles of Congress have been routed. The Hay army bill, which was passed by the House last week, was a mollicoddle measure, and the Chamberlain army bill now before the Senate, is a compromise measure differing but very little from the Hay bill. The plan that will finally be adopted will be one satisfactory, in all probability, to the President, and that plan will not be agreed upon until a conference committee representing the two branches decides what measure of preparation shall be undertaken. The absorbing question of the moment in Congress is how large the regular army should be in time of peace. The Hay bill provides for an army of 140,000 men. The Chamberlain bill provides for an army of 178,000 men. Both army bills provide for the federalization of the militia, a force described by Representative Gardner "as forty-eight little armies of amateur soldiers." The indications are that the hope for a more adequate degree of preparation than that which the Hay bill provides lies with the Senate. There the demand for national defense is stronger, and the solicitude for the militia less keen, than in the House. Much significance is attached to the crystallization of sentiment in both houses in favor of a system of military training which will give the country a citizen soldiery of the sort the President seemed to have in mind when he delivered his message to Congress. It is known that the President is not satisfied with the Hay bill, that he favors a larger standing army than is therein provided for and a reserve force consisting of men who have passed through both the regular service and the militia.

### Smashing Business

Now it is the armor plate business that must go. The men that built up this business have found it profitable, and therefore they are legitimate objects of malice and envy, which appear to be the dominant qualities of our twentieth century democracy. Not satisfied with fright-

ening the capital that was organizing shortly after the outbreak of the war for the purpose of enlarging our capacity for shipbuilding, nor with sweeping American ships off the Pacific, Mr. Wilson is now determined to torpedo private armor plate plants. It is the policy of the Governments of England, France and Germany to work hand in hand with private plants, and they have found it to their interest to do so, but President Wilson, who is a man very fond of his own ideas, is not to be persuaded to borrow any from Europe. He never changes his mind until the mischief wrought by his malign genius is in its efflorescence, and so he rushed the Tillman bill through the Senate, a bill that authorizes the construction or purchase of a Government armor plate plant at a cost of \$11,000,000. Every Democratic Senator voted for the bill. A feeble attempt was made to require the employment of expert accountants to keep a record of the expense of establishing a plant and the cost per ton of Government armor, but the proposition met with something like derision. The president of the Bethlehem Steel Company, which has been accused of charging an exorbitant price for armor plate, has offered to submit the books of the corporation to the accountants of the Federal Trade Commission for the purpose of having the cost of armor plate ascertained and with the understanding that they may fix the price, but as the acceptance of this proposition would mean the rejection of the President's socialistic policy, it is not likely to receive serious consideration. Mr. Wilson is bound to have his way his blunders to perform, and it is when we reflect on them that we find ourselves becoming reconciled to the political activities of the Germanophiles, as they call themselves. The editor of the *German Herold* of New York has figured out that with the Germanophile vote against him Mr. Wilson as a candidate for reelection will labor under a handicap quite as heartbreaking as that of the proverbial clawless cat in the midst of the Dante circles. And with all our heart we hope that the *Herold* editor's calculations are without flaw.

### Mind Your Vitamine

Life has become so fast and fleeting even without the aid of the automobile that all of us are more or less on the alert for means of delaying the inevitable issue. Hence the difficulty of overcrowding the medical profession and the increasing circulation of the monthly reports of the United States Public Health Service. Occasionally we find these reports worth while. The February report is one that contains news of an important discovery that merits its being brought to public attention. The discovery is that of a food

element not hitherto recognized. It is to be known as vitamine. This is an element without which the nutritive processes of the body cannot be properly performed. It is required in addition to the usual proteids, fats and carbohydrates. There is enough of it for the needs of the body in the ordinary mixed diet, but it may be destroyed by imperfect preparation of food, and in such cases nutrition suffers, sometimes to a fatal degree. One of the well known diseases resulting from lack of vitamine is beriberi which is caused by a steady diet of polished rice. Infantile malnutrition is due to lack of vitamine. In fowls it is manifested by a paralysis technically called polyneuritis. So vitamine is a good thing to have in one's system; and it is therefore interesting to learn that an expert of the national hygienic laboratory recently obtained a preparation from waste products derived from brewer's yeast which appears to have all the properties of the essential element. A dose of it brings relief to a paralyzed pigeon within an hour, and to all outward appearances the pigeon will be normal in twelve hours. Finding that the quantity required for a man is equal to six ounces the expert of the national laboratory prepared a concentrated form which can be conveniently taken in capsule doses of 75 grains a day.

### War Caricatures

The faculty of enduing abstractions with mortal shape, which the learned call anthropomorphism, is getting a good deal of exercise these days, especially in Europe. This is one of the signs of savagery. It was the common tendency of the primitive man to carve his good gods into the rude semblance of himself and his evil spirits into frightful monsters. The imaginative savage had the germ of symbolism in his breast, and he interpreted the unseen in terms of the visible, approaching as near to realism as he was able. Something of the same tendency is perceptible in the personification of nationality. And now that there is so much ill-feeling in the world some horrible caricatures are making their appearance. Devised in a spirit of resentment, these caricatures that are supposed to symbolize national character exaggerate every vice that has been attributed to the nations they represent. Malicious perversions, all of them, but exaggeration is the essence of caricature, and the touch of malice serves to heighten the desired effect. One hundred years hence these caricatures will afford an interesting study of the re-barbarization of Europe in the second decade of the twentieth century.

### Criticism of the United States

These are times unfavorable to impartial appraisements of the peoples of the earth. Even in time of peace, as we learned



when reading Charles Dickens, the critic has a keener perception for what is ill than for what is good in a land that is not his own. At present international criticism is principally the reflection of quivering emotions, and there is nowhere a genuine Daniel come to a nation's judgment. But there is a great deal of partisan prejudice, and no end of invective and sarcasm, much of which is visited on this fat and flourishing land. This is what we might have expected. Trying to please everybody, we have succeeded in pleasing nobody. But we are accustomed to the jaundiced brand of foreign criticism, and we are philosophical rather than resentful. We know this is a land where all's well that sells well, and where the paramount Puritan has a patent process for solving the problem of serving both God and Mammon. But if we preen ourselves on our scattered virtues we do not wallow proudly in our vices. Hence whatever foreign critics may say of us in the bitterness of their spirit they cannot beat the home product. Nobody in foreign parts has hit our Government quite so hard as our former President, Mr. Roosevelt. The Government appears to be in disgrace not only abroad but right at its own fireside. And like foreign criticism the domestic is divided. The President is damned for what he has done and execrated for what he has not done. There is abuse of him for not aiding the Allies, and denunciation of him for not aiding the Central Powers. Doubtless he is not undeserving of criticism; but some of his critics have betrayed very bad taste, and of these we would say a few words. We have in mind George Sylvester Viereck and Herman Scheffauer, literary men of American birth with German blood in their veins. Viereck has said that he is ashamed of his country, meaning this country, and Scheffauer who, at the time of the outbreak of the war was making a living in England, is now in Berlin calling his country names. Either of these men might discuss the Tropic of Capricorn without prejudice but neither can speak of this country at present without betraying a touch of atavism. What they think of their native land is of no importance except in so far as it is self-revealing. Fancy a full-blooded Teutonic pro-German being so sensitive as to be ashamed of this country and at the same time absolutely satisfied with all that has been done in this war by Germany! There are Americans with no German blood in their veins who are ashamed, not of their country but of their Government, and they are ashamed of their Government for not having the courage to give substantial evidence of its detestation of things that a Viereck deems worthy of applause.

#### The Anglo-Russian Entente

English business men are already making plans to place Great Britain in the position occupied by Germany before the war with respect to the trade of the Russian Empire. In the contest for supremacy in that field, as in others, German merchants and

manufacturers had outstripped their English rivals, but the situation will be greatly changed after the war. There is now such intense and widespread hatred of Germany in Russia that the use of the German language in the Czar's dominions is forbidden by law, while between England and Russia there has developed a sympathy in strong contrast with the feeling that hitherto existed. For the best part of a century British interests were constantly clashing with those of Russia, and in England it was the general belief that the one beast in the international jungle with which the lion could never by any possibility associate on friendly terms was the bear. And behind this traditional enmity there was a still more deeply rooted anti-Russian sentiment founded upon the character of the domestic tyranny which has prevailed and still prevails in that great empire. But this sentiment was abating even before the war. English literary men who had lived in Russia and studied Russian character were writing books on the country and arguing that it was not so bad as it was painted. Their books were having the effect of popularizing the Anglo-Russian entente. However, when the war broke out there was no evidence of a marked change in public sentiment toward Russia. Within a day or two of the declaration of war the Tricolour was to be seen floating everywhere in London, but it took several weeks and a certain amount of artificial stimulation before the British public realized that it must in duty reconcile itself to the strange sight of the blue cross of Russia floating beside the Union Jack. The London press had to be called to order once or twice before it became accustomed to the new situation. Bernard Shaw described the change by saying that English writers began holding a candle to the Devil in the shape of the Russian Government when its military support became important to England.

#### Russia in a New Light

There were other circumstances, more important even than the fact of the active alliance, which doubtless tended to transform the old British attitude toward Russia. In the first place it became evident that the Russian people and the Russian Government were at one. Jews and labor leaders in the Duma, though not forgetting their particular grievances, vied with one another in their demonstrations of loyalty to the Government of the Czar and to their fellow subjects, and declared their intention of sinking all domestic differences. Then followed the promise of autonomy for Poland with talk of an amnesty for political offenders. In addition to all this came the most striking of all the new factors in the situation—namely, the practically unanimous faith and enthusiasm of Russian Liberals exiled in England and France. In the face of these facts it was easy for Britishers to find, aside from the circumstance that they and the Russians had become brothers-in-arms, reasons for reconsidering their attitude toward what they had always re-

garded as a monstrous tyranny. But, as we have said, even before the war English writers were doing much toward diminishing traditional antipathy for Russia. Among the most influential of these writers was Maurice Baring, one of the most amiable of men and a writer whose word commands the respect of discriminating readers. Baring lived in Russia many years. He knows Russian character, Russian temperament; he has studied the government in all its dips, spurs and angles; he is versed in Russian literature; he is as familiar with life in the agricultural regions as with life in the cities, with the ways of the peasant as with the manners of the aristocracy; and Maurice Baring pronounces Russians the most lovable people on earth. His books are eye-openers to people whose knowledge of Russia has been derived from revolutionaries and political exiles. He does not attempt to palliate the ways of the Russian Government. On the contrary, he expounds the viciousness of the bureaucratic system, and he points out the terrible evils that flow therefrom, but he insists that the Russian is essentially a man of gentle, kindly nature, and he illustrates Russian character with many anecdotes and many stories of incidents that came under his observation. The Beilis trial is one of the things he points to by way of proof that the Russian is not at all like his Government. Here was a case in which all the power of a despotic Government was brought to bear in the prosecution of an object of racial hatred. But fortunately he obtained a jury trial, and the jury was composed of men of the plain people, and though their passions were appealed to by officers of the Government, and every available artifice was employed to influence them they could not be induced to find a verdict of guilty. Baring's book *The Mainsprings of Russia*, which was published several months before the outbreak of the war, gives us solid grounds for believing that the faith of such men as Professor Vinogradoff in the future constitutional progress of their country as a result of the war is something more than mere credulity.

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# Varied Types

CCLXXIV—AISAKU HAYASHI

By Edward F. O'Day

In September, 1892, a Japanese boy of nineteen landed at the wharf in San Francisco. He had crossed the ocean "in the steerage with the pigs," as he puts it. He had a little English, no money and the address of a Japanese mission on Jessie street. Three hours after setting foot in this city he was washing the steps of the Joyce home on Fair Oaks street. It was a steady job of the "Japanese school boy variety" which lasted two years and paid him a dollar and a half a week. During those two years the boy attended day and night school at the mission on Jessie street. From the Joyces this boy went to a family out on Sutter street. He worked there for three years, attending Lowell High all that time. Then he got a position in one of the Japanese art shops, worked hard at it, kept on with his studies and managed to save a little money. When he had enough to take him East he went to Northfield; and there he worked during the summer to pay for his winter tuition at Mount Hermon. After three years at Mount Hermon he found a lowly position in the shop of Yaminaka, New York dealer in Japanese art. At the start it was not much better than his first San Francisco position, but at the end of his seventeenth year in the United States this Japanese was the manager of the business.

At the beginning of 1916 this same Japanese landed in San Francisco with his wife. They had traveled luxuriously this time. They put up at the St. Francis where Manager James Woods gave special orders for their reception and entertainment. On their way East they were feted by the managers of big hotels wherever they stopped. In Washington they dined with Secretary Redfield. In New York a banquet was given in the man's honor by John Bowman, the manager of the Biltmore. On their return to San Francisco last week there was a banquet at the St. Francis tendered by the Northern Hotel Men's Association.

The name of this Japanese is Aisaku Hayashi. The story of his American fortunes reminds one of the story of Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet who arrived in San Francisco shortly before him. Noguchi rose from menial toil to an assured position in contemporary literature. Hayashi rose to eminence in business. Incidentally, the two men are friends. Noguchi is a regular contributor to the Tokio magazine which Mr. Hayash publishes in the English language.

Hayashi is one of the most important business men of Japan. He is manager of the famous Imperial Hotel in Tokio. He took hold of the property when it was run down and losing money; he put it on a paying basis. He organized the Japanese Touring Bureau in which the Japanese Government is interested. He re-organized the Japanese Hotel Association to which all the big hotel men of Japan belong. He has been in this country for three months gathering ideas for a three-million-dollar hotel to replace the old Imperial in Tokio.

I should say offhand that he is today the same polite, kind-hearted, quick, industrious, studious and steady Japanese who busied himself with mop and bucket on the Joyce steps three hours after his arrival in this city nearly twenty-four years ago. He has a warm spot in his heart for the Joyce family. They treated him very kindly, he says. He has tried hard to find them, but they left Fair Oaks street years ago and left no trace which he could follow. Perhaps these

lines will reach the eyes of a Joyce or of a friend of the Joyces. If so, the Joyces may be pleased to know that one of Japan's great business men is eager to see them and talk about old happy times. The family for which Hayashi worked way out on Sutter street now live in Spokane, and he has visited them there.

Aisaku Hayashi has a very real affection for America. Our people, he says, were uniformly kind to him, and set him on the road which he has traveled to worldly success. He cannot forget that, and doesn't want to. It is his desire to requite the obligation by doing all in his power to improve the relations existing between the citizens of the two countries.

Mr. Hayashi speaks English as a cultivated Englishman or American speaks it, with complete mastery of the idiom. There is nothing foreign about his pronunciation; and what is much more remarkable and very uncommon, there is nothing foreign about his intonation either. To converse with him is to receive pleasure of the ear as well as of the mind. Mr. Hayashi's is a good mind, well stored with experience, reflective, its processes guided by ideals.

"Great results," he says, "come from what seem to be little things. The cursing, persecuting Saul of Tarsus was struck from his horse, and with that incident began the wonderful career which took him to Rome where he helped to found the greatest institution for moral enlightenment the world has known. One never knows what great consequences may follow a little action. In my talks to my hotel help in Tokio I impress upon them that no matter how menial the work they do—cleaning boots, pressing clothes, washing bath tubs—they should remember that by doing it well they discharge a duty to their country. The traveler forms his opinion of a city from the service he gets in his hotel. It is not the correct way to form an opinion, but we all do it. This is particularly the case with an American visiting Japan, because he does not know the language of the country and cannot mingle with the people. It follows that if he is well served at his hotel his impression of the country will be a favorable one. On this account we hotel keepers of Japan have a responsibility which rests upon no other Japanese. It is the purpose of our Tourist Bureau and our Hotel Association to impress this responsibility upon hotel men and to help them meet it. The Government realizes the importance of this work, and assists us in it. There are about ten thousand tourists visiting Japan every year, more than half of them Americans. So you see, we have it in our power to cultivate friendly relations between the two countries.

"And the Japanese in America, especially in California, have it in their power to help a great deal too. The relations between the Japanese and the Californians are improving. They would improve much more rapidly if the Japanese in California did their part. These Japanese are wandering tribes; they are unstable; they do not take root; they are here today, somewhere else tomorrow. They are ambitious, but they do not look far enough ahead. I tell them in the true words of the poet, 'Let not ambition mock your useful toil.' If they only looked ahead they would realize that their future is here. I am speaking of those who are here now, some fifty thousand. I do not ask that

the conditions under which Japanese are admitted to California be changed. I think that with these conditions remaining as they are, the Japanese here can become useful and respected people. Let them not move around. If they have jobs, let them keep them, even if they be menial jobs, and repress the short-sighted ambition which impels them to look for something better. In twenty-five years, if they are stable, their children will be university graduates, fitted for work in the professions. And the Americans will respect them, and have a more kindly feeling toward Japan. The trouble is that my people here think too much of themselves, too little of their children. They should sacrifice themselves, be contented with menial labor, for the sake of their children's future. But they are far from perfect, and as long as they fail to realize these things we shall have this nonsense-talk of enmity between the United States and Japan. They forget too often that a settler in a foreign land cannot expect to have the road smoothed for him. It was not smoothed for me, but I am glad to know that I realized my position. I had no trouble. I never found the people I worked for anything but kindly. I owe a great deal to those people. I tried to repay them. I did not waste my days. And I am still trying to repay them by helping my countrymen to do right."

It will be inferred that Mr. Hayashi, besides being a serious-minded man, is familiar with Japanese-Californian relations. That is the way he impressed the hotel men who attended the banquet in his honor. It is too bad we do not meet more Japanese like him. Those who come to us on missions from Japan are too often men who do not understand our western ways and whose eastern ways we do not understand. But Mr. Hayashi began to get acquainted with us three hours after he first landed on our soil twenty-four years ago. He has been improving that acquaintance ever since. Japanese like Mr. Hayashi are doing a great deal to negative the harmful activities of Japanese jingoes. Happily, he has a great influence and the means of increasing it. And he is our friend. For that we should be deeply thankful. And in our gratitude we should not forget the Joyces. They gave the young Hayashi his first impression of Californians, and it was a pleasant impression.

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## Perspective Impressions

Blessed are the commonplace for the woes of the world worry them not.

Theodore Kytka says the Mafia is after him. If that is so he will need no microscope to decipher the black hand writing on the wall.

Something which is of no importance whatever: a lot of preachers are telling Hearst that prizefights are wicked.

Fashion hint: G. Louise Ayres, "pattern hat designer" of New York has joined the faculty of the U. C. for the summer session.

The Mexican experience has already helped us along to preparedness. We have found out that there is something wrong with our type of machine gun.

When we had our little Mexican imbroglio in 1846 Zachary Taylor, U. S. Grant and Franklin Pierce took a hand. Have we any presidential timber in Mexico today? You never can tell.

Are the Supervisors too proud to abate a nuisance or have the jitney drivers too many votes?

A Josephus Daniels fussing in Washington enables one to appreciate the observation that life would be tolerable but for its amusements.

The report that the German Crown Prince has been superseded in command of the Army of Verdun leaves us as cold as we were on the tenth report of his serious injury.

So the Colonel's latest discovery is a bird that does everything but bark. If it can sing "Onward Christian Soldiers" it would be a good substitute for the outworn bull moose.

An English sociologist foresees the fall of democracy as a result of the war. Wonder if he has keener prevision than the American sociologist of Palo Alto who foresaw the rise of democracy almost as soon as the first gun was fired.

No doubt if our army in Mexico makes any mistakes, these will all be blamed on the Mexicans.

Out of the Lamson case has come the phrase "pastor worshipers." A good phrase, a meaningful and a handy phrase.

Uncle Sam, growing economical, is going to sell his waste paper. Including, no doubt, the Congressional Record.

The Kaiser has made the Sultan a field marshal. It is now safe to say that the Sultan is the greatest indoor field marshal in the world.

So we're to have "The Star Spangled Banner" played in our theatres every night. Good! Now a lot of people may wake up to the fact that "America" is not our national anthem.

The chairman of the finance committee of the Board of Supervisors threatens us with higher taxes. Is there nothing to be done about it?

## Germany The Industrial Octopus

*(Excerpts from a lecture delivered by M. Henri Hauser, Professor of the University of Dijon, on "German Industry Considered as a Factor Making for War," in which he shows how the Teutons were rapidly conquering the world of commerce.—Editor's note.)*

One of the favorite arguments used by pacifists in recent years was that the development of industrial civilization made all war henceforward impossible, and so to say unthinkable. The ties formed between modern peoples by industry and commerce are so manifold and so subtle, that interest, even in the absence of sentiment, makes it impossible to break them.

Nevertheless war has broken out. More than that war has been declared by a people whom we were pleased to consider the most remarkable creation of industrial civilization, and we are bound to recognize that, in the unanimous enthusiasm with which this people has welcomed the dawn of bloodshed, among the most eager voices have been those of the commercial and manufacturing classes. Financiers, managers of works, working men themselves, have all figured in the front ranks of the defenders of Imperialism. How are we to explain this paradox?

What strikes us at the very outset in the evolution of German industry is the actual greatness of the phenomenon. There is something impressive in the spectacle of this people, which forty years ago scarcely counted at all in economic geography, and yet had become on the eve of the war one of the great forces of the world. With her 900 to 1,000 million pounds of foreign commerce Germany reckoned in the second rank of mercantile nations, after England. Outstripping England herself she had achieved the second place in the smelting and production of iron and the second also in the manufacture of steel. Her mercantile marine, inferior to ours in 1870, was in 1913 surpassed only by those of England and the United States.

All this won our admiration. Are we to disavow the admiration we have expressed, because Germany has dishonored herself by crimes? No! For Frenchmen the truth is always the truth. History will certainly record the prodigious effort of will by which Germany,

victorious on the battlefield, has won her place by main force in the economic world. I do not know whether it is true that Freidrich Karl said, on the night of the surrender of Metz: "We have just conquered in the military sphere: our task is now to fight and conquer in the industrial sphere." It matters little whether the words are apocryphal: they express a profound and symbolic truth, and admirably render the thought of an entire nation.

We do not hesitate then to recognize that the German people, since the foundation of the Empire, have given proof of remarkable qualities. First and foremost they have worked with intense energy, not with the feverish excitement which raises mountains in a few days, but with persistent and patient everyday labor, regular and methodical. Ostwald is right when he attributes to the Germans the faculty and genius for organization. They have carried to perfection the art of making use of men, of putting every man in his place and of getting the maximum of output from each individual. If the genius for great discoveries seems in recent times to have deserted Germany, the Germans are past masters in the application of the discoveries of science to industry. The statement has often enough been made: It is the union of the laboratory and the workshop which is the foundation of German wealth. This truth was emphasized in 1897 by a member of your society, M. Raphael-Georges Lévy. In an article in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," which was a revelation to many Frenchmen, he wrote: "The sphere in which science wins its triumphs is that of industry. It is difficult to find a more striking demonstration of this truth than that furnished by the chemical industry of Germany. That industry came from the laboratories of great men of science such as Liebig and Hoffmann, and its continued prosperity is due to the incessant coöperation from the universities. . . . Germany is covered with laboratories, several

of which have cost £25,000, and the yearly upkeep of which requires hundreds of thousands."

Again, in one point this analysis was incomplete. Side by side with the union between laboratory and workshop, it is necessary to call attention to the union between the office of the business-director and the library of the economist, the geographer and the historian. For the method which the Germans applied to the production of a new aniline color they also carried into their search for commercial outlets, and their organization of channels of commerce. The German chemist and the German commercial traveler marched in step to the conquest of the globe.

This rise of Germany was a great and, we are prepared to say, in a certain sense, a fine spectacle; but its very rapidity contained an element which gave some ground for anxiety.

The evolution of Germany has borne a startling and almost catastrophic character. From the complex of agricultural States, dotted with industrial patches, which constituted the Zollverein in 1870, the industrial Empire has sprung up in a few years by a sort of historical "right-about-face," without any of that slow and secular preparation which marked the rise, for instance, of the English power. Time has had no share in producing industrial Germany: like nearly everything else in modern Germany it is an upstart. A few dates and figures will bring this out clearly. Karl Lamprecht has noted the fact that towards 1880 the infant industry of Germany still needed protection against its older rivals, and this protectionist movement started, by reaction, the French movement of 1892. In the midst of the internal struggle over the question of canals in 1894-1901 it is still a matter of debate "whether the majority of occupations and interests in the Empire is still agricultural or has become industrial and commercial." But facts give the answer: In 1893



the consumption of raw iron per caput of the population did not rise to 99 kilograms a year; in 1899 it amounted to 155 kilograms. The consumption of coal rises from 1,940 to 2,740 kg. a head. In the same period the production of iron and pig-iron rises from five million to more than eight million tons, that of coal from 95 million to 136 million. In six years the fate of Germany was decided by an increase in production so intensive that it seemed "unwholesome," and was destined to lead to the crisis of 1901. The country which was poor had suddenly become very rich. In 1895 the income from the fortunes of the Empire was estimated at 21 milliards (£840,000,000); in 1913 the estimate varied from 40 to 50 milliards, while the wealth of Germany was estimated at 320 milliards (£12,800,000,000), of which nearly 9.5 consisted of deposits in banks and 18 in savings-banks (caisses d'épargne). Such are the figures proudly produced by Dr. Helfferich, director of the Deutsche Bank, the present Minister of Finance of the King of Prussia, at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of William II.

This sudden increase in German wealth had very serious consequences for the character and distribution of the population of Germany. The two most notable results were the progressive disappearance of the rural population and the abrupt cessation of emigration. It is repeatedly stated that the Germans were forced into a policy of expansion and conquest by the increases of their population. This was indeed the excuse they put forward to justify their attempts to create colonies of settlement in Morocco and Asia Minor. A pitiless Malthusian law had forced them, it was said, to find for themselves a "place in the sun." Now there could be no idea more false than this of Germany as an over-populated country. It is quite true that since 1871 the population of the Empire has increased from 40 to nearly 70 millions. It is quite true that in spite of a decline in the birth rate, the increase in the population of Germany was 800,000 a year: that is, 800,000 more births than deaths, 800,000 more mouths to feed. But this increase was far from being excessive, for every year 700,000 Slavs laborers came in to work on the great estates of the East, not to mention the Italian, Croatian, Polish, etc., labor employed in towns, mines and works.

Out of 67 million Germans scarcely 17 millions are agricultural or live on agriculture. Every year an enormous number of peasants quit the land and rush into colossal factories. It is thus that the number of towns with a population over 100,000 exceeds 45, it is thus that armies of labor are formed which put 15,000 workmen at the disposal of a firm like Mannesmann, more than 30,000 under Thyssen, 73,000, nearly two army corps, under Krupp. In these figures I include all the works belonging to one firm.

To make sure of its supremacy it was of importance to remove all competition and establish German industry in the very heart of the country of her rivals. A description was given before the war of the extraordinary control acquired by German manufacturers over French works producing chemical materials, electricity, etc. At Neuville-sur-Saone it was the Badische Sodafabrik which, under a French name, provided the madder-dye for the red trousers of the French army, and possibly it even inspired the press campaign, conducted with the support of sentimental arguments, in favor of a color which was dangerous from a military point of view. The Parisian Aniline Dye Company was nothing but a branch of Meister, Lucius and Bruning of Hoechst. We have been told how a Darmstadt company for producing pharmaceutical goods came and established a

branch at Montereau in order to destroy a French factory which was there before, and how a German electric company got hold of Rouen, Nantes, Algiers, Oran and Chateauroux.

The same conquests were won at Seville, Granada, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Mendoza, Santiago and Valparaiso, while the other great electric company of Germany, the Siemens-Schuckert, established itself at Creil. Turkey, Russia, Italy and Switzerland shared the fate of France. Some weeks ago a Swiss journal gave the following figures: Société anonyme pour l'industrie de l'aluminium (Neuchatel): staff, 8 Germans, 1 Austrian, 6 Swiss; Banque des chemins de fer orientaux (Zurich): 8 Germans, 1 Frenchman, 1 Belgian, 1 Austrian, 5 Swiss; Banque pour entreprises électriques (Zurich): 15 Germans, 9 Swiss; Société des valeurs de métaux (Bale), 10 Germans, 5 Swiss. It is to be noticed that the share-capital is held by Germans, while the debentures, the moderate interest on which does not attract the Germans, are placed in Switzerland. Thus, as the "Gazette de Lausanne" summed it up: "The money of the Swiss debenture-holder serves to support German undertakings competing with Swiss manufacturers in our own country."

A remarkable study of the same subject in Italy has been made by M. Giovanni Preziosi in some articles which appeared in 1914 in the "Vita italiana all'estero," and were collected in pamphlet form in 1915 under the significant title: "Germany's Plan for the Conquest of Italy." It was indeed a war of conquest, conducted with admirable organizing faculty. At its centre was a financial staff, constituted by the "Banca commerciale . . . italiana," which naturally is called "Italian," just as the companies in France are called "French" or "Parisian." This product of German finance is described as a "Germanic octopus," the very image of the "tentacular State" before described. Establishing itself within the directing boards, and, by means of a system of secret cards, employing a regular system of commercial espionage to ruin all who resist it, it succeeded in gradually absorbing the economic energies of an entire people—establishments of credit, shipping companies, manufacturing firms; it was even able to corrupt political life, overthrow ministries and control elections. Here, as in Switzerland, the pseudo-Italian German banks "act as a pump which pumps out of Italy and pumps into Germany."

To back up this policy of economic conquest the prestige and the strength of the Empire must be put at the service of the manufacturers. To make the State as the Germans understand it, the instrument of German expansion—this is the meaning of what the Germans have well

named the policy of "business and power," Handels und Machtpolitik. Nowhere is the confusion of the two ideas more clearly exhibited than in the report forwarded to London in February, 1914, by Sir Edward Goschen, on "An Official German Organization for Influencing the Press of Other Countries." This important document is too little known in France, perhaps because, outside the Blue Book, it has not appeared in England except as an ordinary "White Paper." But how instructive it is!

The Norddeutscher Lloyd, the Hamburg-Amerika, the Deutsche Bank, the Disconto Gesellschaft, the A. E. G. (Allgemeine Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft), the Siemens-Schuckert, Krupp, and Gruson companies, etc., form a private society, subsidized by the Imperial Office for Foreign Affairs. The object of this company, in coöperation with the Wolff Bureau, is to promote the manufacturing prestige of Germany abroad. It will supply full information gratuitously or at a low price to foreign journals in their own language concerning Germany and favorable to Germany. It will withhold the service from those who show themselves deaf to instruction. "To reply to news meant to influence opinion on Germany and to meet attacks upon her, and to make the true situation of German industry widely known"—such is the program. In a word, the object is the organization of a spy-system for industry—I use the phrase of Signor Preziosi—under the control of the Empire. And, as is fitting in such a system, the work of Germanizing the press of the world will not be done by publicists sent for the purpose: they would very soon be burnt. In an article so naively transparent that its publication was thought inopportune and orders came from above not to reproduce it or make any allusion to it, the "Deutsche Export Revue" crudely remarked: "It is better to choose men already connected with the various journals, who will serve German interests without attracting so much attention."

This fusion of Weltpolitik and business policy was peculiarly dangerous for the peace of the world. If Imperialism, if "the tentacular State" puts its strength at the disposal of manufacturing interests, the temptation is strong and constant to use this strength to break down any resistance which stands in the way of the triumph of these interests. If a crisis comes which causes a stoppage of work (there are sometimes 100,000 unemployed in Berlin) the neighboring nation which may be held responsible for the crisis has reason to be on its guard. "Be my customer or I kill you" seems to be the motto of this industrial system, continually revolving in its diabolical circle.

(Continued on Page 17)

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# Poems About San Franciscans

XX—TO JOSEPH D. REDDING

By Lucius Harwood Foote

(To imagine Joe Redding encased in steel armor, mounted on a prancing charger and holding his lance in rest at the top of the jousting lists, waiting for the herald to sound the onset—this is a pleasant occupation for the idle mind. Of course there is a lady's favor in his helmet; and equally of course he will spare the life of his unhorsed opponent. But the days of chivalry are past, and Sir Joe is a verbal jousting in court and club.)

Boon comrade, in a hundred brilliant bouts,  
Where wit with wit played carte and tierce full fast,  
With eager thrust and parry to the last,  
We've hailed thee victor knight with pealing shouts.

And in life's ups and downs and ins and outs,  
When weaklings wait and folly stands aghast,  
Fail not, Sir Knight, to prick, as in the past,  
The thin pretense of shams, the fear of doubts.

'Tis well betimes, in our prosaic land,  
To conjure up the days of old romance,  
When simple faith was more than sordid might.  
And if so be the hour and age demand,  
We look to see thee, armed with sword and lance,  
Go forth to strike for God and for the right.

## The Spectator

### Our Dignified Secretary

"I see that Franklin Kanuck is paying us another visit," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock.

"Franklin who?" Senator Hartman asked.

"The Hon. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior. You can always tell when he's in town by the noise the Federal Brigade makes marching down to meet him."

"What's he doing out here?" the Senator asked. "Attending to the business of his department?"

The clockwinder smiled. "No," said he, "the understrappers do that. Franklin is purely ornamental, and he's the only success in the Cabinet. His associates are all boobs, and everybody knows it, but nobody is onto Frank. Dignity is his role, and he plays it to perfection. They put a cap and gown on him over at the university where he matriculated and got cold feet and he looked like Gamaliel. The reporters interview him, and he talks in platitudes that sound like epigrams. Frank is a wonder. I don't know what the Administration would do without him. He's the only Cabinet officer that nobody joshes. He always looks wise, but he has brains."

"Well, what has he ever done?" Senator Hartman asked.

"He has written a prose ode to the American flag without misspelling a word."

### A Melancholy State of Things

"Gus," said the clockwinder, "I feel like a pessimist."

"A what?"

"A man with corns on his toes. I've been sizing up things in Mexico and Washington, and I'm losing faith in optimism. What's the good of jollyng yourself about the future of your country when you know it's a cinch that every time you look down the road you'll see a Colonel Marston approaching? We send an army into Mexico to chase a Morosco bandit and we find that our machine gun is a daylight gun that doesn't function properly after dark. We send up aeroplanes as scouts, and they have to spend most of their time looking for one another. We are told the Government can't find motors and that's what the trouble is, but Europe is full of aeroplanes of American in-

vention and construction. Nothing is working right anywhere. Every regiment is short about one-third of its strength. There isn't a dirigible in the whole army. Even the wireless doesn't work."

"Seems to me you're doing a lot of crabbing," Senator Hartman observed.

"I'm only reciting the facts. The President found time to wake up after he got married and told us we might get into war any minute, but there isn't a battle cruiser designed, building or authorized. The admiral of one fleet has a tender as his flagship. We have undersea boats that have to be towed, that cannot submerge, but that's the least of their troubles, for when one of them does submerge it goes to the bottom and stays there till the wrecking crew shows up. Oh, but we're a great people! And we love to listen to a Franklin Kanuck oozing rhetoric about the flag."

### Peace Preferred

"You're a kind of a Gloomy Gus," said Senator Hartman. "You don't seem to appreciate the fact that the President is keeping us out of war."

"The hell I don't!" the clockwinder exclaimed. "That's precisely what I do appreciate. And I'm darned glad that he's too proud to fight. We'd look nice in a scrap, wouldn't we?—with submarines equipped with electric batteries that are sure death to the crews; with battleships doing the work of cruisers; with enlisted men

undergoing literary training when they should be devoting themselves to seamanship; with general disgust among our professional commanders, with general demoralization among the men behind the guns and old General Asininity himself acting as Secretary of the Navy. You can bet I appreciate the President's masterly self-restraint. It's only by keeping us out of war that he can save us from the painful and costly realization of what Boobery has done to us."

"But," said Hartman, "wouldn't it be better for the people to learn the whole truth?"

"Maybe it would," said the clockwinder, "but I'm willing they should wallow in blissful ignorance. I've got the clock to take care of. And let me tell you something—this clock tower is one place where the dear people get a run for their money."

### Christenson Gets Some Information

The sensation of shipping circles is the raising of the Walkurie from the bottom of Papeete harbor and her arrival in this port under her own steam. The Walkurie was a German steamer captured by the French at the outbreak of the war. She was taken by the French gunboat Zelle and towed into Papeete as a prize. When the German raiders shelled Papeete they sank the Zelle, whereupon the French opened the sea cocks of the Walkurie and let her sink in the harbor so that she might not fall into German hands. The submerged steamer was sold



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at auction to Sudden and Christenson and John A. Hooper for \$29,000, was raised, and steamed into the bay last Friday. She is now known as the Republic, and has stood her new owners about two hundred thousand dollars. Friday afternoon E. A. Christenson with the executives of his office motored to the beach to see her come in. Christenson rented a field glass and listened to the spieler who is the marine authority of the Cliff House. The spieler told of the Walkurie in considerable detail, ending with the statement that her owners had been offered a million two hundred thousand for her, thus assuring them a profit of a million. He was talking directly to Christenson, and Christenson despite his habitual modest, retiring manner, was so amused that he could not forego a remark.

"Is it possible," said Christenson, "that so much money can be made out of one ship?"

"Say," said the spieler with a lordly air, "you've got a lot to learn about the shipping business!"

#### "Stella" Not Forgotten

"Fame is fleeting; nobody mentions 'Stella' any more." Thus wrote, two weeks ago, the apothegmatic philosopher who entertains readers of Town Talk with his "perspective impressions." Whereupon a charming woman took her pen in hand and corrected that erroneous statement. "Don't you ever believe," she writes, "that nobody mentions 'Stella' any more. I who sit in the main gallery of the Palace of Fine Arts to represent the San Francisco Art Association, have almost daily calls for 'Stella'—mostly urgent ones—and comparisons between 'Stella' and futurist art, most odious to the latter. The persons interested in where 'Stella' is hung usually wonder why so many of the Greek things were broken in transmission!" On top of this I note that "Stella" has returned to San Francisco from Los Angeles, and is once more making a commercial display of herself.

#### "Stella's" Sister

Those who visited the annex to the Palace of Fine Arts cannot have forgotten the picture of "Stella's" sister in one of the Italian rooms. "Stella's" sister has the same easy complacency about showing herself which distinguishes "Stella." She lay on her side on a bed and looked out upon you without blushing. Between her and you there was nothing but a lace curtain which did not even tease your eye. Every time I saw "Stella's" sister I wondered in what saloon she would end her days. It was natural to suppose that she would be bought by some saloon-keeper, for she is of the art-

form (more form than art) which appeals to saloon-keepers. What was my surprise to learn the other day that "Stella's" sister had been bought by E. J. Molera and offered by him to the Bohemian Club. "Stella's" sister, lace curtain and all, is now within the walls of the club, but not yet on one of them. The art committee, it seems, has horrid doubts about her artistic virtue. I am afraid that if the club did not hesitate to offend her donor she would have been cast out as soon as received. However, she is still in the club, and rumor comes to me that certain Bohemian artists started late one recent night to hang her where they thought she belonged. But her frame was too heavy, and they had to give up the idea.

#### Villa a Military Genius

"The American government was committed to a horrible blunder when President Wilson recognized Carranza." Thus Herman Whitaker the novelist, who knows Mexico, knows it better than any man President Wilson ever sent to that country. He is a man of sound judgment, he is familiar with conditions in every section of Mexico and he is on familiar terms with Mexicans high and low. According to Whitaker Villa is something more than a bandit; he is a military genius, so recognized by United States army officers who were amazed at his wonderful achievement—the defeat of Carranza at Paredon after transporting an army of 20,000 with thirty pieces of artillery 300 miles across a desert in four days. The United States army, with perfect rail facilities, tried to mobilize 18,000 troops at San Antonio and did not succeed in ten days. Whitaker says that Villa is one of the few men in Mexico who knows his country's relations to the balance of the world, and that he would have settled the Huerta question if permitted. Moreover he had respect for the authority of the United States, and he was able and eager to protect the lives of American citizens. But he suffered one reverse, and President Wilson turned against him, and assisted Carranza, an incompetent who has never dared enter the City of Mexico. As a result we have now a very grave and complicated problem to solve. Whitaker thinks that Villa will have no difficulty in joining forces with Arrieta brothers, who have 12,000 armed men, and also with Zapata, and that he will then have a force of 100,000 Mexicans with which he will be able to annihilate General Pershing's little army.

#### What Idealism Did to Mexico

President Wilson's original policy in Mexico was according to the principles of the New Freedom. Eager to render "service" to mankind, he had resolved to serve the peons of Mexico. Now Whitaker tells us that the President's theory regarding Mexico was all wrong. He thought that big business was corrupting Mexico, and that it was his high duty to hobble big business in Mexico as he has tried to hobble it in this country. Whitaker, though an idealist himself, tells us that big business was saving Mexico when our President took a hand in its affairs. Big business, says Whitaker, "was sowing the seeds of political, social and industrial liberty when diplomacy marred the plot and scheme of the natural social order." "The country," he says, "has gone back to the dark ages before Diaz. Its 10,000 miles of railroads, built by the finance of so-called big business, have been destroyed. Over 75 per cent of its rolling stock is in ashes. The factors for civilization have been paralyzed. Under Diaz the peon wage had increased in twenty-five years 800 per cent. Foreign capital, invading the land, cutting up the vast ranches, had absorbed the

labor, and placed a premium upon it, so that the man in the fields was getting 65 to 75 cents a day instead of 10 cents. One San Francisco group had purchased a parcel of 10,000,000 acres of land—an empire—and was working out its development. It was the breaking up of the great land holdings, the emancipation of labor, that was working out the salvation of the country, just as in the past thirty years in this State the great ranches have been cut up and the wheat field made to support the orchardist and the vineyardist, the truck gardener, and the civic community."

#### Amy Lowell's Book

No recent book has been so extensively and so seriously reviewed by American book reviewers as Amy Lowell's "Six French Poets." Amy Lowell is a high priestess of the latest cult in poetry, and as such she is taken at her own valuation (a high one) by critics who are afraid to disapprove of the current fad. Amy Lowell not only writes about "vers libre," she writes it. So when this book appeared the American critics received it as a Bible of the new poetical religion. They ceased to be critics and were merely panegyrists. It has remained for an English critic to put Amy's book where it belongs. The critic of the London Times calls attention to Miss Lowell's statement that France has just been passing through "one of the great poetical epochs of the world." He is rather astonished at the statement; more so when Amy states that the six poets who stand as human documents to authenticate this "great poetical epoch" are Verhaeren, Samain, Remy de Gourmont, Henri de Regnier, Francis Jammes and Paul Fort. He points out that with the possible exception of Verhaeren (who, he might have added, is a Belgian writing in French), all of these are minor poets. And he cannot express his amazement too strongly when he finds that Amy overlooks the great living French poet Paul Claudel. There was no such amazement among the American critics; but perhaps this is not hard to explain. It is quite possible that they had never heard of Paul Claudel, and were imperfectly acquainted with most of Miss Lowell's six poets before they took up her book. American reviewers do not always approach a book from the vantage point of specialized knowledge. Rather the reverse.

#### An Astounding Statement

There is an astounding statement in Miss Lowell's book which the American reviewers did not dwell upon, although the English critic did. Miss Lowell is talking of religion:

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"The truth seems to be that, to most Frenchmen, Catholicism is more of a superstition than a religion. I hardly believe religion, as we conceive the term, to be possible to the Latin mind."

The English reviewer goes back to Pascal in his astonishment at this statement. But it is not necessary to go back that far. The shades of Huysmann and Coppee might have been invoked to contradict it. Or the shades of Renan's grandson and of Peguin who died recently on the battlefield. But it is not even necessary to invoke the dead. Bourget and Bazin are still living. They might be heard on the subject. I think they would assure Miss Lowell that to "most Frenchmen" Catholicism is not a superstition. I think they would also tell her, with a smile, that they have found religion, as they conceive the term, quite possible to their Latin minds.

#### Waldrop, "Child Musician"

Glancing down the editorial page of the Portland "Oregonian" some news items taken from the "Oregonian" of twenty-five years before caught my eye. In this "twenty-five years ago today" department I read:

"The testimonial benefit tendered to Master Uda Waldrop, the child musician, took place last night at the Marquam Grand. S. H. Friedlander and Ralph Hoyt were in charge. Madame Gaylord Bell played two harp solos."

Twenty-five years ago Uda Waldrop was five years old, so you see he was an infant phenomenon. We claim Uda Waldrop as our own, but clearly Portland has a prior right to him. And so has Healdsburg. Uda Waldrop was brought up in Healdsburg. There was a time when Healdsburg spoke of Uda as "Oza's brother," but nowadays the clever little actress who was trained for Broadway at the Alcazar is often spoken of as "Uda's sister." In Healdsburg they like to tell you of the days when Uda Waldrop was a barefoot boy delivering milk at the back door or sneaking off for a swim in Dry Creek back of town. For Uda has made his way in the world of music, and Healdsburg is proud of him. Nor has Waldrop forgotten Healdsburg. Every year he goes back to Healdsburg and gives a concert in Truitt's Opera House, and you may be sure Healdsburg turns out en masse for that great event.

#### Healdsburg Follows His Career

They have followed Uda's career, have the Healdsburg folks. They can tell you of the ten years he spent in Wallace Sabin's household in this city, studying hard all the time and making a little now and then by touring with minstrels and barnstormers. They know of the time he earned about sixty cents a day unpacking dishes in the basement of a local crockery concern, and going home every night to spend hours at the piano. They know the month and the year when he was finally able to go to London. They know how he entered the Academy of Music there and studied with Tobias Matthay. And how he was a pupil of Mathilde Verne. And how the young Russian baritone Reinhold von Warlich heard him play and made him his accompanist. Perhaps they do not know, however, that this same von Warlich who is a naturalized Frenchman, has just returned to London from service in the French trenches, his splendid voice entirely gone. But they know how Waldrop came to America with von Warlich, and returned to San Francisco after a suc-

cessful tour. And of course they know how Melba heard Waldrop play at the Bohemian Club and immediately engaged him as her accompanist, though she had brought an accompanist to this country. And how she asked Waldrop to go with her to Australia for a concert tour, and how Waldrop preferred to stay here. In other words, Healdsburg knows all about Waldrop, and delights to tell about him. And they cannot be persuaded that he has a warmer spot in his heart for San Francisco, scene of his struggles, or Portland, scene of his infant appearance, than he has for the town where he was brought up and to which he returns faithfully once a year.

#### A Memory of Billy Emerson

Two of our well known newspapermen, Frank Mulgrew and Walter Thompson, were strolling up Powell street the other evening. Between Ellis and O'Farrell Mulgrew paused, listened and retraced his steps. Thompson followed him. Mulgrew stopped in front of "Blind Tom's" phonograph.

"I haven't heard that song for years," said Mulgrew to Thompson. "Do you recognize it?" "Indeed I do," said Thompson.

It was Billy Emerson's great success of another generation, "Only a Pansy Blossom." Others were attracted by the familiar old melody, and by the time the record had been finished the nickels and dimes were tinkling merrily into "Blind Tom's" cup. Mulgrew asked him to play it again. Quite a crowd had gathered by this time, and it was easy to see that most of those who listened had been transported to other days on the soft wings of the music.

"I heard once that Billy Emerson made a hundred thousand dollars out of that song," said Mulgrew to Thompson as they resumed their stroll.

"I have heard that too," replied Thompson, "and the thought gives me a queer sensation."

"Why?" asked Mulgrew.

"Because I wrote that song," answered Walter Thompson.

#### Marcella Craft in New York

From New York comes the news that Marcella Craft, whom we heard with our symphony orchestra when she returned home from Germany, received scant praise for her singing at the concert she gave on Friday of last week. It is clear that success on the concert stage in Germany no longer argues that the singer will win acclaim in this country. The fact is that there are foreign teachers who have as many ways of spoiling a voice as the incompetents of the United States. Also, it appears that German audiences are not shrewdly critical of the vocal art. Great singers have come from Germany, but they were not taught what is commonly called the "German method." The greatest of German teachers, Lilli Lehmann, did not employ that method. Speaking of Germany and commenting on the singing of Marcella Craft, the critic of the New York Sun says: "Germany is a musical but not a vocal country." He adds: "No amount of bad tone in the medium, shrieking upper notes, singing out of tune or breaking phrases can discourage an audience in Germany. Of the finer qualities of vocal art hearers over there appear to be wholly ignorant." He says that in Germany many times he observed with wonder the enthusiasm of German audiences while songs were

being interpreted with almost nothing like real singing, and that he has been scarified from Berlin to Vienna for telling about it." He says that Marcella Craft sings better than many of the lieder singers of the fatherland, and that when she has some good tones in the middle register, the noisy Teutonic opera house has done much to destroy her voice and it is evident that she has never been a mistress of vocal technic. Several weeks ago the beautiful Marcia Van Dresser, who used to sing in comic opera, returned to New York after a course of study in Germany, and gave a concert to show what she had learned. The critics agreed that she had learned nothing and that she was not much of a singer.

#### Where Up Is Down

"He's a Far-Down—from the South—Kerry," says one Irishman of another in Peter B. Kyne's latest yarn. And the Irishmen who happen to read the statement shake their heads in sorrow. Kyne is of Irish descent, so he is supposed to know better. The "Far-Downs" don't come from far down; they come from far up in Ireland. The Far-Downs are the Ulster men, and Ulster is the most northern of the four provinces of Ireland. A Donegal man, a Londonderry man, an Antrim man or a Tyrone man may be a Far-Down; a Kerry man never. Kerry is one of the southern counties of Ireland, in the province of Munster. This mistake calls to mind another yarn of Kyne's in which he referred to the picture of the Infant in His mother's arms as "one of the Stations of the Cross." That made Catholics gasp a little.

#### A Rebuke for Crane

The Tuesday Lunch Club which meets in the St. Francis grill is a stammtisch to which distinguished men are glad to be invited. If you don't know what a stammtisch is, ask the first German you meet. W. H. Crane the actor lunched with the Tuesdays the last time he was here. Recently he despatched a letter to Melville Marx, one of the leading spirits of the club, the same "to be opened Tuesday." The following cruel wire was sent to Crane from the club table:

"Really amazed at your lack of necessary detail in addressing letter to Marx. Why in blazes did you neglect to say which Tuesday? There is only one Marx, one grill, but good Lord, man, Tuesdays are as thick as passes on your opening nights. Love from the whole gang. —Tuesday Lunch Club."

#### Is This True?

"Case and Comment" says that many years ago a trial was in progress in San Francisco and counsel for the defendant was cross-examining a witness for plaintiff. An earthquake shook the chandeliers and dislodged a portion of the ceiling. Jurors, witnesses and spectators started for the door, but the judge checked the exodus of the lawyers by retaining his seat and his composure and exclaiming, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, fiat justitia ruat ceiling." The seismic disturbance being over the crowd returned.

"You can proceed with the cross-examination of the witness," said the judge to the counsel for defendant.

"Pardon me, your honor," was the reply, "but after the late exhibition of the displeasure of the Almighty at the lies this witness was telling I do not care to invoke Divine wrath. I will ask him no more questions."

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# Among Our Artists

Edited by Edward F. O'Day

## "The Thinker" in the Park

When I saw the great "Thinker" installed in Golden Gate Park through the public-spirited generosity of Mrs. Adolph Spreckels, my mind recurred to a passage in Paul Gsell's report of his conversations with Rodin. Gsell visited the world's foremost living sculptor at his studio-home at Val-Fleury near Meudon, and faithfully set down all that Rodin said to him on the subject of art. They were sitting in the open when, says Paul Gsell, "I noticed in front of a group of chestnut trees an exemplar in bronze of The Thinker. Pigeons cooed in the branches of the trees, and some perched on the head and shoulders of the statue, even pushing their impertinence so far as to stain it with white drippings." We can imagine Rodin's smile when Gsell called his attention to the impertinent pigeons.

"That statue," the master told Gsell, "is intended for America. I intentionally expose it to the inclemency of the weather. I love to note the effect the work produces under the rays of the sun as well as when the day is overcast. The weather is for the sculptor a precious collaborator. Rain water brings out the parts in relief by washing and oxidizing them, while the dust and dirt by lodging in the hollow parts, accentuate their depth. And so the general effect is improved. The very familiarities of the birds give a patina to bronzes and marbles left in the open air."

I quote this passage because it is pleasant to know that San Francisco's exemplar of The Thinker has been given such a setting as Rodin intended for it. No sculptor was ever more insistent about the proper placing of his works. The faulty placing of "The Burghers of Calais" affected him deeply; and La Loie Fuller has told us how he intrigued to have "L'Homme Qui Marche" properly installed at Rome. He will undoubtedly be pleased to learn that "The Thinker" is placed beneath the open sky in our glorious Golden Gate Park. Mrs. Spreckels who loves Golden Gate Park as much as does her husband who is a Park Commissioner, has enriched our great playground by giving it this

masterpiece. The spot where it stands will be forever a place of pilgrimage for art lovers eager to honor France's superman of sculpture, her challenge to Italy's Michelangelo.

## Rodin and the Greeks

While I am on this subject I may as well translate another passage of Gsell's concerning "The Thinker." Rodin and Gsell had been talking about the Greek masterpieces of sculpture, and Rodin had expressed in generous terms his debt to Hellas.

"Before me," writes Gsell. "The Thinker, his hand under his chin, his toes gripping the rock on which he sat, bent his back, as it were beneath the crushing weight of meditation surpassing the powers of the human mind."

And he goes on, with the Greeks still in his thoughts: "How far removed from the Hellenic calm is this nervous frenzy! How distant from the harmonious balance which distinguishes the Olympian art of a Phidias is the mortal anguish of this man powerless to grasp the Infinite which his poor earthly brain as yet surmises only! Ah! the times have changed indeed! Vanished never to return is the tranquility of ancient philosophy. That which marks the genius of our time is, on the contrary, the violent conflict of the soul and body. Here are the terrors of a material being tormented by the madness of a dream, his demoniac writhings beneath the lash of insatiable desire."

## Mr. De Young's Gift

Golden Gate Park is indebted to M. H. De Young as well as to Mrs. Spreckels. The throng which gathered at the Museum last Saturday was pleasantly surprised by the unexpected news that Mr. De Young was to give the city the first big unit of a great Museum. This is fine news indeed. The present Museum is full to overflowing, and the exhibits are so arranged that valuable collections are crowded by collections of small importance. With more room this condition can be remedied. The Museum was started by Mr. De Young and has always been his hobby; but we did not know till last Saturday how close it was to his heart. He has earned our gratitude, and I am glad to know from the remarks I have heard since he made his announcement that we are far from slow in voicing our appreciation.

## Etchings for Duck Hunters

I can imagine the interest with which anyone of our noble army of duck hunters will inspect the Benson etchings on exhibition in Hill Tolerton's print rooms. Frank W. Benson is an out-of-doors artist. When his exclusive medium was oil he painted the Maine wilderness with

which he became familiar while whipping streams for trout or crouching in a duck blind. And now that he has taken up the etcher's needle and the dry point he continues to celebrate the same beloved scenes. In this exhibition there are etchings and dry points on a variety of subjects, but bird prints are most numerous. Here are ducks in flight and ducks undisturbed upon the marsh. Here is a splendid print of a duck hunter silhouetted against the sky which is destined, I'd be willing to swear, to find its way to the wall of one of our luxurious duck clubs. Here too are herons and pelicans and other birds, including a noble eagle. Altogether a most interesting show. According to Joseph Pennell it takes twenty years to make an etcher, and if Frank Benson seems to have arrived in three years (he has been showing etchings only that long), it must be remembered that he experimented with needle, copper and acids for many years before he produced anything he thought worthy of exhibition.

## Colin Cooper and Mrs. Nicholls

How many of us knew that Colin Campbell Cooper and Rhoda Holmes Nicholls were painting here last year? These two well known eastern artists were inspired by the beauty of the Fair, and the former produced two oil paintings while the latter painted several water colors. Colin Cooper is attracted by architectural beauty, as all who know his paintings and etchings of New York are aware. He chose a large canvas for his painting of the Palace of Fine Arts. He gives us the "wondrous dome" and the colonnade seen by night, with a dark blue sky above and the famous lagoon reflection beneath. His other picture shows the facade of the Palace of Education seen from the Palace of Fine Arts, across the lagoon. These are both fine works, worthy of their author. Mrs. Nicholls who like Colin Cooper, is a medalist of many expositions and big exhibitions, did a number of the favorite Exposition scenes in aquarelle. These works give an exposition atmosphere to the Schussler gallery.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## About "Tommy" Sears

"Tell me about Miss Eleanor Sears."

I addressed these daring words to one of the haughtiest flowers of Burlingame's aristocracy, and trembled for his reply. And well I might, for these high-toned chappies—these swells on the ocean of fashion, if I may use the expression—are not used to being questioned by mere literati. Nevertheless, with a charming courtesy the Blingumite condescended to answer. Tossing his polo mallet into a corner, whistling for his beagle which was in danger from a quarrelsome Angora cat and withering a passing plebeian with a splendid frown, he lit another gold-tipped cigarette, ordered his eighth Scotch-and, and addressed me in these words:

"Miss Eleanor Sears who is just now honoring our part of the peninsula with a visit, is the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. Sears of Beacon street which is in the Back Bay part of Boston."

"Cut the commonplace," I retorted, endeavoring to adopt the language of the smart set, "and slip me something I don't know."

"Just what is seething in your powerful mind?" queried my Blingumite languidly.

"I am not interested in Miss Eleanor Sears the society girl," I answered acidly. "My readers prefer to hear of Miss Sears the sports-woman and athlete."

"I get you," he made elegant reply. "You want the dope on 'Tommy' Sears."

"Eggsactly," I said.

"Speaking of eggs," my Blingumite came back quippishly, "have you heard the difference between Chico and Petaluma? You have. Then let us resume where we left off. 'Tommy' Sears plays a very good game of tennis. Any time you want information about anybody else in our set, let me know. But don't quote me. Good-bye."

## An Illusion Shattered

I regarded my Blingumite with unmasked astonishment. Unused to the ways of the elite I thought perhaps he was joking, but it was plain that he considered the interview at an end. However, I made no move to act upon his cleverly insinuated hint.

"Do you mean to say that 'Tommy' Sears' athletic distinction is confined to the mollycoddle game of tennis?" I demanded with natural heat.

"I'm telling you," was the answer as my informant drained his tenth Scotch-and. "If it wasn't Lent I'd be angry with you for being dull. Is there anything further?"

Of this last question which had a familiar counterjumperish ring I immediately availed myself.

"How about Miss Sears as a poloist?"

"It is true that Miss Sears has played at polo," was the answer. "It is perhaps true that she could play a chukkur or so with the poloists who are now representing our set. You know, we have never been so shy of polo-

ists as at present. Walter Hobart is too heavy for his ponies, so he's practically out of the game. Tom Driscoll's knee still worries him, and besides he wrenched a shoulder, so he's out. Dick Tobin has so many other interests that he's been slighting polo more and more. Whom have we? Harry Hastings—fair. Willie Tevis—a splendid rider, but we're talking of polo. Ray Splivalo—too heavy. And so on. Even if this talent permitted 'Tommy' Sears to play they'd go slow. For you see, 'Tommy' is not the best horsewoman in the world. And I have yet to see any horsewoman who can really play polo. No doubt you recall the time 'Tommy' appeared here in polo togs and wanted to play in the match between our team and the visiting Britishers. Of course she was not allowed to. And a good thing. Had she played there would have been indictments for manslaughter."

## Miss Sears as a Walker

"Really, you know," I spluttered as my Blingumite autographed a chit for his dozenth Scotch-and (did I say this momentous interview took place at the club house?), "I'm not sure whether I'm afoot or on horseback, you surprise me so. My illusions are being shattered and scattered. But I guess I'm afoot, and that reminds me that Miss Sears is the female Weston. You can't deny that?"

"Who's denigeing of it, Betsy Prig?" replied my Blingumite, thus delicately intimating that he knew his Dickens. "I agree heartily that as a walker 'Tommy' has got Colonel Marston looking like a wash-tub which the most stationary thing I can think of off-hand."

"Why the odious comparison?" I demanded coldly.

"It isn't odious," said my Blingumite, easing the iceberg out of his liquor. "Marston walked fifty-three miles in twelve hours with rests in between that brought the elapsed time up to twenty-six hours. 'Tommy' walked sixty-six miles between sunrise and night. She had set out, if you recall, to walk from Burlingame to Del Monte. She actually walked to Gilroy, which was going some for a girl. But I know a dozen girls who could do as much."

"Why don't they?" I shot at him.

"They're afraid it might get into the papers," said my Blingumite.

## Horsemanship and Swimming

"Turning again to horsemanship," I went on, "let's drop in at Madison Square Gardens."

"We're there," said my Blingumite who has an amazing imagination for a smart-setter.

"And Miss Sears is capturing all the ribbons," I cried in triumph.

"To be accurate," was the answer, "'Tommy' got a ribbon for driving a pair. Driving a pair is a nice ladylike accomplishment, and 'Tommy' did it very well. She also rode a hunter—if I recall, it was Mrs. Paul Cravath's 'Commander.' 'Tommy' did not shie at the jumps. And she got a ribbon; it was a fourth ribbon."

"Well," I said, "let's go to Newport and see her swim."

"I never go to Newport," was the reply. "It's too cursed expensive."

"Never mind," I consoled him. "We can watch Miss Sears swim at Coronado."

"Yes, I saw her swim there," was the comeback. "Compared to our society girls she swims well. But she's not to be compared with the mermaids; you can watch any nice day over at

Alameda. Or at the matches out at Sutro's Baths."

"You're a knocker," I said in considerable disgust.

"I'm not," was the rejoinder. "But I don't exaggerate. This girl from Beacon street is a very nice girl. She's full of life, and that makes her look spectacular. The papers play her up a lot. That's natural, because the papers won't let society girls alone. I repeat that 'Tommy' is a good tennis player. Not a crack like some of the girls who play in Golden Gate Park, but quite a good player for all that. Mind your step as you go out, or you'll tread on my beagle."

## He Has a Queer Vocabulary

"There goes a man who has one of the queerest vocabularies in the country," said my friend the hotel reporter indicating a distinguished guest who was traversing the Palace lobby.

"Slang artist?" I hazarded, although he didn't look like a George Ade.

"No," was the answer, "and you needn't try to guess, because you never would succeed. That man can call all the Pullman cars by their names."

I looked at the receding figure with renewed interest, and asked his name.

"Dr. T. R. Crowder, prominent surgeon of Chicago," said my informant. "His speaking acquaintance with the Pullmans comes from the fact that he is superintendent of sanitation for the Pullman Company. It matters not who names the Pullmans; he can pronounce them all. It is even suspected that he has named a few himself, applying to them some of the queer jargony words you find in the medical books. However that may be, Dr. Crowder can reel 'em off to you by the hour, and to hear him you'd think he was reciting Homer's catalogue of the ships in the original Greek, those names sound so queerly unamerican when they are bunched together."

## The Progress of Civilization

"The occupation of yonder chap," continued my loquacious friend, pointing to a broad back at the cashier's window of the Palace, "is proof positive that the world 'do move' and that the out-of-the-way places are getting on the map of progress. It is your cue to ask me what he does."

"What does yonder chap do, I prithee," was my dutiful response.

"Marry and forsooth," quoth the hotel reporter, "he doth sell ye Singer Sewing Machine to ye imperfectly clad native of Java. On the

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square, he doth that very thing. The Javanese doesn't wear many clothes, for the climate permits the exposure of most of his Java-and-Mocha-colored skin to the elements. But he must sew at times, and he has been persuaded by Charles E. Benedict of New York who is none other than yonder chap, that the Singer is the perfect sewer. The native of the isle where the coffee bean grows buys the Singer in large quantities, and the more he buys the more doth Benedict shower benediction upon his head."

#### "Hands Across the Columbia"

"Who may that be?" I asked the same authority, as a man of pleasant bearing and brainy countenance passed us on his way to the palm court of the Palace.

"He's a pontifex," answered the hotel reporter.

"A which?" I queried.

"Sad how one's classics slip from one," said the reporter as though to somebody standing behind me. "A pontifex is what Cicero called a bridge-builder any time he saw fit to refer to such a person. This pontifex is J. Lyle Harrington of Kansas City. He's one of the country's big civil engineers, and he specializes in tossing bridges across great rivers. He's on the coast on business. For he is engaged in building the interstate bridge to connect Oregon and Washington. It will span the Columbia, and will enable the natives of those two dry States to approach one another without getting wet."

#### The Armourers Like Us

It was only a few months ago that Mrs. Ogden Armour and Miss Lolita came to this city. They enjoyed their stay here, went south and had a good time there, and now they are back again. They came up from Santa Barbara the other day and took an apartment at the Palace. This is proof that the ladies of this important family like this city. But proof is not needed; they have admitted the fact to the friends who are busy helping them to a good time here.

#### For a Post Chapel

The young men in the United States army come from all parts of the country. Many of

them return, after one enlistment, to take their place in the communities from which they came. While in the army it is important that they receive moral as well as military training. They should have the same religious advantages and church facilities as their brothers in civil life. In fact, their need in this respect may be greater than in civil life where home influences have so sustaining an effect. At Fort Winfield Scott there is no building in which religious services may be held with the proper decorum. The War Department has authorized the building of a post chapel at Fort Scott, if the necessary funds to construct it are collected. For this purpose a military entertainment and supper dansant is to be given at the St. Francis Tuesday evening, April 25. The project has received the warm approval of Archbishop Hanna, Bishop Nichols and Rabbi Meyer. It has also been given ardent encouragement by a large number of people prominent in military and social life. Tickets are \$3 including supper. Table reservations may be made at the St. Francis. A limited number of boxes are to be had on application to the secretary, 1750 Sacramento street, or to any of the patronesses. Music will be by the Coast Artillery Band. No charge for table reservations. Tickets for sale at St. Francis, Palace and Fairmont hotels.

#### Mrs. Crocker's Market

Smart society, under the leadership of Mrs. William H. Crocker, will, on April 8, give a demonstration of the remarkable opportunities offered by Union Square for colorful public fetes. The occasion will be an open-air market for the benefit of the Belgians. Local artists have long urged that too little appreciation has been shown of the advantages of the park in the heart of the city for occasions of this nature; though the Native Sons' celebration, when the queen was crowned at the base of the Dewey monument, was a revelation of what can be done. Several of these artists are coöperating with Mrs. Crocker to make this outdoor market as interesting as possible; and it is expected that a large element of the public that sympathizes with the war sufferers but is timid about entering a fashionable hotel will be reached. Besides flowers banked about the base of the monument the market will offer for sale meat, fish, poultry, vegetables, fruits, flowers and plants, fancy work, pastries, ice cream, cakes and candy. It is planned to costume the pretty vendors of these wares in the garb of different nationalities, reflecting the cosmopolitanism of San Francisco. Among those who have volunteered their services are Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. Louis C. Mulgardt, Mrs. James Flood and scores of our prettiest girls.

#### Del Monte Notes

The largest week-end crowd of the season was at Del Monte last week. Among those entertaining at Pebble Beach Lodge recently were the Harry Wilsons who had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Beaton, Lewis Hobart, S. F. B. Morse and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Daniels. After dinner they all motored back to the hotel for the dance. Mr. Porter Emerson Brown the playwright was also of the party. Dr. W. W. Boardman of San Francisco entertained five guests, including his fiancée, Miss Elizabeth Cole of St. Paul, her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Cole, and his mother Mrs. M. B. Boardman. Mr. Andrew Patrick gave a dinner for six. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allis of Milwaukee gave a dinner for seven which included the George P. Millers and Miss Marian Camp, old friends from Milwaukee. A luncheon party at the Golf Club included Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker's party, consisting of Marian New-

hall, Gordon Armsby, Mrs. James Parker and Stanford Gwinn.

#### Benefit for Boys' Outing Farm

Wild flowers in profusion will be displayed at the Fairmont Hotel during the three days commencing Saturday, April 22, for the benefit of the San Francisco Boys' Outing Farm at Saratoga. Individuals and botanical societies from all parts of the States will coöperate to furnish specimens of every California wild flower. The Outing Farm is an eighty-acre ranch which is maintained for the use of boys during vacation months.

#### At the Somerton

Admiral and Mrs. J. F. Merry arrived this week and are being extensively entertained. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Coad of Lima, Ohio, gave a dinner Monday in honor of H. H. Richardson who came West with them. Covers were for sixteen. Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Mathews of St. Louis were hosts at a dinner of ten covers Wednesday. Every table was reserved at the supper dance in the ball room Thursday.

#### Unique Honor for Mrs. Spreckels

Mrs. A. B. Spreckels' name has been inscribed on the log of the Indoor Yacht Club. She is the only person of the gentle sex who has been so honored. Her charitable activities have won for Mrs. Spreckels this unique distinction. The yachtsmen are charitable themselves, and they have hastened to honor charity in another, more especially as Mrs. Spreckels has helped them in their own work for the kiddies.

#### Show Girl Revue at Tavern

Under the direction of Mr. E. G. Wood, the successful Eastern producer, the Techau Tavern Show Girl Revue has been launched on a wave of success which promises to flood the cafe with a record gathering of the elite of the San Francisco public every evening in the week. The elaborate gowns of the eight principals are marvels of lavish expenditure and artistic creation. The songs are brilliant and catchy. The girls are all artists and their ensemble work is of the highest order. Mr. Wood accompanies them on the piano, the music being his own.

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## Gossip of the Theatre

### Typical Vaudeville Artists

Times change, and the theatre, too, but the smart young man of vaudeville with a gift for wearing clothes and the sophisticated miss whom he meets by chance in the centre of the stage, right before your eyes—they are like the Tennysonian brook. How hollow is the pretension that we are a blasé people, craving novelty! The typical young man of vaudeville and his skirted foil are among my earliest recollections. They have come down to us with their quips and simulated spontaneity from a former generation, and I suppose they will lag superfluous to the next. Let me not be misunderstood. I am not complaining. A vaudeville performance minus the typical team would be as disappointing to me as a minstrel show without end-men. Far be it from me to yawn in the presence of such high spirits as a Fred Warren and an Effie Conley are displaying at the Orpheum this week. I like to see these young people, picturesquely modish, strike up an acquaintance and get busy in the usual way, usual everywhere but in real life. The type is always graceful and tuneful, the fusion of sarcasm and sentiment always diverting, the little trenchant sallies from comic papers gone to the limbo of dead things always amusing. His imitation of impromptu, her diablerie, I never fail to appreciate, else I should be sure I was growing old. The fact is I can stand for anything but her laughing heartily at his jokes just as though she never heard them before. To me that trick is always tragic because it inspires in me the terrible thought that perhaps something dreadful would happen to her behind the scenes if she failed to laugh, for some comedians are severe task-masters. One of the big hits at the Orpheum this week is Ed Morton, who sings like anything but a vocalist to the manner born, but who is none the less pleasing for that. It is not so much how he sings as what he sings that compels applause. In sentiment the audience is always with him, but especially when he takes a whack at citizens of foreign birth who are not grateful to Uncle Sam. Pantomime dancing is now so well recognized as an art form that a vaudeville bill is hardly complete without a representative of that modern school to which we are indebted for the discovery that dancing is something more than a form of athletics. Desiree Lubowska, a dancer, is the bright, particular star of this week's bill. She is a dancer with eloquence in the poise of her body, with poetry in her swiftly moving feet. At times she flashes before us like a figure come to life from an ancient Egyptian frieze.

—Theodore F. Bonnet.

### Director Hertz Retained

There was joy in music circles when it was announced this week that Alfred Hertz had been reengaged by the San Francisco Musical Association to direct our symphony orchestra for another season. Mr. Hertz has done much toward popularizing the symphony concerts and his success has been achieved without making any concessions. A musician of the first order, a lover of orchestral color and harmonic beauty, he finds his richest inspiration in music of the finest quality. He has given us the best, and he has given us nothing banal. At the same time he has proved an inspiration to his bandmen. And though he is laboring under a certain handicap he has vitalized the orchestra and brought it to a high level. Few know the degree of musicianship required to adapt a con-

stantly expanding repertoire to the limitations of a moderate-sized orchestra, albeit composed of excellent players. In a case such as that of the San Francisco symphony where the players cannot devote all their time to the work of the orchestra there is a constant temptation to take the line of least resistance, especially as that course is not unpopular. In taking the progressive line the conductor naturally imposes heavier burdens on his players and himself. Tact is therefore a requirement of considerable im-



JOSEF HOFMANN

Master-pianist who appears at Columbia Theatre April 13, 14, 15, 16 in conjunction with the New York Symphony Orchestra

portance. Apparently Director Hertz has this quality. His orchestra is animated by an excellent spirit. And so, by the way, is the San Francisco Musical Association, to the members of which the people of this city owe a very large debt of gratitude. Their time, their money and their enthusiasm they have given to the upbuilding of the symphony orchestra.

—The First Nighter.

### At Pantages

There seems to be no limit to the excellence of the Pantages talent. With a pleasant recollection of last week's show fresh in our memory we did not look for its equal this week, but an agreeable surprise awaited us. Will J. Ward and his five piano girls contributed greatly to the pleasant surprise. This act is undoubtedly the best we have seen in many months. Mr. Ward and company, with the aid of five pianos, play and sing their way into several encores, and are easily the feature of the bill. Next in merit is Maidie De Long, a girl with a pleasing personality and a fund of humorous and original songs which she presents after the fashion of Alice Lloyd. Her best characterization is of a Swedish domestic, which leads one to believe that she is not as English as her dialect and manner suggest. Princess Athena, billed as the "world-famous danseuse," does several dances in an oriental setting. She is lithe and graceful, and there is a dash of seductiveness in her work. We remember her from the "Streets of Cairo." Burns and Kissen while away a pleasant fifteen minutes. For their benefit let us remark that their songs are much better than their Hebrew stories. "The Bachelor's Sweetheart" is a musical comedy featuring William

Brandell, who gets ample opportunity to exhibit his talent as a comedian in this act. Of course, as in all musical comedies, there is the usual number of pretty girls who sing charmingly and dance in a sprightly way. The Cavana Duo opens the bill with a novelty wire act, and the second installment of Pathe's thriller "The Iron Claw" ends an enjoyable evening.

—The Second Nighter.

### New York Symphony with Hofmann

The New York Symphony Orchestra of eighty artists with Walter Damrosch conducting, in conjunction with Josef Hofmann, the master-pianist, appeared in Chicago last Sunday en route to this coast and created a sensation. It was the consensus of opinion among critics that the New York Symphony may claim to be one of the world's greatest orchestras. The trip is being made on a special train, Mr. Damrosch, Mr. Hofmann and the managerial staff occupying the private car James G. Blaine named after Mr. Damrosch's illustrious father-in-law. The colossal aggregation will arrive in San Francisco on Thursday morning, April 13, and give its first concert that night at 8:15 at the Columbia. The second concert is announced for Friday afternoon, April 14, at three, this hour and day being an established one for symphony concerts here. The third program will be given Saturday night, April 15, and the final one on Sunday afternoon, the 16th, at three. We have had so many orchestral concerts this year that it was no easy task to arrange programs of works that have not been heard here this season, but Manager Greenbaum has accomplished it. At the first concert Josef Hofmann will play Saint-Saen's Concerto in C minor, a work never heard here. John Alden Carpenter's Suite "Adventures in a Perambulator" will also be a novelty. The Symphony will be "From the New World" by Dvorak. The Friday afternoon program will consist of Brahms' most beautiful work, his Symphony No. 1. The novelty will be an orchestral setting by Felix Mottl of Liszt's legend "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds." Mr. Hofmann will play the exquisite Concerto in F sharp minor by Chopin. Saturday night's program will bring us the Tchaikowsky Fifth Symphony and Strauss' greatest tone-poem "Death and Transfiguration." Josef Hofmann will play the brilliant Concerto in G by Rubinstein, another work which has rarely if ever been played here. For the Sunday farewell event the beautiful Russian Symphony by Kalinnikow and the Suite of British Folk Tunes by Percy Grainger will be the offering. Mr. Hofmann will play the Concerto in A minor by Schumann, certainly one of the loveliest of all works for piano and orchestra. The sale of season tickets will open Wednesday at Sherman Clay. Single tickets will be ready next Saturday.

### Young People's Concert

At the request of many who have heard about the concerts for young people with explanatory remarks which Damrosch gives each season in New York, Manager Greenbaum has arranged to have such a program at the Columbia on Saturday afternoon, April 15, at 2:30. The entire New York Symphony Orchestra will take part, and the program is one that both old and young will enjoy thoroughly. The numbers include the Overture "Oberon" by Weber, the Allegretto from Beethoven's 8th Symphony, the Largo by Handel, the Prelude to "Lohengrin," "Will o'



the Wisp" and "Rakocsy March" by Berlioz. Mr. Damrosch in addition to giving a short analysis of each work, will describe the instruments used in the modern orchestra. This will be illustrated by the various players who will give short selections on their instruments. Even among the grown-ups who attend symphony concerts are many who cannot distinguish the various woodwind and brass instruments and to all such the talk by Mr. Damrosch will prove of inestimable value. Special prices will prevail for this occasion, viz, \$1.50, \$1.00 and 50 cents. Young folks under eighteen will be given seats at half prices, viz, from 75 to 25 cents. Tickets will be ready next Saturday.

#### The Kneisel Quartet

Of all the musical organizations and artists who have visited San Francisco, none are more certain of a hearty welcome than the Kneisel Quartet after an absence of twelve years. It is not that Manager Greenbaum has not tried to have them play for us in the interim, but because the demand for Kneisel concerts in the East and in Europe is such that until the present time a visit to the coast was simply impossible. Every member of the Kneisel Quartet is a great artist. The ensemble work is perfection. Nothing delights a composer more than to learn that one of his works is to be played by the Kneisel Quartet. This fact establishes a composition, for while this Quartet has introduced more new works than any other in any country, it only accepts a work that is truly fine. The first Kneisel concert will be given at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, April 9, at 2:30. The program will consist of masterworks of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. The Bach number will be the infrequently heard Suite in C for violoncello alone played by Willem Willeke who is considered one of the greatest

of the living 'cellists. The works by Beethoven and Brahms will all be in Quartet form. The second and last concert will be given Wednesday night, April 12, also at the Columbia. The charming "Terzetto" for two violins and viola by Dvorak, a group of 'cello solos, two movements from a work for quartet by Max Reger, the complete D major Quartet of Haydn and Schubert's A minor Quartet which many consider the most beautiful of all the modern romantic numbers, will be the offering. Tickets will be ready Monday morning at Sherman Clay where mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

#### Ciccolini at Orpheum

Signor Ciccolini is recognized as one of the greatest tenors of the day. Melba with whom he sang in concert for several seasons wrote of him: "I consider Ciccolini the world's greatest tenor." Ciccolini will be heard at the Orpheum next week. His repertoire is an extensive one. Willa Holt Wakefield will be heard in an entirely new repertoire of "Song Sayings." For several years she has been an immense favorite. She is now calling herself "The Lady of Optimism." George Howell and a clever supporting company will appear in Agnes Scott's rather different sketch "The Red-Fox Trot." Benny and Woods are two young musicians who excel on the violin and piano. Valentine and Bell call their offering "The Furniture Removers." This man and girl are bicyclists par excellence. The second of the series of the beautifully colored Travelogues secured exclusively for the Orpheum circuit will be exhibited. Clark and Verdi, the Italian

comedians; and Desiree Lubowska, the impressionistic character dancer, will be the only hold-overs.

#### Kolb and Dill in Film Comedy

Starting Monday and for two weeks only, the German comedians Kolb and Dill will make their debut in motion pictures at the Alcazar. Aaron Hoffman's eight-reel comedy film "Glory" is the story of an oil town that raised a foundling. Special music for this production which will also have a striking scenic prologue, has been arranged by J. H. Raynes. After the opening on Monday night there will be matinees every day at two-fifteen and a performance every evening at eight-fifteen except Saturday and Sunday when there will be two evening performances, one starting at seven-fifteen and the other at nine-fifteen. Seats for the entire engagement are now on sale. "Glory" has humor with the slap-sticks eliminated. Kolb and Dill are said to be funnier in the pictures than they were behind the footlights.

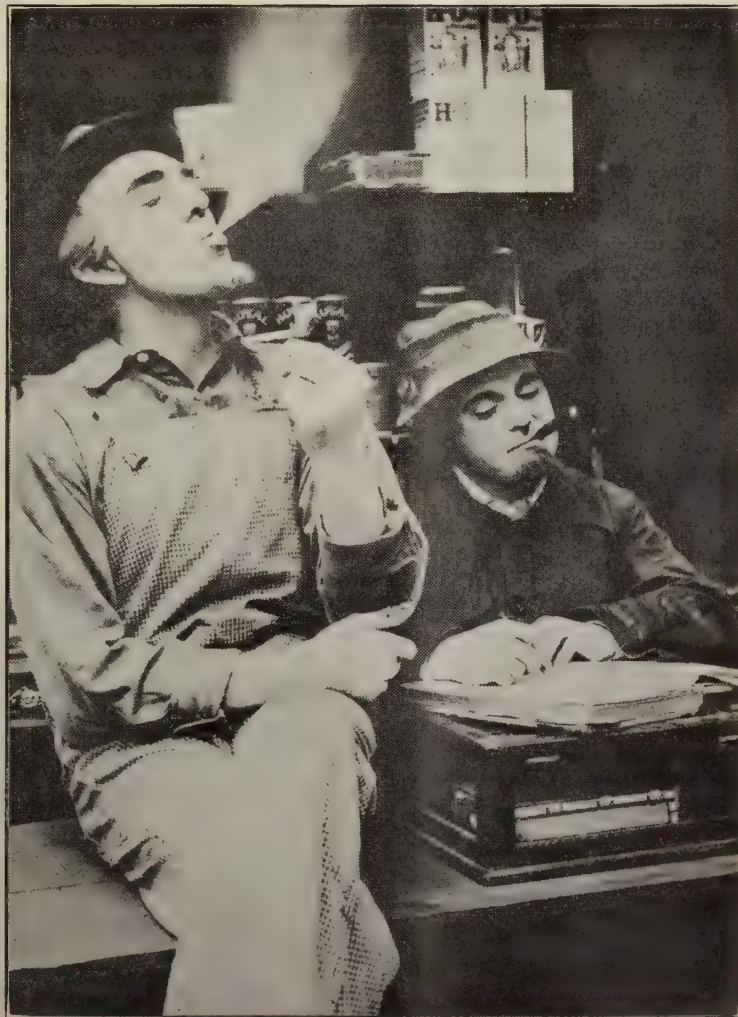
#### "Ramona" at the Cort

The success of "Ramona," Clune's "cinema-theatrical entertainment," is demonstrated by the fact that the great film of Helen Hunt Jackson's famous novel is entering upon the third week of its engagement at the Cort, and the demand for seats is as great as ever. Depicting its subject in serious and sincere manner, "Ramona" stands forth as a great achievement in the realm of the photodrama. Over two thousand persons appear in its scenes. The costumes and properties are authentic. In the burning of the Indian villages of Temecula, San



SCENE FROM "RAMONA"

The wonderful cinema-theatrical entertainment at the Cort



KOLB AND DILL IN "GLORY"

Their new eight-part photoplay at the Alcazar Theatre next week



Pasquale and Saboba the actual locations were used, with the result that "Ramona" has proved of tremendous interest to the student of California history.

### People's Philharmonic

The People's Philharmonic Orchestra which has been so successful in popularizing the works of the great masters in San Francisco, announces a series of ten concerts, the first of which will take place next Thursday night, April 6. During the season concerts will be given at intervals of two weeks, Thursday being the night chosen, except for the second, when it will take place on Wednesday, the time being Holy Week. Nikolai Sokoloff, the talented young Russian who succeeds the late Herman Perlet as conductor of the orchestra of sixty-five picked musicians, has made an excellent impression regarding his capabilities as a leader and promises many surprises during the season. At each concert there will be a soloist of repute, Miss Marie Sloss, the pianist, being chosen for next Thursday night when she will play Grieg's Concerto in A minor, a work that she has played with several European orchestras. Later in the series will be given the Symphony in B minor by Chausson, a new composition, an unfinished Symphony in A minor by Borodine, the D minor Symphony by Cesar Franck, the Symphony by Kalinnikow, the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, the Fourth Symphony of Beethoven, the Fourth Symphony of Tschaiakowsky and the D major work of Brahms. One of the novelties will be "Fireworks," an ultra modern composition by Stravinski. Other numbers on the first program will be Wagner's Tannhauser Overture, the Rosen Cavalier Waltz of Richard Strauss, the Enchanted Lake by Liadow, the Ballet des Sylphes of Berlioz and the March Hongroise by the same composer. Pavilion Rink where the acoustics are excellent and the seating capacity very large, has been chosen for these orchestral concerts. The season sale, for which the price is five dollars for the ten concerts, is now progressing at Sherman, Clay. On Monday morning single tickets for the first concert will be ready at the same place, the price being fifty cents for reserved seats and twenty-five cents for general admission. The price is low, considering the attraction, and crowded houses are expected by the ladies and gentlemen of the Association.

### Comedy Classic at Pantages

"The Misery of a Hansom Cab," one of the few comedy classics in latter day vaudeville, starring Al Fields and his own company of fun-makers, will head the new show at Pantages.

Fields and his old-time partner Lewis year after year have been the riotous comedy hit on every vaudeville program that they have appeared with. A bevy of pretty, twinkling-footed, pink-pajama maidens will be seen in a droll little "tab" featuring Miss "Tommy" Allen, a tom-boy comedienne, the title of the production being "Boarding School Girls." Fletcher Norton and Maude Earl are smart dancers who have been with Julius Steger, Frank Daniels and other luminaries. Other splendid acts will be presented by Flavilla, the original "white accordion dancing girl;" Reed and Woods, the "American basso and the Queen of pianistes;" Morris Golden, the "yiddle on the fiddle fellow;" Cooke and Rothert, in a novelty acrobatic dancing act, and the third installment of "The Iron Claw," Pathe's mystery serial.

## AT THE THEATRES

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WALTER DAMROSCH, Conductor

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### JOSEPH HOFMANN

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Sat. Night, April 15—Sunday Matinee, April 16

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Young People's Concert by  
New York Symphony Orchestra

With Explanatory Remarks by Mr. Damrosch and  
Demonstrations of Use of All the Instruments

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 15, AT 2:30

Prices—\$1.50, \$1.00, 50c. Young Folks (under 18), 75c, 50c, 25c.

The Steinway Piano Used.

## 10 Popular Symphony Concerts People's Philharmonic Orchestra

NIKOLAI SOKOLOFF, Conductor

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"GLORY"

The Story of an Oil Town That Raised a Foundling  
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FLAVILLA

Original White Accordion Dancing Girl

REED & WOODS

The American Basso and the Queen of Pianistes

MORRIS GOLDEN

The "Yiddle on the Fiddle Fellow"

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Novelty Acrobatic Dancing

THIRD INSTALLMENT OF "THE IRON CLAW"



THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Under direction of Walter Damrosch which will appear at the Columbia Theatre for four concerts on April 13, 14, 15 and 16 in conjunction with Josef Hofmann, master pianist



## Germany The Industrial Octopus

(Continued from Page 7.)

France is for Germany a bank and a purveyor of minerals. What a temptation to dip deep into the jealously guarded stocking and fill both hands! What a temptation, too, to repair the blunder made in the delimitation of 1871! Even in 1911 the "Gazette du Rhin et de Westphalie" put forward the view that the iron ores of Lorraine and Luxembourg ought to be under the same control as those of Westphalia and the Saar. And I am told that the great journals of Paris, when informed of this campaign, refused to take this "provincial journal" seriously, being blind to the fact that it was the organ of the great manufacturers of the Rhineland and of the Prussian staff. What a temptation again to take the port of Cherbourg in the rear from Dielette!

As for England, the direct competitor of Germany in all the markets of the world, and manufacturing the same goods, she is the enemy to be crushed. Has she not acquired the habit, and has she not taught it to France, of refusing to lend money to poor States except in return for good orders? The time is beginning to go by when it was possible to do German business in Turkey with French or English gold. Germany's rivals have learnt from her the lesson of Handels und Machtpolitik. But what is to become of Essen, Gelsenkirchen, and all that immense industrial city of which Westphalia consists, if Rumanians, Greeks, Serbians order their guns and their ironclads, their rails or their locomotives at Glasgow or at Le Creusot? Germany thought war preferable to this economic encirclement, and the velvet glove gave place to the mailed gauntlet.

Little by little the idea of war as necessary, of war as almost a thing to wish for, laid hold on the industrial classes. The proof is to be found as early as 1908 in a popular book by

Professor Paul Arndt, one of those small shilling books which served to instruct the German mind. All of us, even the best informed, must reproach ourselves for not having studied or studied closely enough these small books, which would have made the danger clear to us. In this volume the author, after a paean to German greatness, begins a chapter "On the Dangers of Germany's Participation in World-Wide Trade." But he accepts without hesitation these risks of the World-Policy. "No doubt, if we wish to be and to remain a great people, a world power, we expose ourselves to serious struggles. But this must not alarm us. There is profound truth in the dictum that man degenerates in peace time. The call to arms is often needed to rouse a world benumbed with apathy and indolence. Those who can look far and deeply into things see that warfare is often a blessing to humanity."

I have shown how the over-rapid industrialization of Germany has led by a mechanical and fatal process to the German war. If any doubt were felt on the part played by economic causes in this war it would be enough to look at the picture of German victory as imagined by the Germans in their dreams during the last seven months. It is an industrial victory, a forced marriage between German coal and foreign iron, the reduction of nations into vassals who are to play the part of perpetual customers of the German workshops.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS MIGGINS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of THOMAS MIGGINS, deceased to the creditors of and persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of said Arnold W. Liechti, Administrator, Rooms 901 and 902 French Bank Building, No. 110 Sutter Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects at his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS MIGGINS, deceased.

ARNOLD W. LIECHTI,

Administrator of the estate of Thomas Miggins, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1916.

ARNOLD W. LIECHTI,  
Attorney for Administrator,  
901-902 French Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

4-1-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, SR., deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, SR., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Walter E. Dorn, 1101-1105 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, SR., deceased.

WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, JR.,

Administrator of the estate of William T. Sebelles, Sr., deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1916.

WALTER E. DORN,  
Attorney for Administrator,  
1101-1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Last week was full of shocks and anxiety, but the stock market displayed little nervousness at any time, though it had to face the Mexican situation as well as the renewed activity of the German submarines. At home, however, the outlook remains highly encouraging. The steel trade is more prosperous than ever, and now figures on at least three years of active business after peace is restored, because the whole world will need so much steel for repairs and renewals. Some steel experts claim that the world is now short sixty to seventy-five tons of steel products that will have to be supplied after the war is over. The largest steel makers in the United States are enlarging their plants with the greatest confidence in the future. The same is true of shoe factories, knitting mills, chemical works and many textile establishments, though the owners fear the effect that such evidences of present prosperity and confidence in the future will have on the elections next fall. Congress has been working in harmony with the President since the pursuit of Villa began, and is likely to let him steer the ship of state without interference. Many manufacturers who have been trying to talk adversity for political effect have given it up. They not only admit that they are making more money than they ever have before, but they are comforting themselves with the belief that the additional burdens which the punitive expedition into Mexico will impose on the Federal Treasury will force Congress to raise the tariff schedules high enough to afford them a substantial part of the protection they claim to need.

**Wheat** has displayed no decided tendency during the week, being alternately higher and lower. The trade is much at sea as to the definite course of prices, there being factors of equal influence on each side of the question. A recovery from the low level took place naturally as a result of technical conditions, but also in a measure because of the reports of damage to the winter wheat crop obtained from various States. Against the latter factor is the lack of foreign demand. The export sales recently have been very moderate; more especially do they appear small when the large stock of wheat is taken into consideration. And these large stocks are not peculiar alone to the United States and Canada, but to Australia, the Argentine and India. The situation was thought to be relieved somewhat by the lifting of embargoes on certain roads, but the export demand has received no impetus from this circumstance. However, the clearances for the week are probably larger than the amount cleared during the several preceding weeks. Against the influence of the poor foreign demand is placed the attitude of the country, the farmer being in a position to merchandise his crop and perhaps assuming that while war continues in Europe, he is reasonably safe in expecting a better price. This theory is somewhat borne out

by reports of a shrinkage in offerings and the prospect of lighter receipts, which makes for less weight on values. Liverpool displayed great weakness recently due to war news of an unexplained nature, but probably having relation to Turkey and the opening of the Dardanelles. No great upturn in prices can be anticipated with such liberal supplies, unless it is proved that winter wheat has sustained severe damage or the export situation becomes more encouraging, but, on the other hand, the country not being disposed to accept a reduced price, receipts are likely to be curtailed, and in this way, the pressure on prices would be mostly of a speculative character.

**Corn**—Corn is at about last week's level. The market displayed a very even and firm tone despite the weakness in wheat. Whenever the opportunity offered, prices have shown a tendency to advance, but naturally when weakness appeared in other grains, liquidation followed in corn, and the upward tendency has been, in that way, restrained. The advance in provisions and the price of the hog has been responsible in a degree for the strength, but the movement from the country keeps of moderate proportion, and the assumed scarcity of corn of a merchantable character contributed not a little to the strength. Argentine shipments continue light, but the obstacles in the way of export business have somewhat taken away the stimulus of a possible foreign demand. The demand, so far as shown, is merely nominal, but stocks are light and with apparently little prospect of increasing. Conditions seem to warrant purchases on normal setbacks.

**Cotton**—The net result of the buying and selling done last week in the cotton market was to advance the list from 18 to 20 points or approximately a dollar a bale. This goes to show that the market is still in a state of equilibrium and awaits some fresh incentive for a pronounced movement. Sentiment on the probable direction of this movement is sharply defined. Bulls as well as bears profess confidence in their position. It appeared from the action of the market that cotton was for sale on every bulge above the 12-cent level, but that selling pressure ceased upon reactions of around 30 points and fresh buying made its appearance. Scalpers are doing the bulk of the business. Export conditions have not improved and the movement of cotton to foreign destinations has now fallen 2,500,000 bales behind last season. Japan has been the best foreign buyer the last few weeks, her takings of American cotton creeping up on last year's figures in a way that promises to bring them even with the big exports of that season. Domestic mills are keeping up the phenomenal consumption which has been the feature of the present crop year, as evidenced by the high figures on distribution reported by the Census Bureau for February. No end to this domestic demand is in sight, as mills are scarce-

ly able to keep up with the requirements of the retail trade. Southern spot advices disclosed no new feature, but there were many references in despatches and correspondence from that region on the drought in the Southwest. The tendency in these latest reports on the situation in Texas is to emphasize the need of rain for the good of the cotton crop. Heretofore more stress has been laid on the effect of dryness upon the grain crops and the probability that much grain land would have to be planted in cotton.

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DECEMBER 31ST, 1915:

Assets .....	\$61,849,662.02
Deposits .....	58,840,699.38
Capital actually paid up in Cash .....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds .....	2,008,962.64
Employees' Pension Fund .....	211,238.93
Number of Depositors .....	67,406

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CITY ABSTRACT AND TITLE INSURANCE CO.  
of San Francisco, in the State of California, on the  
31st day of December, 1915, made to the Insurance  
Commissioner of the State of California pursuant to  
law.

# Assets

Mortgage and collateral loans.....	\$157,250.00
Cash in company's office and banks.....	15,042.66
Premiums in course of collection.....	1,455.40
Bills receivable .....	3,289.70
Other ledger assets—Plant .....	\$125,000.00
Furniture and fixtures.....	5,754.54
Recording .....	241.90
Ledger assets .....	\$308,034.20

# NON-LEDGER ASSETS:

Total gross assets .....	\$308,034.20
Deduct assets not admitted .....	11,045.85
Total admitted assets .....	\$296,988.35

# Liabilities

All other liabilities Title Insurance surplus fund.....	\$ 10,397.50
Total liabilities (except capital and surplus) .....	10,397.50
Capital .....	250,000.00
Surplus .....	36,590.85
Total liabilities, capital and surplus.....	\$296,988.35

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J. H. HUMPHREY, Secretary.

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# SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and  
for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71884; Dept. 10.

FRANZISCA AVI, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23rd day of February, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
T. W. HUBBARD, By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1003 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-1-10

# NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20,540, N. S.; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY A. HAMILTON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Executor of the last will and testament of MARY A. HAMILTON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the office of McCutchen, Olney & Willard, Room No. 1107 in the Merchants Exchange Building, situate at the southwest corner of California and Leidesdorff Streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of MARY A. HAMILTON, deceased.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON,  
Executor of the last will and testament of  
Mary A. Hamilton, deceased.  
Dated: San Francisco, California, March 25th, 1916  
McCUTCHEN, OLNEY & WILLARD,  
Attorneys for Executor,  
Room No. 1107 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,  
San Francisco, California. 3-25-5

# SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71603.

FELIX D. C. MCGOVERN, Plaintiff, vs. JANET B. MCGOVERN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JANET B. MCGOVERN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
TOWSON S. GRASTY, By ROBERT W. DENNIS, Deputy Clerk.  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1201 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 26-2-10

# NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN CHARLES TAYLOR, deceased.—No. 20431; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Will of JOHN CHARLES TAYLOR, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said JULIET LOUISE TAYLOR, Executrix of the Will of said deceased, at the office of Paul McDonald, 464 California Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN CHARLES TAYLOR, deceased.

JULIET LOUISE TAYLOR,  
Executrix of the Will of John Charles Taylor, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, California, March 4, 1916.  
PAUL McDONALD,  
Attorney for Executrix,  
464 California St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-4-5

# NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES B. HAGGIN, deceased, No. 19515.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors and executrix of the will of JAMES B. HAGGIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 18th day of March, 1916) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors and executrix at the office of F. G. Drum, Room number 704 West Coast Life Building, Number 354 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES B. HAGGIN, deceased.

LOUIS T. HAGGIN,  
MARGARET V. HAGGIN,  
ALLAN McCULLOCH,  
H. ESK MOLLER,  
Executors and executrix of the will of James B. Haggin, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1916.  
GARRET W. MCENERNEY,  
Attorney for Executors and Executrix,  
2002 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-18-5

# NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN W. SHIELDS, deceased.—No. 20460 N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the estate of JOHN W. SHIELDS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the office of their attorney, Lewis F. Byington, Room 617 Balboa Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN W. SHIELDS, deceased.

ALVIN W. SHIELDS,  
KATE GARRETT,  
Executor and Executrix of the estate of John W. Shields, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, March 11, 1916.  
LEWIS F. BYINGTON,  
Attorney for Executor and Executrix,  
617 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-11-5

# NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS DEASY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of THOMAS DEASY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Stafford & Stafford, Room 504 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS DEASY, deceased.

MARY DEASY,  
Administratrix of the estate of Thomas Deasy, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1916.  
STAFFORD & STAFFORD,  
Room 504 Grant Building,  
1095 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-1-5

# NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATTHEW NUNAN, deceased, No. 20334.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the will of MATTHEW NUNAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 18th day of March, 1916), in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, Room number 2002 Hobart Building, Number 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATTHEW NUNAN, deceased.

FRANK NUNAN,  
MICHAEL SULLIVAN,  
Executors of the will of Matthew Nunan, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1916.  
GARRET W. MCENERNEY,  
Attorney for Executors,  
2002 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-18-5



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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVII. No. 1233

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 8, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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In the Italian Trenches

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Wilson Abandons Another Conviction

A State Senator as a Public Benefactor

The Unveiling of State Oracle Weinstock

A "Blingum" Belle on Beagles and the Bull

An Englishman Discloses England's Secrets

High Financiers Taking Candy From the Booby

The Spectator Sheds Light on the Western Pacific Deal

*Just Out—The April Lantern*



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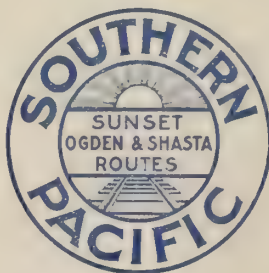
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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVII

San Francisco, April 8, 1916

No. 1233



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# TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor  
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

## One More Conviction Gone

Once again our President has changed his mind, or, at least, by editing copy he has given so violent a wrench to language as to make it appear that he has abandoned another conviction. In a speech that he delivered at St. Louis when he was sounding an alarm to call attention to the general weakness of our system of national defense he employed these words in the order in which we give them: "This country should have *incomparably the greatest navy in the world.*" On February 3 the House of Representatives ordered the President's "preparedness" speeches printed, and immediately the President took them in hand and edited them. He made several changes, but none so important as the change in his St. Louis address. Expunging the words we have quoted he substituted the following: "There is no navy in the world that has to cover so great an area of defense as the American navy, and it ought, in my judgment, to be *incomparably the most adequate navy in the world.*" Undoubtedly the change is most grateful to our out-and-out pacifists, but how will the admirers of the President's rhetoric feel about his little "sin of excess?" Has the President's artistic conscience been impaired?

## The Wet Blanket for Genius

The War Department has ordered new tests of the Lewis machine gun. This gun has been used effectively by France, Belgium and England. The inventor is an American, and by him the gun was offered to our Government before anything was known about it in Europe. But Lewis had no pull, and his gun was declined with thanks. Our Government preferred the machine gun that has proved a failure in Mexico. This appears to be the usual way of things in this grand young democracy of ours. Lewis's gun is not the only product of American genius that had to be sent to Europe to find appreciation. It was an American who first designed a warship of the dreadnought type, and as it did not meet with approval at Washington England was the first country to adopt it. The 42-centimeter howitzer, which is serving the Germans to mighty good purpose, is an American invention that was rejected by our Government. It was Wilbur Wright who made aerial combats possible, but no country has done so little as ours to avail itself of the benefits of his genius. Our Government has done much to illustrate the proverbial blindness of democracy, but nevertheless we are not at all resentful when we see our vociferous demagogues increasing their opportunities by committing us more and more to the socialistic principle of government ownership and

discouraging private enterprise. And this is the day of the apotheosis of the john-donkey in public office.

## Nijinski At Liberty

Nijinski is in New York, or, at least, he is due there from Paris. The news that he had reached Paris and was on his way to New York with his wife and twenty-months-old baby was received at the Metropolitan Opera House two weeks ago with great delight; for Nijinski is a superb dancer, and he adds distinction to the wonderful Russian ballet. There is something of very great and very pleasing significance in this news about Nijinski. It tells us something of the soul of a people. The Russians are a people devoted to the spiritual things of life, and all things that savor of materialism they regard as trivial. "Russia's great instinctive struggle," says Stephen Graham, "is against Westernism." In other words, the Slavonic temperament revolts against the worship of Mammon. The type, according to Graham, is a combination of gay carelessness, scorn of material possessions, love of neighbor and of the mystical." In Russia, as in Paris and nowhere else, there is an atmosphere of art wherein one may forget that the earth is a Tom Tiddler's ground where the serious are ever scrambling for gold. And so we say there is a very pleasing significance in the news about Nijinski. It seems to confirm what Stephen Graham and Maurice Baring and others have been telling us about the Russians; for Nijinski was recently a prisoner of war in Austria and he was exchanged for a great Austrian scientist who was a prisoner of war in Russia. The Government of Austria was very eager for the return of the scientist, who is a chemist, we believe, a man who may be expected to contribute to the material possessions of his country, especially in time of war. Austria was willing to give any Russian in exchange for the scientist, and Petrograd said: "Give us our precious dancer." So in the midst of the roar of the universe Nijinski may go on quaffing the cup of life without draining it, and though the Teutons are far from exhausted, yet for the worshipers of the Muse of the Twinkling Feet in Moscow joy and hope are mantling to the brim.

## A Patriot Rebuked

Doubtless the sympathies of countless thousands go out to the Hon. James H. Davis of Texas, better known as "Cyclone" Davis, a statesman typical of his period. Mr. Davis suffered a terrible rebuke the other day, one that we should pronounce humiliating were we not sure that the breezy statesman is inaccessible to troublesome emotions. Mr. Davis is one of our greatest professional patriots, and in the matter of personal purity he has few peers. He hates the Demon Rum, and fills the commonwealth of Texas with the odor of his sanctity. He wanders and preaches like a circuit rider and labors with the heathen like a missionary bishop. To appreciate "Cyclone" Davis one must read what he

writes about himself in the *Congressional Record*. A fine specimen of his rhetoric appeared in that journal on March 22nd. It was not a speech, but that was what it purported to be. It was an essay that the Congressman would have converted into an oration if the House had cared to listen to him. It is entitled *Americanism and Patriotism*, and it deals principally with the patriotism and Americanism of the Hon. James H. Davis. He tells us that twenty-two years ago on the battlefield of Corinth, standing by the grave of his brother, he called upon God to witness the rectitude of his conduct, and then and there dedicated himself "to the perpetuation of the Republic" and the "glory of God." Presumably in order to live up to that dedication it becomes necessary occasionally for Congressman Davis to blast his foes with thunderbolts of language, and this he proceeded to do while writing for the *Congressional Record*. On this occasion the great prohibitionist expressed himself in the peculiar terms that are a constant joy to his friends and admirers. His language was coarse and foul, though it was evidently meant to be vehement and forceful. It was the intemperate language of the Demon's characteristic enemy who thinks that the liquor interests break out with gooseflesh whenever he yawns. When "Cyclone" Davis wrote that speech he was suffering from a very definite form of intoxication. In the course of his little essay he lauded the *Congressional Record* as "the one paper in the United States that tells the truth and permits Congressmen to tell the people the truth." A fine tribute from no fine source to the great journal that records things that never happened, but alas! it brought a melancholy rebuke to its author. The speech was too much for the tough Congressional stomach. It induced general revolt. Two days after it appeared Congressman Madden of Illinois, rising to a question of privilege, pronounced the cyclonic masterpiece of rhetoric indecent, and accused the human cavern of wind of "washing dirty linen" and using the chaste *Congressional Record* as "a cesspool for vile epithets." He said that Mr. Davis had used the official journal in a way that would not be tolerated by "any decent publication in America," and he moved the appointment of a committee to examine the printed language and report as to whether it should not be expunged. It was later ordered expunged.

## The Prohibition Pork Barrel

An interesting piece of news comes from Pittsburg where the Federal Council of Churches of Christ was in session the other day. It is news that should fire anew many hearts that burn with zeal for the cause that "Cyclone" Davis has made his own, the cause for which the Rev. Madison Slaughter would suffer martyrdom, and in defense of which the Rev. Paul Jordan Smith interprets the soul of woman while inveighing against the saloon and hymning the praises of that neurotic priestess of free love Emma Goldman. Surely it is inspiring news to such folks that the



"church in action," as it is called, has collected during the past year \$1,693,125.49. Such was the report made at Pittsburg by the Temperance Commission. Out of the overflowing treasury, it was further reported, the Anti-Salon League, which is now engaged in a campaign to put the lid on California and substitute the blind-pig for the brewery, has drawn \$871,771. The Women's Christian Temperance Union was given \$415,833.15, and to other pseudo-temperance organizations was distributed \$405,521.34. Whatever may happen to the "wets" it is evident that there is no danger of the "dry" cause going dry. It pays to be a prohibitionist.

#### Sir Oracle Unveiled

We quote:

"Bravely and truthfully he answered my question. . . . His voice was earnest and deep-toned. His language was clear and strong throughout, often impassioned. Burning with the zeal of the true patriot, this man who, when everybody else was blind twenty-five years ago, saw so clearly," et cetera, et cetera.

The foregoing is not, as doubtless you have assumed, an extract from a sensational piece of twentieth century fiction. The man with the voice "earnest and deep-toned" is not one of the occasional heroes who smile opportunely on a hero-worshipping world. Nor was the question he answered "bravely and truthfully" and in language "often impassioned," a question of life and death interest to anybody in particular. We are not sure that it required more nerve to answer the question than to ask it, but certainly the tremendously dramatic situation that palpitated with the zeal of a burning patriot would have been utterly ruined by a break in its solemnity. But to relieve our readers' suspense: the questioner was Mr. Bailey Millard, distinguished journalist of the Hearst staff, the burning patriot was Colonel Harris Weinstock, one of the sages of the State Administration, and this was the momentous question,—"What is the matter with California?" Answering this question, the man who saw clearly when

all others were blind, "paced the floor of his office in the Underwood building and delivered his straight-from-the-shoulder blows at our paradoxical land policy and our still more paradoxical local marketing methods." Mr. Millard is an experienced journalist familiar with the best sources of first-hand information. So he took on the cyclopaedic Weinstock to find out what the matter is with this great seat and centre of progressive government where six commissions have been made to grow where but one flourished before. Colonel Weinstock, a distinguished graduate of the country store, now the evangelist of the farmer, is a latter-day scholar, able to illuminate any corner of human activity he may choose to select. Able always to pierce the husk of appearance, prunes and prisms alike yield him their secrets, and like Dr. Jordan he never guesses. In his brain reason and observation are so closely knit that they seem a single process, and when he utters himself he has closed the final stage in the swift vision and intuitive comparison of all the facts bearing on the question. Colonel Weinstock, in short, is one of the supermen peculiar to the prevailing democracy.

#### Paternalism and Prunes

The soothsayer with the divining rod 'twixt his teeth having been consulted, let us see how he has profited us. What is the matter with California? Reducing a mass of verbiage to a single sentence the answer may be phrased thus: paternal government has not yet been carried to its logical conclusion. Some weeks ago Colonel Weinstock unfolded a plan for extending the payroll of a State which Millet's picture would eloquently symbolize were it labeled "The Tax-burdened Man With the Hoe." The plan calls for first aid from the State treasury for dried fruit growers. Let dried fruit be standardized by the State, said the Colonel, and flush times will come to the orchards. But lack of facilities to standardize dried fruit and guarantee it, is not all that the matter is with Cali-

fornia. No; the main defect is in our methods of colonization. We need a rural credits system, but first the State should "inspect and select the land" for the man who wishes to become a tenant, and he should be allowed thirty-one years in which to complete his payments. This is not all. Listen to the Colonel. We quote him verbatim: "The State will have a farm adviser at his elbow to instruct him how, when and what to plant, how to cultivate, harvest and market and who will prevent the newcomer from making costly mistakes." In other words the State will have an army of political farmers, on a par in the matter of efficiency, we suppose, with the political lawyer and the political doctor and the political engineer. Let us go a step further with the political Colonel, for he is a delightful companion, and he reflects the tone and temper of the times, and he is himself unconsciously a sign of what the matter is with California. We are slow in our marketing methods, he tells us. We have 91,470 acres of bearing prunes, he says, and we cannot sell them all; yet we have 24,774 acres that will be bearing next year. It might seem that in the circumstances even a political farmer would see the wisdom of going a little slow with prunes. Not so, Colonel Weinstock. He would solve the problem by increasing the consumption. How? Easy enough. Create a demand for prunes by a campaign of education. "Five prunes a day will keep the doctor away" is a jingle the Colonel read somewhere recently and he has been eating prunes ever since. "If," says the Colonel, "that slogan and other effective literature were sent broadcast all over the country, it would result in our per capita consumption of prunes being at least two pounds instead of one." In other words fill the people with prunes and we shall soon be growing two pounds of prunes where but one grew before. Thus it was that, pacing the floor of his office, the evangelist of the prune-grower, bravely and truthfully expounded the malady that is gnawing at our vitals.

## Perspective Impressions

Why doesn't the Rev. Slaughter go on the stage? We should love to hear him sing "When the Almond Blossoms Bloom in Oroville."

Says Senator Walsh, speaking of Brandeis: "The real crime this man is guilty of is that he exposed the iniquities of men in high places." We never heard of his exposing Senator Walsh.

The very latest psychology is the "psychology of Zeppelin raids." Nowadays there is a psychology of anything and everything. Isn't it time to give that overworked word a furlough?

John D. Rockefeller is committed to schools which will eliminate grammar, history, Latin and Greek. With the price of midnight oil mounting steadily he probably realizes the difficulty of mastering these branches.

It is disgusting to think that Chico's dirty linen has to be washed all over again.

A Wisconsin savant is experimenting on rodents to find the perfect human food. Rats!

Our studious youngsters probably picked up a good deal of sex knowledge by reading the daily reports from Oroville.

If Japan were in alliance with Germany instead of with England would Hearst be trying to involve his own country in trouble with the Mikado's realm?

Considering the ticklishness of the times wouldn't it be advisable for the Government to quit bothering about small-fry German spies and endeavor to make public the basis of the arrangement on which Hearst is nagging at Japan?

Was it the Wets or the Drys that hung the Slaughter jury?

Advice to young girls: When calling on the prohibition pastor, it is just as well to beware the spare bedroom.

Senator Works thinks Brandeis is temperamentally unfit for high judicial office. It would be too much to expect a man of the Works calibre to find him morally unfit.

The Examiner demands the removal of two stone monuments in the State highway at Burlingame because they are "a menace to the lives of motorists." A motorist knocked a street car off the track the other day. Wouldn't it be well to regard the street car as a menace to the lives of motorists?



# Varied Types

CCLXXV—AN ENGLISHMAN

By Edward F. O'Day

He has come here from London where his position enables him to hear and see many things not universally heard and seen, and he is willing to talk about them provided his name be withheld. And so, for the first time, anonymity will cloak an interview in this series.

"How much longer will the war last?" he repeated after me. "Since nobody knows, the question is rather idle. In 1914 Lord Kitchener told an American reporter that it would last three years. That would mean a year more of fighting. If the Germans fight as well on the defensive as they have on the offensive we shall all be lucky to have it over with so soon.

"When the war will end is not considered a polite topic in London. It's been exhausted, like the question: Who started the war? We know who started it, but we are a little tired of saying. I notice that an American writer offers the suggestion that this war really started when the three sons of Louis le Debonnair met near Verdun in 843 to divide the empire of Charlemagne. That's a little remote, isn't it?

"What London is intensely interested in just now is how the war is being carried on. There is a pretty widespread sentiment in London that insofar as Great Britain's share of the war is concerned, too much authority is vested in the politicians and too little in the soldiers. Politicians remain politicians in war time. Having played a game all their lives they can't seem to quit when our whole future is in the balance. There is a lot of truth which they don't want told. The censorship has been a handy weapon for them. The Globe newspaper of London was suppressed for telling the truth about our politicians. More recently the Socialist Labor weekly Forward has had an issue confiscated for telling the truth about Lloyd George. Forward told the truth about a hostile reception Lloyd George got at Glasgow. Another weekly, The New Witness, edited by Cecil Chesterton, quoted Forward's report of this meeting, and appeared on the news stands with a great blot in its columns where the censor at the instance of Lloyd George had had the offending matter chiselled from the form. Lloyd George said in the House of Commons that Forward's report was a lie. But it was a stenographic report. The Minister of Munitions is not a George Washington in truth telling. He is being criticized from all sides. The Saturday Review, the great Tory weekly, has told how he sat in the House one night and allowed the credit for certain things to be ascribed to him when he knew that credit belonged to a subordinate official in the War Department. Another powerful weekly The New Statesman

has said that all the stories creditable to Lloyd George can be traced to statements he has made about himself. Another paper wants to know how he can sit on the War Council in London and attend to his work as Minister of Munitions, work which calls him to all parts of Great Britain. The answer is that he can't, but that 'devolution of responsibility' is the politician's way, even in war time.

"Lloyd George is perhaps the slipperiest politician we have, but there are others. Mr. Asquith has come in for his share of criticism. Some day the whole story of our Serbian blunder will be told. Our politicians excused themselves for not helping Serbia by saying that help would come too late. But they changed their tune when General Joffre startled them by a visit to London. Why did he go to London? Austin Harrison has answered that question. 'Joffre came over here,' he wrote in his paper The English Review, 'to find out what the hell was the matter with us.' There was a meeting in Downing Street. Joffre banged the table with his big fist. He spoke of honor. He stormed and raved. The result was that we went to Serbia's aid—when it was too late. You see, Mr. Asquith is a nice man, but a politician. He has the politician's fatal habit of postponing things. He doesn't like to attempt the things that seem impossible. But this is a war wherein the soldiers are achieving the impossible all the time. Hence the evil of allowing politicians to curb the soldiers.

"When the history of the war is written we English won't be proud of the Serbian incident. It was almost as bad as the Gallipoli fiasco. Winston Churchill who is a man of action first and a politician afterwards, had the right policy for the Dardanelles expedition, but he was hampered by the political postponers. The military expedition was delayed so long that the naval successes were useless. When our ships were bombarding the forts they had 'spotters' on Achi Baba Hill directing the gun fire. By the time the military expedition landed this hill was in the hands of the Turks. Thousands of British lives were lost in the attempt to storm it. It was the grave of the expedition. Yet it had been in our hands during the naval bombardment! Why the military landing was made at the tip of the Gallipoli peninsula has never been explained. The politicians sent General Monro to Gallipoli to find out what should be done. He advised the abandonment of the enterprise. But the politicians couldn't make up their minds. Finally Kitchener had to take a firm stand, and the unhappy business came to an end. Churchill is out of the Cabinet; Kitchener has been shorn of authority. The politicians are still in the saddle.

"Is it any wonder that there is a strong anti-English party in Russia? To be pro-Ally in Petrograd doesn't necessarily mean to be pro-English. The Russian press is pretty severe on internal politics in England. Extremists are even writing that 'England will fight to the last drop of Russian blood.' We have neglected letting the Russians know what we've been doing. It is the fashion in London to read Russian books, to read English books about Russia and to go into ecstasies over Russia. But we are doing nothing to give the Russians an opportunity to go into ecstasies over England

England is doing little in Russia to strengthen Russian friendship. Our politicians are very indignant about German propaganda in Russia. They have neglected to offset it with British propaganda, although there is plenty of material which could be used honestly and effectively.

"Do I seem to be severe on my country? I am not. I am severe on our politicians. Our soldiers are doing glorious things. Our soldiers are going to win this war in spite of the politicians. Criticism of our politicians helps, though the politicians, being politicians, cannot understand this. France understands. Her politicians are not directing her war. And fortunately, France knows about conditions in England, and is magnanimous enough to make allowances. She excuses our politicians for the sake of our soldiers whom she has learned to love."

I asked this frank Englishman how London regarded the Ford apostles. He smiled.

"That was regarded as a humorous interlude," he said. "One welcomes a little amusement in war time. It is kind of America to supply us with it. Ford entertained us, just as Ethel Levy who is the rage of the music halls just now, is entertaining us. She is telling, by the way, that she owes her theatrical start to San Francisco. Not the least amusing feature of the Ford affair was that an expatriated Englishman of pro-German sympathies should have so prominent a part in the peace party. I refer to your Dr. Aked."

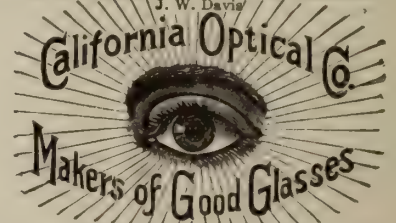
"How is Dr. Aked's friend Philip Snowden getting along with his anti-saloon propaganda in London?" I asked.

"Famously—from his viewpoint," was the reply. "But not so well, in the view of sensible people. Since the sale of liquor was restricted crime has increased in London. Now that men are not allowed to accompany their women folk to the 'pubs,' the women go alone, with evil results. And as liquor cannot be bought during certain hours, drinkers take bottles to their homes and overindulge, again with evil results. Mr. Snowden has not added to his reputation by his recent activities."

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# In the Italian Trenches

By Herbert Vivian

The Italians are more Spartan in warfare than most of their allies. They have no barbers, bathrooms, beds, lounges, libraries or creature comforts in their trenches; practically no protection, just a long ditch, a heap of stones and a slender covering of brushwood. Sixty days without a wash or a change of raiment is nothing out of the common. One frugal meal a day is served with military punctuality. Hunger, however, they tell me, is not so great a tyrant as the perpetual thirst, which sets the whole body in an agony, rendering men insensible to the wounds and deaths of their best friends. They open their mouths to try and refresh themselves with a little icy air, and their mouths are immediately filled with burning earth. Blessed is the rain when it comes and fills a few pannikins, even though it dislodges the stone parapets and makes knee-deep mud and renders all the mountain paths like rinks.

In the trenches, everybody and everything is earth-stained. The dainty, grey-green uniforms have been soaked in slime ever since the Italian war began. The motionless soldiers look like mummies or gaunt sacks of rags. The sky weeps, the trees shed frozen tears, the cannons groan, the bullets sigh. What heroism to maintain a stout heart in such a woeful atmosphere! Yet the officers' great difficulty has been to restrain the exuberant joy of their men. Newcomers have always wanted to laugh and shout and sing under fire. It is only after long training that they learn that noise assists the enemy's aim, that silence (one of the first commandments of Cadorna's decalogue) is an essential of safety, that Machiavelli was right when he compared love with war because "their successes are best matured in silence."

When at last the sun does shine, all are instantly stimulated to higher spirits, though his appearance is always the signal for redoubled cannonades. Sometimes the great guns go on booming and reverberating along the valleys for days and days; then the rains and clouds come down and there is a silence that may be felt.

It affords a strange sensation to stand on some high place and watch the effect of a bombardment on the enemies' lines. You may see their trenches catching fire by spontaneous combustion, like fermenting ricks, and belching dense clouds which circle slowly up towards the sky. Or else little white clots of cloud appear in rows above their earthworks, following one another like candles being lighted on some high altar.

The most famous of the Austrian defences, which runs from San Michele to Monfalcone, has been dubbed by Italians trincerone, "the big trench." It was dug in zigzags, cemented and armored like a fortress, protected by a wide field of mines; having the shape of a horseshoe, it could rake both flanks as well as the front of an advancing force. In front of it was the most prodigious wire entanglement yet seen in the war, each wire being nearly half an inch thick and defiant of any nippers, defiant even of ordinary cannon; the only way to uproot them was with big shells bursting a yard in front and exploding their strong foundations. Again and again, fruitless efforts were made to cut the wires. Two hundred volunteers rushed out and not one came back. Two hundred and yet another two hundred followed with the same re-

sult. To approach this almost impregnable battery, it was first necessary to cross the Isonzo, an exploit that will ever be counted among the most glorious in Italian warfare! Then the enemy flooded the intervening territory to put any further advance quite out of the question. At some points the floods were over six foot deep. But the Italians are of Napoleon's opinion that many things are difficult, but none are ever impossible. They opened sluices and closed dykes and soon reduced the flood to a quagmire, threw planks and bridges over it, and waded with mud up to their waists. Then, after three days of frightful artillery, they took the trincerone, Lord knows how, rushing it like demons, seeming to tear away the stiff wirework with their teeth, leaping the armored and cemented trenches, and bursting upon the affrighted enemy like a tidal wave.

The Italian method of trench warfare is more deliberate and more efficacious than the Austrian Orders are to reserve fire until the last moment. Not a breath, not a movement, not a sign of life, until the Philistines be right upon them. Then an avalanche of flame from every rifle and machine gun, a sudden holocaust of hundreds, followed by the surrender of thousands. In one such onslaught, by the irony of fate, it was found that every enemy wore an armlet inscribed "Nach Rom!"

The Austrian trenches are often only forty or fifty, their outposts fifteen yards away, and rough chaff is often exchanged between the opposing lines. There are polite allusions to macaroni and mandolines and (for some cryptic reason) umbrellas from the one side; references to hounds, swine, barbarians, from the other; and Cecco Beppe, the contemptuous nickname for Francis Joseph, is frequently taken in vain. But the insults are usually good-humored. The stock conversation is for the Austrians to proclaim that they are on their way to Rome, and for the Italians to answer, "Perhaps, as prisoners."

The precision of Austrian artillery is certainly inferior to that of the Italian. Before a bombardment of Italian trenches from afar, the occupants of the front Austrian trenches are always withdrawn, lest they should be hit by their own side. But the Italian gunners are justly confident in their aim and clear away the enemy's hosts and trenches in front of a headlong Italian charge.

Most of the Italian trenchmen's time seems to be devoted to carrying great sacks of earth in every direction. They hug them even while trying to rush the Austrian lines, dump them down to form primitive cover when the fire becomes too hot, and sometimes empty them on the enemy's heads on reaching their trenches.

What has impressed me most about the trench life is the intense feeling of brotherliness which it engenders between officers and men. This does not relax discipline. Indeed, the men do not respect or like an officer who does not know his own mind or fails to impose it. Meanwhile, they chaff, they jest, they are familiar, like sons or brothers in the presence of a beloved elder. And there is much voluntarism in their active service, though it has some drawbacks in practice. Call for ten men for a desperate enterprise and a couple of hundred offer themselves immediately; ask for men to dig trenches in comparative safety and all remain mute.

One might imagine that men of a nervous, high-strung, vivacious temperament would soon be overwhelmed by the endless monotony of the trenches, but the Italians have been so thoroughly galvanized by the intensity of their patriotism that nothing seems to damp their ardor. The only times I have seen human nature reassert itself among them has been when they were wounded. As soon as they were tucked up in hospital, they slept heavily for days. Their weariness acted as an anaesthetic, and seemed to render them insensible to pain. They almost welcomed the wounds which had procured them the long forgotten luxury of bed.

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# Poems About San Franciscans

XXI—GEORGE T. BROMLEY

By Louis Alexander Robertson

(George T. Bromley was for many years the pet of the Bohemian Club. Before his death at a ripe old age he published his reminiscences, "The Long Ago and the Later On." These verses were read at a banquet given to "Uncle George" by the Bohemian Club on his eighty-fifth birthday)

Time's record shows, when closely conned,  
Fair women and brave men  
Who loved and laughed long years beyond  
The Psalmist's three-score-ten;  
With added age they seemed to thrive,  
And did their youth renew;  
The God who keeps the saint alive  
Preserves the sinner too.

We bar the patriarchs who trod  
The earth before the flood,  
And Mammon's selfish sons who plod  
Through life with stagnant blood.  
Sainted or sordid never feel  
The pulse with rapture rife,  
When Hebe's rich red lips reveal  
The lore that lengthens life.

That secret murmured in the breeze  
That kissed the crested tide  
When Cytherea trod the seas,  
And it has never died;  
To Dionysus it was told,  
And in his flagon flushed  
When from the purple grapes of old  
Its meaning first was crushed.

And so he laughs at Time, who lays  
On him the lightest load;  
And when in Pleasure's path he strays,  
He finds few thorns to goad.  
His is the best philosophy,—  
The wisdom that outwears  
All other creeds,—and we shall see  
Him live a hundred years.

It taught the Teian till he laughed  
At Chronos' dismal chime;  
It rippled from the cup he quaffed  
In many a glowing rhyme:  
Venus and Bacchus—at each shrine  
He worshiped oft and long,  
Saw Beauty blushing in the wine  
And 'crowned her with a song.

It makes the heart beat wild and warm  
In many a snowy breast;  
Ninon de l'Enclos and Delorme  
Were courted and caressed  
When nigh a hundred years had passed  
In revel and romance;  
They held in homage till the last  
The royal rakes of France.

Why ponder over pagan creed,  
Or Epicurus' cult,  
Or in Time's rusty roster read,  
Or Pleasure's page consult,  
When in the living flesh we see,  
Lusty and all alive,  
One who has climbed the years till he  
Sits throned on Eighty-Five.

Now let the jest and laughter lull,  
The glasses cease to clink;  
The Owl who sits on Sorrow's skull  
Gives you this toast to drink:  
"We've seen him turn night into day,  
December in June,—  
May the Lord love him long, we say,  
Nor call for him too soon."

Bohemia's bards his triumphs sing,  
Her sons and sages raise  
Their voices till the rafters ring  
And echo back his praise;  
They love the Genius of their joys,  
The Master of their mirth,—  
Mirth that no malice e'er alloys,  
And Wit with Wisdom's worth,—

Their King of revels who can drive  
Their grief and gloom away,  
Their Priest of pleasure who can thrive  
Their thirsting souls next day.  
Hesper may herald in the feast,  
The glasses clink and foam  
Till Eos blushes in the east,  
And all have wandered home;

Then, fresh as one whose night has passed  
In slumber till the dawn,  
He'll linger on until the last  
Bold bacchanal has gone.  
He proves that Pleasure's cup may bring  
A blessing, not a blight;  
For him it holds no adder's sting,  
But Life's elixir brighter.

## The Spectator

### Rubbing It In To W. P. Bondholders

When a big enterprise conducive to the good of a State goes to the wall one's first impulse is to sympathize with the unfortunate founders. Even in the case of the Western Pacific one experienced the thrill of sympathy. When the Western Pacific was building the smug Pharisaism of some of its promoters was rather fatiguing, but I for one had forgotten all about it long before the smash came. Not until the other day was I reminded of it. The reminder came in the form of an interview with the manager of Rollins & Co., the brokers, on the subject of the minority bondholders who have not been filled with enthusiasm by the reorganization deal. Now it occurs to me that when by representations more or less enticing, if not unduly extravagant, a man buys a bond and loses his money he, too, is deserving of sympathy. At any rate abuse of him for not "standing in" to facilitate a reorganization scheme that he regards with disfavor, can emanate with but ill grace from the man who separated him from his money. It is quite natural for the burnt child to dread the fire. Is it just to lambaste a bitten bondholder who balks at second treatment and pronounce him selfish and unreasonable? In this instance it seems to me that this abuse is in pursuance of certain well defined tactics the general purpose of which should be carefully studied before the little band of high financiers by whom the deal in hand was conceived are permitted to rake in the pot.

### Rudolph In Wall Street

Obviously enough this whole reorganization scheme is a Wall street enterprise designed not primarily for the benefit of California but for the protection of the Goulds. True Rudolph Spreckels is a very busy participant in the plan of reorganization. He has been allowed to put a few disinterested friends on the committee, but they are a very small minority, and they all have much to learn of the intricacies of finance in Wall street, so much that even now in some quarters they are being grinned at and not always through a horse collar. I have heard that Rudolph insisted when addressing the insiders of Wall street that there must be no such thing as underwriters' profits, and that all hands acquiesced instantaneously; also, I heard that when the parochial financier withdrew all Wall street was on a broad grin, for everybody knew that the profits Rudolph objected to were as a drop in the bucket. So, admitting that our village pump Napoleon of finance means well, yet the fact is that Wall street is handling the deal, and that the men who have come out from the East to put it through, though ostensibly representing the bondholders, represent chiefly other interests. The tactics I have referred to were made manifest as soon as they arrived. It was made apparent that the plan was to smother the protesting small bondholders with innuendoes and overwhelm opposition with abuse. First we heard Spreckels shrieking a threat to expose somebody's motives. I have been patiently waiting for the expose. Then came the attack on

Judge Van Fleet. The most terrible of all the frightful charges against him is that he has constituted himself the champion of the small bondholders. Now what does this mean? If it means anything it means that he hasn't constituted himself the champion of John D. Rockefeller, one of the biggest of the big bondholders who are standing in with the Goulds. But does John need a champion?

### In the Realm of High Finance

I have been studying this Western Pacific reorganization scheme, and I am quite sure that were I a bondholder it would not drive away the blues. It strikes me as a very good thing for the Goulds, a family that has never won high encomiums for its philanthropy, but what it guarantees for the California bondholders is beyond my ken. The Western Pacific bond issue was an incident of Denver & Rio Grande finance. We speak of railroads as personalities, but in reality they are screens for personalities in the background. When we speak of the Denver & Rio Grande we mean the Gould family and their allied interests. The Gould family owned the Missouri Pacific and the Denver & Rio Grande, and they wanted a railroad from Salt Lake to San Francisco. So they conceived the Western Pacific project. To raise the money they put their bonds in the hands of underwriting bankers in New York. These bankers were Gould bankers who take all the Gould issues and put them out for public consumption. Of course the public, that is to say, the common people,



do not take the whole of a bond issue. What they do not take may be subscribed for, either by the Gould family or their allied interests, or by both. The balance is always kept by the Goulds, their allied interests and their bankers until buyers are found. If a smash comes these insiders, holding large blocks of bonds, organize a committee, and the small bondholders, panic-stricken, seeing not for themselves but what the reorganization committee sees for them, run to the reorganization committee as rabbits scamper to a fence in a rabbit-drive. This, to me, appears to be what happened in the case of the Western Pacific smash.

#### The Wall Street Steam Roller

It is easy to see how in such cases the insiders get control of the reorganization committee. In this very case of the Western Pacific John D. Rockefeller is said to hold \$7,500,000 of the bonds. If, therefore, there were 750 men on this coast, each of whom had bought ten of the bonds for 97, or \$970 per bond, their ownership in bulk would only equal the single ownership of John D. Rockefeller. To see further how the machine of high finance works let us consider how these bonds are handled. The New York banking houses that handle the Gould issues enter into contracts with bonding houses to sell the bonds, and the bond houses sell them just as the sewing machine agent in the old days sold sewing machines to the farmers' wives. It was thus that Rollins & Company handled the Western Pacific bonds under contract. Rollins & Company sold them up and down the coast, representing them to be gilt-edge securities and dealing them out from 90 to 97. Of course it is a nice, clean, profitable business. Rollins & Company make commissions, and they make profits on the bonds, for they get them, say, for 90, and sell them for 95 or 97. Besides they get bonuses. Now when the crash came where was Rollins to be found? Naturally enough with Rockefeller and the Goulds and the banking houses. He is on the reorganization committee.

#### A Plea in Extenuation

As to whether Rollins is to be compensated for promoting the reorganization I am not informed, but I think he ought to be paid for the part he played in the rabbit-drive. He says to the bondholders: "These bonds are in a temporary state of distress. Come into the reorganization, deposit the bonds with the reorganization committee, and by and by you will get your money back." If some bondholders with a tenacious memory, mindful of the representations of Rollins & Company when selling the bonds, refuse to act on this advice, they shock Mr. Dibblee, the manager of the house, and in his disinterested indignation he calls them selfish. Thus having lost their money they get abused besides. Three years ago Mr. Dibblee was telling the dear people that interest on Western Pacific

bonds was "as permanent as the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad can make it." Have you heard of late anything about the efforts of the Gould road to make the interest permanent? Listen to Mr. Dibblee now and you'd never dream that the Gould road was under any obligation whatever to the hysterical bondholders. The Gould road appears to have been cleverly exempted from responsibility hereabouts. Mr. Dibblee may be a well-meaning person; he may be deeply concerned for the best interests of the bondholders, but certainly he is not blessed with a lively imagination if he cannot conceive why bondholders without blinders who have received punishment should shy at the prospect of coming back for more. On inquiry I have learned that in the thirteen months since the Western Pacific went into the hands of the receiver under Judge Van Fleet's order the road has earned \$1,400,000 above operating expenses and that the money is now in the hands of the receiver. Perhaps this is the reason why the small bondholders would rather see the road in their hands than exchange their bonds for paper in a holding company controlled by the big bondholders. Perhaps also it is the reason why Judge Van Fleet is being abused.

#### Coming Manipulations

Now let us glance at the history of Western Pacific finance and consider briefly the plan of reorganization. Fifty million bonds were issued. Let us assume that thirty or thirty-five millions are held in large blocks by insiders such as bankers, millionaire families, financial institutions and the like, while the rest are in the hands of small investors, men and women, in 5, 10, 15 and 20 bond lots. These small holders supposed they were buying bonds which would pay 5 per cent interest forever. Now what are they to get? According to the plan a California corporation with seventy-five millions in stock shall be incorporated. That stock is not to be distributed to the bondholders, but it is to be turned over to some corporation—a holding company—organized in some Eastern State and there capitalized for seventy-five million dollars. The holding company is to issue preferred stock and common stock to the amount of \$62,500,000 to the bondholders, leaving a balance of \$12,500,000. Then the road from San Francisco to Salt Lake, which has earned \$1,400,000 under the receivership in thirteen months, is to be plastered with a mortgage of twenty million. There will be a bond issue of \$20,000,000 and bonds are to be sold at 90, and thus \$18,000,000 will be realized. Some of this money will be spent for equipment and improvements, a great deal will go to engineers, bankers and lawyers, thus to defray the expense of reorganization, and \$10,000,000, it is said, is to be reserved for building feeders in California. It will be interesting to look forward to the construction of these feeders. Doubtless you will ask, What is to become

of the balance of \$12,500,000 of stock in the holding company? It is to go to the people who buy the new bonds. The reorganization committee promises that every one of the present bondholders of the Western Pacific will be permitted to buy his share of the new bonds and thus get his share of the \$12,500,000 of stock. What could be more agreeable? But alas, the small bondholders of the Western Pacific may have no more money wherewith to accumulate more Gould bonds; and I am not sure that if they had they would care to buy more Gould bonds. Consequently I am inclined to guess that a large part of the surplus stock will gravitate to the bankers as bonuses and eventually fall into the hands of the Gould family and their allied interests, with the result that the Gould clique will retain control of the Western Pacific. This appears to be the matter of paramount interest—control of the road.

#### The Story in Brief

If my speculations come true what a charming story there will be to tell when the vicissitudes

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of the Western Pacific become matter of historic interest. Briefly the story will be this: the Goulds sold the people of the Pacific Coast bonds, and our easy-marks, stampeded by Wall Street, kindly cancelled the debt, accepting as a substitute for the mortgage a minority stock holding in a road which is plastered with a bonded debt to furnish money for its equipment and completion. It makes no difference to the Gould family how they control the Western Pacific so long as they do control it, and they are ensuring control by giving the bondholders a minority stock representation in payment, as it were, of the Gould promissory notes. I am not a financier, but were I bondholder I think I should be in favor of going back to Rudolph Spreckels's original proposition—that the State buy the road for fifty million. By the way, I wonder if Rudie thinks that would be too much for an upset price?

### Why Rockefeller Is Willing

In the midst of the discussion of the Western Pacific reorganization it was said that Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and the Union Pacific wanted to get hold of the Western Pacific. Unfortunately this is not true. If it had been true it would have been a godsend to the small holders of the Western Pacific, but it would have been a positive disadvantage to the insiders of the Denver & Rio Grande, because they would lose their connection. Hence to a man up a tree this is the aspect of the situation: while the small bondholders want their money back, the big bondholders want to keep the Western Pacific for the Denver & Rio Grande without paying the small bondholders the money taken away from them. If it be argued that John D. Rockefeller is going to do the best he can for his \$7,500,000, the answer is, that undoubtedly Mr. Rockefeller holds other bonds in the Denver & Rio Grande and the Missouri Pacific. In other words he has bought largely of all their issues, and he would lose more through his Denver & Rio Grande and Missouri Pacific systems than he would gain by standing by the small bondholders who have no other bonds and are only interested in getting the most they can out of the property for the Western Pacific bondholders alone.

### Wild Bill, Benefactor and Spendthrift

Wall Street has been very busy in San Francisco of late. Its activities have been reflected in the advertising columns of our grateful dailies. Have you noticed that four-column ad. with the picture of a burned building in the center? The picture was labeled "After the Fire Test." The ad. asked the question: "Shall We Build for Fires, or Build Fire-Resistively?" It was a protest against the passage of an ordinance permitting the use of a lath known as the "button-lath" in all buildings that are required to be of fire-proof construction. The ad. purported to have been inserted in all the papers for several consecutive days by that distinguished citizen, statesman, politician and lawyer, Senator William S. Scott. His name was at the bottom of it in big type, and immediately above the name was a paragraph from which I quote: "I am inserting this announcement not alone because I am interested in fire-resisting building materials, but because I am vitally interested in public safety and public welfare and cannot see the passage of this ordinance which, through lack of real understanding of the true composition and record of the material in question,

may inadvisably be favorably voted upon by our Board of Supervisors today. Let this then be a public record of protest." Thus we find Senator Scott posing as a public benefactor, a sort of public welfare committee of one, self-constituted, spending his hard-earned money in the interest of the dear people. Isn't this phenomenon something of a tax on credulity? Let us inquire into it.

### Business Masked in Yankee Fashion

Long before Senator Scott made his debut as a public benefactor in newspaper advertising columns he bobbed up at the City Hall as an officer of The Metal Lath Bureau of Statistics. It is this bureau that gives Bill his standing in philanthropic circles. Maybe you never heard of it. Perhaps you know nothing of its beneficent activities in the economic world. This bureau is of recent origin. It was organized for the benefit of the metal lath industry which, in the exigencies of the industrial market, has come to be in need of just such kindly ministrations as Senator Scott is able to furnish. The organizer was a man from the East with money to burn, representing a corporation called the Associated Metal Lath Manufacturers, which is said to be subsidiary to the Steel Trust. Apparently the only purpose of the bureau was to warn people out West against the button lath that Benefactor "Bill" Scott is so afraid of. Presumably the bureau has statistics that prove that the button lath is combustible and therefore not fit to use in what is known as fireproof construction. In Los Angeles, where the bureau first appeared, its officers were very busy enlisting the sympathies of the club ladies who abound there by telling them of the danger of a holocaust if they permitted the use of the button lath in school buildings. From which we might infer that Judge Gary's corporation has deep solicitude for school children. But subsequent developments are in restraint of the inference. The truth appears to be that the Steel Trust has been fighting very hard to crush a competitor that threatens to decrease enormously the demand for the metal lath.

### The Bureau Beaten

The bureau's activities in San Francisco began when an amendment to the fire ordinance was introduced in the Board of Supervisors providing for the use of the button lath in fireproof construction. Now this button lath is a California invention, and the manufacture of it has become a very prosperous industry. It has been winning its way throughout the country to the dismay of the American Rolling Mill Company, the Brier High Steel Company, the Penn Metal Company and several other big corporations, all in the combine known as the Associated Metal Lath Manufacturers. The Metal Lath Bureau, working in the interest of these corporations, insists that the metal lath is the only lath that resists fire, and it characterizes the button lath as a plaster board, which it is, but something quite different from the old-time plaster board; so different indeed, as repeated fire tests have shown, that in all probability it will soon take precedence of the metal lath everywhere. Singularly enough its reputation has grown enormously wholly as a result of the fight made against it in this city and Los Angeles by the Bureau of Statistics. The fight in defense of the California invention was conducted by William

F. Humphrey, the attorney, of the firm of Lent and Humphrey, and in the arguments before the supervisors, and in the general investigation of the whole subject, he routed his opponents, horse, foot and dragoons.

### Humphrey Swats the Metal Lath Men

Attorney Humphrey was not content to prove that the button lath was of non-inflammable material. He has insisted that as a fire retardant it is superior to the metal lath, which, as he has pointed out, being only wire mesh cased in plaster, easily permits the passage of fire when the plaster is removed. Plaster, as he explained to the supervisors, is a fire-retardant and on the button lath the plaster is held by gypsum buttons to a solid block of gypsum in such a way as to form a perfect key or bond. Humphrey produced evidence to show that in a fire test in Los Angeles the button lath stood for an hour and ten minutes at a temperature of 1880 degrees Fahrenheit. After that test the business of metal lath dealers dropped sixty per cent. Humphrey also showed that the button lath was approved by Fire Chief Murphy and the Fire Marshal and by the chiefs of the departments of Oakland, San Diego and Seattle. He declared that the fight in San Francisco was conducted by the metal lath manufacturers to give the button lath a black eye before it was introduced in New York. Notwithstanding the showing he made he met with some opposition among the supervisors, but after a vehement argument, in the course of which he delivered some pretty stiff punches and made a few allusions to the Steel Trust, the amendment was passed to print with but one negative vote. But I hear that the fight is not over. The Bureau of Statistics is still advertising.

### A Noble Priest

Father Valentini is dead. An obscure priest was Father Valentini, whose name perhaps you never heard spoken, yet for years that name has stood in Marin county for perfect benevolence. Father Valentini's life was sublimely simple. One of the humblest of parish priests, he went about doing good, ministering to the welfare of his fellows. Years ago he was in the missionary field in China where he learned to speak Chinese. When he came to this city he was assigned as a missionary to the Chinese quarter, but in those days it was dangerous for a Chinese to become a convert to Christianity. So Father Valentini was withdrawn from that field, and being familiar with all the Latin tongues he was transferred to Marin county where, from Sausalito to Tomales, stories are told that illustrate the sweetness of his character and his deep sympathy for human suffering. I have heard it said of a man that he was so good he would "give you the coat off his back if you needed it." Father Valentini was known as that sort of man in Marin county. Literally he gave all he had to the poor, and he never had a decent suit of clothes. One of his flock found it was no use to give him money to buy a good suit, so a suit was bought for him. He wore the suit one day, and the next he was seen in his old coat. He had given the new one to a man for whom he had found a job and who needed a coat to make a respectable appearance. An interesting and cultured man was this humble priest, and it is related that in the old days when he visited Nicasio to say Mass several of the wealthy ranchers were

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eager to have him as their guest. They urged him constantly to ride with them to their homes to enjoy their hospitality, but he preferred to share the humble fare of a poor couple in the village. Now this man whose nobility of nature and manner of living remind one of the followers of St. Francis was the son of a nobleman of Lombardy. Of his father he never spoke, but he loved to talk of his grandmother because through her came Irish blood to his veins. She was Ellen Curtis who went from Ireland to Italy to study music.

#### High Above the Clock Tower

As I walked toward the Ferry Building to pay a visit to my old friend the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, I noticed that a man was gilding the ball on the top of the flagpole. I shivered as I watched him at his perilous work, and wondered what inducements such workmen receive that compensate them for risking their lives. My thoughts were still in this channel when I had climbed the winding stair and found the clockwinder smoking his pipe and playing solitaire in the pendulum room.

"I see Steeple Jack is at it overhead," I remarked as I sat down.

"Um hum," said the clockwinder, studying the seven rows of cards in front of him.

"He's got some nerve, that fellow," I added.

"Nerve's not all of it," said my friend, sweeping the cards together, "although you're right about him having nerve. Frank Marston is nothing to that fellow. But he's got something else."

"Meaning?" I prompted.

"Poise," said the clockwinder. "The Reverend Slaughter laughing in the court room isn't in it for poise with Steeple Jack. In a way, Steeple Jack reminds me of the old duffers who take the Pacific-Union Club seriously."

"How's that?" I asked, astonished at this curious collocation of ideas.

"He looks down on everybody else in San Francisco," said the clockwinder.

"What have you got against the P.-U.?" I asked.

"Nothing at all," said the clockwinder. "I'm not on speaking terms with any of the members now that Willis Polk has resigned."

"He's way up in the air," I said, thinking aloud.

"Who, Willis?" asked the clockwinder.

"No, no," I answered. "I'm speaking of Steeple Jack."

"Oh, him," said the clockwinder, shuffling the deck. "Not such an awful way up."

I regarded my friend with amazement.

"Measured in feet the ball of the flag pole is pretty high up," continued the clockwinder. "But speaking of people being up in the air, would you compare Steeple Jack to Andy Gallagher? I guess not. Andy's been a mile up in the air ever since the present Board of Supervisors took office. The Mayor called him down the other day—and a good thing—but he won't stay down. Andy's getting so all-fired virtuous that he's sprouting pin feathers in the scapula region. He hits the ceiling every time the board meets. Then there's Guy Earl. He goes up in the air every time Chester Rowell spills the beans. Compared to Guy on these occasions, Steeple Jack is below sea level. Rudolph Spreckels is another fellow who goes up in the air a good deal, but for a different reason."

"And what may his reason be?" I asked.

"To get a birdseye view," answered the clockwinder. "As soon as he sees the train coming he does a spiral dip and lands in time to get aboard."

#### His Favorite Magazine

I charged the clockwinder with talking in riddles. In reply he picked up a familiar-looking paper, laid aside his pipe and shoved the deck of cards off the table.

"Maybe I am talking riddles," he said. "It's probably the influence of my reading. I've been casting my eye over this."

"Looks like the Congressional Record," I hazarded.

"The same," said the clockwinder. "Compliments of my friend Julius Kahn. It's my favorite magazine—after Town Talk and The Lantern of course. I was crying over it just before you came along, and had to try solitaire to cheer myself up."

"What were you crying about?" I asked.

"Listen to this," said the clockwinder, and he read: "He heard the howl of the wolf of Want at the door of Poverty, and from a distance the strains of music from the halls of mirth of the rich fell in melancholy cadences upon his

sympathetic ears.' Wouldn't that make you cry?"

"Who said it about whom?" I asked.

"It's Senator Vardaman from Mississippi' talking. Get this: 'Above all and beyond all, as high as the sun hangs above the earth, he was an American.' Steeple Jack had nothing on this bird, you see. Here's some more: 'Like the Hebrew children who were threatened by the pagan king with death if they refused to bow to the golden god of infidelity, he answered the commands of predatory interests to bow to their behests by standing erect and declining to yield to any power or influence under the stars, save the truth.' Some guy, wasn't he? Wipe away your tears and hear some more: 'Some people spoke of him as a mere dreamer, an insubstantial idealist. He pleaded guilty to the charge; he was grateful for the compliment; and to show his appreciation he continued to dream, and from the coign of vantage of an uncommon soul he looked through the dim vista of the future and read the story of destiny.' Shall I go on?"

I replied that I had had enough, and inquired who was the subject of the eulogy.

"I'm surprised you don't recognize the man offhand," said the clockwinder. "In the words of Jefferson Brick he was one of the most remarkable men America ever produced. Namely, Samuel Andrew Witherspoon of Meridian, Mississippi."

"What did he do to deserve such praise?" I asked.

"He died," replied the clockwinder.

#### New Revue Popular at Tavern

All San Francisco is flocking to Techau Tavern to see the new Show Girl Revue, an entertainment which would do credit to Broadway. Eight young ladies, magnificently gowned, are heard in new and pleasing song numbers under the direction of Mr. E. G. Woods, the successful Eastern producer, who accompanies his own productions on the piano. Money has been lavishly expended on the gowns which, as well as the songs, are entirely new each week. La Boheme, the popular perfume, is the souvenir which the ladies receive each Saturday afternoon. Last Saturday an unusually large supply was distributed.

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# Among Our Artists

Edited by Edward F. O'Day

## That Self-Portrait Again

It has not been forgotten—although these things are usually only nine-day wonders—that Louis Mullgardt said William M. Chase's self-portrait was a great work of art, while John E. D. Trask damned it with the adjective "academic." Well, we have outside opinion to consult now. "The Ten" are giving an exhibition in New York. "The Ten," we are all supposed to know, are those American sun-worshippers (meaning those painters of light), Hassam, Reid, Tarbell, Simmons, Benson, Chase, etc. Chase shows in this exhibition the self-portrait which raised such ructions here. The art critic of the New York Times has this to say of it:

"He shows his remarkable skill in discriminating textures and the character of form with gay assurance. He has painted himself standing before his easel, almost dapper in the finish of pose and costume; but his coat sleeve is pushed up far above his shirt cuff in an aggressively workmanlike abandon, and the expressive gesture of the hand seems to affirm the fact of which the present generation is well aware, that he is a craftsman to the tips of his sensitive fingers."

Now listen to the clever art critic of Town Topics:

"Character I will not deny this picture (although Mr. Chase rarely penetrates the surface), and may I be forgiven for stating that Mr. Chase, the poseur, is admirably put upon the canvas? It is Mr. Chase at the end of the sixtieth minute of the one-hour exhibition talks he was wont to give to his students. The task is done; he is waiting for the applause! Although similar in conception to Mr. Sargent's portrait at the museum, it is not so good, and Mr. Chase has belittled the work as a portrait by the mass of disconcerting accessories he has introduced."

Ladies and gentlemen, take your pick!

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## A Remington with a Story

There is a fine Remington on display in the Keith Gallery. It is a picture embodying two of the three elements that make this painter's works so universally popular—American cavalry and desert country. The third element—Indians—may be read into the story by the imaginative. The picture is a dashing picture; it has action. And it has a little history. About 1897 or 1898 Remington was told that he would find subjects for his brush at Fort Adobe in Arizona. He went there with great expectations, arriving in the hot afternoon. A more forsaken scene, he himself said, he had seldom gazed upon. There was literally "nothing doing." That night he went to bed disgusted. But next morning at five he awoke to the whinnying of horses, the rattle of accoutrements and the cussing of troopers. Fort Adobe, he found, had its life in the comparatively cool hours of the early morning. Colonel Hamilton and his troopers of the Ninth Cavalry were drilling when Remington sketched them for this picture, but to all appearances they might be riding into action. A word about the price of Remingtons. About the same time that Remington painted this canvas he also painted his celebrated "Round-Up of the Herd." The price he placed on it was \$350. Immediately after his death the price jumped to \$3500. It is now held—or was recently—by Knoedler's for \$12,000. You see, like all other good American artists, Remington is worth investing in.

## Photographs in Colors

Francis Bruguiere is not simply a photographer or an artistic photographer; he is an artist. The lens is his brush, and when the lens has done its share the artist's palette completes the work. The photographs in color which he exhibits in Schussler's gallery are exquisite pictures. Here are portraits, architectural subjects, landscapes and fanciful compositions. Individual taste will prefer this to that, but all are on so high a plane of merit that admiration is spontaneous and general. I like the portraits best, and of the portraits I like most that of Miss Reid. It is simple, appealing, its effect of beauty seemingly obtained without effect—but only seemingly, of course. There are good portraits too of Will Sparks and "Charley" Robinson. Artists are exacting, but these artists, surely, can find nothing to criticize in these works. The portrait of Mrs. Stuart Haldorn possesses great dignity. Francis Bruguiere finds his architectural subjects in Venice and Paris, in Athens and San Francisco. His magic lens transfigures familiar scenes. And he is a superb interpreter of the exotic art of a Roshanara or a Ruth St. Denis. The exhibition is attracting a great deal of attention.

## How Keiths Sell

H. Taylor Curtis of the Keith Galleries in Sutter street returned recently from Chicago whither he went with Charles Keith, son of the painter, to dispose of twenty-four Keiths. They were sold at auction. Advertisement of the sale brought out a great number of Keith admirers, of whom there are many in art-loving Chicago. The twenty-four canvases were sold in forty minutes, and brought a total of \$38,600.

## The Difference

Somebody tried to present a lot of paintings

to the Metropolitan Museum in New York the other day. Among the paintings was a Landseer which was not a Landseer. The others were of equal importance. The Metropolitan refused to accept them. That shows you the difference between museums. Curator George Barron wouldn't turn down those pictures if they were offered to the Park Museum.

## Not a New Whistler

The well known artist E. W. Christmas had an exhibition of his paintings and drawings in Honolulu recently. When the catalogue came from the printer he discovered that in conjunction with his exhibition the pictures of other artists were to be shown. Listed among these artists was a certain James McGill Whistler. Christmas wondered whether Honolulu had produced an artist of name similar to the great Jimmy's; but on visiting the show he found that the printer had simply changed "McNeill" to "McGill." However, he spent a pleasant minute or so wondering what Jimmy would say could he see his name mangled in that fashion.

## Are We Provincial?

Christian Brinton, the art critic, thinks we are. He says as much in his book on the art of our World's Fair. "The scramble for cosmopolitanism," he writes, "is in itself one of the surest indications of provinciality." And in our World's Fair we "scrambled for cosmopolitanism." This means, perhaps, that we tried to make our World's Fair as much of a World's Fair as the war would permit, and endeavored to induce people from all over the world to come to see it. "Scrambling for cosmopolitanism" may mean something else, but Brinton leaves us to guess, and we guess as best we can. Brinton admits that this is a cosmopolitan city. Cosmopolitanism, he says, is by no means our least claim to attention. And yet we scramble for it. What in the world does he mean? Is it possible that he is merely sore? Our artists didn't take him very seriously during his stay here.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Notes on Beagling

"Enlighten my ignorance on the all-absorbing sport of beagling."

Having succeeded in interviewing one of Burlingame's most noted beaux concerning "Tommy" Sears, I presumed this time to make my verbal advances to one of Burlingame's most stunning belles. She smiled sweetly at the eagerness of my quest, crossed the right over the left knee (thus displaying a certain amount of silk stocking in the approved country club fashion), extracted another cigarette from the pocket of her flashy sports coat, and condescended to reply:

"Following the beagles is not the most strenuous exercise in the world, to be sure; yet it is by no means mollicoddish. Those who compare it to tiddly-winks or bean-bag pay these latter pastimes too much honor. Beagling is healthy, and it is very smart, which tiddly-winks and bean-bag are not. After beagling one has a deeper zest for one's cocktail, a more thorough interest in one's dinner, a livelier sense of the blessings of bed room slippers. It is an innocent diversion which brings one into close touch with nature and the best families. To beagle is glorious; to be invited to a beagle breakfast is one of the most inspiring experiences that Burlingame offers."

## A Few Particulars

"But, pray," I interrupted, "let me have some particulars about this wonderful sport. Tell me about beagles."

"The beagle," said this stunning beauty of the country club, "is a fox hound built on economical principles. He's a cute little rascal of a dog who knows his business. The hare is dreadfully afraid of him, and with good reason, for he has cunning and pertinacity in chasing that denizen of the fields. He has a cry that sounds something like the bell of the village church. And he doesn't go too fast to be followed by such of us as have lively legs under us."

At this juncture the stunning girl re-crossed her knees, and I modestly lowered my eyes.

"Has the beagle much trouble hunting down the ferocious hare?" I asked.

"Considerable," replied my informant. "A hare's scent is hard to follow, and it grows fainter the longer you chase him. But Mr. Beagle has an acute nose, and will not be denied. Sometimes, it is true Mr. Beagle misses Mr. Hare by a hair's breadth, if you will pardon the expression which sounds like a pun but is not. Generally, however, Mr. Beagle lands his quarry. On our latest hunt, last Sunday, the

dogs landed two hares, which is twice the number they ever got before. Mrs. Kohl and the rest of us are delighted."

## As To That Bull

"Now tell me about the bull," I said.

"Using the word in its literal or metaphorical sense?" queried the stunning girl, slightly arching her aristocratic eyebrows.

"In the taurine meaning, I assure you," was my reply.

"Too much has been said about that bull already," she answered with just a little petulance. "We were chased by a bull. It has happened before—though not in our set. The bull was angry because he saw red. Of course we got out of the way as rapidly as possible. But I assure you, none of us lost our dignity."

"I am glad of that," I said heartily and truthfully, for to me a Blingumite deprived of dignity is unthinkable.

"I think I need not add," continued the belle of Burlingame, "that bulls are odiously vulgar animals. Why they should be allowed in our part of the country I cannot understand. I think there should be an ordinance against it. Cows are peaceful and give the true rustic atmosphere. They call up thoughts of pretty milkmaids and all that sort of thing. But bulls are different. Now that one of them has shown his disregard for society, something must be done about the bulls. Fancy a bull charging into a gathering of the most exclusive set. It is dreadful. One must draw the line somewhere. I think I shall ask Walter Hobart to see that it never happens again. Walter's a dear. Maybe he'll shoot the bull."

"He's strong," I suggested. "He might throw the bull."

But this remark did not seem to please the belle of the beagle set, so I faded away.

## What La Loie Thinks of Us

Mrs. Adolph Spreckels invited twenty of her friends to a luncheon in honor of her friend Loie Fuller last Thursday. In the centre of the table was a statuette of the guest of honor done by Theodore Riviere. Miss Fuller was asked to tell what she thought of San Francisco and responded by paying this city many beautiful compliments. Its women she praised highly. She said that the women of this city have a great gift of which they are unconscious—the power to undertake and complete. She said that often she has proposed to do something and that women here have said, "Yes, let us do it. What is it?" They were eager to be about the affair before they knew what it was. With the modesty of all brilliant people she does not seem to know that they derive their inspiration from her. Miss Fuller is a priestess of light and love, energy and helpfulness; the women of this city who have come under her magnetic influence owe much to her. It is impossible to come in contact with her and remain contented with inactivity. Miss Fuller also spoke of our wonderful hills and urged the women to "get a hill and crown it with something as they do in Greece." Later some of the ladies talked of charity, and I thought of the compliment Major Cawthorpe paid us—that there is no city in the world where so much is done for charity. Just at that little gathering there were women who all in the day's work and as a matter of course devote themselves to charitable enterprises. Those charities I know of which were

represented there were the Children's Hospital, the Nursery for Homeless Children, Rockhurst Center, Fruit and Flower Mission, Indoor Yacht Club, the Humane Bureau and Infant Shelter. One lively young lady makes every year a certain number of layettes for poor babies and annually donates to an Old People's Home one thousand towels hemmed and marked by her own hands. Another makes a specialty of reclaiming wild youths and another seeks out blind people and reads to them.

## What Bishop Nichols Says

Bishop Nichols of the Episcopal Diocese has endorsed the charitable work of the ladies who are raising funds for a post chapel at Fort Winfield Scott. He has written them the following:

"I am deeply interested in the welfare of the boys who go out from the homes of our people to enlist in the army. At present there is no chapel at Fort Winfield Scott, no fit place in which to hold religious services. The army chaplain stationed at that post is undertaking the task of supplying this great need. He has been given permission by the military authorities to build a non-sectarian chapel for our soldiers at Fort Scott if he can gather the necessary funds. For this purpose a military dansant will be given at the St. Francis Hotel on Tuesday evening, April 25. I consider this cause a truly patriotic one and gladly allow the use of my name as a patron of it. I earnestly hope that the people of San Francisco will make this affair a great success. We owe this much interest and encouragement to our boys in the army."

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### Prominent Palace Guests

There have been a number of prominent people at the Palace during the last few days. The railroad men include W. P. Kenny of St. Paul, vice-president of the Great Northern; and M. C. Costello of Seattle of the same system. A former official of the same company is also at the Palace. This is H. V. Winchell of Minneapolis. He used to be chief geologist of the company; but is now a consulting geologist for Amalgamated Copper. Men of big business who are registered include Frank R. Field of Denver, manager of the Jeffery Manufacturing Company; Lester W. David, lumber magnate of Seattle; P. L. Howe of the great scale company; W. L. Darnell, a New York stock broker; W. L. Christian of Los Angeles; Moritz Scheeline, the Reno banker, accompanied by his wife; O. A. Stevens of Honolulu; W. H. James of Boston; E. H. Smith, a lumberman of Duluth with large interests in California; A. A. Baid, a manufacturers' representative of Manchester, England; G. B. Bramson of London; H. C. Cornforth of Melbourne, Australia, one of the great oil men of the Antipodes. Superior Judge Charles Monroe of Los Angeles represents the bench and O. R. W. Robinson of the same city represents the bar among recent arrivals.

### A Kindergarten Party

That the kindergarten of the Hotel St. Francis has filled a want of local society is evidenced by the number of entertainments which are being given for the smart youngsters who patronize this unique institution. The latest affair which was given last Wednesday was a birthday party for Ramona Vinson in celebration of her eighth anniversary, and it developed surprising ingenuity on the part of the children in carrying out a real "Mother Goose" pageant. There was

a Jack Horner pie with favors enclosed, and other features from the classic story books. The clay modeling of these young hopefuls is astonishingly good, chickens and rabbits being the favorite subjects. Other features at the party were: A song greeting by the children; a song, "Birdie with a Yellow Bill," by Helen Johnson; "Slumber Boat Song" by Ramona Vinson; a see-saw song by Gerald Dow, with pantomime acting by the children; children's songs by Mrs. Hadley; Moother Goose songs with pantomime action; folk dancing and exhibition of clay modeling.

### Events at Hotel Oakland

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Lohman have taken apartments. On Monday Mrs. Charlotte Curtis gave a lecture on Wagner. Mrs. J. B. Gordon has taken apartments. Mr. and Mrs. Williard P. Hawley Jr. of Portland, Ore., recently entertained with a dinner for Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Barlow and son of Oakland and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Swick of Berkeley. Friday night Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Clark from Honolulu entertained with a dinner for Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Wetmore. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Scotchler and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Richards were the other guests. Friday the University Assembly entertained with a supper dance. Quite a few dinner parties were given, the largest by Mr. Fletcher whose party consisted of forty people.

### Del Monte Notes

Mrs. Eugene Gallois and Mrs. John Gallois have been at Del Monte for a few days. The weather is so fine that many guests are taking long walks to the interesting points of interest and spots of beauty. Mrs. Bertha Simpson of Stockton, Lady Beck of Montreal, Mrs. Graham Jones of New York and Mrs. E. C. Roberts,

of Davenport, Iowa, are enthusiastic pedestrians. They walked to Pebble Beach Lodge, lunched, had a game of bridge and walked back to the hotel—all told about fifteen miles. General J. F. Bell and Captain C. W. Bridges, U. S. A., have been renewing old friendships and seeing the many changes which have taken place in the vicinity. Many Eastern people are motoring up from the south.

### At the Cecil

Colonel and Mrs. Lyold McCormack who are visiting General and Mrs. Franklin Bell at Fort Mason have engaged a suite which they will occupy after Monday. They will remain during the summer. Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt will give a bridge tea in the near future for Mrs. McCormick. Miss L. L. Preston of Davenport, Iowa, and Miss Alice Guyer of Rockland, Iowa, arrived this week. They are old friends of General and Mrs. Edward McClelland who have been sojourning for the past ten months. Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Morgan and Miss E. Morgan motored up from Southern California. They are society folk of Chicago.

### At the Somerton

A bridge tea was given Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. C. B. Sayre and Miss Dora Sayre in the palm room. The Sayres are wealthy people from Pittsburg who are spending several months in San Francisco. Rear Admiral and Mrs. J. F. Ferry were hosts at a dinner Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Lang of Wilmington, Del., entertained with four tables of bridge Monday evening. The party took place in the lounge. Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Davis of Boston are receiving a cordial welcome from their San Francisco friends. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Ordway of St. Paul complimented twenty of their friends at tea Wednesday afternoon.

### The "Seven Last Words" at St. Dominic's

Dr. Maurice W. O'Connell, organist of St. Dominic's Church, is preparing a fine musical program for Palm Sunday evening (April 16) at 7:45. The feature is to be Dubois' "Seven Last Words" by the regular choir assisted by thirty additional vocalists.

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# Gossip of the Theatre

## The Kneisel Quartet

This Sunday afternoon at the Columbia the Kneisel Quartet will give its first concert. The program will consist of the Quartet in A minor Op. 51 by Brahms, Quartet in G major Op. 18, No. 2, by Beethoven, Suite for Violoncello alone by Bach played by Mr. Willeke, "Cavatina" from the Quartet in B flat Op. 130 and Menuetto and Fuga from the opus 59, No. 3, by Beethoven. The second and last Kneisel concert will be given next Wednesday night at the Columbia. The program will consist of Quartet Op. 20, No. 4, by Haydn, two movements from Quartet in E flat major by Max Reger, "Terzetto" for two violins and viola by Dvorak, three solos for violoncello played by Mr. Willeke and the exquisite Quartet in A minor Op. 29 by Schubert. Tickets for both concerts are on sale at Sherman Clay. The Columbia box office will be open on Sunday after ten a. m.

## The Kneisel in Oakland and at Stanford

The Kneisel Quartet will play in Oakland on Monday night at the Auditorium Opera House under the auspices of the Music Section of the Oakland Teachers' Association. On Thursday night a concert will be given in Assembly Hall, Stanford University, under the auspices of the Peninsula Musical Association.

## New York Symphony and Hofmann

Manager Greenbaum will bring his season to a close this coming week with the greatest musical talent ever brought to this city for concert purposes. At the Columbia commencing next Thursday night, he will open a series of concerts by the complete New York Symphony Orchestra of eighty artists with Walter Damrosch conducting, in conjunction with Josef Hofmann, the greatest living piano virtuoso. Four splendid symphony programs have been arranged, and at each Mr. Hofmann will play one of the masterworks for piano and orchestra. The fifth concert will be the Young People's Concert mentioned in another paragraph. The first concert will be an evening event, next Thursday night at 8:15. The program will consist of Dvorak's "From the New World" Symphony, Carpenter's Suite "Adventures in a Perambulator" and Concerto in C minor by Saint-Saens played by Mr. Hofmann. The second concert is announced for Friday afternoon at three when by special request Mr. Damrosch's music to the Greek drama "Iphigenia in Aulis" composed by him for the Anglin performance at the Greek Theatre last summer, will be a feature. Brahms' Symphony No. 1 and the Concerto by Chopin in F minor will complete the program. The third concert, Saturday night, April 15, will offer Symphony No. 5 by Tschaikowsky, Symphonic Poem "Death and Transfiguration" by Richard Strauss and the great Concerto in G by Rubinstein which is rarely played on account of its difficulties. Mr. Hofmann studied this work with Rubinstein himself. The final program on Sunday afternoon, April 16, will include the Symphony by Kalinnikow, the Suite of British Folk Tunes by Percy Grainger and the exquisite Concerto in A minor by Schumann. Tickets at Sherman Clay.

## Young People's Concert

On Saturday afternoon, April 15th, at 2:30 the New York Symphony Orchestra and Walter Damrosch will give one of their famous Young

People's Concerts which have proved so popular and valuable in New York. The orchestra will play the "Oberon" Overture by Weber, "Allegretto" from Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, "Largo" by Handel, "Prelude" to "Lohengrin" and two excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust" by Berlioz. Mr. Damrosch will give short explanatory talks before each number, and will also tell about the instruments used in the orchestra. The player of each instrument will play a short solo demonstrating the qualities of his instrument. For this event special prices will prevail. The tickets are now on sale at Sherman Clay.

## May Robson Coming to Columbia

The Columbia announces the opening of its summer season of drama for Monday night, April 17, when May Robson will appear in her latest comedy success "The Making Over of Mrs. Matt," a good vehicle for the display of this comedienne's cleverness. The play is by James Forbes, best remembered as the author of "The Chorus Lady." It has quaint sayings, witticisms, a picturesque love story, a wholesome moral, sunshine, laughter and comedy. Miss Robson will have a large and capable

company. The sale of seats opens next Thursday morning. Matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

## Kolb and Dill in Film at Alcazar

Kolb and Dill have duplicated on the screen the triumphs they achieved on the musical comedy stage. These two famous comedians in their big eight-part motion picture "Glory" have been fitted with the best roles they have had in their entire careers. Capacity houses have been the rule at the Alcazar during the first week's run, and indications for the second and positively last week which commences with the matinee on Monday afternoon at two-fifteen, are that the first week's success will be more than duplicated. "Glory" will be shown every afternoon next week at two-fifteen and every night at eight-fifteen, except Saturday and Sunday when there will be two evening performances, one at seven-fifteen and the other at nine-fifteen. All seats are reserved.

## Calve at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will have as headline attraction Calve, the world's most famous "Carmen" and one of the greatest prima



WALTER DAMROSCH

Conductor New York Symphony Orchestra which gives four concerts at the Columbia Theatre on Thursday and Saturday nights, April 13 and 15, and Friday and Sunday afternoons, April 14 and 16



donnas grand opera has ever produced. Her engagement is limited to one week. Associated with Madame Calve will be Gasparri, the eminent Italian grand opera tenor, and her husband. Madame Calve will sing (in French) selections from "Sapho" and the Habanera from "Carmen." Signor Gasparri will render in Italian arias from "Tosca" and "The Girl of the Golden West" and for a finale both will be heard in the famous duo from Faust. Lillian Kingsbury and her company will appear in a one-act play by Ethel Clifton and Brenda Fowler called "The Coward." Its situations are intense and dramatic. Ray Dooley with the assistance of Elmer Graham and Gordon Dooley will give a combination of melody, dancing and jollity. Pietro, the celebrated piano accordionist, will present one of his most delightful programs. Miss Catherine Powell, America's international danseuse, will appear in a series of classical dances, assisted by Adele. The Le Grohs, pantomimic contortionists, will introduce an eccentric novelty. Benny and Woods in their piano and violin selections, and Valentine and Bell in their bicycle feats will also be included in this bill. The third of the series of beautiful colored travelogues taken especially for the Orpheum circuit will be exhibited. These pictures have an educational value as they reproduce the most famous cities and the most historical and picturesque spots of the old world.



THE KNEISEL QUARTET

At Columbia Theatre Sunday afternoon and next Wednesday night

A special feature will be Gertrude Vanderbilt and George Moore in new singing and dancing novelties.

#### Second Philharmonic Concert

The People's Philharmonic Orchestra which gave the first of a series of ten popular symphony concerts at the Pavilion Rink on Thursday evening, will continue to present attractive programs at intervals of two weeks at the same place. As the date for the second concert, however, falls during Holy Week and as many important musical events are scheduled between now and then, it has been deemed advisable to postpone it for one week, making the date Thursday evening, April 27, when the orchestra of sixty-five artists under the baton of Nikolai Sokoloff will give a Beethoven-Wagner program. Miss May Mukle, the English 'cellist, will be the soloist of the occasion.

#### Last Week of "Ramona"

With the matinee and evening performances Sunday "Ramona," Clune's wonderful cinematic-theatrical entertainment, enters upon the fourth and final week of its engagement at the Cort. Crowded houses have been the rule during the run of this visualization of Helen Hunt Jackson's novel of California and the Mission Indians. The producer has caught the spirit of the book. Much is added to the entertainment by the three elaborate scenic settings, with Spanish

singers and instrumentalists. The musical score is admirably rendered by a large orchestra. On Sunday, April 16, Alexander the Mystic comes to the Cort with his Oriental illusions. His famed "Simla Seance" will be a feature.

#### Chris Richards at Pantages

\* Chris Richards, the noted English eccentric comedian who has achieved the impossible in having Alexander Pantages sign a contract hiring him for the rest of his natural life, will top the new show at Pantages next week. The theatrical magnate says that the dapper Richards has his countryman Charlie Chaplin "whipped to a frazzle" when it comes to mugging in the movies, all of which we will judge next week. Another one of the allies on the same bill is dashing Michael Emmet, the romantic young Irish tenor who has been picked to take the place of Andy Mack, Chauncey Olcott and other occupants of the throne of Celtic musical comedy. "A Glimpse of Old Ireland" is Emmet's vaudeville packet. "The Dream Pirates" is a three-a-day version of the "Peter Pan" type with bloodthirsty pirates, pretty dancing attendants and a full-rigged pirate ship. The Seven Bracks, bounding acrobats; Donita, the girl with childish impersonations; the Packard Four, harmony speed kings; Violet and Charles, aerial gymnasts; and the fourth episode of "The Iron Claw" are the other acts.

#### Sacred Concert at Greek Theatre

On Good Friday afternoon at three o'clock the annual sacred concert and performance of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be given in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley under the direction of Paul Steindorff, Choragus of the University. The participants will be the Berkeley Oratorio Society, the Treble Clef Club and California Club of San Francisco, the Wednesday Morning Club of Oakland, the San Francisco Choral Society, a quartet of eminent soloists including Claudia Allbright, former contralto at the Opera Comique in Paris and the Savage English Opera Company in this country, Mr. Hugh Williams, the well known tenor, and Godfrey Price, the famous Welsh basso. The soprano will be one of the most popular that have ever appeared here unless negotiations now under way fall through. The instrumental soloist will be a gifted violinist Miss May Ahrens who recently arrived here from Europe and will play two numbers of a Bach work accompanied by the magnificent orchestra of sixty artists. In all over six hundred people will participate in this great musical festival. Prices will be reasonable.

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A BEAUTIFUL PROGRAM

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In Their First Motion Picture Play

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The Story of the Oil Town That Raised a Foundling  
Scenic Prologue—8 Big Parts

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WITH THE FOURTH EPISODE OF  
"THE IRON CLAW"



# Coronation of Mr. Thomas Shap

By Lord Dunsany

It was the occupation of Mr. Thomas Shap to persuade customers that the goods were genuine and of an excellent quality, and that as regards the price their unspoken will was consulted. And in order to carry on this occupation he went by train very early every morning to the city from the suburb in which he slept. This was the use to which he put his life.

From the moment when he first perceived (not as one reads a thing in a book, but as truths are revealed to one's instinct) the very beastliness of his occupation, and of the house that he slept in, its shape, make and pretensions, and of even the clothes that he wore; from that moment he withdrew his dreams from it, his fancies, his ambitions, everything in fact except that ponderable Mr. Shap that dressed in a frock-coat, bought tickets and could in turn be handled by the statistician. The priest's share in Mr. Shap, the share of the poet, never caught the early train to the city at all.

He used to take little lights with his fancy at first, dwelt all day in his dreamy way on fields and rivers lying in the sunlight where it strikes the world more brilliantly further south. And then he began to imagine butterflies there; after that, silken people and the temples they built to their gods.

They noticed that he was silent, and even absent at times, but they found no fault with his behavior with customers, to whom he remained as plausible as of old. So he dreamed for a year, and his fancy gained strength as he dreamed.

He still read halfpenny papers, in the train, still discussed the passing day's ephemeral topic, still voted at elections, though he no longer did these things with the whole Shap—his soul was no longer in them.

He had had a pleasant year; his imagination was all new to him still, and it had often discovered beautiful things away where it went, southeast at the edge of the twilight. And he had a matter-of-fact and logical mind, so that he often said, "Why should I pay my twopence at the electric theatre when I can see all sorts of things quite easily without?" Whatever he did was logical before anything else, and those that knew him always spoke of Shap as "a sound, sane, level-headed man."

On far the most important day of his life he went as usual to town by the early train to sell plausible articles to customers, while the spiritual Shap roamed off to fanciful lands. As he walked from the station, dreamy but wide awake, it suddenly struck him that the real Shap was not the one walking to Business in black and ugly clothes, but he who roamed along a jungle's edge near the ramparts of an old and Eastern city that rose up sheer from the sand, and against which the desert lapped with one eternal wave. He used to fancy the name of that city was Larkar.

"After all, the fancy is as real as the body," he said, with perfect logic. It was a dangerous theory.

For that other life that he led he realized, as in Business, the importance and value of method. He did not let his fancy roam too far, until it perfectly knew its first surroundings. Particularly he avoided the jungle—he was not afraid to meet a tiger there (after all it was not real), but stranger things might crouch there.

Slowly he built up Larkar: rampart by ram-

part, towers for archers, gateway of brass, and all. And then one day he argued, and quite rightly, that all the silk-clad people in its streets, their camels, their wares that came from Inkustahn, the city itself, were all the things of his will—and then he made himself King.

He smiled after that when people did not raise their hats to him in the street, as he walked from the station to Business; but he was sufficiently practical to recognize that it was better not to talk of this to those that only knew him as Mr. Shap.

Now that he was King in the city of Larkar and in all the desert that lay to the east and north, he sent his fancy to wander further afield. He took the regiments of his camel-guard and went jingling out of Larkar, with little silver bells under the camels' chins, and came to other cities far-off on the yellow sand, with clear white walls and towers, uplifting themselves in the sun. Through their gates he passed with his three silken regiments, the light-blue regiment of the camel-guard being upon his right and the green regiment riding at his left, the lilac regiment going on before. When he had gone through the streets of any city and observed the ways of its people, and had seen the way that the sunlight struck its towers, he would proclaim himself King there, and then ride on in fancy. So he passed from city to city and from land to land.

Clear-sighted though Mr. Shap was, I think he overlooked the lust of aggrandizement to which kings have so often been victims: and so it was that when the first few cities had opened their gleaming gates and he saw peoples prostrate before his camel, and spearmen cheering along countless balconies, and priests come out to do him reverence, he that had never had even the lowliest authority in the familiar world became unwisely insatiate. He let his fancy ride at inordinate speed; he forsook method; scarce was he king of a land but he yearned to extend his borders; so he journeyed deeper and deeper into the wholly unknown.

The concentration that he gave to this inordinate progress through countries of which history is ignorant and cities so fantastic in their bulwarks that, though their inhabitants were human, yet the foe that they feared seemed something less or more; the amazement with which he beheld gates and towers unknown even to art, and furtive people thronging intricate ways to acclaim him as their sovereign: all these things began to affect his capacity for Business. He knew as well as any that his fancy could not rule these beautiful lands unless that other Shap, however, unimportant, were sheltered and fed: and shelter and food meant money, and money, Business. His was like the mistake of some gambler with cunning schemes who overlooks human greed.

One day his fancy, riding in the morning, came to a city gorgeous as the sunrise, in whose opalescent wall were gates of gold, so huge that a river poured between the bars, floating in, when the gates were opened, large galleons under sail. Thence there came dancing out a company with instruments, and made a melody all round the wall; that morning Mr. Shap, the bodily Shap in London, forgot the train to town.

Until a year ago he had never imagined at all; it is not to be wondered at that all these things now newly seen by his fancy should play tricks at first with the memory of even so sane a man. He gave up reading the papers al-

together, he lost all interest in politics, he cared less and less for things that were going on around him.

This unfortunate missing of the morning train even occurred again, and the firm spoke to him severely about it. But he had his consolation. Were not Aráthrion and Argun Zeerith and all the level coasts of Oora his? And even as the firm found fault with him, his fancy watched the yaks on weary journeys, slow specks against the snow-fields, bringing tribute; and saw the green eyes of the mountain men who had looked at him strangely in the city of Nith when he had entered it by the desert door.

Yet his logic did not forsake him; he knew well that his strange subjects did not exist, but he was prouder of having created them with his brain, than merely of ruling them only; thus in his pride he felt himself something more great than a king, he did not dare to think what! He went into the temple of the city of Zorra and stood some time there, alone: all the priests knelt to him when he came away.

He cared less and less for the things we care about, for the affairs of Shap, a businessman in London. He began to despise the man with a royal contempt.

One day when he sat in Sowla, the city of the Thuls, throned on one amethyst, he decided, and it was proclaimed on the moment by silver trumpets all along the land, that he would be crowned as king over all the lands of Wonder.

By that old temple where the Thuls had worshiped, year in year, out, for over a thousand years, they pitched pavilions in the open air. The trees that blew there threw out radiant scents unknown in any countries that know the map; the stars blazed fiercely for that famous occasion. A fountain hurled up, clattering, ceaselessly into the air armfuls on armfuls of diamonds; a deep hush waited for the golden trumpets; the holy coronation night was come.

At the top of those old, worn steps, going down we know not whither, stood the king in the emerald-and-amethyst cloak, the ancient garb of the Thuls; beside him lay that Sphinx that for the last few weeks had advised him in his affairs.

Slowly, with music when the trumpets sounded, came up towards him from we know not where, one hundred-and-twenty archbishops, twenty angels and two archangels, with that terrific crown, the diadem of the Thuls. They knew as they came up to him that promotion awaited them all because of this night's work. Silent, majestic, the king awaited them.

The doctors downstairs were sitting over their supper, the warders softly slipped from room to room, and when in that cosy dormitory of Hanwell they saw the king still standing erect and royal, his face resolute, they came up to him and addressed him: "Go to bed," they said, "pretty bed."

So he lay down and soon was fast asleep: the great day was over.—From the Book of Wonder (J. W. Luce & Co.).

Milly—I'll scream if you kiss me.

Billy—All right: then I won't.

Milly—I'm going to scream anyhow.

He—I love the good, the true, the beautiful.  
She—This is so sudden!



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Possible trouble with Mexico and submarine activity with the promise of breaking off of diplomatic relations with Germany were the principal factors in the market of last week. With all this excitement, the stock market behaved very well. It was irregular at the end of the week, but the best railroad shares were remarkably firm under the circumstances, and the vagaries of the war stocks are not important except for those that speculate in them. Reports of railroad earnings were very satisfactory, and the same may be said of mining companies and leading industrials. Domestic trade has been so active all winter that the congestion of freight along the Atlantic seaboard is still unrelieved, and the express companies are doing an enormous business with retailers who cannot wait for goods to come by freight for the Easter trade. Wall Street talked about war for twenty months, and has become so accustomed to the idea that it seems more afraid of peace. Early in the week the stock market was affected by rumors of early peace in Europe. The agitation in favor of peace is spreading in Germany, and was voiced by a prominent Socialist in the Reichstag, who claims that neither side can win, and that the slaughter should be stopped before all Europe is ruined. The most important feature of the week in New York was the successful flotation of a Canadian Government loan of seventy-five million, which was taken much better than the Anglo-French loan of five hundred million last September. Americans know all about Canada and her resources, and treat her trade and financial transactions as if they were domestic instead of foreign. The loan was vastly oversubscribed, and this proves how strong is the position of the New York money market and what vast sums are available for conservative investment. Some of our railroads are planning to issue bonds freely for refunding purposes and to make improvements. Such financing seemed impossible a year ago, but money is now more plentiful than ever. One thing that has made the position so secure is the way in which the banks have opposed over-speculation and a general boom in the market. The best railroad and industrial stocks in a dividend paying class have a greater book value and earning power than ever before, yet most of them are very cheap and some of the best railroad shares pay dividends that net six per cent or more on the current market prices.

**Wheat**—Dry weather in the Southwest and some low-condition reports issued by some of the crop experts turned the wheat market strong. While the reports from the Southwest have so far failed to impress the public importantly, it cannot be reasonably inferred that the deterioration is not as serious as represented. The absence of enthusiasm can, we think, be attributed to the fact that in other years, farmers plowed up their wheat only to find that their

neighbors who did not follow their example harvested generously. A March report has never been considered as very clearly indicating final results, for all vegetation requires a certain amount of solar heat to develop it, which has not been tendered as yet, though promised by the forecaster. If the reports of good rain are confirmed as given by the Santa Fe Road, much relief has been extended not only from the prevailing dry condition but from the insect life which has threatened the short wheat crop this season. A late item, dated Manitoba, said that the weather was mostly fair with high temperatures, which did not correspond with others saying that the prospect for a normal Canadian wheat harvest was out of the question because of the delayed seeding and unfavorable climatic conditions generally. Per contra, scientists say that successive big crops are not natural and that we are liable to at least a partial failure, which means higher prices.

**Corn**—Concerning the possibility of smaller receipts in corn, they will undoubtedly assume smaller proportions after the interior houses are empty, which will not be until the car situation is relieved. Even with the present limitations, more corn is arriving than last year, and the visible is creeping up to the 1915 figures, because the receipts are out of line with the demand. The industries continue to buy moderately, and the elevator interests are making No. 3 for delivery on May contract, but the East is not buying here to any extent, and it does not look as though any large amount will be taken out at the opening of navigation. There are over eleven million bushels of this grain in Chicago to be added to every week for some time to come. We certainly fail to see much encouragement for higher prices without an improvement in the export or Eastern trade, which now seems improbable. We look for a good trading opportunity for a while at least.

**Cotton**—The cotton market continues to mark time, and prices keep in a narrow range, although at the close of the week, there was some selling on rain reports from the Southwest. The situation in the cotton belt is unchanged. The drought in Texas has not been broken thoroughly, but opinion is quite mixed on the probable effect. On the one hand, are those who see a bearish argument in the probable replanting of grain lands in cotton. On the other, is heard the point that cotton planting will be delayed by the dryness of the soil, and that the plant will not prosper because of the absence of winter rains. The bears argue that there still is plenty of time for necessary precipitation, but the public has been educated to believe that good winter rains are essential to a good crop in Texas. From a technical point of view, the relative values of May and July are attracting increasing attention. The May-July difference has narrowed to such an extent that it is no longer deemed profitable

to carry cotton over into the summer months. It now is predicted that deliveries on May contracts will be comparatively large. There still remains time for a readjustment of these values, but at the moment they are out of line.

"This story about the dog show," began the city editor.

"Want me to bite it off short?" ventured the reporter.

"No, I want it more snappy," grumbled the editor.

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DECEMBER 31ST, 1915:

Assets .....	\$61,849,662.02
Deposits .....	58,840,699.38
Capital actually paid up in Cash .....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds .....	2,008,962.64
Employees' Pension Fund .....	211,238.93
Number of Depositors .....	67,406
Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.	
For the 6 months ending December 31st, 1915, a dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was declared.	

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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PAULA BERGER, deceased.—No. 20650, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned FERDINAND FREYESLEBEN and UNION TRUST COMPANY of SAN FRANCISCO, Executors of the last will and testament of PAULA BERGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of Union Trust Company of San Francisco, at the junction of Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PAULA BERGER, deceased.

FERDINAND FREYESLEBEN,

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,

By H. Van Luven, Secretary,  
Executors of the last will and testament of  
Paula Berger, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 8, 1916.

T. E. K. CORMAC and  
HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,  
Attorneys for Executors,  
Nevada Bank Building,  
San Francisco, California.

4-8-5

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71884; Dept. 10.

FRANZISCA AVI, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23rd day of February, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1003 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

4-1-10

**SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF CITY ABSTRACT AND TITLE INSURANCE CO.** of San Francisco, in the State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1915, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California pursuant to law.

#### Assets

Mortgage and collateral loans.....	\$157,250.00
Cash in company's office and banks.....	15,042.66
Premiums in course of collection.....	1,455.40
Bills receivable .....	3,289.70
Other ledger assets—Plant .....	\$125,000.00
Furniture and fixtures.....	5,754.54
Recording .....	241.90
	130,996.44

Ledger assets .....

#### NON-LEDGER ASSETS:

Total gross assets .....	\$308,034.20
Deduct assets not admitted .....	11,045.85

Total admitted assets .....

#### Liabilities

All other liabilities Title Insurance surplus fund. \$ 10,397.50

Total liabilities (except capital and surplus) .....	10,397.50
Capital .....	259,000.00
Surplus .....	36,590.85
Total liabilities, capital and surplus.....	296,988.35

H. W. DIMOND, President.  
J. H. HUMPHREY, Secretary.

3-25-4

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN CHARLES TAYLOR, deceased.—No. 20431; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Will of JOHN CHARLES TAYLOR, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said JULIET LOUISE TAYLOR, Executrix of the Will of said deceased, at the office of Paul McDonald, 464 California Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN CHARLES TAYLOR, deceased.

JULIET LOUISE TAYLOR,

Executrix of the Will of John Charles Taylor, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 4, 1916.

PAUL McDONALD,

Attorney for Executrix,

464 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

3-4-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS MIGGINS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of THOMAS MIGGINS, deceased, to the creditors of and persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of said Arnold W. Liechti, Administrator, Rooms 901 and 902 French Bank Building, No. 110 Sutter Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects at his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS MIGGINS, deceased.

ARNOLD W. LIECHTI,

Administrator of the estate of Thomas Miggins, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1916.

ARNOLD W. LIECHTI,

Attorney for Administrator,

901-902 French Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

4-1-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20,540, N. S.; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY A. HAMILTON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Executor of the last will and testament of MARY A. HAMILTON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the office of McCutchen, Olney & Willard, Room No. 1107 in the Merchants Exchange Building, situate at the southwest corner of California and Leidesdorff Streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of MARY A. HAMILTON, deceased.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON,

Executor of the last will and testament of  
Mary A. Hamilton, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, March 25th, 1916

McCUTCHEN, OLNEY & WILLARD,

Attorneys for Executor,

Room No. 1107 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,  
San Francisco, California.

3-25-5

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71603.

FELIX D. C. MCGOVERN, Plaintiff, vs. JANET B. MCGOVERN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JANET M. MCGOVERN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By ROBERT W. DENNIS, Deputy Clerk.

TOWSON S. GRASTY,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

1201 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

26-2-10

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS DEASY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of THOMAS DEASY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Stafford & Stafford, Room 504 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS DEASY, deceased.

MARY DEASY,

Administratrix of the estate of Thomas Deasy, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1916.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD,

Room 504 Grant Bldg.,

1095 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

4-1-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES B. HAGGIN, deceased, No. 19515.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors and executrix of the will of JAMES B. HAGGIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 18th day of March, 1916) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors and executrix at the office of F. G. Drum, Room number 704 West Coast Life Building, Number 354 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES B. HAGGIN, deceased.

LOUIS T. HAGGIN,  
MARGARET V. HAGGIN,  
ALLAN McCULLOH,  
H. ESK MOLLER,

Executors and executrix of the will of James B. Haggin, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1916.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,

Attorney for Executors and Executrix,

2002 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

3-18-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN W. SHIELDS, deceased.—No. 20460 N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the estate of JOHN W. SHIELDS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the office of their attorney, Lewis F. Byington, Room 617 Balboa Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN W. SHIELDS, deceased.

ALVIN W. SHIELDS,  
KATE GARRETT,

Executor and Executrix of the estate of John W. Shields, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 11, 1916.

LEWIS F. BYINGTON,

Attorney for Executor and Executrix,

617 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

3-11-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, SR., deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, SR., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Walter E. Dorn, 1101-1105 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, SR., deceased.

WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, JR.,

Administrator of the estate of William T. Sebelles, Sr., deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1916.

WALTER E. DORN,

Attorney for Administrator,

1101-1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

4-1-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATTHEW NUNAN, deceased, No. 20334.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the will of MATTHEW NUNAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 18th day of March, 1916), in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, Room number 2002 Hobart Building, Number 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATTHEW NUNAN, deceased.

FRANK NUNAN,

MICHAEL SULLIVAN,

Executors of the will of Matthew Nunan, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1916.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,

Attorney for Executors,

2002 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

3-18-5





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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVII. No. 1234

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 15, 1916

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A "Bedad" Irishman—Sir Edward Carson

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*Read The April Lantern*



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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVII

San Francisco, April 15, 1916

No. 1234

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### A Carnegie Calumny

There is no one more sadly familiar to our modern experience than the polemical dogmatist who answers argument by impugning motives. We regard this individual as an enemy of social life and no fit companion for honest men. When we find him in the role of a professional propagandist opposing by mean innuendo a national policy that is deemed for the best interest of his country by men universally respected for their learning, experience and integrity, the ugliness of his character becomes absolutely abominable. These reflections were inspired by an article in a current magazine wherein the author speaks of "the impulse of the wave of preparedness set in motion by the fear and the greed of men about New York." Here is reiteration of a contemptible calumny that emanated months ago from the preposterous Carnegie school of pacifism. This school appears to be dominated by mental perverses. Assuredly there is something wrong with its leading spirits, for it was not so long ago that they opened a publicity campaign with letters to editors throughout the country declaring their intention to do a lot of advertising, and inquiring, ostensibly for their own guidance, as to the attitude of each person addressed. The intimation seemed clear enough that the anti-preparedness fund would go chiefly, if not exclusively, to editors who were willing to earn it. Of course if these men assumed that by stimulating greed in the press they might corrupt public opinion and mould sentiment against the vital interests of the country it is quite natural they should have the impudence to attribute a mean motive to their adversaries; but their conduct is none the less offensive; and it is incredible that they are honest in their imputation of the motives of the leading advocates of preparedness. The people who are demanding an adequate system of national defense recently held a convention in Washington. Among them were to be found men and women of every calling and profession, of divergent personal interests, differing political beliefs and

antagonistic opinions in every field of human activity except the one they were occupying for the moment. They were people whose coöperation is to be bought in no cause, who are to be coerced in no interest. Yet Carnegie and his sycophantic followers would impugn their good faith. One of his followers is David Starr Jordan, and this man is the author of the article in the current magazine from which we have quoted. Is there among all our readers a man who believes that David Starr Jordan believes that the proponents of a strong navy and a sufficient army are influenced by improper motives?

### The Degeneracy of War

There are dreamers of a time when all will be peace and joy on earth and sin and sorrow will be no more. Among these dreamers are our so-called Pacifists. They have faith in a Golden Age to come when the seamy side will be nothing more than a racial memory. Maybe this Golden Age is not so incredible as cynical folk declare. Pacifists may never advance us along the road to the Millennium, but war itself may make war intolerable. War has degenerated. It has been degenerating many years. Back in medieval days the fighting life was a jolly affair and most alluringly picturesque. The main work was fighting, and fighting was play; when no fighting could be had, carousals and tournaments served to while away the time. That mode of life had to go. When a monk invented gunpowder the age and order of chivalry was puffed away as from the cannon's mouth. All the fascination was taken out of it. It became a trade like pugilism, and men threw away their swords and began poring over their ledgers. Since then war has not been so much a matter of personal bravery, skill and strength. It has been a game played scientifically by one man with other men as pawns, and the other men do not like it. Now we see that it is all science and machinery, and that there is hardly any glory at all to be won. Further, it has degenerated into a very mean and contemptible occupation. What was once the glory of the age of chivalry is now the shame of civilization. We see that militarism in the highest stage of its development has come to justify practices that were once revolting even to savage tribes. And we see that in desperate straits there are no rules to govern or restrain. War has become unendurable. We shall arm for it, but the taste for it will probably decline. It was bad enough when it was madness, but now that it is frightfulness; now that it calls not so much for bravery as for the suppression of the noblest instincts of human nature, the ugliness of it nauseates.

### When Plutocrats Are Disgruntled

A few years ago Theodore Roosevelt shocked and startled the "big interests," as he called them, by attacking the courts for their reckless exercise of power, meaning thereby that their decisions did not coincide exactly with his notion of what is best for the country. Since then most of the small-fry demagogues of the land, impatient of legal restraint, have been defaming the courts with a view to diminishing public confidence in our judicial system. Now all along we have supposed that the so-called big interests and their attorneys realized that the demagogues by their wanton abuse of the courts were doing a lot of mischief, and we assumed that from concern for the welfare of their country as well as from consideration of their own sordid interests, our leading financiers and their attorneys deemed it of great importance to defend the courts and promote confidence in the administration of justice. Apparently we were in error. At least it appears that we assumed too much with respect to the dollar chasers of high finance. At any rate it seems that some of them, if they are for promoting confidence in the courts on general principles, are not for it in specific instances. Such appears to be the case with the financiers of the Gould school who are reorganizing the Western Pacific. These men are not to be deterred by virtuous solicitude from pursuit of their selfish ends. No more than the demagogue or the anarchist are they to scruple at wanton abuse of a tribunal of justice. For them, justice though the heavens fall, but let it be justice according to their formula. The test of an upright judge in their philosophy is whether he decides for or against them. Such is the impression we received after hearing Mr. Garret McEnerney's analysis in court of an affidavit filed by an officer of the Equitable Trust Company for the purpose of besmirching and intimidating a jurist with a view to getting him out of their way. It was an affidavit full of mean innuendoes obviously intended for public consumption. It was addressed rather to the gallery than to a judicial tribunal. This is the sort of thing to reduce the blood pressure of those who reflect too seriously on the meanness of appeals to class hatred.

### Battle Bob's Downfall

When we speak of the decay of nations we mean that they have lost or abandoned their leaders or ceased to remember great names and high achievements. But let us not be disturbed by the signs of the times. There are editors lamenting the overthrow of "Battle Bob" La Follette in Wisconsin. They take it as a sign of calamitous reaction. Is there not solace for them in the signal triumph of Henry



Ford of Michigan, a man after their own heart? Ford takes his present popularity as a token that the people are against preparedness, and he is happy. As a matter of fact the country abounds in leaders of the Ford type. Public office is crowded with them. Wherever else there is reaction, it is not in Michigan. When one star wanes another waxes. So though "Battle Bob" has lost his effulgence we are not going to shed tears in the presence of the shining Ford. To be quite frank, we prefer a Ford whose greatness is in the simplicity of all his parts, to a "Battle Bob," complicated and hard to adjust. Ford has the courage of his visions. "Battle Bob" has only the effrontery inspired by repeated majorities. We applaud the man who fights the cowardly classes, but we forget that behind him are the fascinated masses. It requires no courage to put oneself at the head of a mob. When "Battle Bob" torpedoed the Pacific fleet for the benefit of Japan he was the proud champion of union labor, and he had no prevision of the consequences. His was simply the case of the unscrupulous demagogue overreaching himself. All demagogues come a cropper at times. And often while embarked upon a crusade to rescue the sacred pillars of government patriots of the La Follette type are uncovered in the dignified occupation of robbing a hen roost or burning a barn with feathers in hand or ashes on their clothes. Something of the kind happened to "Battle Bob" when, after pulling the leg of poor old Senator Stephenson, he broke off the limb and tried to club his benefactor to death with it. It is when the masses get thoroughly disgusted with the performances of their battlebobs that they show their contempt for all politicians by voting for a Ford. Years ago, it will be remembered, the people of San Francisco tried to elect Dr. O'Donnell mayor.

#### A Little Lay Sermon

A certain amount of solitude is necessary to the soul's health, and one should practice the art of being alone, especially if one be denizen in a metropolis. The life of a crowded community engenders in one a kind of panic terror of being bored, which means that one is bored if one is alone. This is a disease that has attacked many people who are not to be refreshed or invigorated by solitude. They have no sense of its joys. They want company always, and they shun their own thoughts. It is such people that jeer at St. Simeon on his pillar. Spring is to them only a season of the year, Summer a time to take strange waters in the country. To these people we would say a few words. We would admonish them to change their sky, to take a breath of a fresh breeze that will sweep the burden of daily grinding care from their shoulders. At this season of the year it is good to quit talking about motor cars and walk alone the road that threads the rolling land. Infinite are the joys of the lonely road. The road is full of romance and full of riddles. In every turn and twist of it is a question. Each

must discover for himself what lies beyond. Now it loses itself in the woods, reappearing again as it ascends the hill, until from the top thereof it is lost in the dimness of the far horizon. It is on the lonely road, as nowhere else, that one may recapture the holiday spirit of youth and silence the stern voice of responsibility. This world would not be half so restless if more of us would cultivate the habit of solitude far from the sound of men's voices and learn to relish the romance of the winding road.

#### Shakespeare's Omissions

"What has Shakespeare done for morality?" we are asked in this tercentenary year. Which reminds us of Dr. Johnson's criticism: "He omits opportunities of instructing, which the train of his story seems to force upon him." Indeed he does; but for that reason we shall not, like our old dogmatic friend, find fault with the poet. We are not paying tribute to the memory of Shakespeare, a moralist, or to the memory of Shakespeare, a didactic poet, but to the memory of Shakespeare the dramatist of all time. How fortunate that Shakespeare was not a man with advanced ideas, like Ibsen! To be a moralist, as we understand the term in its present usage, is to be a person very much alive to the inadequacy of the Ten Commandments and overflowing with "advanced ideas." Shakespeare was content to be on a level with his times, and so he is immortal. Ibsen had advanced ideas, and he is now out-of-date. Nobody can keep pace with the march of the prophets, not even a prophet. The prophet is advanced today and out of breath tomorrow. Thus is the stability of social order maintained. Before one cult of advanced ideas is sufficiently well established to be a serious menace to society another cult comes to the front and destroys the first. Just as Ibsen, the feminist, was threatening to destroy the home, Strindberg, the brutalist, bobbed up and smashed Ibsen. So swift is the pace that nobody knows what is really and truly modern. But meanwhile that pedestrian poet, Shakespeare, like the turtle, is perennially catching up and jogging along with the eternal verities by his side. It is indeed true that Shakespeare omits opportunities of instructing. Shakespeare gave us little more than platitudes clothed in imperishable eloquence. "Let all ends thou aim'st at," he exclaimed, "be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's." A mere generality, of no consequence alongside the paramount question whether, if wives wish to abandon their husbands, the husbands, by the latest rules of the game, should get hot in the collar and bolt the door or generously help their truant wives to a possible higher realization of themselves. Shakespeare spent no time in solving problems. But, after all, why seek to gather thistles from roses? Shakespeare was a poet, not a Martin Tupper or a Bernard Shaw. His was the art of the idealist, and there is lesson enough for us in it if we are not too dull to be edified. Art can do without moralizing, as painters and

sculptors have proved, without injury to their reputation. Shakespeare, the creative artist, has peopled his world with men and women—kings and queens, saints and sinners, clowns and philosophers—and if we observe them well we shall learn that at least he refrains from obscuring the difference between right and wrong.

#### The Value of Psychometry

Under the provisions of the Burnett immigration bill, which was passed by the House of Representatives last week, "all persons of constitutional psychopathic inferiority" are to be excluded from the country. During the discussion of this bill it was learned that experts in the science of psychometry have certain tests by which they may ascertain whether a person is afflicted with a "congenital defect in the emotional or volitional fields of mental activity which results in inability to make proper adjustment to his environment." It has been suggested that psychometry, like charity, should begin at home, and that it might be well to apply the tests to our ultra-pacifists, since they appear to be suffering from mental maladjustment, being obviously insensible of the salient characteristics of their environment. This is a very good suggestion, but why limit the search for psychometrical data to a single field? If constitutional psychopathic inferiority is a defect that renders a man unfit for citizenship why regard it only as an external menace to the welfare of the nation? Why not have nationwide tests made with a view to psychological differentiation of men who are already of our vast democratic electorate? The man susceptible to mental obsessions, though native born, is no less undesirable than the alien weakling. Chronic exhibitions of psychopathic inferiority are becoming so common in this country that men of pessimistic tendencies fear that the whole nation is going crazy. In our judgment we should derive more advantage from mental measurements of the electorate than from the immigration bill passed by the House of Representatives. Let us make all possible use of psychometry, for it may serve to keep jackasses out of Congress. The man in the street is badly in need of something to guard him against the pretensions of the windbags who presume to prescribe for all the ills of the body politic. What a boon to him is psychometry! How many of our vociferous leaders of thought with praiseworthy emotions are employing their volition in the wrong field? Psychometry will tell us. How many of the prohibitionists who are trying to transform our environment, are incapable of adjusting themselves to their own? These are important questions, and were they answered we should all be very much happier.

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# Varied Types

CCLXXVI—JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

By Edward F. O'Day

No man ever had a more misleading surname. Bangs indeed! Why, he hasn't a single bang about him. There isn't a blessed bang on his head or a cussed bang in his nature. Once upon a time, perhaps, he flaunted the crowning glory of bangs (or was it a pompadour?), but that time must have been some time ago. We infer this from the shine of his depilated dome, as we guess the age of a masterpiece from its patina. And what applies to the facade is equally true of the interior. The John Kendrick thoughts are not banging thoughts, although they are bang-up, to be sure. Considered as a statement "John Kendrick Bangs" is an atrocious falsehood. John Kendrick does not bang anybody. To bang is not the Bangs way. His genial humor may tap human weakness, but always with the love-tap of human understanding. His cheerful satire may beat a tattoo upon wrongheadedness, but there's a sympathetic heart-beat with every stroke. For John Kendrick Bangs is one of the gentlest, the kindest of men.

John Kendrick Bangs is a man with a message. Be not affrighted, however, for his message is the ever-welcome message of good cheer. That is a message we never grow tired of receiving and signing for. Even when that message comes 'collect' we gladly pay the charges and tip the messenger. For many years that message has been coming to us regularly. John Kendrick Bangs has carried it to us in the pages of many periodicals, of many books. It has stimulated us and kept up awake in "Coffee and Repartee." It has come to us by water in "The Houseboat on the Styx," and when that delightful ark broke from its moorings we were so eager to hear more of the message that we joined by thousands in "The Pursuit." "Ghosts I Have Met" have told me and told you that pleasant message without making us resemble the fretful porpoentine. Bangs has banged out that message on "The Enchanted Typewriter." He has delivered it to us by the inspired lips of "The Genial Idiot." Many other messengers have come and gone during his years of service. Some of them bore messages of truth, many of them messages of falsehood. Some of them helped us, others hindered. Some of them carried messages that made us gay for a time only to plunge us into gloom when the inevitable reaction set in. These were bad messages. But the messages of John Kendrick Bangs have always been good, for Bangs is a messenger with a conscience. He won't carry a message he doesn't believe in.

Most of his cheerful messages nowadays are delivered via the lecture route. There is a reason for this. Some years ago John Kendrick Bangs, who is far-seeing because he dwells on the heights, sighted the approach of the gentry he calls "muckrakers and muckreekers." His gentle nature, enlightened by intelligence and uplifted by ideals, could sense no good in the stirrers of compost and the exponents of lubricity. Their advent darkened the air for him, and poisoned it with bad smells. His writings began to embody protests against the growing mode. John Kendricks came nearer to banging people at that time than ever before.

"It was about this time," says Bangs, "that a critic reviewing my 'Genial Idiot' wrote that he had become a cynical idiot, that his geniality had deserted him. I went back to the book

and found that this was true. I found that I had been giving people digs. I was out of sympathy with many of the tendencies of the day, especially those voiced by the muckrakers and muckreekers, and this lack of sympathy was apparent in the remarks of the Idiot. From that time on I began devoting myself more particularly to the writing of light verse and to lecturing, because in these forms of expression it was easier to avoid that inclination toward cynicism which the reviewer had discovered.

"Throughout my life I have had rather exceptional opportunities for meeting men of prominence in all walks of life. My father was a lawyer who had such men as Collis P. Huntington and Russell Sage for clients. When these men dined at our house I was not excluded from the room as so many youngsters are, so I began at an early age to see what prominent men were like. My opportunities continued at college. At Columbia I succeeded Nicholas Murray Butler as editor of the college paper, 'Acta Columbiana.' That was the 'enfant terrible' of college journalism. We took particular delight in goading Dana of the Sun, and he used to come back with very severe things about our precosity. The paper was printed by the printers who brought out 'Life,' so I made the acquaintance of Mitchell who found that I knew something about the making of a periodical and was not afraid of a sheet of blank paper. So I became the editor of 'Life.' After four years there I went to the Harpers. I was editor of 'Harper's Weekly' when George Harvey came to the paper. Our ideas conflicted; he was the stronger man, and I went to the wall. I mention these things so that you may see that I was in a position early in life to meet men of distinction. All this experience has taught me that the bigger a man is the kindlier he is, that the greatest man is always the most considerate of his fellows. I think this is a good thing for people to know. I tell it to people from the lecture platform, enforcing my point, not by preaching but by telling anecdotes and stories. In other words, I try to spread the gospel of good cheer and good will in my own way. And I must say that the response is splendid."

It may be mentioned here that Bangs has edited other papers besides those he named. He has edited the 'Metropolitan' and 'Puck' among others. And he has had a little experience in politics. In 1894 he was the Democratic candidate for mayor of Yonkers, his birthplace. He was defeated. If you do not think a humorist can see humor in an unsuccessful political campaign, read his "Three Weeks in Politics."

Bangs takes humor seriously and is a generous humorist. He has words of praise for the other Americans who are making people laugh. For 'Mr. Dooley' he has a very high regard, for he sees in Dunne a profound thinker who drives his message home with the impulse of laughter.

"Dunne," he says, "is the only man in the world Carnegie is afraid of."

O. Henry is another whom Bangs places among the foremost humorists.

"He got at the very guts of civilization," says Bangs. "He dug into the mine of humanity and brought up golden nuggets of humor. Who is there that can make you split your sides one minute and fill your eyes with tears

the next as O. Henry can? He will live, but like Eugene Field he needs judicious editing. When that which was for the day only has been eliminated these two writers will go down to posterity with half a dozen books the world will not let die."

I need hardly say that he spoke in glowing terms of Mark Twain and Bret Harte. His generosity was once more strikingly in evidence when he bestowed words of high praise on Harry Leon Wilson, Charles E. Van Loan, Irvin Cobb and Booth Tarkington. He thought a great humorist was taken from us when Vaughan Kester died so soon after writing "The Prodigal Judge."

"The humorist who writes for the laugh alone does not live," he says. "It is the humorist who makes us laugh incidentally to a larger purpose who may hope for immortality. Artemus Ward and Bret Harte were contemporaries, and they illustrate the difference. Ward's publishers have told me that they sell three or four sets of his books a year, generally to libraries. Harte's publishers have told me that they sell more sets of his books than they used to sell of his single volumes."

I asked Bangs why this country is not developing more humorists.

"We have the humorists," he answered, "but most of them concentrate their humor in paragraphs. Paragraphers like Franklin P. Adams and Bert Leston Taylor put into a line as much humor as the old-style humorist would give you in a page. It is a sign of our national waste, and our addiction to tabloids.

"We are a nation of kidders," he went on. "We have no men like that Great Four of Great Britain, Ian MacLaren, Barrie, Shaw and Chesterton."

"What do you think of the comic supplement?" I asked.

"It specializes in the humor of cruelty," he answered. "It is worse than Peck's Bad Boy because it is presented pictorially, so that the eye which cannot read may grasp it. One of these days I am going to write an essay on the pre-natal influence of the comic supplement."

I dare say offhand that that essay, like all Bangs' kindly serio-humorous works, will go with a bang.

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15 "Medals of Honor"

30 "Gold Medals"

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**The Largest Wine Producers in the World.**



## Perspective Impressions

What has become of the man who used to drink out of the kitchen dipper?

Don't say that Lent isn't kept any more until you have made the rounds of the churches.

Some people think they are Shakespearians because they saw Darrell Vinton play Richard III.

The force of habit is very strong in women. Some of them still lift their skirts when they start to cross the street.

One way to celebrate Shakespeare's tercentenary is to read him. But this way won't get your name into the papers.

Our newest municipal job is the "commercial agent" who will be paid a salary for inducing manufacturers to locate their factories in San Francisco. Why not give this job to a walking delegate?

A Harvard pundit says the growing male monkey has no special gifts. How about the peanuts we feed him?

"From all sections of the country comes the report that people are taking no interest in Presidential primaries. But the people are ruling, and if it pleases them to let the new weapon of liberty rust the politicians will find for them another toy, and once more there will be joy among the professors.

Bishop Hughes agrees with Mr. Hearst that pugilism is brutalizing to the beholders. Doubtless he is also of the opinion that the Hearst papers have a refining influence on their readers. But even Hearst knows better than that.

We don't mind telling Bishop Hughes on the quiet that according to Hearst the readers of the Hearst papers have a brutalizing effect on the proprietor owing to the fact that he feels it is his mission to print what the brutal readers want.

No spoken drama for two weeks in any San Francisco theatre! Which reminds us that we have a branch of the Drama League.

According to Mr. Hearst the Democrats should not nominate Mr. Wilson as he is sure to be beaten by the Teutonic alliance. This is an argument to which Mr. Wilson has no objection. It is the one argument that may save him.

"The princes among us," says President Wilson, "are those who forget themselves and serve mankind." Will he ever be cured of the habit of drooling and vamping sleazy rhetoric?

Even Chautauqua has grown weary of Bryan. His name has been stricken from the list of speakers. Chautauquans may turn like the worm, but what about the intellectuals of Dr. Aked's former pastorate? Have they remained true to the statesman whose resignation by way of protest they applauded?

## Sir Edward Carson

By Holbrook Jackson

Among public men of today Sir Edward Carson is far and away the best fun. For years I have watched his adventurous political career with feelings of wonder and anxiety. And I am, I think, the only person among my own circle of friends and acquaintances who has never doubted the sincerity of the man. Noisy but forceful, unimaginative but clever, this strange and often sinister figure has stalked across the political arena of our time as an insurrectionist in the name of Conservatism and a reactionist in the name of Irish progress. Few men have been so belauded with praise or so besmeared with contempt. These are the rewards of any man who takes a direct line of action in public affairs. But you have only got to look at the face of Sir Edward Carson to realize at once that he would remain unmoved by one or the other. It is the face of a fanatic and a fighter. Sir Edward Carson is the sort of man who would be lost without a cause, even though that cause were a lost one; and the condition of peace would break his spirit. An admirable subject for psychologizing, this turbulent Irishman, but party politics will have to be dead, and almost forgotten, before the motives and subtler energies of the man can be fully realized. In the meantime we shall have to put up with the partial truths of political supporters and opposers, and among the latter Mr. St. John G. Ervine will not be forgotten. His contribution to Messrs. Maunsell's "Irishmen of Today" series, although labelled "Sir Edward Carson," is only negatively a personal study, but by placing Sir Edward in the background of his enthusiastic interpretation of the Young Ireland movement, he has probably anticipated the judgment of posterity.

This little volume combines the qualities of a personal satire and a social tract. It is warm with enthusiasm for Ireland, and its highlights are barbed with scorn for those who, in the author's opinion, stand between his native country and the realization of her ideals. These ideals are by no means confined to the political conception of Home Rule. They include the regeneration of the Irish nation. And it is a fact of the highest significance, that Mr. St.

John Ervine dedicates his book to George Russell, the poet and mystic, who has devoted some of the best years of his life to the regeneration of Irish agriculture along coöperative lines. Standing in the way of the new movement which is representative of all classes, Protestant and Catholic, Northerner and Southerner, rich and poor, artist and workman, are the politicians who are divided between those who would let Ireland govern herself and those who would not. But beyond that they have no vision. None of them have thought out a plan as to what Ireland needs once she has got self-government. And Mr. St. John Ervine points out that it is men like George Russell and Sir Horace Plunkett who are saving Ireland, or teaching Ireland to save herself, while politicians engage in wordy warfare and irrelevant revolt. It is this state of affairs that provides him with the ground work of a satire, which is all the more biting, because it deliberately follows the line of leaving the Prince of Denmark out of "Hamlet." It is not until we come to page 43 of the book that Sir Edward is introduced. And here is the manner of his entrance:

"And now, I hear the impatient reader saying, what about Sir Edward Carson? You have written a great deal of strange stuff about Sir Horace Plunkett and a fellow named Russell, whose name is totally unknown to me, but you have not made any reference to Sir Edward Carson, 'our great leader' as the more emotional of the Unionists describe him. You have mentioned Land Purchase Acts and Coöperation and have written a very florid panegyric of a group of youths whom you name the Young Irishmen; but you have not written one word about the man whose name is the title of your book. You have described a great ferment of ideas in Ireland, the creation of a new synthesis, a shedding of old, unhappy, far-off things and a reclothing in something fine and new. Very sketchily you have shown that there is a great revolution proceeding in Ireland, of which very few people in England have any knowledge, and I, your ignorant and impatient reader, am prepared to believe that this revolution may change your country from an incoherent, pov-

erty-stricken nation into one which is united and planned and prosperous; and I am prepared to concede considerable credit to Sir Horace Plunkett and that other fellow George Russell, for the part they have taken in the revolution; but, after all, Horace Plunkett is only Sir Horace Plunkett, a name unknown to the multitude, whereas the name of Sir Edward Carson is 'as familiar in our mouths as household words.' What part did he take in the revolution? What has he done to make Ireland a prosperous country?"

And then he answers the question in a frank and diminutive paragraph, thus:

"Nothin, dear impatient reader, absolutely Nothing, dear impatient reader, absolutely

According to Mr. Ervine, the Right Hon. Sir Edward Henry Carson, leader of the Ulster Unionist movement and the starry hero of all the politest young ladies in Belfast, has not done anything and never will.

This is a strong and serious indictment which should make people think. Mr. St. John Ervine hits straight from the shoulder. You have no doubts as to his attitude. Sir Edward Carson is humorously set forth not only as a stumbling block in the path of Irish progress, but as a humorously conception of the first order. He is conceived as the wild Irishman of fiction and English imagination; as, in fact, the stage Irishman of our dreams:

"Sir Edward Carson is the last of the Brothos of a Boy. He has a touch of Samuel Loyer's 'Handy Andy' in him. He is the most notable of the small band of Bedadderers and Bejabbers left in the world: the final Comic Irishman, leaping on to the Music Hall stage or the Political Platform, twirling a blackthorn stick and shouting at the top of a thick, broguey voice (carefully preserved and cultivated for the benefit of English audiences): 'Bedad, bejabbers and begorra, is there e'er a man in all the town dare tread on the tail of me coat, bedad, bejabbers and begorra!' No other Irishman speaks with so deliberate a brogue, or says 'What' so obviously, 'Phwat!' No one on earth is so

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# Hamlet and Don Quixote—The Two Eternal Human Types

By Ivan Turgeneff

The first edition of Shakespeare's tragedy, "Hamlet," and the first part of Cervantes' "Don Quixote" appeared in the same year at the very beginning of the seventeenth century.

This coincidence seems to me significant. . . . It seems to me that in these two types are embodied two opposite fundamental peculiarities of man's nature—the two ends of the axis about which it turns. I think that all people belong, more or less, to one of these two types; that nearly every one of us resembles either Don Quixote or Hamlet. In our day, it is true, the Hamlets have become far more numerous than the Don Quixotes, but the Don Quixotes have not become extinct.

Let me explain.

All people live—consciously or unconsciously—on the strength of their principles, their ideals; that is, by virtue of what they regard as truth, beauty and goodness. Many get their ideal all ready-made, in definite, historically-developed forms. They live trying to square their lives with this ideal, deviating from it at times, under the influence of passions or incidents, but neither reasoning about it nor questioning it. Others, on the contrary, subject it to the analysis of their own reason. Be this as it may, I think I shall not err too much in saying that for all people this ideal—this basis and aim of their existence—is to be found either outside of them or within them; in other words, for every one of us it is either his own I that forms the primary consideration or something else which he considers superior. I may be told that reality does not permit of such sharp demarcations; that in the very same living being both considerations may alternate, even becoming fused to a certain extent. But I do not mean to affirm the impossibility of change and contradiction in human nature; I wish merely to point out two different attitudes of man to his ideal. And now I will endeavor to show in what way, to my mind, these two different relations are embodied in the two types I have selected.

Let us begin with Don Quixote. What does Don Quixote represent?

Faith, in the first place; faith in something eternal, immutable; faith in the truth, in short, existing outside of the individual, which cannot easily be attained by him, but which is attainable only by constant devotion and the power of self-abnegation. Don Quixote is entirely consumed with devotion to his ideal, for the sake of which he is ready to suffer every possible privation and to sacrifice his life; his life itself he values only in so far as it can become a means for the incarnation of the ideal, for the establishment of truth and justice on earth. I may be told that this ideal is borrowed by his disordered imagination from the fanciful world of knightly romance. Granted—and this makes up the comical side of Don Quixote; but the ideal itself remains in all its immaculate purity. To live for one's self, to care for one's self, Don Quixote would consider shameful. He lives—if I may so express myself—outside of himself, entirely for others, for his brethren, in order to abolish evil, to counteract the forces hostile to mankind—wizards, giants, in a word, the oppressors. There is no trace of egotism in him; he is not concerned with himself, he is wholly a self-sac-

riifice—appreciate this word; he believes, believes firmly, and without circumspection. Therefore is he fearless, patient, content with the humblest fare, with the poorest clothes—what cares he for such things! Timid of heart, he is in spirit great and brave; his touching piety does not restrict his freedom; a stranger to variety, he doubts not himself, his vocation, or even his physical prowess; his will is indomitable. The constant aiming after the same end imparts a certain monotonousness to his thoughts and oneness to his mind. He knows little, but need not know much; he knows what he is about, why he exists on earth,—and this is the chief sort of knowledge. Don Quixote may seem to be either a perfect madman, since the most indubitable materialism vanishes before his eyes, melts like tallow before the fire of his enthusiasm (he really does see living Moors in the wooden puppets, and knights in the sheep); or shallow-minded, because he is unable lightly to sympathize or lightly to enjoy; but, like an ancient tree, he sends his roots deep into the soil, and can neither change his convictions nor pass from one subject to another. The stronghold of his moral constitution (note that this demented, wandering knight is everywhere and on all occasions the moral being) lends especial weight and dignity to all his judgments and speeches, to his whole figure, despite the ludicrous and humiliating situations into which he endlessly falls. Don Quixote is an enthusiast, a servant of an idea, and therefore is illuminated by its radiance.

Now what does Hamlet represent?

Analysis, first of all, and egotism, and therefore incredulity. He lives entirely for himself; he is an egotist. But even an egotist cannot believe in himself. We can only believe in that which is outside of and above ourselves. But this I, in which he does not believe, is dear to Hamlet. This is the point of departure, to which he constantly returns, because he finds nothing in the whole universe to which he can cling with all his heart. He is a skeptic, and always ponders about himself; he is ever busy, not with his duty, but with his condition. Doubting everything, Hamlet, of course, spares not himself; his mind is too much developed to be satisfied with what he finds within himself. He is conscious of his weakness; but even this self-consciousness is power: from it comes his irony, in contrast with the enthusiasm of Don Quixote. Hamlet delights in excessive self-depreciation. Constantly concerned with himself, always a creature of introspection, he knows minutely all his faults, scorns himself, and at the same time lives, so to speak, nourished by this scorn. He has no faith in himself, yet he is vainglorious; he knows not what he wants nor why he lives, yet is attached to life.

I will not be too severe with Hamlet. He suffers, and his sufferings are more painful and galling than those of Don Quixote. The latter is pummeled by rough shepherds and convicts whom he has liberated; Hamlet inflicts his own wounds—teases himself. In his hands, too, is a lance—the two-edged lance of self-analysis.

Hamlet is the son of a king, murdered by his own brother, the usurper of the throne; his

father comes forth from the grave—from "the jaws of Hades"—to charge Hamlet to avenge him; but the latter hesitates, keeps on quibbling with himself, finds consolation in self-depreciation, and finally kills his stepfather by chance. A deep psychological feature, for which many wise but short-sighted persons have ventured to censure Shakespeare! And Don Quixote, a poor man, almost destitute, without means or connections, old and lonely, undertakes the task of destroying evil and protecting the oppressed (total strangers to him) all over the world.

Hamlet embodies the doctrine of negation, that same doctrine which another great poet has divested of everything human and presented in the form of Mephistopheles. Hamlet is the self-same Mephistopheles, but a Mephistopheles embraced by the living circle of human nature: hence his negation is not an evil, but is itself directed against evil. Hamlet casts doubt upon goodness, but does not question the existence of evil; in fact, he wages relentless war upon it. He entertains suspicions concerning the genuineness and sincerity of good; yet his attacks are made not upon goodness, but upon a counterfeit goodness, beneath whose mask are secreted evil and falsehood, its immemorial enemies. He does not laugh the diabolic, impersonal laughter of Mephistopheles; in his bitterest smile there is pathos, which tells of his sufferings and therefore reconciles us to him. Hamlet's skepticism, moreover, is not indifferentism, and in this consists his significance and merit. In his makeup good and evil, truth and falsehood, beauty and ugliness, are not blurred into an accidental, dumb and vague something or other. The skepticism of Hamlet, which leads him to distrust things contemporaneous,—the realization of truth, so to speak,—is irreconcilably at war with falsehood, and through this very quality he becomes one of the foremost champions of a truth in which he himself cannot fully believe. But in negation, as in fire, there is a destructive force, and how can we keep it within bounds or show exactly where it is to stop, when that which it must destroy and that which it should spare are frequently blended and bound up together inseparably? This is where the oft-observed tragedy of human life comes into evidence: doing presupposes thinking, but thought and the will have separated, and are separating daily more and more. "And thus the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," Shakespeare tells us in the words of Hamlet.

And so, on the one side stand the Hamlets—reflective, conscientious, often all-comprehensive, but as often also useless and doomed to immobility; and on the other the half-crazy Don Quixotes, who help and influence mankind only to the extent that they see but a single point—often non-existent in the form they see it.

A certain English lord—a good judge in the matter—once spoke in my hearing of Don Quixote as a model of a real gentleman. Surely, if simplicity and a quiet demeanor are the distinguishing marks of what we call a thorough gentleman, Don Quixote has a good claim to his title. He is a veritable hidalgo,—a hidalgo even when the jeering servants of the prince are lath-

(Continued on Page 17)

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# The Spectator

## The Case of James B. Smith

Reformers have been very busy of late striving to make it more difficult for men accused of crime to escape conviction. These reformers assume that the processes of criminal prosecution are so loose that not only is innocence always easily established but that avenues for the escape of the guilty are constantly increasing and widening. A different view of the matter is held by many judges and lawyers of experience, and there is a case now before the courts the facts of which tend very emphatically to confirm a suspicion that has been growing ever since Colonel Roosevelt made the big stick the symbol of justice in Federal circles. The suspicion is that when the Federal bureau of justice, induced by Federal authorities greedy of the pecuniary reward for which the laws provide, begins the prosecution of a man, the odds are very much against him. This is the case of James B. Smith of the Western Fuel Company who was convicted of defrauding the Government after suffering prosecution at the hands of special counsel and also at the hands of special agents stimulated by hope of reward and sensible of the value of newspaper coöperation. The men best informed in respect of the case of James B. Smith are sure that he is innocent. I believe the lawyers who prosecuted him are at present far from sure of his guilt.

## A Misconception of the Case

Peter F. Dunne, attorney for James B. Smith, has petitioned the Circuit Court of Appeal for a rehearing, and lawyers have been reading the petition with a great deal of interest. It is no ordinary petition. It is the work of a lawyer whose attitude toward his client in this instance is the attitude of a man in whom there abides the conviction that a great wrong has been done and that a greater one may be done. Mr. Dunne argues in his petition that the decision affirming the judgment of the lower court is obviously based on a misconception of the case. He says that the point made on appeal was "curiously and singularly" missed by Judge Rudkin, the author of the opinion, and this the petition makes clear enough. It is also made clear that the defendant is not relying on a mere technicality. Judge Rudkin apparently understood that the defendant was relying on the point that the indictment was insufficient and lacking in particulars. According to Dunne the indictment alleged one thing, and while there was proof which related to an entirely different thing, there was no proof at all of the thing alleged. The defendant did not complain that the indictment was too general in terms, as Judge Rudkin supposed when writing the opinion. "Quite to the contrary," says Dunne. "The charge was specific, it was limited and carefully identified by particulars." Dunne insisted on appeal that as the indictment charged a specific conspiracy the prosecution should have dealt with that subject and no other. This is the law; also it's the point Judge Rudkin missed. "There should not have been any oversight or confusion or misunderstanding," says Dunne, "and yet, as must be apparent from the opinion this is just what has happened."

## The Court's Error

Briefly the error Judge Rudkin made is this: he assumed that the indictment charged that the Government was defrauded by the smug-

gling of unweighed coal into the bunkers and by the delivery of unweighed coal from barges, whereas the indictment charges fraud in weighing. It does not deal at all with the subject of unweighed coal. Dunne says there were only three incidents in the case bearing on the charge in the indictment. He mentions these incidents and says: "We appeal at once to the mind and conscience of the writer of this opinion—if he had observed the rule of law appropriate to this indictment, and had limited himself to these three incidents, could he have said, as a magistrate administering due process of law, that such things, together or separately, were any evidence worthy the name, let alone satisfactory?"

## Persiflage

"I am a self-made man," said Alvah Wilson, assistant manager of the St. Francis.

"Aren't you sorry somebody didn't help you?" queried Bob McCracken.

## Poetry in Congress

"Say," said the clockwinder, "this guy Tennyson—did he ever write anything besides Locksley Hall?"

"Sure he did," I answered, a little astonished at the query. "Why?"

"Well, they never quote any of his other stuff in Congress, that's all," was the reply. "Every time I pick up the Congressional Record there's a speech for or against Preparedness, and somebody pulls that old wheeze about 'the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.' I'm getting tired of it."

"I didn't know you were a student of poetry," I remarked.

"I'm not," answered the clockwinder. "As a general thing 'The Girl with the Blue Velvet Band' is about my limit. But you can't read the Congressional Record without absorbing a lot of poetry. It's got so that a speech in Congress ain't complete without some poetry in it. Everybody's doin' it, even including the chaplain who prays in rhyme half the time. In the old days the men in Congress reserved poetry for the speeches in memory of some grand legislator who had died of overwork drawing his salary. And there wasn't much variety. Generally the obituary notice would end with those lines about the deceased being a man, take him by and large, we ain't never going to look upon his likes again. You know what I mean. It's from Shakespeare. Andy Gallagher can give you the exact words, if you wait till he has 'em looked up in the Free Public library. But nowadays they're spouting poetry all over the place. The Southern Democrats is the worst offenders. They Silaswegg into poetry without the least provocation. Usually it's rotten poetry, the doggerel kind. But so long as it mentions the Red, White and Blue it gets a big hand. Sometimes it's so bad I suspect they wrote it themselves for the occasion. You can gather from that how awful it is."

## Some Favorites

"Let's take up a Congressional Record at random," went on my horological friend. "It don't make any difference. One copy's as dull as the next. Here's a debate on the Immigration Bill. One guy quotes 'The Minstrel Boy' and another fellow comes back with John Boyle O'Reilly. And straightaway another speaker goes to bat with that moss-grown chestnut about

Hope for a season bidding the world farewell and Freedom letting out her lungs when old What's-hisname took the count. That one is a great favorite, by the way. It's good for all sorts of occasions. So is 'Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State.' Some times this poetry habit gets a legislator into trouble. The other day one senator said to another, 'Shake not thy gory locks at me,' and the other senator got sore because it happened that he was as bald as hen fruit. The same day another senator quoted 'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark.' The thing is getting on my nerves. If it keeps up much longer I may ask Julius Kahn to cancel my subscription. You know what we need in Congress?"

"What?" I asked.

"A Proctor Knott to show up some of these orators who are crazy about the sound of their own voices," was the reply.

## Church on the Hindus

"You read the Congressional Record pretty closely," I remarked to the clockwinder.

"Well, it's more fun than a Sunday comic, and I do like to laugh," answered the clockwinder. "Take this here speech from our eminent Fresno lawmaker, the Hon. Denver S. Church. The Democrat from the raisin belt has just made a speech about the Hindus. It's great stuff. He says there are three hundred and fifty million Hindus just crazy to come to California. Says they worship the crocodile and the cobra, and will bring their gods with them when they come. Can't you see the steamers swarming with Hindu immigrants, each Hindu fondling a pet crocodile or cobra? Church points out how awful this will be. 'Their sacred crocodiles and serpents,' he says, 'cannot exist in harmony with our emblem—the California bear.' How's that for an argument? Then Church points out what will happen when the Hindus and their pets outnumber the white

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population of California. "Tourists traveling in our sublime Sierras," he says, "will have to wear iron boots in order to escape the poisonous fangs of the Hindu god," meaning the cobra; "and I suppose on the banks of our majestic rivers, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, will be Hindu temples dedicated to the charming god crocodile." And finally Church winds up his remarks with this: "We want the great West to be left as it is now—the abiding place of Anglo-Saxon pioneers." Can you beat that? Personally, there isn't a single Anglo-Saxon on my visiting list. But do you wonder why I like to read the Congressional Record?"

#### A Talk With the Clockwinder

Walking along Market street the other day I met my friend the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock wearing a broad grin on his face. Accosting him, I asked him what he was smiling at. The grin broadened. "I've been getting some inside dope," he answered, "on the smash that the Railroad Commission gave the Pacific Gas and Electric the other day."

"Is it funny?" I asked.

"It's not funny to the fellows that play the market," he said, "that is unless they play politics close up."

I looked at the clockwinder in astonishment, and asked him if he meant to say that the railroad commissioners were manipulating the stock market for political purposes.

"Oh, far be it from me!" he exclaimed with a look of injured innocence on his face. "Far be it from me to say anything so dreadful of my friend Max Thelen. Why Max wants to be lieutenant-governor, and I'm for him, but it's a hard fight. Every jobchaser in the State is after the appointment. They're bothering the Governor to death."

"Would Max rather be lieutenant-governor than railroad commissioner?" I asked.

The sage of the water front winked at me, and smiled. "I see," he observed, "that you're not wise to the game. No. Max isn't stuck on the lieutenantancy, but he figures that whoever gets it will succeed Johnson. That's what they are all figuring, and it looks as though the Governor may be going up higher. The program is to nominate him for Vice-President if Hughes is nominated for President."

"Where did you get that?" I asked.

"That's straight from the inner circle in New York. The Republican leaders who are behind Hughes are saying that if the judge is nominated they will have to give him a Progressive for a running mate and that Hiram is the man."

"But isn't Hiram for Teddy?" I asked.

"Yes," said the clockwinder, "he's as strong for Teddy as Bryan is for Wilson."

I asked my friend what he thought of the scrap between the Earl ticket and the Regulars.

"Thus far," he said, "it looks as though Mose Gunst is a cinch for first place and Mose is for Teddy first, last and all the time."

#### The Attack on Judge Van Fleet

How subtle and elusive are the motives of some of our journalists hereabouts! I mean particularly those journalists who affect astonishment at Judge Van Fleet's refusal to confess himself disqualified to fix an upset price for the Western Pacific while betraying no emotion whatever on reading the affidavit of Mr. Lyman Rhodes, vice-president of the Equitable Trust Company of New York. Among these journalists are to be found men who once thought it quite proper for Judge Lawlor and Judge Dunne to try men accused of crime notwithstanding some very positive evidence of a bias that even angels might find it difficult to overcome. And these same journalists are men who insist that personal rights should be exalted above property rights. Now there is a very great difference between the case of the red-rubber stamp judges of the graft prosecution and the case of the Gould interests against Judge Van Fleet. Whereas it was clear that the men who wanted Lawlor and Dunne disqualified believed that the jurists who were associated with the graft prosecution were bitterly prejudiced against them, the presumption is not unwarranted that the men who attacked Judge Van Fleet are far from sincere.

#### The Anticipatory Affidavit

It has been argued that the affidavit on which the motion to disqualify Judge Van Fleet was based presents intrinsic evidence of its having been made in anticipation of an adverse decision by the Court of Appeals. Now what is the inference? The appeal was taken to prevent Judge Van Fleet from inquiring into the matter of the responsibility of the Gould's Denver & Rio Grande road. As soon as the decision, which removed this question from issue, was rendered, several propositions were automatically scrapped, but nevertheless they are solemnly set forth in the affidavit as though they were still vital. Of course the precise time of the making of the affidavit is of no importance, but to me it seems of some significance. It may signify that the Gould interests, believing that Judge Van Fleet was right, felt sure that he would be sustained. As he wasn't sustained the only matter remaining was the fixing of the upset price, but the affidavit was put on file anyway. The question is, Why?

#### A Guess As to Motive

Of course I do not pretend to be informed on the imponderabilities of high finance. I am merely speculating and conjecturing, and if I appear to be giving the matter a lot of space it is because my curiosity has been aroused by certain phenomena, among them the apparent acquiescence of our vociferously virtuous dailies that hate high finance in the abstract with a consuming hatred. The Goulds have not taken me into their confidence as to why the affidavit

was filed after much of its substance had been made immaterial and irrelevant, as the lawyers say, and so I can but guess. My guess is that the affidavit was filed with a view to getting a satisfactory upset price. There are lawyers who calculate that a judge may be induced to bend their way by affecting to believe that there are considerations that incline him in the other direction. The supposition is that human nature is so constituted that a judge openly charged with unfairness will exert himself to prove the groundlessness of the accusation. If my guess is wrong I must attribute my error to the attorneys for the reorganization committee who began their affidavit for disqualification before the decision in the Court of Appeals and filed it when the only thing remaining for Judge Van Fleet to do was a thing that they themselves had petitioned him to do. These lawyers had actually filed a blank decree for the fixing of the upset price, and when they filed it they were fully informed of all the matters set forth later in the affidavit in which they grounded their motion to disqualify. In other words, it appears from the records that one day the lawyers asked Judge Van Fleet to pass judgment on a certain point and some days later protested against his passing this judgment, at the same time alleging certain grounds of disqualification all of which they had been cognizant of for months.

#### The Dual Capacity of Rhodes

Coming back to the subject of the apparent sympathy between certain eminent journalists and the Wall Street interests, I would ask why, in the exercise of their critical faculties, it has not occurred to them that the conduct of the author of the nagging affidavit might make the judicious grieve? This gentleman is Lyman Rhodes, vice-president of the high-toned Equitable Trust Company of New York, of which Mr. Alvin W. Krech is president. Now Mr. Krech is chairman of the reorganization committee of the Western Pacific, the committee that stoutly objects to any inquiry touching the obligation of the Denver & Rio Grande to the bondholders, and of that committee Mr. Lyman Rhodes is secretary. In his affidavit Mr. Rhodes utters himself as an official of the trust company which holds the Western Pacific mortgage for the benefit of all concerned. In this capacity, presumably, he is neutral, but we must remember that the reorganization committee of which he is secretary is not neutral. He may have the power of detachment, but surely his sympathies would naturally be with the majority bondholders who are behaving in a way satisfactory to the Goulds, and who regard the small-fry California bondholders as disagreeable recalcitrants.

#### The Affidavit

Let us see what Mr. Rhodes has to say in his affidavit. In one paragraph he says it is the desire of the majority bondholders that the property of the railway company shall at once be sold and, if a proper price cannot be ob-



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tained, that it shall be purchased in their interest. From another paragraph we learn that it is to their interest "to obtain the mortgaged property for the lowest possible price." In another paragraph it is said that "it is manifest that the interest of the minority bondholders is to compel the majority bondholders to pay the highest possible price," but says Mr. Rhodes, it is the duty of the trust company "to do everything fairly possible" to see that the property is sold at its "full and true value" with an eye on "all elements of value and all qualifying factors." All of which may be unimpeachable. To be sure the trust company occupies a neutral position, but Mr. Rhodes, the author of the affidavit, is not neutral. He is with the faction known as the majority bondholders, and according to his own assertion it is to their

interest "to obtain the mortgaged property at the lowest possible price." We have yet to see whether it is to the interest of all of them or only to the big ones with Wall Street connections.

#### The Lath Scrap

Notwithstanding all the money spent by the Steel Trust in advertising the possible horrific consequences of permitting the button lath to compete with the steel lath "Wild Bill" Scott lost his fight before the Board of Supervisors. Attorney William F. Humphrey made it so clear that the steel arguments were as full of holes as the steel trust lath that only two supervisors had the nerve to stand by the distinguished Senator, and one of them—Mr. E. J. Brandon—couldn't help it, being "Wild

Bill's" bosom friend. Mr. Brandon is loyal but not logical, as was pointed out by that alert and veteran debater, Supervisor Wolfe. Though Brandon based his preference for the steel lath on its fire-resisting qualities, he was willing to have the button lath used in all but Class A buildings. "In other words," said Wolfe, "he is willing to have it used in ninety per cent of our buildings, even in school buildings, and he wants to have it excluded only from the buildings of the rich, the people who want the best and who hire the best talent to advise them as to what's what. If it's good enough for school buildings it's good enough for all." Probably the best evidence of the character of the button lath is that it is the first plaster lath the Steel Trust ever fought. The obvious reason is that in competition it can more than hold its own, not only in price but in the qualities that are demanded in fire-proof construction.

#### Religious Lines Forgotten

Temple Emanu-El recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary with a program not wholly religious. Among those who contributed to the program of celebration was Madam Betty Drew, the vocalist. Madam Drew sang Handel's "Largo" in English; then she sang some lieder in German; and finally she sang Cesar Franck's "Panis Angelicus" in Latin. This last selection caused some wonderment in the mind of Henry L. Perry, the basso soloist of Emanu-El. The "Bread of Angels" seemed a little out of place in a synagogue. So he went to Cantor Reuben R. Rinder and quizzed him about the selection. "Do you know what 'Panis Angelicus' means?" he asked the cantor.

"No," answered the cantor. "Why?"

"Because," answered Perry, "after hearing it sung here I shall not be surprised to hear the 'Sh'ma Yisroel' sung at the French Catholic Church!"

Behind the darkest cloud the sun is shining, but that beautiful thought won't keep you dry if you have been caught out in the rain without an umbrella.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, but a pound of cure is worth a ton of I-told-you-so.

You never can tell. A man may be perfectly honest and still have a different umbrella every time it rains.

## Budweiser— and Other Foods

There's food value in beer—as well as beverage enjoyment. A bottle of Budweiser may not be offered as a complete meal—but it has its place in the meal comparable to bread, milk or any other of the dishes or drinks that are part of the well-balanced lunch or dinner.

The alcohol in beer (a small percentage) has its tonic value and its use as an appetizer. The hops have a nerve-soothing value. The malt not only has food value, but is, of all foods, one of the most quickly and easily turned by digestion into nourishment. By its very nature beer is especially thirst-satisfying.

### Here are Two Little Charts

that show graphically and in figures comparisons between beer and other beverages and beer and other foods:

Comparative Nutritious Extract Content		Comparative Alcohol Content
	Whisky	
	Rhine Wine	
	Beer	
	Milk	

Average Composition of	Bread	Milk	Beer	Rhine Wine	Whisky
Carbohydrates - - -	52.0%	4.8%	5.0%	2.25%	none
Protein - - - - -	7.0%	3.5%	0.5%	none	none
Fat - - - - -	0.40%	3.7%	none	none	none
Mineral Substances - -	1.0%	0.7%	0.2%	0.2%	none
Alcohol by weight - -	none	none	3.75%	8.0%	40.0%

When you think of beer for your table, of course you'll settle on Budweiser

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# Budweiser



# Among Our Artists

Edited by Edward F. O'Day

## Blakelock and Kitchell

In the Keith gallery on Sutter street hangs a glowing autumnal landscape. The connoisseur takes one look and says, "It's a Blakelock." That being the case he approaches to study it, for Blakelocks are always worthy of study. When he is close he discovers that it is not a Blakelock but a Kitchell. The fact is that H. M. Kitchell paints so much like Ralph Albert Blakelock used to paint before he went to the asylum that only an expert can tell the difference sometimes. And the experts can regale you with stories of the Kitchells which have been inscribed with Blakelock's name and sold for big prices. The fraud is one which poor Blakelock is powerless to prevent and which Kitchell has only rarely succeeded in pinning to the guilty parties. Of course there are many forged pictures in the world. There are said to be more Corots in the United States than Corot ever painted during his whole lifetime. San Franciscans have seen more than one spurious Keith. But the case of Blakelock and Kitchell is different. Here are two painters whose works bear a striking resemblance. A Kitchell commands a good price as a Kitchell; but Kitchells falsely represented as Blakelocks have brought much larger prices. So the Kitchell on Sutter street is full of interest not only as a work of art but also because, if it ever falls into the hands of an unscrupulous person, it may come to pose as a Blakelock. Let us hope no such fate is in store for it.

## Blakelock's Unhappy Life

The showing of a Kitchell at this time has additional interest because there is some talk of getting the painter Kitchell so much resembles out of the asylum. Blakelock has been in a New York institution for sixteen years. His mental and physical health seem to be improved, and it is thought that he may be permitted to pass the remainder of his days with his family. To raise funds for this purpose a Blakelock exhibition will be given in New York. Even if Blakelock is not released, his wife is sorely in need of the money. One of Blakelock's pictures was secured by the Toledo Museum recently for \$20,000. Another was sold to former Senator William A. Clark for \$13,900. Blakelock set out to sell this latter picture on the day his eighth child was born. There was no money and little food in the house. The landlord had threatened to dispossess the family. A dealer gave him six hundred for it. That was the highest Blakelock ever got for a picture. His lowest price was \$100 for thirty-three pictures, or \$3.03 apiece. They were sold to a junk dealer. The crisis in Blakelock's life came when his ninth child was expected. Things

were more desperate than before. Mrs. Blakelock sent for a collector who had bought a number of her husband's paintings, and explained their dire straits. The collector pointed to a small picture, and said he would pay \$200 for the same subject in a larger picture. Blakelock painted the picture and brought it to the collector. The collector said: "Well, I see you didn't hit it off this time. This certainly is not the picture I offered to pay \$200 for. I wouldn't have it in my house." Then he relented and offered much less. Blakelock thought of conditions at home and took the bills. Returning home he showed the money to his wife and then threw it in the kitchen fire. He became violent and was removed from the house, insane. Next day the ninth child was born.

## Hardly Freer

Who is the fairy godfather that promised San Francisco one hundred thousand dollars for the preservation of the Palace of Fine Arts? The question defeats curiosity. Only one answer has been offered, and that not a very plausible one. It has been hazarded that Charles L. Freer of Detroit, the great connoisseur and philanthropist, may be the man in question. It is true that such a gift is in the generous Freer manner. But there is a little circumstance which makes it seem unlikely that Freer is the benefactor in this particular case. And that is, that Freer does not admire Bernard Maybeck's Palace of Fine Arts. He expressed his disapproval of it in an interview in Town Talk when he was here last year. Told by his interviewer that Maybeck aimed to evoke a mood proper for the contemplation of pictures, Freer replied:

"It evokes a mood of confusion. It is bewildering, silly, a maze. Those gimcrack columns of corrupted Greek!"

It hardly seems likely, therefore, that Freer would contribute to the perpetuation of the Palace of Fine Arts. But we shall be able to settle this question, insofar as Freer is concerned, quite soon. He is at Arrowhead Springs, and is expected in this city. He is not a man who moves in an atmosphere of mystery.

## Anne Bremer's Earlier Manner

A lowland scene on a misty, rainy day. Sky and air are of a uniform, unrelieved dullness, drabness almost. The unruffled water of an ocean inlet stretches from in front of us far away into the distance. A tongue of land touches this water, and two poplars standing at the water's edge are reflected in its surface. Nearby is a small pavilion that accentuates the solitude, for this is a deserted landscape. Dimly seen in the distance on one side is some habi-

tation; on the other, are desecrated more poplars. The air is charged with moisture. The whole scene lacks comfort. To some it may seem dreary. But to others it is very beautiful. This scene was beautiful in the eyes of Anne Bremer, otherwise she would never have composed it and painted it. The picture came from this talented woman's brush seven years ago. That was before Anne Bremer gave all her enthusiasm to the solution of problems of light and color. Many prefer the Anne Bremer of the earlier manner, though none underestimate her present work. The picture I have described is attracting much attention in the Schussler gallery where it is hung. It is not merely a landscape, it is the picture of a mood.

## The April Lantern

The Lantern has been replenished with oil and its wick trimmed. And it is burning more brightly than ever. In other words, with the beginning of its second year The Lantern has taken on a new and stronger lease of life. The April number is said by some critics to be the best number ever produced. Theodore F. Bonnet contributes a graceful essay on "Great Women," selecting for his theme certain members of the gentler sex whose names are not household words but whose merits are undeniable. Bonnet has the knack of provoking thought. He starts the mind along an avenue of thought which the mind delights to follow to the end. And his allusiveness will send active minds to the pages of history and biography for independent investigation. Edward F. O'Day introduces readers to his "Old-Fashioned Aunt," the relict of his "Eccentric Uncle." This good woman has many things to say on many subjects, but she is not a bore. For Dickensians there is a delightful article by Vernon Rendall called "Dickens and the Wooden Leg." How many realize that the timber limb was an obsession with Charles the Great? There is a poignant story by Maxim Gorky and a fine poem by Maurice Hewlett.

All men are born equal, but the equality is apt to end right there.

When a woman switches on her batteries of wrath, some men wilt, and other won't.

Casting sheep's eyes at a man is one way a girl has of pulling the wool over his eyes.

The people most addicted to wasting time are those whose time is not their own.

A spendthrift is a person who saves his money for a rainy day, and then prays for rain.

When a woman pauses for reflection, look for the mirror.

In traveling the road to success some people always want to cut across lots.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## A Tennis Champion

What was my surprise, when I sauntered up to the porch of the country club, to find my friend the Burlingame beau deep in a book. A Blingumite reading, and in plain view of everybody! I didn't think it was being done. But the Blingumites are full of surprises.

"You are reading," I accused him.

The Blingumite was a little flustered, but he brazened it out.

"Can't a chap read a book once in a while?" he demanded. "I don't make a practice of it, of course."

"What are you reading?" I demanded.

"A book that 'Tommy' Sears lent me," was the answer.

"Any good?" I asked in my best literary style.

"Not half bad," was the answer. "It's the life of Captain Anthony Wilding."

"Never heard of the Cap," I replied nonchalantly.

"Oh, yes, you have," he said. "He was the Britisher who played tennis so well. The chap who was reported engaged to Maxine Elliott just before the war."

"Do you think he'll marry her?" I asked.

"He's dead," said the Blingumite. "Died in the war. Was in a dug-out on the Western front when a German shell came along and finished him. A friend of his has written his life."

## An Interesting Personality

"I place him now," I said. "Is it an interesting book?"

"Very," the Blingumite replied. "Wilding must have been an unusual fellow. Born in New Zealand. Went to Cambridge. Had no particular advantages. Wasn't rich, wasn't brainy. Intended to take up law. Had to go in for athletics, so picked tennis because he wasn't good at cricket. And how he did go in for tennis! Had a regular routine of general training and special practice. Punched the bag and skipped the rope every day; never missed his alcohol rub and massage. Batted a tennis ball against a wall for hours at a time. I never heard of such a thorough fellow. Once when he was on a voyage to Cape Town to play tennis he stared at the sun regularly so as to be ready for the glare in the African courts. Is it any wonder he became a champion?"

## His Social Career

"Tennis opened the door to society for him," continued the Blingumite, turning over the pages of the book. "He was the guest of English dukes

and Hungarian magnates. In a Riviera tournament his partner was an ex-Premier of Great Britain. So he saw a lot of interesting things. He traveled as often as possible on a motorcycle, so as to see the country. Luggage never bothered him. Once he arrived at the castle or a nobleman on the Danube all covered with mud, and with no change of clothes. Another time it was a country house in England. You know how he made himself presentable? Gave the butler some lessons in tennis and borrowed a suit of clothes from him! When the war started his knowledge of motorcycles came in handy, and he did great work with motor guns over muddy roads. There's one little point about him that appeals to me."

"What is that?" I asked.

"It says here," said the Blingumite, with his finger on the passage, "He loved to feed where he could listen to a band, even if it were bad. I'm like that myself. But I don't think I resemble Wilding in sticktoitiveness."

Just then several stunning Burlingame belles came along, so my friend hid his book for fear of being suspected of literary tendencies.

## In the Palace Lobby

"There goes a plantless Plant," said my friend the hotel reporter who loves his little quip.

"Sounds like a new Burbank creation," I answered, looking at the man referred to.

"At that, Burbank may be walking in his shoes," said the hotel reporter.

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

The hotel reporter was pleased to have me demand an explanation, and supplied it.

"His name is Thomas E. Plant. He's from Boston. He's plantless because he sold out his plant for three millions or so. And Burbank may be walking in Plant's shoes because Plant's plant was a shoe plant. Incidentally, he's a mechanical genius, for most of his improved shoe machinery was of his own patenting."

## Dr. Webb in Town

"Doesn't it remind you of old times to see him?" asked the hotel reporter.

We were still standing in the Palace lobby, and I turned to take a look at the "him" referred to by my loquacious friend. One look was enough.

"Why," I exclaimed, "that Dr. Seward Webb, isn't it?"

And so it was. The doctor doesn't come out here as often as he used to in the old days, as we call them; but of course when he comes he puts up at the Palace. The Palace has been the scene of innumerable entertainments given by and for the Seward Webbs. It is hardly necessary to mention that Dr. S. Seward Webb of New York is the husband of Eliza Osgood Vanderbilt, a daughter of the late W. H. Vanderbilt. Mrs. Webb is at Santa Barbara, and the doctor will join her there. Dr. Webb is one of the country's best known capitalists. He is a director of the Pullman Company, the Fulton Navigation Company, the Honduras Company and of half a dozen of the leading railroads. He is owner of a 200,000-acre game preserve in the Adirondack Mountains. He is a doctor of medicine and the author of several books.

## Loie Fuller Writes

Last week I told of the tribute paid to American women—and particularly to the women of San Francisco—by La Loie Fuller at a luncheon

given by Mrs. A. B. Spreckels. My remarks have elicited from Miss Fuller a note of great kindness, from which I shall take the liberty of quoting. Speaking of "San Francisco's self-reliant, splendid women" Miss Fuller writes: "Their work individually and collectively has been a surprise to me at every turn since I first arrived in San Francisco. In countries that are old women talk first and move, or act, after-



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wards. In America it is the reverse; they act first, and perhaps they will talk about it afterwards. Instinct and fearlessness through inexperience make everything look possible to them, whereas special education about a given thing, and experience make everything seem impossible. Reflection exposes all the difficulties, and spontaneity conceals them. You know the old adage: Once you get into the stream you must get out. In America they get out. That's the way of American women. Nothing is too big, too powerful or too impossible for their indomitable perseverance and good nature, their sense of justice and their big hearts. No tribute that I could offer them in words would be adequate."

#### In Honor of the Harrises

Mr. James Woods gave a dinner last Thursday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris who have returned to San Francisco after an enjoyable visit in New York. It was given in the Rose Room of the St. Francis, and after dinner Mr. Woods' guests took part in the dancing. Those who enjoyed the host's justly celebrated hospitality were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris, Dr. and Mrs. Alanson Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane, D. J. Desmond and Edward F. O'Day.

#### Miss Williams Returns

Miss Margaret Williams has returned from an interesting winter in New York where notwithstanding the demands of social affairs she did some serious vocal study. While in New York Miss Williams was the guest of the Ferrys. She reached San Francisco in time for the Moore-Wilson wedding, after which she joined her mother in Pasadena for a few weeks' stay. Upon their return they will open their attractive home at 3232 Pacific avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Russell and their family have gone to their country home near Saratoga for the spring and summer months.

#### Events at Hotel Oakland

Miss Ann Wilcox recently entertained fourteen of her friends with luncheon and cards. The guests were Mrs. Tyler Henshaw, Mrs. Metcalf, Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Proctor, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Hammer, Mrs. W. G. Henshaw,

Miss Bertha Wilcox, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Grimes, Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Belden. On Tuesday Mrs. M. C. Fox Jr. entertained with luncheon and cards. The Ladies Pharmaceutical Society were the guests of Mrs. Caldecott, Mrs. Ashmede and Mrs. Condon at an April Fool luncheon. There were about thirty present. Mrs. O. W. Nordwell of 18 Lake avenue entertained with a dinner this Friday. Twenty-four guests were invited.

#### Palace Notes

Roy Bishop, managing director of the Palace, has returned to town from a motor trip through the oil fields of the south on which he was accompanied by his father-in-law, the well known financier T. H. Wheeler.

Louis P. Reynolds relinquishes his position as assistant manager of the hotel to hie him to Shanghai where he will become assistant manager of the Astor Hotel.

One of the great Weyerhaeuser's associates is registered. This is William Carson of Iowa who has enormous lumber interests. Another lumberman at the hotel is H. D. Mortenson of Klamath Falls.

Mining men registered are W. B. Buckminster and H. C. Buckminster (father and son) of Boston who have a quicksilver property at Idria. With them is H. W. Gould who manages the mine. Arthur C. Felton has big mining interests in Peru.

#### Music at St. Dominic's

Now that Dr. Maurice O'Connell is at the organ in St. Dominic's Church the music incidental to the services is attracting considerable attention. Dr. O'Connell has infused something of his own enthusiasm into the choir. On Good Friday, during the three hours' agony, the augmented choir will sing Mercadante's "Seven Last Words" and on Easter Liszt's Imperial Mass will be sung at 11 o'clock.

#### Wild Flower Fete at Fairmont

There will be a Wild Flower Fete at the Fairmont for three days commencing April 22. It will be given as a benefit for the San Francisco Boys' Outing Farm at Saratoga. Individuals, clubs, botanical societies and counties will offer exhibits from every part of the State. Chief among these is the exhibit from San

Francisco, prepared by the California Botanical Society under the direction of Miss Mary Alice King. Miss Elsie Zeile will preside over a table devoted to choice specimens secured in Marin county by the Sierra Club. Other exhibits have been promised from Santa Clara and Placer counties, the Tamalpais Conservation Club and Carl Purdy who has a wild flower ranch at Ukiah.

#### The Philharmonic Concert

The second of the ten popular symphony concerts given by the People's Philharmonic Orchestra of sixty-five musicians will take place at the Pavilion Rink, Sutter and Pierce streets, Thursday evening, April 27. Conductor Sokoloff has arranged another delightful program. The soloist will be Miss May Mukle, the English 'cellist whose work with the Innisfail Quartet has commanded much attention. Seats will be ready at Sherman, Clay a week from Monday. The complete program: Beethoven, Fifth Symphony in C minor; Saint-Saens, Concerto in A minor for Violoncello; Wagner, Prelude, Lohengrin; Good Friday Spell from Parsifal; Prelude to the Meistersinger.

#### The Tavern Revue

A new program every week, with new gowns and new songs, keeps the Techau Tavern Show Girl Revue perennially attractive. The eight principals are young ladies of unquestionable pulchritude with voices far superior to those of the average cafe singer. The gowns are magnificent creations, to the last degree artistic. The songs are brilliant and catchy and the ensemble of music, color, beauty and grace is worthy of a Broadway production. Every Saturday a souvenir is presented to lady patrons of the Tavern, in the form of dainty little bottles of La Boheme perfume.

"You say that you must face the music this evening. What's wrong?"

"My wife is going to entertain her musical friends."

Madge—I wonder why Lucille keeps her lips pursed up that way.

Margaret—Oh, she believes in preparedness.

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## German Vocal Art

By Maude Fay

Washington, D. C.

Editor Town Talk: I have just read your article on German Vocal Culture in a March number. Your paper is always so extremely just and so ready to accept various viewpoints that I dare to write you on this subject—one about which I feel I have a right to an opinion. I know no country where vocal art, as such, is more highly appreciated than in Germany. But on the other hand, vocal beauty alone does not place an artist in the first ranks. Brain, emotional power, musical knowledge, histrionic ability, a thorough understanding of one's work are also demanded. In opera houses open all year round, giving all manner and sort of opera, where only a comparatively small sum can be expended, naturally one cannot expect the best voices. Really beautiful voices are not to be readily recognized and assigned their proper due and place, but as the opera house with its music is as necessary to the average German town as the school house it goes without saying that many so-called merely "adequate" singers find positions in them. In my many years of experience there I have never yet heard one of these mediocre voices considered as other than "ausreichend;" that is, they get through the music, are not unpleasant vocally, and if sincere in their interpretations are appreciated as such but not more. When it comes to opera houses like Munich, Vienna, Berlin and Dresden I dare to assert that the most exacting demands and highest standards are facing a singer. In these houses neither voice alone nor histrionic ability alone suffices—it must be the combination. From these houses the Metropolitan, whose standard is certainly the highest in the world, has chosen her greatest artists: Lilli Lehmann, Schumann-Heink, Fremstad, Sembrich, Ternina,

Nordica, Destinn, etc. These artists received their thorough, excellent, well-rounded training on German stages, and America, ever ready for the best and having every right to demand and expect it, has appreciated them and called them her own. Of course there are cases of poor or mediocre talent coming to America from Germany, but I believe if closely looked into, one will find that their positions in Germany were the same as the United States is willing to offer them. Whereas Germany from economic reasons is often forced to keep as repertoire artists many who could in no country rise to any other height, at the same time when true vocal art and beauty of voice are presented no audience greets it more enthusiastically or appreciates it more keenly. Caruso is a god in Germany, as are Ballistini and all the great singing artists. But there also are real artists who live, learn and act their roles, vocally, histrionically and musically. Yet great musicians and actors are also recognized as such, but if vocally below the mark no critic spares them—their praise is merely given their interpretation, nothing more. No great singing artists have the German method in its confined sense. The greatest of the old school still living is Mme. A. Argene in Vienna, a contemporary of Sembrich, de Lucca, Pauline Nirdot, Marchesi, and a pupil of the old Lamberti of Italy, perhaps the greatest vocal teacher ever born. Cosima Wagner told me herself that her husband, Richard, demanded that his singers study the Italian method. When I visited Bayreuth and sang in Mahnfried she always asked me to sing Italian numbers such as *Casta Diva*, the Italian method being absolutely recognized as the only pure voice production. America supporting only two opera houses, naturally engages only stars. It is not

necessary to maintain mediocre voices, and America has the most beautiful voices in the world. But the voice is only a part, perhaps a fifth, of the things necessary to make an artist. We are gradually coming to an all rounded standard, a condition which has evolved itself naturally. The audience of today all over the world listens with a brain as well as ears, so standards must change and art must take the lead. The very old Italian operas have had their day. Even this year trying to revive some of the very old ones here in the Metropolitan Opera, although put on as well as any place in the world could do it, has proved more and more that we have outgrown them. They were the operas demanding only beauty of tone. An artist's task is far more exacting in the present day. Voices are ruined in Germany by the German method as well as they are ruined here by the same method, but do allow me to tell you that this same method is as frowned upon in the Fatherland as it is here, and America has always been, and is now ready, to recognize and appreciate the true worth of an artist from every viewpoint, and among the greatest who have given her untold joy are just those whom Germany made great and also appreciated. This has nothing to do with present conditions in this unfortunate wartime, for art has no nationality. These statements that I have made I believe will be agreed to by all Americans who have listened to concerts and operas in the above named cities in Germany. And toward art especially one's attitude must be just and unbiased, for art in all its branches is what gives a nation its place in the culture of the world, and surely each nation can learn from the other, especially from those whose standards are the best and highest.

## Alice Gentle

By Helen M. Bonnet

New York critics are complaining of the scarcity of good singers at the Metropolitan. At the close of the season two weeks ago it was remarked by more than one critic that the company was in need of more songbirds of the first rank. Which reminds me that Alice Gentle has yet to be discovered by Gatti-Casazza. We are told that merry Fortune "in his mood will grant us anything," but he has yet to bestow on Alice Gentle the prize which her natural gifts in their intelligent development deserve. Meanwhile I am for wishing on her an engagement at the Metropolitan. And soon! A few years ago when Lucca Botta was singing to small houses in the obscurity of the Tivoli I wished a Metropolitan engagement on him, and he got it; so perhaps I may bring good luck to Alice Gentle. Botta himself was astonished when hailed in San Francisco as a tenor of the first rank, but Mme. Gatti-Casazza (Frances Alda) happened along on a concert tour, heard him sing, and quickly wired her husband. A few months later he sang Rudolfo to her Mimi at the Metropolitan, where he has continued as tenor ever since with Caruso and Martinelli. This season he sang Pinkerton to Geraldine Farrar's Cho-Cho-San. He is now a great favorite among New York's discriminating operagoers. Among others who reached

the Metropolitan via San Francisco is Signor Polacco who came to this city with Tetrizzini, and who is now chef-d'orchestre in Italian opera; there is also Signor Gaetano Bavagnoli who alternates with Polacco. We made his acquaintance, I believe, with one of the Lombardi companies. So "Dear Gatti," as Caruso calls the Metropolitan manager, will probably be not at all incredulous if told that in San Francisco there is more talent ready to be summoned to the big opera house. Alice Gentle is now in a fine state of preparedness for the triumphs to be won in grand opera. She has youth, beauty, grace, charm, unusual dramatic instincts, a sufficient repertoire of Italian roles, and, best of all, a superb voice and true lyrical artistry. I admired her greatly the two or three times I heard her in opera, but it was not till her concert on March 29 that I realized the extent of her accomplishments. Alice Gentle is a mistress of her art who may fearlessly stand on any eminence in the magic circle of sounds with the white light of searching criticism upon her. Not only has she a fine soprano voice of magnetic quality; all the technical essentials of her art she has mastered. There is nothing lacking. She has absolute breath control, and in all the splendid range of her voice it is of even development. There

is always purity of production, whether in delicate pianissimo or generous volume. In short she has all the power the singer needs to realize the beauty and harmony of the tone pictures the composers have created. The only criticism I have to make of her concert is that the program lacked variety. It would have been better had it included a few songs of gladness. There was a monotony of style in her selections—too much of shadow. More sunshine, more high lights in her tone pictures would have revealed more fully the depth and variety of her art. She has the brilliancy of tone and evidently the buoyancy of heart to sing as the birds sing, of gladness. She gave the Alden Carpenter setting to two Tagore poems most impressively, and "The Beetle" and "Hopak" by Moussorgsky were sensationally fine. The highest praise I can bestow upon her is that she may challenge comparison in these last two with Emmy Destinn in her Kovarovic "Slovakia." Our Far Western city is not an adequate field for such an artiste as Miss Gentle, so for her own good I advise her not to tarry here. But before she goes I hope she will give a few more concerts for the pleasure of those who enjoy fine singing.



## Gossip of the Stage

### English Comedian at Pantages

England produces many comedians. She loses a lot of them after they have made one tour of this country. If they have the stuff in them to make laughter, we usually monopolize them. Chris Richards is one of these. He is playing Pantages. That's why there is much laughter in that neighborhood this week. A troupe of Mexican dancers, the Princess Nana company are giving us a treat, dancing amid native scenery and to native music. Ireland is well represented by Michael Emmett and company in "A Glimpse of Old Ireland." The Packard Four are two couples who have a good line of talk and still better dancing. Donita in her character songs is worthy of mention. The Seven Bracks close the show with rough and tumble acrobatic stunts that would please almost anyone.

—The Second Nighter.

### May Robson at Columbia

May Robson and her company of players will arrive Monday morning, bringing to the Columbia James Forbes' latest comedy success "The Making Over of Mrs. Matt." This will be the first visit of the popular star in two seasons. It is said of her play which Forbes was especially engaged to write, that it affords Miss Robson one of the best roles of her career. The story is interesting and wholesome and full of comedy. There is a pretty love story and just enough drama. Theatregoers will recall the types in Forbes' "The Chorus Lady," and will appreciate what this talented author is capable of. In "The Making Over of Mrs. Matt" quite a long cast is required, and an excellent aggregation has been brought together to support the star. The engagement will be for two weeks with matinees on Wednesdays and Satur-

### Good Friday Concert at Greek Theatre

Next Friday afternoon at three o'clock a sacred concert will be given in the Greek Theatre of the University of California. Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be sung by a chorus of five hundred voices supported by a symphony orchestra of fifty and a quartet of soloists. The artists will be Miss Alice Gentle, soprano, Miss Claudia Allbright, contralto, Hugh Williams, tenor, and Godfrey Price, the basso soloist of the Mountain Ash Choir of Wales. Preceding the "Stabat Mater" will be a program of miscellaneous works. In addition to vocal and orchestral selections there will be a violin solo by Miss Amy Ahrens who recently arrived here from Berlin. She will play two movements of a Bach Concerto accompanied by the symphony orchestra. The affair is under the direction of Paul Steindorff. Tickets will be on sale Monday morning at Sherman Clay in San Francisco and Oakland, Tupper and Reed's, Sadler's, The Sign of the Bear, Glessner Morse Co.'s and the Students' Coöperative Store in Berkeley. Mail orders should be sent to William Dallam Armes at the Faculty Club, Berkeley, or to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman Clay in San Francisco.

### New York Symphony and Hofmann

This Saturday afternoon at 2:30 at the Columbia the New York Symphony Orchestra of eighty artists under the baton of Walter Damrosch will give a special "Young People's Con-

cert." The program will consist of works by Beethoven, Wagner, Handel, Berlioz and von Weber. Mr. Damrosch will give a talk on the instruments in the modern orchestra, and as he speaks of each instrument, the player will exhibit his instrument and play a short solo. For this concert a special price is made, with half rates for all young people of eighteen and under. In the evening at 8:15 a magnificent symphony program will be rendered with Josef Hofmann, the master of all pianists, as soloist. The program will consist of Tschaiakowsky's Fifth Symphony, Richard Strauss' Symphonic Poem "Death and Transfiguration" and Mr. Hofmann will play the Concerto in G minor by Rubinstein, never before heard here. The final concert will be given this Sunday afternoon at three, the program consisting of Symphony by Kalinnikow, Concerto in A minor for piano and orchestra by Schumann and Percy Grainger's British Folk Tunes. Tickets at Sherman Clay and the Columbia. Manager Greenbaum says that within the next few days he will be able to announce a special musical attraction, the greatest of its kind ever attempted in this city. It will be just a single event with which he will close his activities until next October.

### Beatriz Michelena at Alcazar

The presentation of Beatriz Michelena in the seven-reel dramatization of Edwin Milton Royle's "The Unwritten Law" at the Alcazar for the week beginning Monday promises to be



PAUL STEINDORFF

Chorus of the University of California who will direct the colossal Good Friday Sacred Concert next Friday afternoon in the Greek Theatre



FANNIE BRICE

The well known comedienne who comes to the Orpheum next week



an event. This will be the first public showing of a picture which was many weeks in the making over at San Rafael. Besides the much heralded merit of the production as a whole, a thing that should presage an unusual run for the picture at the Alcazar is the presence of Beatriz Michelena in the star role.

#### Alexander at the Cort

The unusual and the novel in theatrical entertainment is always welcome, and so considerable interest attaches to the coming of Alexander the Mystic to the Cort beginning Monday night. Alexander has been termed the "cyclonic psychic marvel," for apart from his famed abilities as an illusionist, he presents a lengthy act called the "Simla Seance" which has baffled the country. The "Simla Seance" is a mind-reading test that is done in the fully lighted theatre. Alexander answers all questions put to him by the audience, and the rapidity and accuracy with which he answers are a constant source of wonderment.

#### "Pop" Grand Opera at Cort

A brief season of popular-priced grand opera is announced for the Cort beginning Sunday, April 30. The organization is the Peluso Grand Opera Company, and it will be a season of "opera for the masses" in its truest sense, for the prices will range from fifty cents to a dollar. The Peluso Grand Opera Company numbers many prominent names in its roster of singers, and the productions will be effective scenically, while the orchestra will be under the direction of Chev. Fulgenzio Guerrieri, recently at the Cort with La Scala Company. Rosina Zotti, Lina Reggiani, Tina Scinetti, Claude Albright, Lolita Mackie, Giuseppe Vogliotti, Gerolamo Ingar, Mario Rodolfi, Aristide Neri, Bartolomeo Dadone, David Silva and Olinto Lombardi, of the recent La Scala Company will be in the organization in addition to Mme. Laure De Vilmar, Ralph Errolle, Umberto Roveri and the Misses Virginia Pierce and Agnes Sievers. The repertoire will consist of standard Italian operas and some not frequently heard.

#### Fannie Brice at Orpheum

Fannie Brice who will be remembered as one of the chief comedy hits in Ziegfeld's Follies will make her first appearance at the Orpheum Sunday matinee. She is making a sensation in vaudeville. Her character creations have elicited the enthusiastic approval of press and public. Henri de Vries, the celebrated protean and character actor will share headline honors. He will be seen in a one-act play called "A Case of Arson" in which he depicts seven characters. Ethel Clifton and Brenda Fowler, two talented and versatile girls, will appear in a sketch written by Miss Clifton entitled "The Saint and the Sinner." Vinie Daly appropriately styles her new act "L'Opera et la Danse," for it affords her abundant opportunity to display her ability in both singing and dancing. Andy Rice will deliver an entirely original monologue entitled "My First Anniversary." Two Tom Boys present the only bumsti-bumsti act ever given by women. It will be the last week of Ray Dooley and company, and also of Gertrude Vanderbilt and George Moore in their successful singing and dancing novelties. A beautiful colored Travelogue taken expressly for the Orpheum circuit exhibiting scenes in Scotland, Japan and the Crimea will serve as a finale.

#### Oriental Dancers at Pantages

Madame Makaranke and her ten oriental dancing girls offering the pretentious dancing spectacle "A Dream of the Orient," will be the

stellar attraction at Pantages. Madame Makaranke is a premier danseuse from Russia. "After the Wedding," a jolly little domestic one-act farce, with Edward Farrell and his players as the participants, is a real joy spot. The De Michele brothers, one an artistic harp player and the other a talented violinist, mingle classical selections with droll humor. Other splendid features will be Fabers and Waters, a comedy twain who have a budget of nifty nonsense; the Dancing La Vars, typed as the "original revivalists of the old-fashioned cake walk;" the Australian Creightons, acrobatic jugglers; Florence Fisher, the eccentric "movie" comedienne, and the fifth episode of "The Iron Claw."



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## AT THE THEATRES

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## Sir Edward Carson

(Continued from Page 6)

clearly the 'typical Irishman' (that is to say, the Irishman of the muddy imagination) as Sir Edward Carson."

Mr. Ervine looks forward to an Irish reconciliation; and his hope of Ulster lies in the fact that this province differs mainly from the rest of Ireland, not in being other than Irish, but in being more efficient than the other provinces. He says:

"Ulster may be sulky at first; Ulster may refuse to send representatives to the Irish Parliament; there may even be a show of ruling by the Provisional Government, and possibly rioting in the poorer parts of Belfast and Derry and Portadown and other towns; but in the end, Ulster will come in. Ulster will not be able to resist the temptation to take Irish affairs in control and teach the silly Dubliners how to manage their business. In a previous chapter, I stated that Dublin has a corrupt municipal body. So has Belfast. But the difference between the corporation of Belfast and the corporation of Dublin is that the former is also efficient while the latter is as incompetent as it can be. Belfast may practice duplicity in getting its work done, but it gets it done. What Ireland needs is, not Home Rule, but Ulster Rule; and when Ulster has recovered from her sulks, she will take care that Ireland gets it."

If you have not read the whole book, this passage might strike you as setting Ulster above the rest of Ireland; but that is far from the author's intention. On the contrary, he makes it quite clear that there are differences between the Irish people but only superficial differences. There are no politics in Ireland, he says; but there are two religions. And half of Mr. Ervine's hatred of the political movement is based on a belief that the politicians have used religious differences to turn Irishmen against each other.

His contention is, and it is a very fair contention, that there are at present no real politics in Ireland. It is a land of "many remarkable unities and more remarkable separations. He says:



ALEXANDER SASLAVSKY

The eminent concertmaster of the New York Symphony Orchestra

"Ireland, indeed, is the land of false unities and false cleavages; and the immediate effect of Home Rule will be the dispersal of incongruous groups and the assembling of new and more congenial groups. There is something ridiculous in the union in one party of such men as Parnell and Michael Davitt or Mr. John Redmond and Mr. Joseph Devlin or, to take a more remarkable instance, of Mr. William Murphy and Mr. James Larkin. Parnell, a man of Protestant and aristocratic origin, was a landlord; Davitt, the son of Catholic peasants, was a land nationalizer; Mr. Redmond is a Tory; Mr. Devlin is a Radical; Mr. William Murphy is a capitalist of a type that is almost obsolete in England; Mr. Larkin is a Syndicalist. With the living of these, but antagonistic to all of them, are Mr. William O'Brien, the elderly Ishmael, and Mr. Timothy Healy, the man with a tongue like a poisoned arrow. All these men are Nationalists. Similar disparities may be discovered among the Unionists: the unskilled laborer, earning 14s. or 16s. per week in a linen mill in Belfast, and the millionaire mill owner who sweats the life and brains out of him, vote alike, even when they are bitterly denouncing each other in the course of an industrial dispute."

## Hamlet and Don Quixote

(Continued from Page 7)

ering his whole face. The simplicity of his manners proceeds from the absence of what I would venture to call his self-love, and not his self-conceit. Don Quixote is not busied with himself, and, respecting himself and others, does not think of showing off. But Hamlet, with all his exquisite setting, is, it seems to me,—excuse the French expression—*ayant des airs de parvenu*; he is troublesome—at times even rude,—and he poses and scoffs. To make up for this he was given the power of original and apt expression, a power inherent in every being in whom is implanted the habit of reflection and self-development—and therefore utterly unattainable so far as Don Quixote is concerned. The depth and keenness of analysis in Hamlet, his many-sided education (we must not forget that he studied at the Wittenberg University), have developed in him a taste almost unerring. He is an excellent critic; his advice to the actors is strikingly true and judicious. The sense of the beautiful is as strong in him as the sense of duty in Don Quixote.

Don Quixote deeply respects all existing orders—religions, monarchs, and dukes—and is at the same time free himself and recognizes the freedom of others. Hamlet rebukes kings and courtiers, but is in reality oppressive and intolerant.

Don Quixote is hardly literate; Hamlet probably kept a diary. Don Quixote, with all his ignorance, has a definite way of thinking about matters of government and administration; Hamlet has neither time nor need to think of such matters.

Hamlet is occasionally double-faced and heartless. On the other hand, we must note in the honest, veracious Don Quixote the disposition to a half-conscious, half-innocent deception, to self-delusion—a disposition almost always present in the fancy of an enthusiast. Hamlet, on the slightest ill-success, loses heart and complains; but Don Quixote, pummelled senseless by galley slaves, has not the least doubt as to the success of his undertaking.

The Don Quixotes discover; the Hamlets develop. But how, I shall be asked, can the Hamlets evolve anything when they doubt all things and believe in nothing? My rejoinder is that, by a wise dispensation of Nature, there are

neither thorough Hamlets nor complete Don Quixotes; these are but extreme manifestations of two tendencies—guide-posts set up by the poets on two different roads. Life tends toward them, but never reaches the goal. We must not forget that, just as the principle of analysis is carried in Hamlet to tragedy, so the element of enthusiasm runs in Don Quixote to comedy; but in life, the purely comic and purely tragic are seldom encountered.

Both Hamlet and Don Quixote die a touching death; and yet how different are their ends! Hamlet's last words are sublime. He resigns himself, grows calm, bids Horatio live, and raises his dying voice in behalf of young Fortinbras, the unstained representative of the right of succession. Hamlet's eyes are not turned forward. "The rest is silence," says the dying skeptic, as he actually becomes silent forever. The death of Don Quixote sends an inexpressible emotion through one's heart. In that instant the full significance of this personality is accessible to all. When his former page, trying to comfort Don Quixote, tells him that they shall soon again start out on an expedition of knight-errantry, the expiring knight replies: "No, all is now over forever, and I ask everyone's forgiveness; I am no longer Don Quixote, I am again Alonso the good, as I was, once called—Alonso el Bueno."

This word is remarkable. The mention of this nickname for the first and last time makes the reader tremble. Yes, only this single word still has a meaning, in the face of death. All things shall pass away, everything shall vanish—the highest station, power, the all-inclusive genius,—all to dust shall crumble. "All earthly greatness vanishes like smoke." But noble deeds are more enduring than resplendent beauty. "Everything shall pass," the apostle said, "love alone shall endure."

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With advancing years come new improvements in nearly all lines of endeavor and a local optical company is in a very fortunate position in being able to supply all wearers of glasses with a new and noteworthy combination, namely, "Caltext One-piece" Bifocals mounted in "Equipose" eyeglasses. These new "Caltext" double vision lenses do away with the necessity of two pairs of glasses as reading and distance corrections are ground in one lens. The "Equipose" eyeglass automatically holds these wonderful lenses in perfect alignment before the eyes, insuring the best possible results. Remember the combination—"Equipose" eyeglasses and "Caltext" lenses.

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Investment purchases of the better dividend-paying stocks gave tone to the stock market and the demand for bonds was also good. Favorable railroad and industrial reports have been coming in regularly and exerted their legitimate influence on those who have money to invest. "War stocks" were less prominent but they were bought more freely. The best buying was due to the reinvestment of April disbursements of interests and dividends. Increased railroad earnings and higher dividends for many industrial and mining shares are signs of general prosperity that cannot be ignored, though to admit that the country is more prosperous than ever on the eve of a presidential election goes against the grain in important quarters. The production of iron and steel last month exceeded the previous high record of last December by 134,000 tons and is due to putting enlarged and new plants into operation, the mills and blast furnaces having reached practical capacity at the end of the year 1915. Production is now at the rate of 40,000,000 tons a year, a record never before approached in any country and in excess of the world's production of ten years ago. Trading was not very active, the volume of sales being kept down by the curtailment of professional operations. The professionals paid more attention to railroad shares when they found that the demand had become broader. Railroads that need rails—and practically all of them do—will have to take into account the possibility of an advance in price next May. The United States Steel Corporation has announced that it will accept orders at the present price of \$28 and \$30 a ton for delivery within a year during this month and there will be no advance before May first, next. The steel mills are so busy that they may not be able to fill all orders before May 1, 1917, but it may be presumed that the old price will hold for all orders booked even if they exceed the year's output. This is another sign of activity and future prosperity in the steel trade.

**Wheat**—Prices are ranging at a considerable distance over last week, with much more activity and general interest in evidence. A continuation of damage reports from the soft winter wheat States has been the effective influence in bringing about the change, and while occasionally there is a minor note of encouragement in the reports sent in, on the whole, the advices are very discouraging, and recently the news from Nebraska and Kansas has not reflected as promising a condition in those States as was thought to exist. Besides this factor, some apprehension exists in regard to seeding in Canada, where winter conditions still endure. Foreign conditions have given the market no help, Liverpool declining in the face of our advance and optimism is said to prevail abroad as to supplies. Australia reported large stocks, and the shipments this week slightly exceeded those of last week, but Argentine shipments are some-

what less and are greatly below those of last year. Export sales have not been of particular note, although some business is doing. It begins to look as though there might be a great reduction in the general yield of wheat this year and that the large stocks which many countries possess would become gradually less of a weight on values; in other words, that conditions are more than averaging up, considering the level of prices. The experience while prices stood at the present average low level would indicate that values were then at a point below which it was difficult to depress, supply and demand conditions probably acting as a corrective. We feel that prices are not high judged in the light of crop prospects and the general situation, and that purchases are warranted on normal recessions.

**Corn**—Corn has made a moderate upturn, influenced in a measure by the strength in wheat. Interest has not been so great as formerly, although on decline, a good commission house demand comes into evidence, which might be taken to indicate that the trade, as a whole, do not anticipate a decided decline from this level. The receipts are of moderate proportion, but there has been nothing extraordinary in the demand until during the last few days, since when a great improvement has taken place in the export demand in the Southwest, and also a quickening of the Eastern demand. Argentine shipments are light, and the exportable promise remains at about the last estimate. Some Eastern roads are removing embargoes, which may facilitate shipments and develop a larger inquiry. We believe prices are ranging rather low, barring extraordinary developments, and feel that purchases on weak spots are likely to prove profitable.

**Cotton**—There was no trend to the cotton market last week, and prices did not get very far from the previous week's close. Spot markets generally remained unchanged, and there was nothing new in the way of export demand. Continuous submarine activity has caused a further advance in rates, and exports for the week were small. Spinnings takings were large, and the textile trade was reported good. The new crop prospects are more favorable and a large acreage is promised. Texas, and the South generally, has been too dry, but general rains fell over this section of the belt and planting is now in full swing. The market does not promise more than a scalping affair until something turns up to take the market out of its rut. However, all things considered, the price is not high, and we believe that the next move will be toward higher levels.

## How It Happened

Jones says he's no longer engaged to Lenore, Though the contract was broken by neither; but she Once told him the price of a gown that she wore,

And he stated to her what his income would be For the year. The engagement, unbroken that day, Just sagged in the middle, and melted away.

## CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP

No. 2632.

Ten cent documentary revenue stamp cancelled.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that the undersigned are transacting business as copartners in the State of California under the firm name of FRANK FOOD COMPANY. The principal place of business of the firm is at San Francisco, California.

The full names and respective places of residence of all its members are subscribed hereto.

Dated, April 4, 1916.

ARTHUR A. FRANK,  
50 Arguello Boulevard,  
San Francisco.  
SIMON L. HEILBRON,  
2225 Steiner Street,  
San Francisco.

State of California,

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 4th day of April, 1916, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared ARTHUR A. FRANK and SIMON L. HEILBRON, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Seal) A. J. NAGLE,  
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

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HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner  
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DECEMBER 31ST, 1915:

Assets .....	\$61,849,662.02
Deposits .....	58,840,699.38
Capital actually paid up in Cash .....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds .....	2,008,962.64
Employees' Pension Fund .....	211,238.93
Number of Depositors .....	67,406
Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.	
For the 6 months ending December 31st, 1915, a dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was declared.	

## E. F. HUTTON & CO.

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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PAULA BERGER, deceased.—No. 20650, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned FERDINAND FREYESLEBEN and UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO, Executors of the last will and testament of PAULA BERGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of Union Trust Company of San Francisco, at the junction of Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PAULA BERGER, deceased.

FERDINAND FREYESLEBEN,

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,

By H. Van Luven, Secretary,  
Executors of the last will and testament of  
Paula Berger, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 8, 1916.

T. E. K. CORMAC and  
HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,  
Attorneys for Executors,  
Nevada Bank Building,  
San Francisco, California.

4-8-5

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71884; Dept. 10.

FRANZISCA AVI, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also, for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23rd day of February, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1003 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

4-1-10

**SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF CITY ABSTRACT AND TITLE INSURANCE CO. of San Francisco, in the State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1915, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California pursuant to law.**

Assets	
Mortgage and collateral loans.....	\$157,250.00
Cash in company's office and banks.....	15,042.66
Premiums in course of collection.....	1,455.80
Bills receivable.....	3,289.70
Other ledger assets—Plant.....	\$125,000.00
Furniture and fixtures.....	5,754.54
Recording.....	241.90
	130,996.44

Ledger assets.....\$308,034.20

### NON-LEDGER ASSETS:

Total gross assets.....	\$308,034.20
Deduct assets not admitted.....	11,045.85

Total admitted assets.....\$296,988.35

### Liabilities

All other liabilities Title Insurance surplus fund.\$ 10,397.50

Total liabilities (except capital and surplus) 10,397.50

Capital.....250,000.00

Surplus.....36,590.85

Total liabilities, capital and surplus.....296,988.35

H. W. DIMOND, President.  
J. H. HUMPHREY, Secretary.

3-25-4

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES B. HAGGIN, deceased, No. 19515. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors and executrix of the will of JAMES B. HAGGIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 18th day of March, 1916) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors and executrix at the office of F. G. Drum, Room number 704 West Coast Life Building, Number 354 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES B. HAGGIN, deceased.

LOUIS T. HAGGIN,

MARGARET V. HAGGIN,

ALLAN McCULLOH,

H. ESK MOLLER,

Executors and executrix of the will of James B. Haggin, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1916.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,

Attorney for Executors and Executrix,

2002 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

3-18-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS MIGGINS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of THOMAS MIGGINS, deceased, to the creditors of and persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of said Arnold W. Liechti, Administrator, Rooms 901 and 902 French Bank Building, No. 110 Sutter Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS MIGGINS, deceased.

ARNOLD W. LIECHTI,  
Administrator of the estate of Thomas Miggins,  
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1916.

ARNOLD W. LIECHTI,

Attorney for Administrator,

901-902 French Bank Bldg.,

San Francisco, Cal.

4-1-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20,540, N. S.; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY A. HAMILTON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Executor of the last will and testament of MARY A. HAMILTON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the office of McCutchen, Olney & Willard, Room No. 1107 in the Merchants Exchange Building, situate at the southwest corner of California and Leidesdorff Streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of MARY A. HAMILTON, deceased.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON,  
Executor of the last will and testament of  
Mary A. Hamilton, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, March 25th, 1916.

McCUTCHEN, OLNEY & WILLARD,

Attorneys for Executor,

Room No. 1107 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,

San Francisco, California.

3-25-5

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71603.

FELIX D. C. MCGOVERN, Plaintiff, vs. JANET B. MCGOVERN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JANET M. MCGOVERN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion; also, for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By ROBERT W. DENNIS, Deputy Clerk.

TOWSON S. GRASTY,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

1201 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

26-2-10

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS DEASY, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of THOMAS DEASY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Stafford & Stafford, Room 504 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned select as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS DEASY, deceased.

MARY DEASY,

Administratrix of the estate of Thomas Deasy,  
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1916.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD,

Room 504 Grant Building,

1095 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

4-1-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, SR., deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, SR., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Walter E. Dorn, 1101-1105 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, SR., deceased.

WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, JR.,

Administrator of the estate of William T.  
Sebelles, Sr., deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1916.

WALTER E. DORN,

Attorney for Administrator,

1101-1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

4-1-5

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,**

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, California, for April, 1916.

State of California

County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John J. Dwyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Town Talk, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; managing editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; business manager, John J. Dwyer, 88 First street, San Francisco.

2. That the owners are: Owner: Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; stockholders: Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; Alphonse Sutter, 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco; H. M. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holders appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as owners, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOHN J. DWYER,

Business Manager.

(Seal)

JULIUS CALMANN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of

March, 1916.

(My commission expires May 29th, 1917.)

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATTHEW NUNAN, deceased, No. 20334.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the will of MATTHEW NUNAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 18th day of March, 1916), in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of Garret W. McENERNEY, Room number 2002 Hobart Building, Number 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATTHEW NUNAN, deceased.

FRANK NUNAN,

MICHAEL SULLIVAN,

Executors of the will of Matthew Nunan, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1916.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,

Attorney for Executors,

2002 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

3-18-5



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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVII. No. 1235

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 22, 1915

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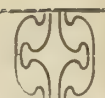
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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVII

San Francisco, April 22, 1915

No. 1235

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor  
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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### The Last Word

At the hour of going to press a despatch from Washington informs us that President Wilson has warned the Kaiser that he must quit violating international law on the high seas. The President's note is described as an ultimatum. According to Senator Stone "it is the last word," and "it puts the next move up to Germany." The next move may be foreshadowed by what Hearst's International News Service says, for this is a service that reflects through underground passages the emotions and designs of Berlin. The International News Service says: "Von Bernstorff refused to discuss a rumor that if Germany is convinced the United States desires to sever diplomatic relations Berlin will take the initiative and order him to demand his passports." In all probability this rumor was manufactured for one of the many purposes which Mr. Hearst is industriously serving in these parlous times. It means of course that if Berlin finds that the United States really intends to insist that the rights of her citizens on the high seas be respected, Germany may conclude to make such intention the pretext for assuming that we do not wish to maintain friendly relations. The break really appears to be imminent, for the Germans are having much success with their submarines, and neutrals are now so badly frightened that the people of England are growing apprehensive. As the German blockade of England is no longer a joke the Germans are hardly likely to be called off.

### Holy Week

Beholding the enthronement of the scientific brutality of modern warfare as the arbiter of human fate, men have said: "This proves that Christianity is a failure." They mean of course that the principle of love on which Christ founded His Empire nineteen hundred years ago has not prevailed over the evil passions of men. But if the war has really proved anything it has proved the sweet reasonableness of the things that countless millions of Christians are doing this week all over the world. These Chris-

tians who, during the greater part of each year, concentrate their energies on the attainment of material ends in the usual ways wherein hatred is sown in the hearts of men, are now engaged in contemplation of the spiritual side of life. What about these millions of Christians who are giving themselves up to spiritual ardors, and who on Sunday will celebrate the transmutation of suffering into triumph? Surely for them Christianity has not proved a failure. Whatever the smart sceptic may think as he walks through the strange pageant of life, through the vanity and terror of existence, whatever he may think in his wisdom, these Christians in their simplicity perceive a clue to life's mazes and mysteries. For them the cross is the symbol of salvation. It means defiance of pain and sorrow, it signifies the death of death, the passing from the crown of thorns to the crown of glory. This is a week full of themes worth brooding over, themes that should appeal to the thoughtful mind and to the man of little faith interested in the mysteries of existence and eager to understand life. Let him not be sure that Christianity is a failure. Far better for him to consider the bankruptcy of scientific ethics and the consequences of depending on the resources of the intellectual world to secure us against relapses into barbarism. So far as the war breeds any reflection, it induces a deep scepticism as to the efficacy of all those forces and processes upon which the stuffed prophets of material progress have relied for the ascent of man.

### White House Cant

In his Jefferson Day speech our amiable and gentle President took occasion to swat that venerable party that once was led by Lincoln, and that under the leadership of McKinley brought liberty to Cuba and the promise of freedom to the Philippines. Proud of his own breadth of mind and universality of soul Mr. Wilson pointed in derision to the provincial spirit of the G. O. P. Thus it was he introduced his most cherished topic—the ideal of "service to mankind." This is the paramount, fundamental ideal of the "New Freedom," of which, happily, we have not heard much in the midst of submarine warfare. Not to have this ideal is to be provincial and lamentably narrow in one's patriotism. So President Wilson keeps it in stock and always in the show-case. He informs us that we are now better equipped than ever to vindicate our devotion to this lovely ideal. Then we find him getting down to brass tacks thus: "Take the single matter of the financial statistics. The mere increase in the resources of our national banks in twelve months exceeds the total resources of the Deutscher Reichbank." Good news,

to be sure, but if we have so much money in bank why don't we get busy doing something to prove our concern for humanity? It is well to have ideals, but when we do nothing but talk about them we incur the suspicion of cant and insincerity. If we used to cant a lot about bearing the white man's burden, yet we really did something along that line. But we have exhibited no symptoms at all of a divine love of humanity. Bleeding Mexico next door to us has touched the national heart not at all. With all our resources we have held aloof through the years, sat tight wallet in hand, and applauded our President. Have we applauded him for sympathizing with the poor peons and letting them "work out their salvation?" Not at all. In all this country it would be hard to find a man who ever thought we should keep out of Mexico for the sake of the Mexicans whom we despise. President Wilson we applauded not for sympathizing with the peons but for not involving us in a costly and painful task. It has been a commonplace of conversation everywhere that if the President kept us out of Mexico he would make his reelection a cinch. So the President, a pretty shrewd politician, sensible of the temper of the populace, has soused us and steeped us in hypocrisy, canting the while about "service to mankind." An ugly spectacle we have made of ourselves before the world, but let us not hold the President wholly responsible. Let us rather promise to forgive him if he will conclude that our capacity for cant has been overtaxed and let our disordered stomach regain its composure.

### Yale Joins Stanford

If our college professors have not lost their grip on the imagination and faith of the masses there is still hope for the cause of eternal peace. In recent years we have seen college professors moulding sentiment at a great rate by spreading ideas on the banefulness of unrestrained motherhood, the immorality of marriage and the curative properties of kindness in penitentiaries; and notwithstanding the present preparedness hysteria, as it is called, we are far from certain that the academic cult of muliebrity has yielded to reaction. Indeed we find that it is becoming more self-assertive than ever in the institutions of higher education. Formerly its activities were confined to the Middle and Far West, but here is Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale looming up as a shining apostle of anti-preparedness. A veritable wrist-slapper is Phelps of Yale, and even more radical than Jordan of Stanford. "World peace," he says, "is to be obtained only through the ignominy, for its sake, of a martyred nation." And he adds: "I hope our nation will be that one." Such being the



gentleman's sentiments, perhaps if given his choice he would select Mexico as the nation best qualified to make the ignominy complete. But, we presume, to suffer martyrdom a nation must not be guilty of resistance, as was the case with Belgium. Resistance is a sign of patriotism, and, according to Phelps, "patriotism is an illusion," and "to spill blood on the flag degrades it more than to spit upon it." But, "the ignominy of martyrdom!" Doesn't Professor Phelps mean the glory of martyrdom? Could it be anything but glorious for a nation to go down and out in the interest of world peace and in contempt of patriotism?

#### Our Shakespeariana

While it is not to be said that the plays of Shakespeare are great favorites with the people of this country we may at least point with jingo pride to the fact that we spend more money for rare Shakespeariana than is spent in England or anywhere else. This of course is not a mark of appreciation or reverence. Nor is it a sign of feeling of any kind. Generally speaking it is not love of an author that creates a demand for rare editions of his works; usually it is pride of possession, sometimes it is the instinct that prompts rich men to get hold of the expensive gewgaws that appeal to the vainly great. However, it is very grateful to the national ego to learn that our collection of art treasures is expanding to prodigious dimensions, and that we have more rare Shakespeariana than can be found outside the British Museum. Several collections are now on exhibition in New York, and there are to be found the four folio editions printed between 1623 and 1685; also, the first complete collected edition printed from the first quartos together with many of the quartos. The Perkins folio of 1632, being the one in which Collier made his manuscript notes to use afterward in perpetrating the celebrated forgery, is to be found in New York together with many early texts and many rare and curious pieces of Elizabethan literature. Most of these treasures were heirlooms in old English families that have become more or less impoverished. Which reminds us that as a result of the war the market will presently be flooded with heirlooms. During the next fifty years England will be paying for the war in two ways: by taxing individuals and by borrowing from them upon a high rate of interest. It is estimated that the individual with £2500 a year who is now contributing nearly a fourth of his income to the nation will be contributing a third when the war is over. He is now selling his securities in this country. After the war he will be selling his art treasures and flooding us with Shakespeariana, and maybe by 1964, when we shall celebrate the quadricentennial of Shakespeare's birth, our joy in our possessions shall have subsided and we shall have begun to use those old folios and quartos as aids to scholarship.

#### A Tie-Up Promised

The present railroad wage scales were fixed by arbitration under federal laws by impartial boards of arbitration representing not only the railroads and their employees, but also the public. Almost as soon as the new schedule went into effect our lords and masters of the labor autocracy started a campaign for the heaviest increase in wages ever demanded by organized labor, and the result is we are now threatened with a general strike that may bring disaster on the whole country. If the labor agitators pull off the strike the coming crops will not be moved. This is a potentiality that ought to cause some alarm, but apparently it is only to railroad managers that the prospect has brought consternation. Railroad managers are making some effort to enlighten the public. They are doing their best to make it clear that the demands of the engineers and trainmen are so unreasonable that it would mean bankruptcy to grant them. Also, they are pointing out that the labor agitators are trying to win public sympathy by gross misrepresentation. Representing that what they want is an eight-hour day, the enginemen and trainmen purpose to create the impression that their only desire is for shorter hours. Of course the theory is that we all concede it to be a terrible outrage to expect anybody to work more than eight hours in twenty-four. But what the enginemen and trainmen want is not an eight-hour day but more money. The principle of an eight-hour day is not involved at all. In train service a day's work cannot be arbitrarily fixed. It is governed usually by the time consumed in making a trip from one terminal to another, and this time depends on many circumstances and conditions. It depends in a large measure on the location of terminals. What the trainmen and enginemen are demanding is not that their hours be shortened, but that their pay be increased by making eight hours the basis instead of ten, thus enabling them to charge for overtime after the eighth hour, and they are demanding eighty-seven and a half per cent more for overtime than the present rate. Now aside from the question of merit is the question of the ability of the railroads to stand a tremendous inflation of operating expenses. To grant the raise asked would mean an increase of \$100,000,000 a year in operating expenses. Are the railroads able to stand this raise? When Chief Stone of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was discussing the Brandeis dream of a saving of a million dollars a day he said: "No railroad at the present time is throwing away a dollar, and, regardless of Mr. Brandeis' statement to the contrary, the American railroads are the best managed of any in the world." He said further: "The men in charge of these great systems stand head and shoulders above the railroad men of Europe. There is no other business that is operated on so close a margin; no other business where details are watched so closely as on the average railroad." Nevertheless Chief Stone is

now in favor of increasing expenses. Where does he expect the money to come from? He is well aware that the dear people pay the freight. The fact is that even now our railroads are overburdened. The record of railroad insolvencies in the last two years was swelled to the greatest total of bankruptcy in the country's history. Railroads have gone into receivership because they could not pay fixed charges, and labor's wage now absorbs the larger part of the charge made by the railroads for performing transportation service. All of which would not matter were labor underpaid. Now as to this what are the facts? The answer is available in the statistical reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It shows that the average annual compensation of the four classes of employees now demanding a twenty-five per cent raise is \$1,296 a year. The average annual salaries of the school teachers of the United States is \$500 a year, and if the railways' employees now averaging \$1,296 are given the raise demanded every teacher as well as every other citizen will have to help pay it. Once more we ask, What are we going to do about it? The officers of the brotherhood know what they are going to do. They have announced that there is to be no arbitration. There are 300,000 of them on 280,000 miles of railroad, and if they strike we shall all have to quit business for awhile.

A wonderful man is Count Bernstorff with wonderful control of his emotions, for never during all his conferences in the White House on the subject of German responsibility for slaughter on the high seas was he guilty of laughing outright in the President's face.

The President's panegyric on Thomas Jefferson, whose example he urges Democrats to follow, reminds us of the example set by Thomas when he was war governor of Virginia. He watched and waited till the British burned Richmond, and then, too proud to fight, he ran away. His biographer, John T. Morse, says: "He was not a man for the place and the times." A good exemplar for Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Wilson is a faithful follower.

There are many people on whom the Colonel long ago wore out his fascinations yet now they are so completely cognizant of the professor in all his mental, spiritual and political phases that if there be no other remedy they would be glad to see the country given a thorough bullmoosing.

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## Varied Types

CCLXXVII—JUDGE T. I. FITZPATRICK

By Edward F. O'Day

The scene was a big vacant lot, the place where the Hibernia Bank now rears its granite sides and its burnished dome. Our hero was one of a half-dozen boys from "South-of-the-Slot" engaged in the pleasant pastime of kite flying. Our hero had more "hair on the top of his head, the place where the hair ought to grow," than he sports now. But he had the same sad eyes beneath craggy brows which distinguish him today. Taking a sudden run the better to enable his big kite to catch the breeze, our hero stepped on a gunnysack.

Cr-cr-aashh! Meaning, the noise of breaking glass.

Forgetting his kite for the moment our hero paused and removed the sack. He had stepped on the face of an eight-day clock. And it had been a perfectly good eight-day clock before our hero rudely planted his foot upon its countenance. There was another sack upon the ground. Our hero removed it and discovered a dozen boxes of cigars.

To make a long (though quite enthralling) story as short as possible, Hildebrand's saloon on Market near Sixth had been robbed the night before. The robber had taken time and the smokes, and then, apparently, had "taken it on the lam" as we say in criminal circles, caching his loot on the bank site. Nothing becomes a hero like treasure trove, and it goes without saying that around Sixth and Minna the eight-day clock made young Timothy Ignatius Fitzpatrick a nine-days' wonder. Meanwhile the activities of a patrolman who is now Lieutenant McHenry put the robber behind the bars. Our hero was a witness in the preliminary hearing in the police court. The day of that hearing was an important day in our hero's life, for it marked his first appearance in the police courts of San Francisco.

The police courts of those San Francisco days were not what they are in this year of grace when our hero presides over one of them. A great change has come over them, a change for the better. In those days they were pretty bad. To be more accurate, in those days they were exceedingly bad, so bad that they were a stench in the nostrils of the community. And that badness made an indelible impression upon the fresh and receptive mind of our hero.

This would be a great story if I could set down here and now that our hero in the enthusiasm of his youthful ideals registered a mighty vow with Heaven that some day he would assume the magistracy and purge the police courts of their uncleanness. That is perhaps the way this story would unfold if this were fiction; but we're dealing with fact. I doubt whether at that time our hero had yet conceived the ambition of studying law. I think he was perhaps much more interested in kites than codes. However, his first acquaintance with a police court stamped itself upon our hero's memory, and he is therefore able to contrast the police courts of that by-gone day with the police courts as they are conducted now. And so he is able to explain why it is that the police courts were for years in such evil repute that even today their ancient stigma is not forgotten and there still remain laymen and lawyers who shun them or frequent them apologetically. Let us listen to Judge Fitzpatrick as he sheds light upon this interesting point.

"Those were the days," says Judge Fitzpatrick, "of the old City Hall which was torn

down to make way for the old Hall of Justice. Joachimsen, Hale Rix, Campbell and Jimmy Lawlor were the police judges of that time. The best known police court lawyers were Eddie Sweeney, Jimmy Long, Walter Gallagher and Ben Naphali. Police Judge Lawlor was the judge I appeared before as a witness in the case of the eight-day clock. He was typical of the class. He sat on the bench chewing tobacco and spitting tobacco juice, a magisterial habit also cultivated by old 'Whiskers' Campbell. The court room was dingy, its air was foul. There were dirty benches for spectators. Court room decorum was conspicuous by its absence. There was confusion. There was a great deal of noise, not only in the court room but floating in from the corridors where pandemonium reigned. The bench was surrounded by men who seemed to have the easiest access to the judge's ear. I remember that when Judge Lawlor sentenced a prisoner his sentence took the form of a bawled command, 'Go down below.' 'Below' was the jail, a bull pen from which the prisoners came up through a sort of trap-door.

"That is my first picture of a police court. Subsequently I learned things which, naturally, were not apparent to a boy's eyes. I learned that the politicians and saloon-keepers who clustered round the judge's bench had more power than the judge. I learned that the judges were supposed to have their personal representatives in the corridor, always ready to 'do business,' and that the prevalence of graft was taken for granted. I learned that nearly all the police court clerks of those days ended by going to jail. I learned that cash bail was a rarity, and that straw bonds were the prevailing fashion. I learned that it was very easy to secure the release of prisoners on straw bonds or the O. R. (own recognizance). I learned that the police court judges always carried bundles of O. Rs. in their pockets for the convenience of any friend who had a pull. And that every district leader, every saloon-keeper with influence had a few signed O. Rs. handy all the time, and that a lawyer who knew the ropes could get one at a moment's notice, even if all the judges were out of reach. I learned that the prosecuting attorneys in the police courts were not assistants to the District Attorney as they are now, but that they were appointed by the Board of Supervisors at the behest of political bosses. I learned that every police judge had his favorite hang-out at some saloon where he held a sort of unofficial court.

"The judges of that past and gone regime had very little legal training. They didn't bother to read law. They enforced no rules of evidence or procedure. There were few demands for juries. If an attorney cited a decision of the Supreme Court Judge Campbell would invariably remark, 'The Supreme Court, eh? Well, I take a particular delight in reversing the Supreme Court.' Then he'd spit tobacco juice, and look around for the ever-ready smile of applause.

"Naturally the police courts were held in contempt. A reputable attorney was reluctant to appear there. He was ashamed to be connected with a police court case.

"Perhaps the change for the better may be fixed as beginning with the new charter. The charter made the prosecuting attorneys the assistants to the District Attorney. So the District Attorney was compelled to give more

attention to police court conditions. From that time the improvement has progressed steadily. Proper procedure was insisted on more and more. The personnel of the bench improved, this despite the fact that the salary is smaller under the charter than it was before. Those old police judges received \$4,000 a year. We owe it to the charter-making activities of Charles Wesley Reed that we now receive \$3,600.

"The change for the better was perhaps slow, but it was undoubtedly sure in its development. A tragedy grew out of the fact that certain short-sighted women with an untried weapon in their hands sought to accelerate it unduly, to make the police courts perfect overnight as it were. I refer to the unjust recall of Judge Weller, an injustice which undoubtedly killed that well-meaning, honest man.

"Today reputable attorneys are not ashamed to appear in the police courts. They know that they can practice their profession here, something they couldn't do in the old days. If those old judges administered substantial justice in the cases where no pull was involved, we do all that and more. The day of the protected criminal whom the police and the judges were afraid to touch has gone by. We temper justice with mercy and charity as becomes our position, but we make it harder than it used to be for the criminal to escape. Disinterested people who come here to investigate conditions are usually surprised to find these courts so changed from the old days. The women who come as the representatives of various societies and institutions are especially surprised and pleased by what they find.

"When I went on the police bench I expected that my work would be made difficult by the continual exertion of influence on behalf of prisoners. I was agreeably surprised to find how little of that there is. In ninety per cent of the cases on my calendar nobody comes to speak on behalf of the prisoners. Among the cases that make up the remaining ten per cent there are of course some in which I welcome intercession.

"There are many cases in which it is the duty of the judge to be lenient. A narrow-minded policy cannot thrive in this atmosphere where we deal with so many varieties of humanity. The work does not make you callous. You have to be cold-blooded at times, but you see too much of human nature in the raw to become hard. Indeed, you carry the thought of so much misfortune and suffering from the bench into your private life that the tendency is apt to be the other way, toward softness."

Judge Fitzpatrick, need I say? is a judge with a heart. He wouldn't even step on the face of an eight-day clock except by accident. He is tender of human beings, especially of weak, misled human beings. You, my reader, whose life flows peacefully and happily, may not know much about his work; but those who have come to him in trouble bless him. He has made a specialty of cases in which husbands fail to provide for their wives and children. The sorrow and suffering arising from this cause are incalculable. Judge Fitzpatrick devotes one day a month to these cases, and if you care to study the enlightened spirit which has come over our police courts, drop into his court and watch him enforce the right of poor women and children to the pay envelopes of undutiful husbands and fathers.



## Perspective Impressions

Rudolph Spreckels is for Henry Ford for President. O flivver!

"All men," says the President, "can be led by visions of the mind." Including visionaries, of course.

Mr. Raine Cote caught a burglar the other night. Mr. Raine Cote was in pajamas at the time. Showing that a name doesn't always signify.

President Wilson says Henry Ford has a "single-track mind." There are some critics unkind enough to say that the President's mind is a monorail minus gyroscopic balance.

As note writers President Wilson and Caranza have certain similarities. They have nothing in common with Cardinal Mercier whose notes bid fair to live in history.

If peace at any price is the keynote of our national policy why not be frank, quit writing notes and serve notice on all nations that they may go as far as they like?

The President hits the Republicans a slap on the wrist by telling them they're "provincial." If the President isn't nice those rude Republicans may retort that he's "just too horrid for anything."

Once we thought the Princess Alice was an exotic personality in Washington, but what shall we say of the Professor's daughter who appeared before Congress the other day and demanded a forum for the masses?

The obvious thing to say is that eugenically speaking the Princess Margaret runs true enough to form to qualify in a congenial atmosphere for presiding genius of a symposium where such intellectual giants as Josephus Daniels and Secretary Baker might expatiate on the President's ideals.

The Los Angeles lady who never tasted liquor until last Monday when she swallowed a dose of lysol by mistake and then saved her life by drinking a quart of whisky on the advice of a physician will probably vote against prohibition.

Amy Lowell, the great exponent of vers libre, is the biggest of all female poets—beam measurement. She weighs about 230.

"Co-education," said a lady at the Teachers' Convention, "has become a fetish in California." Why the hyphen? And why the geographical boundary? Isn't education a world fetish?

President Wilson at the Jefferson Day banquet thus: "Gentlemen, are you ready for the test?" Oh, spheroids! Quit asking your damphool questions, professor, and do something.

"Children must be taught the truth in all matters," says President Wilbur of Stanford. Doubtless the gentleman thought this was a good time of the year to be reminded of "jesting Pilate."

"I defy you," says President Wilson, "to show a single example in history in which liberty and prosperity were ever handed down from above." We take pleasure in citing that chapter in American history dealing with the full-dinner pail days of President McKinley.

## Falstaff

By a Shakespearian

People have debated hotly about Falstaff. Was he a coward? Yes, of course he was, judged by ordinary standards; but the important point is the standard by which Falstaff is to be judged.

There is only one—the amount and quality of the amusement that he causes. If we may for a moment regard him as a "real" man, and not as the creation of a dramatist, he did not care what people thought of him—what "they" would "say"—so long as he made them laugh. He will deliberately put himself into positions almost disgraceful—indeed, wholly disgraceful—in order that the extrication of his huge self may display his unconquerable wit; and he rejoices when circumstance betrays his acting badly of instinct, because he knows that his brain is ready and waiting to prove him the master, in his own field, of people who may fairly scorn him in theirs. His was the joy and pride of Marc Antony when he faced and played with an angry mob; of Raffles in the jaws of the police; of any specialist who welcomes evil conditions because the defeating of them will win him the greater glory. No occasion is too mean. The affair of Gadshill or the imitation of the king were heroic in scope, but the cheap insult of the doctor and the prince's mocking present of a minute page only add to Falstaff's glory.

Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee; the braine of this foolish compounded Clay—man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I invent, or is invented on me. I am not onely witty in my selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'erwhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Service for any other reason, then to set mee off, why then I have no judgment. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I was never mann'd with an Agot till now; but I will sette you nyether in Gold, nor Silver, but in vilde apparell, and send you backe againe to your Master, for a Jewell.

It is characteristic of Falstaff that every time he speaks he reveals himself almost to the full; the quality of his mind can be guessed from every remark that he makes. The speech from Part II of King Henry IV, of which we

have quoted a portion, shows many of the elements of his nature; among them, in its later part, his genuine affection for the prince. It shows, too, an element that is not less important than any: his essential scorn of people who are less able in his own field than he. He knows himself supreme in one thing—the thing that he most admires, and he cannot help or disguise his contempt for people who may stand better than he in the eyes of the world, on the strength of qualities which the world values but who are no match for him in the one thing worth having. It is by no means in mere jest that he says of the prince: "He may keepe his owne grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him." And this, too, is quite as strong a reason as coarse appetites for his associating with his crew of rascals. They feed his wit, and he must ever be first in his company. We see, too, how he hates mere snobbery. His own art being to make himself out much worse than he is, he has no patience with such as Mr. Justice Shallow, pitifully trying to make themselves out, in past and present, much better than they were.

There is something else, however, in Falstaff's self-depreciation which is a little less easy to disentangle. Shakespeare, even in his earlier years, one may imagine would never have been content to make so much of a mere wit. Brooding, as he was always brooding, on life as a whole, he saw that this self-depreciation, this colossal effrontery, were to some extent a means of escape from bitter truth. That Falstaff knew himself a coward, a rogue, and a gross liver is not to the point, because Falstaff did not accept the common standard in these matters. But the man who persistently makes a jest of life is usually heavy-hearted about life in secret. And Falstaff, we suspect, was no exception to that rule. One seems to hear beneath all that jovial mockery a profound sighing. And it does on occasion become for a moment audible. It escapes him at unexpected moments.

The second part of this play is that which shows him practicing, in Gloucestershire, upon Mouldie, Wart, Shadow and others, his peculiar methods of recruiting; and the scene, though great fun, seems always a little obvious, with its carefully prepared symbolic names. Far finer is the scene in the first part, in which he comments upon recruits already pressed. As usual, he makes them out worse than they could have been in reality; and never were his exaggeration and invention more happily employed.

There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tacket together, and throwne over the shoulders like a Herald's Coat, without sleeves: and the Shirt to say the truth, stolne from my Host of S. Albones, or the Red-Nose Inne-keeper of Daventry.

All this of a shirt and a half that did not exist! Then come the prince and Westmoreland.

Prince—But tell me, Jack, whose fellowes are these that come after? ?  
Falst.—Mine, Hal, mine.  
Prince—I did never see such pittiful Rascals.  
Falst.—Tut, tut, good enough to toss: foode for Powder, foode for Powder; they'll fill a Pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortall men, mortall men.

The last phrase takes one's breath away—and more than likely brings a lump into one's throat. In it speaks Falstaff's scorn of average humanity; but in it speaks as well the great sadness of a man for whom life is mean and short and empty, a thing to mock at and play with and fill with laughter and pretense.

In reading Shakespeare, it seems no exaggeration of respect to attach special importance to the first and last words of his chief character. Falstaff's first words are:

Now, Hal, what time of day is it, Lad?  
His last words are, not that other breath-taking speech:

Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds; but "My Lord, my Lord"—a protest against the Lord Chief Justice's order that he be carried to the Fleet. Is there any sharper contrast in all Shakespeare than that between the comfortable, patronizing effrontery of the first and that brief and dreadful cry at the close?



## The Fighting at Verdun

By Robert McTavish

After a stupendous effort and the loss of approximately 200,000 men the Germans have captured two of the detached Verdun forts, and at this writing they are on the defensive. With all their triumphs the Germans have suffered many disappointments in this war. Perhaps the severest since the retreat across the Marne is the disappointment they experienced at Verdun. For assuredly they were filled with the hope of high and important achievement when, after tremendous preparation, they started their terrific drive against the system of forts spreading like a fan toward German Lorraine. What precisely they expected to accomplish one can only conjecture, but considering their amazing feats of valor and the enormous expenditure of energy and material resources it is hardly to be doubted that something decisive was regarded as possible. Doubtless they were not unmindful of the advantage of spectacular effects that might impress neutrals, but thus far the result in this respect has been such that it might not be extravagant to pronounce it disastrous. For at Verdun the Germans have been engaged in a gigantic set-to not with the Allies, but with the traditional enemy, the Frenchman, with a race that was regarded as decadent before the war, and the world has

looked on. The world has watched the combatants as though they were in a ring giving an exhibition of their fighting qualities, and the world has seen the mighty Teutonic war machine fought practically to a standstill. For nearly sixty days the Germans have been fighting at Verdun, paying very dearly for headway. In the first fortnight of the battle they captured two forts. Thus far all the rest of the fighting has taken place outside the girdle of forts, though the city of Verdun has been abandoned by civilians. The great first-class fortress itself is practically undefended, having been "unclassified" after Liege and Antwerp. The fighting has been on hilltops, in ravines, in forests, in village streets, and in open spaces. In the struggle "west of the Meuse," where the Germans have been striking downward with all their strength, apparently hoping to reach and break the railroad line running westward from Verdun, they have lost many thousands and gained not a single fort. The name of one has not been mentioned. A little patch of woods, a hill, a slight eminence commanding a road or valley—those and not forts have been the things contended for. The question has been asked: "What if the Germans took Verdun?" Well, what if they did? It would be a prize they had never fought for really. They might

use it as a depot. It would have been purchased by a kind of serial sacrifice, of which each bloody chapter was a hill, a bit of woods, or some accident of landscape. And between Verdun and Paris would lie, not here and there a fortress to be gloriously stormed, but 140 miles of like terrain, to be purchased in the same desperate, heartbreaking manner. It is no longer a question of taking Verdun. It is an equation in the cost of penetration. Guns, ammunition, men and transportation are the factors.

The Germans describe their offensive as hammering just to be hitting the enemy as hard as they can. Whether they could afford to keep that up would depend on the ratio of loss, and information on that subject has to be accepted with discrimination. It is impossible for either side to do more than guess at the other's losses; each would tend to guess the other's as high as possible and to minimize its own.

The probability is that much of the recent hammering of the Germans has been done to avert the very thing that happened at the close of last week when there was a lull—an offensive by the enemy that might develop into a drive by the united Anglo-French forces.

## The Flight of the Serbian Boys

When Serbia was invaded by Germans, Austrians and Bulgarians and the retreat of the Serbian army across Albania to the Adriatic became necessary, in every town and village all the young men who had not joined the colors, boys who had not yet reached military age (under 18 years old, some much younger, barely 15 in fact), were ordered in all haste to serve their country. They followed the drummer boys purposely sent to summon them in every town and village and marched to the depots, where they received a cap, an overcoat and a bread bag and thus became soldiers. More than 30,000 new soldiers were thus collected and a column of "boys" was formed and placed in charge of a mounted gendarme, whose orders were to lead them in safety to the frontier. When the frontier between Serbia and Albania was reached the gendarme told the boys to march straight ahead and pointing to the west, he added that there they would find the sea and ships, and then left them. What happened to those boys is an appalling story the details of which have thus far been left to the imagination. Doubtless some day it will be written by one capable of making it a companion piece of the Anabasis and The Flight of the Tartars. Without a leader or a guide, the boys crossed the frontier and marched through Albania in search of the sea and the ships which they hoped to find within a couple of days at the utmost. They were overtaken and passed by columns of old soldiers, armed, equipped and officered, who gave them all the bread they had and encouraged them to follow. No one

has described how long it took these boys to reach the sea and how much they suffered from hunger, exposure and fatigue. They ate roots and the bark of trees and yet they marched on toward the sea. At night they huddled together for warmth and slept on the snow, but many never awoke in the morning and every day the number decreased until when the column reached Avlona only 15,000 were left out of the 30,000 that crossed the frontier.

It is useless to attempt a description of what they suffered, as the story of that march toward the sea and the ships is told and understood in a few words. Fifteen thousand died on the way and those who saw the sea and the ships "had nothing human left of them but their eyes." And what eyes!

The Italians at Avlona had no hospital accommodations for 15,000. They could not possibly allow these Serbian boys covered with vermin and decimated by contagious diseases to enter the town. They had them encamped in the open country close to a river and gave them all the food they could spare, army biscuits and bully beef. The waters of the river had unfortunately been contaminated as corpses in an advanced state of decomposition had been thrown in, but the Serbian boy soldiers drank all the same.

From Avlona they were conveyed by ships to Corfu, but before they arrived there the 15,000 had been reduced to 9,000. These were shipped to the small island of Vido, and during the twenty-four hours' trip 2,000 more died, leaving

7,000 to be cared for in a grove of olive and orange trees near the sea. French and Serbian doctors attached to the encampment said that if it were possible to have a bed for each boy, an unlimited supply of milk and a large staff of nurses perhaps out of the 7,000 boys landed at Vido about two-thirds could be saved. There are no beds, no milk and no nurses at Vido, however, and despite the hard work of the doctors and their efforts to improvise a suitable diet during the last month more than 100 boys have died every day.

As it is impossible to bury them on the island a ship, the St. Francis d'Assisi, steams into the small port of Vido every morning and takes the hundred or more bodies out to sea for burial. The allied war vessels at Corfu lower their flags at half mast, their crews are mustered on deck with caps off and their pickets present arms as the St. Francis d'Assisi steams by with her cargo of dead for burial in that sea toward which the boys were ordered to march.

And the survivors lying on the straw waiting for their turn to die "with nothing human left of them but their eyes" must wonder as they look at the sea and the ship with the bodies of their dead comrades on board whether this is the sea and the ship that the only leader they had, the Serbian gendarme that saw them safely to the frontier, alluded to when he raised his arm and pointed to the west and told them to march in that direction.

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# Poems About San Franciscans

XXII—TO AMBROSE BIERCE

By Samuel J. Alexander

(Samuel J. Alexander, the gardener-poet of Beresford, never met Ambrose Bierce. But he had a kindly letter from Bierce some nineteen years ago, and his striving toward poetical expression was stimulated by the great critic whose cheering words came at a time when they were needed. The stanzas that follow are from his poem "The Angry Red Star" in "The Inverted Torch" published by A. M. Robertson in 1912.)

That cold, inclement breast of Art  
I touched, and found it but the sheath  
To hide in deeper depths beneath  
Thy warmly red and human heart;

Which bade a doubting heart maintain  
Its birthright of celestial fire;  
And bade an ancient height aspire  
Above the levels of the plain.

Through all my paths of unsuccess,  
In the black dungeons of my night,  
Thy Words were still the dawning light  
Escaping from the dark's duress;

That shining on my height unwon  
A beacon Fire of promise burned,  
To which I held, to which I turned,  
As Parsees to the risen sun.

Oh, if my Soul may hope to rise  
In some new light of some new dawn,  
Round after broken round upon  
My Jacob's ladder to the skies,

I, though upon its topmost round,  
Will pause and give my thanks at length  
To thy strong soul which gave me strength,  
And set my feet above the ground.

I thank the Gods, who gave me grace  
To link my lesser name with thine;  
With thy reflected light to shine,  
Although but for a moment's space.

## The Spectator

### The Wizardry of High Finance

The cat is out of the bag. The strings broke last Monday when the Reorganization Committee of the Western Pacific submitted a compromise proposition to the recalcitrant minority bondholders who have shown an unwillingness to be swallowed up by the Goulds. The proposition was this: if the minority bondholders would agree on an upset price satisfactory to the big Wall Street interests comprised by the Reorganization Committee no further attempt would be made to disqualify Judge Van Fleet. Thus am I informed that my guess of last week was quite correct. I guessed that the Rhodes affidavit "was filed with a view to getting a satisfactory upset price." Now what upset price would be satisfactory to Wall Street? Fifteen million dollars. Let the road go for that sum and the Goulds and their allied interests would buy it and feel that they had been given a square deal. This is the same road, we should remember, that the practical friend of the people, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, was calling on Governor Johnson to buy for the State for \$50,000,000. And that was before \$1,200,000 had accumulated in the hands of the receiver. Rudolph really regarded it as cheap at \$50,000,000, and he didn't care whether Governor Johnson bought it for the State or President Wilson acquired it for the nation. He knew that in either event it would become the property of the dear people. But now Rudolph's interests are the interests of the Reorganization Committee, and whoever refuses to stand in for a fifteen million dollar deal is in danger of having his motives dragged out by the roots. The value of the road dropped \$35,000,000 while our Village Pump Napoleon was making the trip to Wall Street and back again. And this is no Arabian Night tale. It is simply a touch of life in high finance.

### Financial Sleight-of-Hand

Perplexing are the mysteries contrived for the bewilderment of the general by the men


who build railroads at the expense or the easy-marks of the Woolly West. The performances of these men remind one of the handiwork of the prestidigitateur. First you see the Denver & Rio Grande standing behind the bonds, and presto! the road is gone. Then you see the bonds shrink like a silk handkerchief in a magician's hand. Next you see the solid Western Pacific dissolving like a mist at sunrise. And this is not all; the great marvels are to come. The Reorganization Committee purposes buying the property at \$15,000,000 and then making a stock issue of \$75,000,000. That's going some, isn't it? First you'll see the committee proving in court that the property, which Spreckels valued at \$50,000,000, is not worth \$15,000,000, and then you'll see them proving to the Commissioner of Corporations that this same property is worth \$75,000,000 thus justifying him in sanctioning the stock issue. Now it occurs to me that the wizards who expect to work these metamorphoses in the sight of men are far from disparaging Judge Van Fleet when they assume that he is unlikely to rubber-stamp the programme they have outlined.

### Some Idle Suppositions


The differences that have arisen on the question of an upset price have reminded me that the City Investment Company has more than \$3,000,000 in bonds outstanding. These bonds are a first mortgage on eight pieces of improved real estate, one of which is known as "The Call Building." The City Investment Company is a corporation controlled by Rudolph and Claus Spreckels just as the Gould brothers controlled the Western Pacific Company. The Spreckels brothers had their properties appraised by the Magees in the spring of 1914 at \$6,368,990 and then issued 5 per cent bonds payable in 1933 and 1934. These bonds were turned over to the Savings Union Bank and Trust Company to sell, the same company in which Rudolph bought a share of stock a little while ago when he was talk-

ing of exposing the motives of the minority Western Pacific bondholders who would not join in the reorganization scheme. This I mention only by the way to indicate the ins and outs of the captains of high finance; what I really want to say is this: suppose something happened to the City Investment Company, something similar to what happened to the Western Pacific. Suppose it should turn out (as very likely it would) that the Spreckels brothers and some of their close friends were in the majority among the bondholders, and that they resolved to reorganize along the lines laid out in the case before Judge Van Fleet. Suppose they wanted to fix the upset price out of court. Suppose—but why go on supposing the incredible? Rudolph, the public benefactor, would never think of proposing in his own interest what he is now disinterestedly standing for in behalf of the heirs of the celebrated railroad wrecker, Jay Gould. However, though all of us have unbounded confidence in Rudolph, a circumstance that gives a gilt-edge to his bonds, one feels he should not be encouraged in this Western Pacific affair because of the precedent that might be established and the example that would be set for local financiers with a cheverel conscience. But surely the law will not permit this precedent to be established. In the recent past we have done a lot of looking backward at the capital

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strokes of high finance, and it is supposed that we have guarded against their repetition, but now we are looking forward, and though a judge cannot take judicial cognizance of what's going to happen, at least he cannot be ignorant of what's impending.

#### The Clockwinder's Ambition

On a Key Route boat I met my friend the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. "You couldn't guess where I've been," he said.

"Then I'll not guess," said I.

"I've been over to Berkeley, calling on my old friend Benjamin Ide Wheeler. He hasn't been to see me since the war began. I used to see him once a week, but he has been keeping in the background ever since he made that funny crack about the Kaiser. You remember he said the Kaiser didn't do it. He knew it because he knew the Kaiser, used to walk with him in the garden and eat with him and all that sort of thing."

"Did you go over to talk with him about the war?" I asked.

"What, me? I should say not. I wouldn't hurt his feelings. No, I went over to talk to him about Bill Hearst. I wanted him to put in a word for me with the man who built the Greek Theatre. You know I'd like to write his editorials. They're getting very bad."

I laughed, thinking the clockwinder was joking.

"Oh, I know I'm not much of a writer," he said, "but they could fix my stuff up in the office. All I want to do is to keep the guys that read the paper from getting wise to what I'm driving at. That's where Hearst is weak."

Here the clockwinder expanded his chest, and seeing from the expression on my face that I did not understand he continued:

"For instance this stuff about habit-forming drugs. That's the bunk. The Examiner has been hit so hard getting behind the prohibition boys that now he's trying to make us forget. He doesn't want his readers to know just where he stands, but he'd like them to think that his only fight is against the drug dealers. It's the old trick of drawing the red herring across the trail, but it isn't going well, and the Chronicle has caught up in classified ads and De Young is still using two extra phones to receive new subscriptions."

#### The "Yellow Peril" Editorial

I remarked casually that Mr. Hearst had other uses for an editorial writer.

"I know he has," said the clockwinder. "There's the German propaganda, too. I don't know what that's paying him but whatever it is he isn't earning the money. Take that editorial last Monday on The Yellow Peril. It made me laugh."

"What's that got to do with the German propaganda?" I asked.

The clockwinder took a copy of the Exam-

iner out of a pocket and read: 'We work ourselves into furious rages of partisanship over the war, which is not aimed at us at all, and while we rage and clamor against Allies and Leutons, Japan steadily pursues her preparations for war on us.' Turning to me the water front gossip asked: "Have you heard anybody raging against the Allies?"

I smiled.

"There you are. Even you can see the coon in the woodpile. You can understand how badly they need my fine Italian hand. That article was the work of an amateur in the use of poison gas. And he's making people hot with his firebrand stuff against Japan. We've got enough troubles without inviting more. Why should we pick a quarrel with Japan? Hearst is doing this thing on somebody's orders, and he's doing it in a very raw way."

Once more I smiled, and the clockwinder assumed that I was sceptical.

"You don't think so, eh? If we'd get into trouble with Japan we'd have to quit worrying about submarines, wouldn't we? And Japan would have to quit making munitions for Russia, wouldn't she?" Here the clockwinder fixed me with his glittering eye, and I drew him to one side, for he was attracting attention.

#### Not on the Level

Near the rail I observed that it was evident my friend's sympathies were with the Allies.

"Not at all," he exclaimed; "my sympathies are with Uncle Sam and just a little bit with my friend Hearst, whose bum editorial writers are turning out such raw stuff that they'll get him into trouble. Just look at this. Here he is complaining of the tone of the Japanese press, and all the while he is frothing at the mouth to emphasize his diatribe against Japan. Now surely there is no newspaper in Japan that adopts a worse tone than Hearst's. And what's all the shouting about? When you look into it you find he's afraid that Japan is going to take charge of China and turn all China's hordes loose against us ten years from now. Quite a job I should say. And all through it he is serving notice on Japan that she'd better strike at us as soon as possible or we'll be taking a crack at her. Now, of course I'm Hearst's friend. I'm not knocking, but some people are getting pretty sore because this stuff is as full of holes as a sieve and they can see through it. They tell me—some of the common people—that this fellow Hearst isn't a raging paranoiac at all; that since the Mexican ranch and the Mexican mines stopped producing he has been out for the stuff with both fists. I tell them they're all wrong, but they laugh at me. They're getting gooseflesh. They say if the Japs come over this is the city they'll shoot up first, and that Hearst'll be in New York or over in Hacienda del Pozo taking good

care of his hide. I tell you they're sore. They say this stuff isn't on the level."

Here the clockwinder drew a breath, and I asked him if President Wheeler had promised to intercede for him. Gloom settled on his face and he replied: "No, Ben said he wasn't close up and he whispered in my ear that if he had his way he'd chisel Hearst's name off the Greek Theatre."

#### The Spectator's Tribute

Since all are honoring Will Shakespeare's birth, Mine be the pleasant task to prove my worth By writing something that will amply show How thoroughly his life and works I know. But what distinctive subject shall I pick? The press is waiting. Come, I must be quick. Shall I review the facts of his career? I can't compete with Sidney Lee, I fear.

Or rhapsodize about him and about? The thought of Hugo drives that notion out. Well then, I'll criticize him play by play— But Hazlitt leaves me nothing new to say. The art of Shakespeare? Shall I then profess To outdo Elia and A. C. S.?

The bard's philosophy might be my theme? But no. Gervinus mapped its utmost scheme. The bard's religion? Yes, that has its lure. But can I equal Wiseman's great brochure? What if I solve each passage problem-vest? Do I know more than Furness of the text? Then Shakespeare's women? There's a subject fit.

Ah yes, had Mrs. Jameson ne'er writ. The girls of Shakespeare? Fine idea, but hark— What of that book by Mary Cowden Clark? Write on the sonnets. Do I dare explore The mazes trod by Furnivall and Shaw? Suppose I prove that Bacon was not Will? It's proved already, and with master skill. In fact, there's nothing which has not been said By living genius or the immortal dead— By Coleridge, Dowden, Oscar Wilde, Grant White.

By Pater, Gollancz, Saintsbury and Knight, By Johnson, Tibbald, Pope, Malone and Dyce, By Stevens, Bowdler, Stopford Brooke and Weiss, By Rolfe, by Hudson, Raleigh, Craik, Genée, By Collier, Irving, Halliwell and Fleay. And so perforce I drop my useless pen, Turn to the shelf and read "King Lear" again.

#### Pattullo Flatters De Maupassant

De Maupassant's "Ball-of-Fat" is one of the short story masterpieces of the world. In "Ball-of-Fat" the great French artist tells how a prostitute sacrificed herself for a party of French men and women in 1870, and was despised for doing so. Ball-of-Fat, as she was called, was frowned upon by the virtuous folks into whose company she was thrown by the chances of war. But when it was found that her basket contained food her hungry fellow-travelers banished their frowns of respectability and accepted her bounty. And when a lustful Prussian held up the party, and only Ball-of-

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Fat could purchase safe conduct for all of them, the virtuous folks insisted that she comply with his wishes. So Ball-of-Fat allowed herself to be stripped of the last rags of shame that covered her frailty. The virtuous folks profited by the sacrifice, but avoided Ball-of-Fat as an abhorrent creature. It is a story told with perfect simplicity, and it is so poignant, it searches the weakness of human nature so ruthlessly that the literary world calls it a classic. All writers of short stories with any literary pretensions know this tale of De Maupassant's and admire it. But it seems that there is at least one editor passing upon short story manuscripts who has not read or heard of "Ball-of-Fat." And so it came about that George Pattullo, a pretty well known short story writer, was able to lavish upon De Maupassant the sincerest form of flattery without any protest from the editor of Collier's Weekly. The issue of that paper for April 8 contains Pattullo's story "The Two Sinners" which is "Ball-of-Fat" rewritten as a story of the Mexican revolution.

#### "Ball-of-Fat" Down to Date

In this story Ball-of-Fat becomes Dutch Annie, an American prostitute in Cananea. She leaves Cananea by train with a crowd of American refugees seeking safety in the United States. All the members of the party except a cattle-thief named Big Alec, Pattullo's original contribution to the story, hold aloof from Dutch Annie until the pangs of hunger compel them to recognize her and eat her sandwiches. The train is held up and the refugees seek safety in an abandoned corral where they are besieged by the Mexicans. The price of their deliverance is a sum of money and Dutch Annie. Dutch Annie like Ball-of-Fat makes the sacrifice. The refugees reach the United States in safety, but their virtuous horror of Dutch Annie returns in overwhelming measure as soon as she is of no more use to them.

#### The Deficient Editor

It would be interesting to know how many readers of Collier's recognized the plagiarism in "The Two Sinners." Very many, doubtless, since De Maupassant is widely read in translation. But much more interesting to

consider is the deficiency of the fiction editor of Collier's who failed to detect the plagiarism. For a fiction editor not to know "Ball-of-Fat" is as inexcusable as it would be for him not to know "The Siege of Berlin" or "The Juggler of Notre Dame" or "The Gold Bug" or "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" or "The End of the Passage" or "A Lodging for a Night" or "A Scandal in Bohemia" or "The Handbook of Hymen" or "The Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" or "The Belled Buzzard" or "Will a Duck Swim?" This deficiency of the fiction editor helps to explain the inferior quality of short stories published in Collier's. There was a time when Collier's published the best American fiction. That was when it was giving us "Caybigan" and "Fagan" and "The Sick-a-Bed Lady." But that time is only a memory. The fiction editor, apparently, doesn't know great fiction, and doesn't reject bad. A good short story—one of Charles Van Loan's, for instance—stands out boldly in Collier's nowadays. A dreariness fell upon the paper about the time it was converted to prohibition.

#### Henry James on Wilde

The late Henry James was hard to read, but from all accounts, easy to listen to. His style in writing was, to paraphrase what Wilde said of Meredith's, chaos unilluminated by flashes of lightning. But in conversation he was perspicuous, he came to the point. He never granted an interview, always saying that when he had anything to say he would write it. This was a wrong course in his case, his writings were so difficult to understand. It is a course, however, which many might adopt, and so spare us a lot of foolish interviews. Since James' death the notes of a conversation he took part in some time in 1905 have been published. They include an extraordinary reference to "De Profundis." Asked if he had read it, James replied: "No, I haven't, but I was interested in it. I believe it to be spurious."

He gave no reason for this belief which was entirely unfounded. Continuing he said:

"Wilde was a curious fellow: one of those Irish adventurers who had something of the Roman character; able, but false. I have met him. He was a most miserable and unhappy man. I do not think so highly of his ability as

some have thought, although he was very able. He was in some sort a follower of a fellow-countrymen of ours—Whistler—who, I think, was a much more interesting man."

#### Shaw and Others

As to G. B. S., James said this: "His is a very amusing success. I do not think highly of him. Wilde wrote a better play I think, and I am glad to see that 'Lady Windermere's Fan' is becoming one of the classics, that is, one of the plays that will be acted. It is a distinctly good play, better than anything Shaw has written. Shaw has the sort of success that consists in being talked about; but I do not think him great. He is more talked about in America than in England, and I do not mean to approve the American taste."

Of Bret Harte James said: "Bret Harte was more popular in England than in America. He had a great vogue here at one time, but afterwards was more read in England than here."

Asked whether he understood Browning he replied: "Oh,—ah,—I,—I think I understand him, but I never venture to explain him."

#### Like Rupert Brooke

Last October, in writing at some length about the "poets of the trenches" I called particular attention to the poem "Outward Bound" which I had found in the London Times. It was attributed to an officer of the British force that was sent to the Dardanelles. His name was not given; all that we were told of him was, that he had been killed in Gallipoli. The poet sang of his home in Cumberland, contrasting the peace and beauty of that region with the strange scenes aboard the troopship, for the verses were written en route. "Outward Bound" ended thus:

Though the high gods smite and slay us,  
Though we come not whence we go,  
As the host of Menelaus  
Came there many years ago;  
Yet the self-same wind shall bear us  
From the same departing place  
Out across the Gulf of Saros  
And the peaks of Samothrace:

We shall pass in summer weather,  
We shall come at eventide,  
Where the fells stand up together  
And all quiet things abide;  
Mixed with cloud and wind and rain,  
Sun-distilled in dew and rain,  
One with Cumberland forever,  
We shall not go forth again.

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Curiously enough, there is a thought in this poem very much like the thought in Rupert Brooke's sonnet of "The Soldier" where the latter poet sings:

If I should die, think only this of me:  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is forever England.

The two poems were written about the same time. It would indeed be interesting to know whether the two poets, both going to their deaths in the same ill-fated expedition, were ever thrown together. I have just discovered the name of the author of "Outward Bound." He was Lieutenant Oxland of the 6th Battalion Border Regiment. He obtained his commission in August, 1914; sailed for the Dardanelles in June, 1915; and was killed in an attack at Suvla Bay on August 9. "Oxland, with a handful of men," a brother-officer has written, "was far in advance of the regiment. He attempted to cross a gully, but, finding it impossible to do so, he retired, waiting for reinforcements. Orders came to retreat still further, and in doing so Oxland was shot in the chest and died almost immediately."

#### A Brilliant Young Man

For the name of the author of "Outward Bound" and for these details about his death I am indebted to Vincent K. Butler of this city who knew Oxland at Worcester College, Oxford. A number of Butler's Oxford acquaintances have fallen in battle, but no death has touched him so closely as that of Oxland. It was Butler who induced Oxland to join the Lovelace Society, the literary club at Worcester. Butler tells of a meeting of this club at which Oxland read a paper on Swinburne. In speaking of Swinburne's "Dolores" Oxland quoted several stanzas. He confided to Butler afterwards that he had interpolated some of his own. The imitation was so cleverly done that his hearers thought they were Swinburne's! Oxland was an all-round 'varsity man. He took honors in the classics, and excelled in athletic sports, particularly in football. In speaking of his death the Saturday Review of London calls him one of those "inheritors of unfulfilled renown" in life and poesy of whom the war has robbed England.

#### Concerning Wooden Legs

A prisoner who had served his time refused to leave the Leavenworth penitentiary the other day because his cork leg had decayed during his six years in "stir." And in Dallas, Oregon, the other day, a funeral was delayed because the deceased man's wooden legs hadn't been shipped for burial with his body. These items of news would surely have appealed to Charles Dickens. The creator of the great Silas Wegg had a positive mania for wooden legs. The immortal novels are full of wooden legs. This fact was never brought out until Vernon Rendall discovered it while reading all the novels through, one after another. He has written a most amusing essay on the subject. It appears in the April Lantern, and will appeal to all lovers of Dickens. If you are in that category, don't miss this pleasant essay. The April Lantern which may be had at any good news stand, has other articles of unusual interest. Theodore F. Bonnet contributes an essay on great women. Some of the great women of whom he writes are Nelson's Lady Hamilton, "Little La Valiere," Marguerite of Navarre who wrote "The Heptameron" and Madame Chemineau. This last is not well known. She was the grandmother of the great Madame Geoffrin, and was so remarkable a person that she ought to have a biographer. "My Old-Fashioned Aunt" is contributed to the

April Lantern by Edward F. O'Day. This lady is the relic of "My Eccentric Uncle" who was the subject of a former Lantern article. She is an amusing character. The current Lantern has other good things. Those who do not wish to miss any issue of this bright periodical should send a dollar and a half to the editors at 88 First street and become regular yearly subscribers.

#### Why Margolis Got Out

David Margolis came from the East with a flourish of trumpets to conduct the defense of David Caplan, standing his second trial for complicity in the blowing-up of the Los Angeles Times building. Margolis was interviewed when he arrived in Los Angeles, and told the public that he was not proud of being a lawyer but that he was proud of being a lawyer with a wide social outlook. On top of that arresting statement came the news that Nate Coghlan and Ed McKenzie of this city would not appear for Caplan if Margolis had a hand in the defense. There was curiosity as to the cause of the disagreement, but Coghlan and McKenzie maintained a discreet silence. I have heard

what the trouble was. It arose as soon as Margolis explained his notion of the proper line of defense. This lawyer with the wide social outlook proposed to go into court, admit the crime and—justify it! He was going to argue that workingmen had been slaughtered by capitalists at Homestead, at Lawrence, in Colorado and elsewhere, and that there was no particular reason why workingmen should not retaliate upon capitalists once in a while. This sort of social outlook proving too wide for all parties concerned, David Margolis had to quit before he started.

The high cost of living  
Is seeking its goal,  
The low cost of kicking  
Is there to console.

The great trouble about lending a man money to tide him over is that he doesn't always come up with the tide.

Don't think because the tailor has your measure that he's the only one.



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# Among Our Artists

Edited by Edward F. O'Day

## Mora's Monument to Cervantes

Says Turgenieff of Don Quixote: "The stronghold of his moral constitution lends especial weight and dignity to all his judgments and speeches, to his whole figure, despite the ludicrous humiliations into which he endlessly falls. Don Quixote is an enthusiast, a servant of an idea, and therefore is illuminated by its radiance. . . . He is wholly a self-sacrifice."

I thought of these and other sentences in Turgenieff's essay on Don Quixote and Hamlet (an essay not easy to come by until Town Talk published it last week), when I stood in Joseph J. Mora's studio on Union Square and surveyed the completed plaster of his monument to Cervantes. This monument, executed to the order of J. C. Cebrian and E. J. Molera, has been tentatively accepted by the Park Commission, and there is no cause to doubt that it will be set up in Golden Gate Park. The Germans have honored Goethe and Schiller with a monument; the Scotch have honored Bobbie Burns; it is eminently fitting that the superman of a language which was once the speech of our peninsula should likewise be commemorated there. Messrs. Cebrian and Molera have thought so, and they made the felicitous choice of J. J. Mora to perpetuate their thought in bronze. It was a happy choice, not only because Mora is of Spanish descent but also because he is the sculptor-son of a sculptor whose unfulfilled dream it was to celebrate the immortal Cervantes in marble. What the elder Mora was debarred from doing the younger has accomplished. It has been a labor of love. It is not necessary for Mora to tell you that; the best evidence is in the completed work. In a few days the plaster will be sent to the founder in New York, and when San Francisco sees the monument in bronze it will realize what a splendid thing this young sculptor has done for his adopted city.

All his life Mora has been an admiring student of Cervantes. He knows all the master's works, and the masterpiece he has read

and reread many times in Spanish and English. The monument he has just completed is his interpretation of "Don Quixote." And it is more, for it expresses Mora's notion of Cervantes' attitude toward his principal work. The monument shows a bust of Cervantes, based upon the authentic portrait. The bust is raised on a high pedestal. Kneeling together before this pedestal and gazing at the bust are the Knight of La Mancha and his faithful squire. The left arm of Don Quixote is about the shoulders of Sancho Panza. Both are unbonneted and lift their eyes in rapt devotion to the face of their creator. On that face there is just the suspicion of a smile, a quizzical, friendly, sympathetic smile. It would have been easy for Mora to make the skinny knight and his fat squire grotesque figures. But it was not his purpose to do so. He has made them appealing figures. You may smile a little as you look at them, but it is not the smile of derision. You smile as Cervantes smiles in the bust. The fact is, there is an extraordinary pathos in these figures. And that is what Mora intended. He reads "Don Quixote" as Francis Thompson read it, and Turgenieff read it. What they said of the book in words Mora has expressed in the much more difficult medium of clay. It is a great piece of work. When it is set up in Golden Gate Park it will, I venture to say, send many admirers of Cervantes back to the book; and what is more important, it will awaken in many who have never read the book a desire to acquaint themselves with one of the world's supreme works of literary art.

## Rodin's Gift to France

A recent despatch stated that Auguste Rodin, the famous French sculptor, had executed a deed of gift to the French Government of all his own works, other art works and the famous Hotel Biron, in which they are displayed. The news is of particular interest to San Francisco because we already possess Rodin's "Thinker" and are to have more exemplars of the great man's art, all through the generosity of Mrs. A. B. Spreckels. Surrounding the simple announcement of the gift to France is a story of a persistent struggle by the famous sculptor to secure recognition as a great artist and to provide for his remembrance after his death. M. Rodin, who worked until past 50 in the hardest poverty before securing recognition, first offered the gift of all his own sculptures which were in his possession in 1908, when he first occupied the ancient building. He asked that he be allowed to occupy the building until his death, on the condition that his sculpture, sketches and art works should go to the Government after his death and that the Hotel Biron be known as the Rodin Museum. The French people, or a portion of the French people, did not approve of the idea of an artist, even such a master as Rodin, arranging with the Government a gift which would make him famous, and there was opposition to the acceptance of the gift, such pointed opposition that Rodin threatened to leave France for Italy. Finally, two years ago the Government consented to accept the gift on its own terms. The future Rodin Museum is filled with his works, some barely begun, others entirely finished. There is also an interesting collection of specimens of early Greek art, Egyptian statuary, wonderful tapestries, modern

paintings and engravings. The building itself has a most interesting history. It was the property of the Duc de Biron at the time of the American Revolution and later the home of the Duc de Lauzun. It has been the nunciature, the Russian Embassy and the home of the Dames de Sacre Coeur.

## French Painters Who Have Fallen

The question must have risen to many lips, during the progress of Mrs. A. B. Spreckels' tombola for the benefit of the relatives of French artists killed in the war: Have there been many artists slain in battle? The answer is the melancholy answer in the affirmative. A book has been published in Paris which records the lives and deaths of the painters, sculptors, singers, musicians and actors who have died for their country. In the matter of painters, forty-seven of reputation are listed, and fourteen advanced pupils of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Of these only a few names were well known, yet all had hung pictures which had attracted attention, and all were expected to make a mark. Only six are listed as born before 1880, and the majority were born in 1885 or later. One, aged twenty-six, had already sold pictures to the State; another, of thirty-one, had had his pictures sought by the richest collectors of France and by one foreign country; a third had first exhibited in the Salon at twenty, had received honorable mention there at twenty-four, had twice had a place of prominence at the Concours de Rome, had been entrusted with a commission by the State, and died at twenty-five in Belgium. Every page speaks of hopes broken off, generous efforts defeated, tasks unachieved.

## The Mysterious Stranger

When is the mysterious stranger who admires the Palace of Fine Arts to the tune of one hundred thousand going to come forward? At the present writing he is still anonymous. If he does not reveal himself pretty soon some of us will scent a hoax.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## The Slingsby Estate

So the Slingsby Case has gone to the House of Lords. At this rate it may yet become as famous as the Tichborne Case. So far young Charles Eugene Edward Slingsby of San Francisco has one victory and one defeat to his infantile credit. The House of Lords is, of course, the court of last resort in the matter. Who is going to win the rubber? The lower English court found that this child was the lawful son of Mrs. Charles Henry Reynard Slingsby. The Court of Appeal recently reversed this decision. That is to say, the Master of the Rolls has declared the child supposititious and has disinherited him. The youngster is five years old now; doubtless he will be old enough to take some personal interest in his claims before the matter is finally disposed of. He is certainly playing for big stakes. The Yorkshire estate to which he aspires is said to be worth \$45,000 a year.

## An Ancient Family

The Slingsbys are an ancient English family. The estates to which this child would establish his claim have been in the possession of the Slingsbys since the reign of Henry VIII, if not longer. It is recorded that John de Slingsby died of wounds received on Flodden Field. In 1581 his estates passed to a Francis Slingsby who married Mary Percy, the only sister of Thomas and Henry Percy, successively Earls of Northumberland. This links the Slingsbys with the hero of "Chevy Chase." This Francis Slingsby had nine sons and four daughters. There is a record of a Captain, afterwards Sir William Slingsby who was present at the sack of Cadiz in 1596. One of his brothers, Sir Guildford Slingsby, was Comptroller of the Navy under James I. Another brother, Sir Henry Slingsby, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth. His son Henry who was created a baronet by Charles I, was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1658 for an attempted monarchist rising. Three subsequent baronets were in Parliament. The tenth and last baronet died unmarried in 1869. He was succeeded in the estates by his sister who married in 1860 Captain Thomas Leslie. Leslie served in the Crimea on Lord Raglan's staff, and was present at Alma where he was wounded, at Balaclava and at Inkerman. He assumed the name of Slingsby by royal license on his wife's succession to the estates. On her death in 1899 she was succeeded by her cousin, the Rev. Charles Slingsby Atkinson, afterwards

Slingsby, father of Commander Slingsby through whom the present claimant sues. Atkinson was known in Yorkshire as "the sporting parson."

## Does He Resemble Slingsby?

The trouble arose when the brothers of Mr. Slingsby became suspicious about the alleged birth of an heir in San Francisco and started an investigation. We are familiar with that investigation. It disclosed that Mrs. Slingsby had come to this city from Victoria for her confinement. Out of a mass of sordid and unclean testimony there arose a well-defined suspicion that Mrs. Slingsby was passing off as her own the child of another woman. A remarkable feature of the trial in the lower courts in London was the calling in of a sculptor to pass judgment upon the resemblance of the claimant to his alleged father. The justice sitting in the case invited Sir George Frampton to attend court and state privately whether he could detect a resemblance. He found a remarkable likeness. But the Court of Appeal has declared this proceeding irregular.

## Just a Query

It was demonstrated at the Del Monte gymkhana that Mrs. Robin Hayne is very quick at threading a needle. It was shown that she was even quicker at threading a needle than Miss Ysabel Chase is. This is interesting, not to say important. Threading a needle is an accomplishment of which every woman should be mistress. But there is something further we should like to know. And that is: Can Mrs. Robin Hayne use the needle once it is threaded?

## Help the Soldiers

That chapel which some charitable ladies are endeavoring to raise funds to build at Fort Winfield Scott interests me mightily. The best in man's nature is often the result of his religious instincts. Many of our boys in the army have come from homes where they were taught to look for help from Above. By all means let us aid in giving them a place on United States ground where they can go and freely indulge this sacred instinct. Of course we have many and various churches in San Francisco; but if our American soldiers have a chapel of their very own to go to, it will attract many a soldier boy far from home who would forget to attend a church not so conveniently located. I don't forget that eighteen years ago when San Francisco was overflowing with American soldiers en route to the Philippines the young men of our regular and volunteer armies attended our churches in large numbers. Let us remember:

"Men are only boys grown tall,  
Hearts don't change much after all."

If we can give our mite toward helping our willing defenders to gratify their spiritual leanings, by all means let us do so. To attend the military dansant at the St. Francis on Tuesday evening, April twenty-fifth, will be a pleasant way to help this noble cause. Tickets may be obtained from the St. Francis Hotel and the patronesses. The project has the indorsement of Bishop Nichols, Archbishop Hanna and other churchmen as well as of laymen who have the best interests of our army at heart.

## Skating Gossip

It is now only a matter of days until San Francisco society is afforded an opportunity of the raging vogue of the East, ice skating. The new and beautiful Techau Tavern Ice Palace will be thrown open to the public on or about April 29. At Del Monte the news was received with much favor among the peninsula set gathered there for the polo tourney. Talk of an exclusive ice skating and hockey club is in the air and something definite may be done in this respect later on. The Charles Templeton Crockers are committed to it. Many of the members of the jolly midwinter skating parties at Lake Tahoe and Truckee will foregather at the Techau Tavern Ice Palace on opening night. Mr. and Mrs. Fred McNear have arranged that their Tahoe guests of last February shall be with them on the first night of skating. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson have reserved two loges. I'm told the Hopkins girls are very smart on ice skates, as are Mary Garritt and Mrs. Francis Carolan. An interesting sidelight on the skating craze is that ice skating is a wonderful weight reducer. One Menlo Park matron took off twenty-two pounds while at Tuxedo last month. Col. D. C. Jackling openly boasted before sailing for South America that his ice skating in New York during the holidays had put him in the best shape he had enjoyed since his college football days. The Techau Tavern Ice Palace people have engaged the renowned Les Naess family of skaters for fancy skating exhibitions. These artists were a sensation at St. Moritz just as war broke out.

## Jubilee Dansant for Notre Dame

The alumnae of the College of Notre Dame are in the midst of their preparations for the jubilee of their alma mater which is to be celebrated with fitting pomp later in the year. The ladies of the association will give a dancing and card party at the Palace Hotel next Wednesday evening. The indications are that this smart affair will be largely attended, for the Notre Dame graduates are loyal to their college and are leaving nothing undone to testify their interest in the approaching jubilee. Mrs. William A. Kelly is chairman of the general committee for the party at the Palace, and her efforts are being seconded by Mesdames Charles Fenn, George Knorp, George Puckett and Eustace Cullinan; also the Misses Marie Ryan, Josephine Feely, Agnes Keating, Julia Sullivan, Nellie O'Day, Florence Collins, Josephine Molloy, Edna Harrington and Mary Carlick.

## Cliff House Dances

Mr. Gilbert Littlejohn announces the opening of a Supper Club in the ball room of the Cliff House on Thursday night, April 27. The club is limited to two hundred members, and each member is accorded the privilege of in-



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viding a limited number of guests. The meetings will be held every Thursday night. The dancing will begin at ten. The club will enjoy the excellent music and cuisine of the Cliff House. The rooms are being entirely remodeled and decorated in the latest fashion and will be among the most artistic and attractive in the country. The membership includes the most prominent of San Francisco's smart set.

#### Notables at the Palace

Walter J. Damrosch, the famous musical director, and Mrs. Damrosch are at the Palace. D. C. Stephen, broker of San Diego; Ira B. Bennett, banker of Fresno; L. P. St. Clair, oil operator of Los Angeles, are registered. T. W. McLean, vice-president and controller of the Wells Fargo Express Company; C. W. Stockton, counsel for the same company, and J. A. McLoughlin are also at the Palace. They are here in connection with the rate case in which the Wells Fargo Company is seeking a ruling that the same rates be applicable to California as have been fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission for the rest of the country. G. G. Greenwood, president of the First National Bank of Hollywood, is registered. Also Frederick Lyon of Boston, an official of the United States Smelting and Refining Company which has large interests in Mexico; Charles H. Frye, meat packer of Seattle, and Mrs. Frye; John G. Kirchen and wife of Tonopah, where Kirchen has extensive mining interests.

#### St. Francis Activities

The St. Francis is thronged daily with society maids and matrons promoting coming entertainments. In the headquarters of the Fine Arts Ball Committee, carnival plans and the sale of boxes are proceeding at a great rate. The Horse Show Committee is actively arranging the show to be held April 27, 28 and 29. Then there are the meetings of the Red Cross conference which aims to have a Red Cross membership of 25,000 in San Francisco; and of the patronesses who are arranging for the dansant in the Italian room, Easter Monday, for the benefit of Canon Kip Mission, and for the supper dance in the St. Francis, April 25, to raise a fund for a non-sectarian chapel at Fort Winfield Scott. And there are others.

#### Dixie Club Ball

With the completion of plans for a Nurses' Training School at the Presidio has come the consideration of financial support. The San Francisco Chapter, Woman's Section of the Navy League, under the auspices of which the school will be conducted, has assumed the obligation. To relieve the Navy League of this burden the Dixie Club will give a benefit Southern Ball at the Palace Hotel, Saturday, May 6. The ball room, palm court and rose room have been reserved for this event at which 2000 guests are expected.

Gilbert Littlejohn Miss Ernestine Littlejohn

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#### Events at Hotel Oakland

On Monday the Women's Republican Club will have a meeting in the ball room at 2 p. m. Arrangements are being made by Mrs. Joseph Knowland. The Oakland Commandery the Knights Templars will give a dinner and dance Tuesday. Mr. H. L. Breed is in charge. Next Thursday the Women's Exchange card party will be held. Mrs. Wm. Letts Oliver is in charge. Also on Thursday the Oakland Rotary Club will entertain for its members with a dinner and dance in the ivory ball room. Saturday, April 29, the West Oakland Home will have a dance as a benefit for their building fund. Mrs. Boyes is in charge. Mrs. Noylan Fox Jr. entertained Tuesday for her bridge club with a luncheon and bridge.

#### Mrs. Morris' Housewarming

Mrs. William Franklin Morris gave a housewarming Sunday at her beautiful home at Menlo. About thirty of her San Francisco friends went down the peninsula and spent the day with her. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Highley, Captain and Mrs. R. O. Crisp, Dr. and Mrs. Farnham, Mesdames J. R. Folsom, E. H. Merrill, B. W. Bass, M. L. Washburn, J. D. Wheeler, E. S. Davis, B. R. Keith, J. D. Watson, Misses Blanche Highley, Gordon Crawford, Alice Guyed, Messrs. H. N. Beall, W. Bowden.

#### At Cecil and Somerton

Miss Alma Thane gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Cecil. Another luncheon on the same day was presided over by Mrs. B. R. Keith. Mrs. Virginia Ward and her daughter Miss L. Ward arrived on the last steamer from Honolulu and are stopping at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Lapham of Chicago who are guests, entertained at dinner Tuesday in compliment to army friends. Colonel and Mrs. Lloyd McCormick were hosts Wednesday at dinner, the guests being Major and Mrs. J. Franklin Bell, Captain and Mrs. Charles Bridges and Captain Locke. Scores of pretty maids and their escorts attended the black and white fancy dress ball at the Somerton Thursday evening. Naval Constructor and Mrs. James Reed of Mare Island gave a supper party on that evening. Colonel William Hart, U. S. A., entertained with a supper of ten covers, and several of the officers and their wives came over from the Yerba Buena training station. Some of the bachelors from Fort Scott and the Presidio dropped in and enjoyed the dancing. Captain and Mrs. R. O. Crisp were with a party of friends, and the Misses Watson who are staying with their mother at the Cecil were among the belles at the ball. Informality marked the tea given by Mrs. L. D. Mann Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. A. F. O'Neil of Quincy, Ill., were hosts at a theatre party Monday followed by a supper at the Somerton.

#### Tavern's Gay Revue

There is a spontaneous gaiety about the performance of the Techau Tavern Show Girls' Revue that raises it far above the average of such attractions. The eight principals have voices of pleasing freshness and color, their gowns are designed on lines of elegance and lavish expenditure and their songs have a lilt and verve that is inspiring. Both gowns and songs are new each week. The Revue is directed by Mr. E. G. Wood, the successful Eastern producer, who accompanies the voices on the piano and to whom the credit of the production belongs. The Saturday souvenirs for the ladies are dainty little bottles of La Boheme perfume.

#### The Horse Show

The program for the second annual Society Horse Show for the benefit of the People's Place and the San Francisco Polyclinic to be given at the San Francisco Riding School on Seventh avenue on the evening of April 27, 28, 29 and on Saturday afternoon, April 29, promises a number of entirely distinctive events which have never appeared on the programmes of former affairs of this sort. Beatrice Michelena, the moving picture actress, will compete in a number of the events. William S. Tevis Jr. will be the treader in an amateur bull fight. There will be an indoor polo game every evening, four teams competing, San Rafael, San Mateo, the United States Cavalry and the Riding School. There will be drills by the Monday Night Riding Club, the membership of which includes a number of the men and women of the smart set. The children of society will do a number of interesting things including high jumping. Some of the little ones who will take part are: Misses Josephine Drown, Eleanor Spreckels, Eleanor Fleishacker, Evelyn Tognazinni, Claudine Spreckels, Katherine Dorn, Marjorie Fleishacker, Elise Meyer, Edna Taylor, Jean Howard, Susanna Daniels and Eleanor Morgan. A number of fine horses will be shown by society maids, those who will ride being Misses Jean Wheeler, Gertrude Hopkins, Kate Crocker, Ruth Perkins, Julia Van Fleet, Elva de Pue, Marian Newhall, Kate Brigham. Every evening after the show there will be a supper dance in the loft.

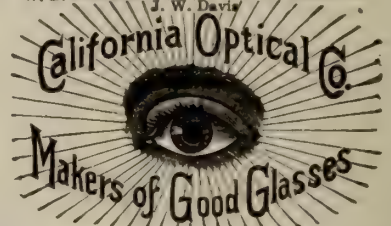
"He who gives quickly gives twice."

"Yes, mainly because he's always called upon to give again later."

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## To May Robson

By Edward F. O'Day

Many a year have we known and admired you,  
Laughable, affable, big-hearted May;  
Feeling that worthy ambition inspired you,  
Doffing our caps to ideals that fired you,  
Knowing no stain of what's evil e'er mired you,  
Sweet-minded, feat-minded, high-minded May.

Now that you're here again, bringing beatitude,  
Rollicky, frolicky, mirth-loving May;  
Please to believe that we're striking no attitude  
When we aver that throughout this our latitude  
All we feel toward you is deep love and grati-  
tude,  
Smiling, beguiling and care-chasing May.

All of us think it was awfully smart of you—  
Cheerful, endearful and scintillant May—  
Getting a play that seems like a part of you,  
Cleverly framed to display all the art of you,  
Wisdom and tears and the soft rich red heart  
of you,  
Happy, madcappy and unctuous May.

Gray though our life be, you tinge it with  
jollity,  
Drollful, not doleful, and comical May;  
Bringing your message of wholesome frivolity,  
Spreading the rule of your rubicund polity,  
Making us beam in a glow of equality,  
Plumpy, not grumpy, enlivening May.

Luck and long life and a speedy return to you,  
Sunny and funny and mischievous May;  
Look in our souls and you'll see that they yearn  
to you,  
Look in our hearts—see them kindle and burn  
to you,  
Conscious they owe lots of good that they  
learn to you,  
Elfish, unselfish and radiant May.

## Gossip of the Theatre

### Damrosch and His Orchestra

There is said to be a great colony of music lovers in San Francisco, and the demand for music is said to be so insistent that the symphony season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra is not enough. So we have two orchestras and two seasons. But we have not an orchestra that may be classed with the New York Symphony Orchestra that Walter Damrosch leads, and we seldom hear such music as Josef Hofmann evokes; and so when I went to the Columbia Theatre to hear the visiting musicians in their opening performance I expected to see a great crush of music lovers. But I saw nothing resembling a crush. Though the audience was large enough to warm the house and the players the great music colony was not very largely represented. The performance, however, was none the less enjoyable. Walter Damrosch gave us some beautiful music. It was the kind of music that tells you whatever you are in a mood to hear, music full of enchanting and delicious cadences. He gave us especially Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, a composition full of strange, mysterious combinations of sounds in which one finds not many hints of deep and true emotion, but which nevertheless is music that thrills and soothes with purely musical magic. The New York orchestra is an admirable instrument on which to play, and Walter Damrosch plays on it in a way that compels it to a neatness, a precision, and at times, a soft brilliance, which Dvorak has in his music along with veiled cries and touches of dainty pathos. Of course the big event of the evening was the Saint-Saens concerto in C minor with Hofmann at the piano. In his absolute mastery of the piano you feel that Josef Hofmann can do anything that has ever been done with the instrument. But he is the interpreter rather than the virtuoso. He plays impersonally, never bathing himself luxuriously in what is luscious in the melodies, but giving them always their real worth. He

makes the piano thrillingly alive. Exuberant delight wakens under his fingers, the music leaps like rushing water out among the waves of the great flood of the orchestra, and you feel the broad rhythms pulsating within you. After this divine entertainment nothing remains but the vague recollection of a thing beautiful that has vanished.

—Theodore F. Bonnet.



MISS MAY MUKLE

Celebrated English 'cellist, soloist with the People's Philharmonic Orchestra at Pavilion Rink

### Ruth St. Denis at Orpheum

Ruth St. Denis, the world-famous danseuse, will make her first vaudeville appearance in this city at the Orpheum next Sunday matinee. She will be assisted by Ted Shawn and a company trained by him. The following will be the programme: "The Spirit of the Sea," Ruth St. Denis; "Danse Javanese," Ada Forman; "The Peacock," a legend of India (inspired by the poems of Lawrence Hope), Ruth St. Denis, Mr. Shawn, Misses Loomis, Andrews, Forman, Horst and Hindoo assistants; "Lady Picking Mulberries," Margaret Loomis; "Ancient Egypt," a ballet of the Tamboura, Miss St. Denis, Mr. Shawn and company. Madame Chilson-Ohrman, a gifted young American prima donna soprano who has toured with brilliant success, will be heard in a programme of song which will include the Aria from "Il Puritani," "At Dawning" by Cadman, Polonaise from "Mignon" and "The Last Rose of Summer." Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin will present what they term "A 1916 Songology," showing their ability as singers, dancers and comedians. Harriet Marlotte and an excellent company will appear in a funny sketch by Edgar Allen Woolf entitled "The Lollard." Miss Don Fung Gue and Mr. Harry Haw will present a Chinese conception of American songs and dances. A spectacular singing novelty entitled "The Girl in the Moon" will be a pleasant feature. Andy Rice in his monologue "My First Anniversary," and Fannie Brice in her diverting songs and creations will close their engagements.

### Second Week of May Robson

May Robson in her comedy "The Making Over of Mrs. Matt," will remain the attraction at the Columbia for a second and last week commencing Sunday night. The play is by the man who wrote "The Chorus Lady." Matinees are given Wednesday and Saturday. The final performance is announced for Sunday night, April 30.



### Otis Skinner Coming

Otis Skinner has given the American stage some of its most delightful character studies. For instance, his Hadji the Beggar in "Kismet," and his Col. Phillippe Bridau in "The Honor of the Family." This season Mr. Skinner has added another to the list—that of Tony Bell-chamber, the flamboyant but lovable actor of the "old school" in "Cock o' the Walk," the comedy by Henry Arthur Jones in which the popular actor will be seen at the Columbia commencing Monday night, May 1. The advance sale will begin next Thursday.

### People's Philharmonic Concert

A strong programme has been prepared for the second symphony concert to be given by the People's Philharmonic Orchestra at Pavillion Rink, Sutter and Pierce streets, next Thursday evening at 8:15. The organization of sixty-five musicians will be augmented for the occasion to nearly eighty. Conductor Nikolai Sokoloff promises a most enjoyable musical evening. The opening number will be Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in C minor. Then will follow Saint-Saens' Concerto in A minor for Violoncello, Miss May Mukl, the noted English 'cellist, being soloist. This artist made a favorable impression here with the Innisfail String Quartet. The rest of the programme will be devoted to Wagner, the numbers being the Prelude to Lohengrin, the Good Friday Spell from Parsifal and the Prelude to the Meistersinger. Reserved seats on sale at Sherman Clay, and Kohler and Chase's on and after Monday morning.

### New Alcazar Stock

The new stock star system is to replace moving pictures at the Alcazar. The season will be started Monday night by Florence Reed and Malcolm Williams, supported by an entirely

new stock company in the first production at the Alcazar of Broadhurst's "Bought and Paid For." Florence Reed, a daughter of the late Roland Reed, long one of this country's favorite comedians, comes with a reputation for emotional acting. And she has good looks. Malcolm Williams comes with no less reputation. Among the newcomers will be Henry Hall, a clever character actor; James Gleeson, a fine light comedian; Willard Webster, a fine second man; John Sumner and Joseph Macaulay. Among the women will be found Helene Sullivan, recalled as one of the most beautiful and popular members of a former Alcazar season; Marion Dentler, a dainty ingenue, Elizabeth Ross and Georgie Knowlton. Addison Pitt will remain as stage director.

### Augmented N. Y. Orchestra Concert

Manager Greenbaum announces for his last event of the season a concert at the Civic Auditorium this coming Tuesday night at 8:15, the like of which has never before been attempted in the West. On this occasion the entire New York Symphony Orchestra of eighty artists will have the assistance of forty-five of our own best symphony players forming an orchestra of one hundred and twenty-five. Mr. Walter Damrosch will conduct, and Josef Hofmann will be soloist. There will be twenty-six first and twenty-two second violins, sixteen violas, fourteen 'cellos, thirteen basses, one harp, four flutes, one piccolo, four clarinets, one

bass clarinet, four oboes, one English horn, four bassoons, one contra-bassoon, three trumpets, three trombones, four French horns, one tuba and four percussion players. The new bandstand and sounding shell have done wonders for the acoustics of the Auditorium. The symphony will be Tchaikowsky's No. 6, the "Pathetique." This is one of the most beautiful works in music. We are to hear also the Prelude to Wagner's "Lohengrin" in which the strings bear the brunt of the work. With eighty-one string players we shall hear this Wagnerian gem as we have never before heard it. Another Wagner number will be "The Ride of the Valkyries." Hofmann will play the Concerto in D minor by Rubinstein. We heard Mr. Hofmann play the G major last Saturday night. The work in D minor is even more brilliant. Tickets at Sherman Clay. Mr. Greenbaum has provided four thousand good seats for fifty cents. The choicest locations are but \$1.50. It is to be hoped that the Auditorium will be crowded, for if the public shows it is sufficiently interested to warrant attempting such big things here, Mr. Greenbaum promises he will continue to provide them.

### Grand Opera at Cort

Opera at popular prices will be given by the Peluso Grand Opera Company which comes to the Cort Sunday night, April 30. The musical standard will be high. Following is the repertoire for the first of the two weeks: Sunday



JOSEF HOFMANN  
Greatest of great pianists who will play the Rubinstein D minor Concerto with the New York Symphony Orchestra, augmented to 125 players, at the Exposition Civic Auditorium next Tuesday night



RUTH ST. DENIS  
The famous danseuse next week at the Orpheum



night, April 30, and Wednesday matinee, "Rigoletto," Monday night and Saturday matinee, "Faust," Tuesday and Friday nights, "L'Amico Fritz," Wednesday night, "Barber of Seville," Thursday and Saturday nights, "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." The singers include: Rosina Zotti, Lina Reggiani, Sofia Charlebois, Virginia Pierce, Agnes Sievers, Tina Schinetti, sopranos; Claude Albright, contralto; Giuseppe Vogliotti, Gerolamo Ingar, Mario Rodolfi, Ralph Errolle, Louis Iggop, tenors; Bartolomeo Daddone, David Silva, baritones; Olinto Lombardi, basso. Mail orders are being received.

#### The Amazing Mystic

Alexander the Mystic at the Cort has more than lived up to his advance notices. He has proved himself as strange a genius as has ever been seen on a local stage. The Cort has been thronged during the past week. The first part of the evening is devoted to magic. Many clever Oriental feats and illusions are given. The second part of the programme shows Alexander in his psychic experiments. Questions are asked by the audience and are answered with rapidity and accuracy. Alexander makes no pretense of clairvoyant power and states that he is merely giving a stage entertainment. The second and final week begins Sunday night.

#### People's Orchestra Concert

With Giulio Minetti as conductor the People's Orchestra of sixty symphony players will give the first of a series of Sunday concerts in the Civic Auditorium on Easter afternoon at three. The programme smacks of Easter and the Shakespeare Memorial. The regular organization will be augmented by six additional players and Mme. Clementina Marcella, a dramatic soprano. Minetti as a leader holds an established position, having been the pupil of Bolzoni and Bazzini and having lead large orchestras in Paris, Vienna, London, Turin and Milan. The programme for Easter afternoon: Tragic Overture, Bazzini; Les Vendredis, Glazounow; Minuette, Bolzoni; Hosanna, Granier; Mme. Clementina Marcelli. Symphony in E Flat, Mozart; Carmen Suite, Bizet; Aria from Madame Butterfly, Mme. Marcelli. Merry Wives of Windsor, Niccola; Midsummer Night's Dream, Mendelssohn.

#### Tiniest Comedian at Pantages

Little Lord Roberts, the tiniest comedian in the world, will top the Easter show at Pantages. This funster weighs fifteen pounds, stands two feet high, and answers to the age of twenty-five. He gives character studies of stage luminaries. "The Violet Widow" is a brand new musical "tab" offered for the first time by Bothwell Browne and a company of fourteen. Volant and his "Flying Piano," a mysterious novelty; Byal and Early, with their funny hats; the Henderson four, black-face singers; Nan Grey who warbles ballads of Scotland; the Rials, acrobatic aerialists; and a bucolic playlet "At the Half Way House," are other features. The sixth episode of "The Iron Claw" will be shown.

The man of great financial prominence had met with an accident.

"We'll have to probe," said the doctor.

Just at that moment the man recovered consciousness and exclaimed:

"If it's a surgical operation go ahead, but if it's another investigation, give me an anesthetic."

Visitor—And what did you do when the shell struck you?

Bored Tommy—Sent mother a postcard to have my bed aired.

#### The Infinite Message

Lie still and look upon the sea!

Press down the sedge grass, spray empearled,  
And let thy very heart go free

Into that shining, glimmering world.

Whether it be at dawn to wake,

When rose and gold are on the sea;

Or 'neath the stars to hear waves break,

Lose not the wonder meant for thee.

Wouldst gain in power to love and cheer?

Resistless as God's tide wouldst be?

Lie close and listen. Thou shalt hear

The infinite message of the sea.

—Grace Clarke Newton.

"What is poetry of motion?"

"The kind that's always going from one editor to another."

## AT THE THEATRES

### EXPOSITION (CIVIC) AUDITORIUM

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Will Conduct the Biggest Orchestra  
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125 MUSICIANS 125

with

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GIULIO MINETTI, Conductor

66 MUSICIANS

MME. C. MARCELLI, Soloist

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(Beethoven-Wagner Programme)

NIKOLAI SOKOLOFF, Conductor

MAY MUKLE, Violoncello Virtuosa

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.  
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

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"THE IRON CLAW"



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The market was a nervous affair all week, but, notwithstanding frequent rallies, prices were generally lower at the close of the week. The submarine question keeps bobbing up every day, and it looks now as if a break with Germany is bound to come. What effect the breaking off of diplomatic relations with Germany would have on the market seems problematical. The immediate effect, however, is bound to be bearish, but it will be only temporary. The Mexican situation is still a market factor, although it will pass away with the capture of Villa, which is only a matter of days. Business of all kinds is good, and the reports from the steel industries would indicate prosperity for some time to come. Copper metal is being quoted around 28 cents, and the mining business is booming. Railroads are congested with freight, and every report shows a nice increase in earnings over the previous year. Confidence has been so thoroughly restored that retailers and jobbers are now ordering all the merchandise they can get, and some bankers and wholesalers fear that the retail trade is over-buying for the fall and winter trade. This is in violent contrast with the conditions that have prevailed for two years or more. Production of iron and steel is breaking all previous records and is steadily increasing as new mills and furnaces are rushed to completion. The consumption of copper, lead and zinc is larger than ever, and prices are firm in spite of the enormous increase in production. Europe is buying more copper and the loss of the central European markets is no longer reflected in decreased exports.

**Wheat**—The week just passed provided us generously with crop-damage reports ranging from 20 to 50 per cent, and yet the primary receipts run considerably more than double those of last year, the Southwest participating in the increase, but not in like proportion. And the shipments from the Southwestern centers were liberal, showing willingness to let it go to those who need it. It is difficult to reconcile such conditions with the report that "Modern Miller" issued last week—in substance: "The rain throughout the Southwest and Middle West is showing the weakness of the winter wheat stand," and again: "The soft winter wheat States confirm heavy winter wheat damage;" or the following: "Fifty per cent of wheat in Clay county, Missouri, is being plowed up on account of winter killing." If there was any serious damage to the crops as reported, the receipts represent previous purchase and not any recent determination to liquidate. Other authorities say: "Believe much wheat reported dead is still alive. The top growth was winter-killed, but the crown is still alive and warm weather and rains will start new growth." Thin fields in April do not naturally insure shortage, but they will turn sentiment bullish and advance prices, which leads to the policy of

accepting these theories and trading in the expectation of a higher market. The last year and the year before, when the heaviest yield ever known in this country was recorded, the "crop scares" were equal to or surpassing in violence those encountered now, and caused some of the wildest action of the year. In our opinion it never pays to antagonize wheat damage at the developing period, even if it is not all believed, and we think sharp reactions will follow every decline of consequence.

**Corn**—While the market is stubborn, there are indications that it will be governed sooner or later by the prospects of May deliveries. There has been an unusually large amount of No. 3 corn manufactured from lower grades intended for this purpose, both here and at interior points, and it is also true that there is more or less anxiety over the keeping qualities during the high temperatures of next summer. If the longs should conclude to liquidate the corn tendered them in May, prices might be forced to a low level before they finally rested. This seems to be the apprehension in certain quarters, which has had much to do in moderating bullish sentiment. On the other hand, these fears might be found groundless, and the mechanical treatment the corn receives might be found by expert handlers to eliminate all such risk. To us, it would appear that scientific knowledge of the exact amount of moisture would lead to the knowledge of how to guard against any former unpleasant experience.

**Cotton**—The cotton market showed no decided trend either way the past week, and trade was principally between the room traders. However, considering the news, the market gave a good account of itself. Spot cotton in the South was firm and the Government consumption figures for the month were the largest on record. The market remained firm in the face of rains in the Southwest. It had been predicted with confidence, before the drought was broken, that in the event of heavy rains in Texas, the market would decline fifty points. The drought has been broken as effectually as the most bearish trader could have expected but cotton has not declined. On the contrary prices are higher for most contracts than they were before the rains fell, the advances ranging from two to five points in the last ten days. There has been selling the past week also on the fear that a rapture with Germany was inevitable. As the week closed, this fear was probably as strong as at any time recently, and yet the market advanced. This firmness in the face of what are regarded as bearish developments has convinced quite a few traders that the next important movement of cotton will be upward.

Clerk—Don't you want a burglar alarm?

Knicker—No, I should prefer something to put me to sleep if they come.

Crawford—As it looks like rain why don't you go back to the house for your umbrella?

Crabshaw—If I did I'd probably be interned for the night.

## CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP

No. 2632.

Ten cent documentary revenue stamp cancelled.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that the undersigned are transacting business as copartners in the State of California under the firm name of FRANK FOOD COMPANY. The principal place of business of the firm is at San Francisco, California.

The full names and respective places of residence of all its members are subscribed hereto.

Dated, April 4, 1916.

ARTHUR A. FRANK,  
50 Arguello Boulevard,  
San Francisco.  
SIMON L. HEILBRON,  
2225 Steiner Street,  
San Francisco.

State of California,  
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 4th day of April, 1916, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared ARTHUR A. FRANK and SIMON L. HEILBRON, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Seal)  
A. J. NAGLE,  
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

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Assets .....	\$61,849,662.02
Deposits .....	58,840,699.38
Capital actually paid up in Cash .....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds .....	2,008,962.64
Employees' Pension Fund .....	211,238.93
Number of Depositors .....	67,406
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Mr. Grimes—I've finished with that fellow Skinner, absolutely finished with him. He's a bad one. He has a lying tongue in his head.

Mrs. Grimes—Dear me! And only yesterday his wife told me that he had false teeth.

Poet—What do you pay for poetry?

Editor—Dollar a line in winter; cent a line in spring.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PAULA BERGER, deceased.—No. 20650, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned FERDINAND FREYSELEBEN and UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO, Executors of the last will and testament of PAULA BERGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of Union Trust Company of San Francisco, at the junction of Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PAULA BERGER, deceased.

FERDINAND FREYSELEBEN,  
UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,  
By H. Van Loven, Secretary,  
Executors of the last will and testament of  
Paula Berger, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 8, 1916.

T. E. K. CORMAC and  
HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,  
Attorneys for Executors,  
Nevada Bank Building,  
San Francisco, California.

4-8-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS MIGGINS, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of THOMAS MIGGINS, deceased, to the creditors of and persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of said Arnold W. Liechti, Administrator, Rooms 901 and 902 French Bank Building, No. 110 Sutter Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects at his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS MIGGINS, deceased.

ARNOLD W. LIECHTI,  
Administrator of the estate of Thomas Miggins,  
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1916.

ARNOLD W. LIECHTI,  
Attorney for Administrator,  
901-902 French Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

4-1-5

### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, California, for April, 1916.

State of California

County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John J. Dwyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Town Talk, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; managing editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; business manager, John J. Dwyer, 88 First street, San Francisco.

2. That the owners are: Owner: Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; stockholders: Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; Alphonse Sutter, 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco; H. M. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holders appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOHN J. DWYER,

Business Manager.

JULI S. CALMANN,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1916.

(My commission expires May 29th, 1917.)

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20,540, N. S.; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY A. HAMILTON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Executor of the last will and testament of MARY A. HAMILTON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the office of McCutchen, Olney & Willard, Room No. 1107 in the Merchants Exchange Building, situate at the southwest corner of California and Leidesdorff Streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of MARY A. HAMILTON, deceased.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON,

Executor of the last will and testament of  
Mary A. Hamilton, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, March 25th, 1916.  
MCCUTCHEN, OLNEY & WILLARD,  
Attorneys for Executor,  
Room No. 1107 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,  
San Francisco, California.

3-25-5

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71603. FELIX D. C. MCGOVERN, Plaintiff, vs. JANET B. MCGOVERN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JANET B. MCGOVERN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By ROBERT W. DENNIS, Deputy Clerk.

TOWSON S. GRASTY,

Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1201 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

26-2-10

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS DEASY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of THOMAS DEASY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Stafford & Stafford, Room 504 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS DEASY, deceased.

MARY DEASY,

Administratrix of the estate of Thomas Deasy,  
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1916.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD,  
Room 504 Grant Building,  
1095 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

4-1-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, SR., deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, SR., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Walter E. Dorn, 1101-1105 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, SR., deceased.

WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, JR.,

Administrator of the estate of William T. Sebelles, Sr., deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1916.

WALTER E. DORN,  
Attorney for Administrator,  
1101-1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

4-1-5

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71884; Dept. 10.

FRANZISCA AVI, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23rd day of February, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1003 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

4-1-10

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vcl. XXVII. No. 1236

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 29, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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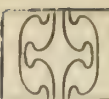
What Russian Generalship is Accomplishing

The Vice of the Vigilant, by G. K. Chesterton

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*Read The April Lantern*





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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVII

San Francisco, April 29, 1916

No. 1236

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**Women  
for  
Preparedness**

It is generally assumed by our mollicoddle agitators of the pacifist and anti-patriotism school that they have the enthusiastic support of the women of the land. It may be that they have the support of some women, the kind of women that applaud the flabby sentimentality spouted at club meetings by pink tea doctrinaires, but there are women in this country who realize fully the danger of unpreparedness, and who understand as well as the women of England, who espoused the cause of conscription, that justice and self-respect may sometimes be maintained only by suffering. The recent presidential primary in Illinois bore testimony to the fact that the women of that State are not sisters of the Jordans and the Fords. In Cook county, for example, a larger percentage of the ballots cast by women was for Roosevelt than of those cast by men, and the 1,831 Cook county women who expressed their preference for Roosevelt for President did so avowedly upon the preparedness issue. May it not be regarded as a matter of some significance that, whereas the drivel "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier," which is sung by schoolmasters in fine tenor and soprano tones, was written by a man, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was written by a woman.

**What  
Next?**

*The New York World*, a journal that reflects the sentiments of the Administration at Washington, remarks that probably the opposition of Republicans in the Senate to the confirmation of Mr. Brandeis as a Justice of the Supreme Court rests to some extent on "prejudice of birth and faith." Mr. Brandeis was born in Louisville, Ky., so it is unlikely that his confirmation has been held up on account of the accident of nativity. As to his faith, Mr. Brandeis is a Jew, but we have never heard that there was a latent prejudice against Jews among Republicans. We have always understood that Jews were more active in the Republican than in the Democratic party. Further, we are quite sure we could name several Jews eminent

in the legal profession, not one of whom, if appointed to the Supreme Court, would meet with the slightest opposition in the Senate. We don't believe there is any racial or religious prejudice of any consequence against Mr. Brandeis. Moreover we don't believe Mr. Wilson or any of his advisers or newspaper organs believe there is any opposition to Mr. Brandeis for the reasons suggested by *The World*. Hitherto, notwithstanding the distance from the heights on which President Wilson has blazoned his ideals to the profounds that echo with his extraordinary performances, we have never thought him or his supporters capable of invoking religious animosity as a means of furthering his ends. Now we ask, What next?

**Works  
on  
Brandeis**

More than once the Senate of the United States has refused to confirm an appointment to the Supreme Court, but no President that we know of ever attempted to elevate to that high tribunal a man so temperamentally and morally unfit as Louis Brandeis. We knew very little of Brandeis when his appointment was announced, but his character has been under a microscope, and we have seen that it is pretty badly streaked. What sort of character it is may be learned with a fair degree of accuracy, from Senator Works, who was inclined at first to vote for confirmation. He was in sympathy with the socialistic and general reform activities of Mr. Brandeis, and in his report credits him with unselfish devotion to the common good. It is only as a lawyer that Brandeis is objectionable to Senator Works, and it is because he is a lawyer that President Wilson deemed him qualified for high judicial position. "By his deceptions and general conduct as a lawyer," says Senator Works, "he has brought suspicion and criticism on his profession." Further: "He has defied the plain ethics of the profession, and in some instances has violated the rights of his clients and abused their confidence;" also, "He seems to like to do startling things and to work under cover. He has disregarded or defied the proprieties." Nevertheless President Wilson will stick to him. All the political power the President can summon will be employed in forcing Brandeis through the Senate.

**The  
Affinity  
of  
Visions**

There has been some speculation as to the nature of the tie that binds the President and Mr. Brandeis. This is a question that presents no more difficulties than the question of the President's affinity for Colonel House or Josephus Daniels. There is no opposition of mind between

any two of these men. They are all transcendentalists imperfectly developed. Mr. Wilson remarked in his Jefferson Day speech that "All men can be led by visions." All transcendentalists are led by visions in moments of inspiration, ecstasy and illumination, and for some time the whole country has been led by visions seen in the White House. It was in a vision that Mr. Brandeis saw that the railroads of the country could save \$1,000,000 a day. Chief Stone of the Brotherhood of Engineers denied this. He said that he was a practical railroad man and that no other business was operated on so close a margin as the railroad business. He thought it preposterous to say that the railroads could save \$365,000,000 a year, but President Wilson did not laugh. President Wilson, like Mr. Brandeis, believes that the evidence of the senses is preposterous unless it is reinforced with the testimony that flows from the unsounded centre in himself where visions occur. He knew that Mr. Brandeis had a vision, and it was then that he formed an everlasting affection for the great lawyer.

**Daily  
News  
of the  
War**

Some folks who try in a quiet way to make the best of this vale of tears have lately come to the conclusion that they have a grievance against our newspapers in that the news they print of the war is "so meagre." This is a most astonishing complaint to voice. Moreover it is without merit. To a thoughtful mind nothing is more astonishing than the copious, steady, uninterrupted flow of war news in the columns of the daily press. It is astonishing because most of the daily history of the war is secret. The drama is acted with the curtain down, and all that anybody sees of it is little more than silhouettes and the gestures of the chief actors. Of what takes place behind the scenes all but a few military men and a few statesmen are entirely ignorant. Yet the newspapers abound in news of the daily happenings. Moreover their readers read this news, though by this time it must be evident to the very dullest of them that most of the stuff is only a combination of guesswork and invention. We know as a matter of fact that the newspapers have yet to learn the history of the first few months of the war; so why complain of the meagreness of the daily details. All things considered the newspapers are doing very well. They are responding as best they can to the popular demand, and as it appears that the public is hungry for fiction after gorging on it for nearly two years, why bother about a change of diet or reduce the size of the scare heads?



Caricaturists are once more reminding us that the ass is the symbol of democracy. In this day and generation the symbol appears to be more appropriate than ever before in our history; for aside from the fact that the ass is regarded by naturalists as a pattern of brainlessness, stubbornness and noise it has been much glorified in the long course of its chequered career. Its apotheosis in this country is not a new experience. The Egyptians worshipped Seth in the similitude of an ass, and the Christian Church in some parts of Europe at one period held a festival in its honor in commemoration of the Flight into Egypt. The veneration of the ass is a form of worship that existed in the world long before democracy, and the ass because of its stubbornness has cut a very prominent figure in history. Its bray echoes down the centuries like the voice of a conqueror. Mr. H. G. Wells, who tells us in one of his satires that one of the great problems of the times is the problem of driving the wild asses of the Devil back to Hell, has proclaimed the presence of the beast in the House of Commons. As a matter of fact the ass has played a part in English history as far back as the days of the Stuarts. It was the ass that lost them the English throne, and it was the same beast that restrained George the Third from placating the American colonies. According to Buffon the ass is a shy animal, which explains why he is too proud to fight.

#### Back to Artemus Ward

While there is much in contemporary politics to grumble at, and though it is not to be gained said that the picture it presents is sombre and depressing the outlook is not so forbidding as some of our commentators would have us believe. In all generations there are pessimistic spirits who lament the decay of men and things, and find splendor only in the past. The trouble is we know our own age imperfectly and the past is like purple hills—far away. Glancing backward occasionally is good for the spirit, but we should let our gaze linger and penetrate the haze. Today we are inclined to mock at the mediocrities of Congress mouthing and mumbling over things they do not understand, and with a touch of cynicism we remark that such is the logical outcome of democracy. It would be nearer the truth to say that such is democracy. Inefficiency is always in the majority. But let us glance backward, for things are not so bad as they seem. Is Congress growing more stupid. Listen to Artemus Ward speaking in the days just before the Civil War:

We don't lack great Gen'ls, and we certainly don't lack brave sojers—but there's one thing I wish we did lack, and that is our present Congress. I venture to say that if you search the earth all over with a ten-hoss power microscope, you won't be able to find such another pack of poppycock gabblers as the present Congress of the United States of America. Gentlemen of the Senit and of the House, you've sot there and draw'd your pay and made summer-complaint speeches long enough. The country at large, includin the undersigned, is disgusted with you. Why don't you show us

a statesman—somebody who can make a speech that will hit the pop'lar hart right under the Great Public weskit? Why don't you show us a statesman who can rise up to the Emergency, and cave in the Emergency's head? Congress, you won't do. Go home, you mizzerable devils—go home! At a special Congressional 'lection in my district the other day I delib'ritly voted for Henry Clay. I admit that Henry Clay is dead, but inasmuch as we don't seem to have a live statesman in our National Congress, let us by all means have a first-class corpse.

Critics who tell us that the wit of Artemus Ward depends on the drollery of quaint spelling overlook the solid qualities by which it was almost invariably reinforced. Back of a superficial aid there was a great fund of shrewdness, sanity and "horse-sense." Artemus Ward was above all things a warm-hearted patriot whose pet abominations were ignorant politicians, "Teetotal Fanatics, Free Lovers and Irish-American Fenians." Before the war he said he was no politician—"I vote for Mr. Union; that's the only candidate I've got," and he declared that the "wus" insult he ever received was given him by "sertin citizens of Baldinsville who axed me to run for the Legislater." Thus we see that fifty odd years ago a humorist of bounding spirits was converted into something of a sour cynic by contemplating the politics of his day.

#### Methodists and Lutherans

Certain wild-eyed Lutheran preachers of Berlin have been saying some very foolish things which some Methodist editors of London have been employing as texts whereon to sermonize in disparagement of all Germans. This is hardly fair or just. What does it matter if a Lutheran preacher sees Germany as a kind of Moses or Joshua? What does it signify if a Lutheran preacher regards Germans as a chosen race commissioned to use submarines as "instruments of divine vengeance?" One foolish Lutheran, preaching in Berlin, said that as God allowed His Son to be crucified that the scheme of redemption might be accomplished, so Germany was destined to crucify humanity. Therefore, argued the preacher, it is "the duty of German soldiers to strike without mercy," and as "half-measures would be wicked," it should be "a war without pity" for the destruction of the "allies of Satan." Now, fancy the *Methodist Times* of London calling attention in holy horror to the sentiments of inflamed Lutherans in Berlin! One Methodist editor, shocked at what he read, declared that the Lutheran preachers were "fanatics." Other editors in England have assumed that the wild-eyed clergymen of Germany reflect the views of the people generally. It would be quite as reasonable to assume that the average Methodist preacher reflects the views of the people of England. It hardly takes a war to convert Methodist preachers into fanatics. England is full of fanatics year in and year out, and according to the English press most of them are Methodists. This, as any educated Englishman will allow, is no extravagant assertion. It implies no criti-

cism of Methodism. It is not the practice of the fundamentals of a religion that makes fanatics. Methodism merely argues a state of mind. Years ago a cultured Englishman, the Rev. Sydney Smith, used the general term Methodism, to designate three classes of fanatics, not troubling himself as he said, "to point out the finer shades and nicer discriminations of lunacy, but treating them all as in one general conspiracy against common sense." From what the great English essayist says of Methodists it appears that normally they are very much worse than inflamed German Lutheran preachers in war time. If the Lutheran preachers regard all Germans as a chosen people, the Methodists are not so liberal. They regard only themselves as the elect. "They consider themselves," says Sydney Smith, "as constituting a chosen and separate people living in a land of atheists and voluptuaries." He also says: "The children of Israel were not more separated, through the favor of God, from the Egyptians than the Methodists are in their own estimation from the rest of mankind." He declares that their piety ends in Bedlam, and he adds: "There is not a madhouse in England where a considerable part of the patients have not been driven to insanity by the extravagance of these people." He explained that the trouble with them was that they were "always desirous of making men more religious than it is possible from the constitution of human nature to make them." Have the Methodists changed much since Sydney Smith's day? Temperamentally the Methodist preachers of this country appear to be not at all different from the ones described by the amiable essayist. They may have no delusions regarding a chosen people, but they have no respect for the principle of personal liberty. They insist on making the people of all religions live according to rules prescribed by Methodism. And certainly if their piety does not lead to Bedlam, we are not wholly unjustified in suspecting that it does lead to certain excesses. We have the testimony of eminent psychologists and the evidence of Long Beach and the frequent apparition of a Slaughter in the prohibition propaganda to bear out the suspicion. When Matthew Arnold, the most cultured Englishman of his day, visited this country in the eighties he said there was little hope for us owing to the numerical strength of the followers of a third-rate mind, meaning John Wesley. Since then the political strength of these same people has grown, and at present we find them dominating a Government which has made our country the laughingstock of the civilized world. Surely there is no Lutheran preacher in Berlin any sillier than our Josephus Daniels. We have Methodists in Congress who frothe at the mouth much easier than the most ferocious Lutheran in all Germany. Consider the brainstorms of a "Cyclone" Davis and the ecstasies and transports of a Woodrow Wilson.



# Varied Types

CCLXXVIII—FLORENCE REED

By Edward F. O'Day

Asked to sketch her career on the stage the Alcazar's new leading lady had told me of her beginning in stock, first in New York and later in Providence.

"And you've been in stock ever since?" I asked.

"Oh, my dear," Florence Reed replied, "how long is it since you've been in New York?"

There are times, without doubt, when it is exceedingly pleasant to be my-deared by a leading lady, but this was not one of them. To be my-deared rebukingly puts an edge of comprehension on the dullest wits. I perceived that I had made an awful blunder, and that there was no way of correcting it. I am sure I looked as ignorant as I felt. And I felt as though Broadway and I had absolutely nothing in common, that the white lights flashing Florence Reed's name into the eyes of all who walked that thoroughfare had never shone for me. I felt crushed beneath a weight of provincialism.

Florence Reed, however, refrained from punishing me too severely. She let me down easy, as they say. She told me how she had been leading lady for Sothern; how she had created the role of Ilona in Walker Whiteside's first production of "The Typhoon;" and how she had starred in "The Yellow Ticket." She told me these things in such a way that I might, if I chose, have told myself that there was some excuse for my not knowing them. But I did not choose to tell myself that. Properly humbled I cast myself silently upon Florence Reed's mercy. But I firmly resolved that next time I interviewed an actress I'd be sure to look up her career in advance.

Not being much more of a "movie fan" than Arthur Brisbane I had not known that Florence Reed was a Pathe star. The fact insinuated itself into the conversation somehow, and enabled me to ask the new leading lady if she liked 'em.

"Nobody who has ever been on the stage likes the movies," she replied emphatically. "Anyone who says he does is not telling the truth. Bill Farnum says he does, but Bill isn't fooling anybody but himself. How can you say 'I love you' in a movie? And isn't 'I love you' the basis of practically every play? The movies make the pocket book fat, but they make the mind lean. They did one thing for me, though. They gave my voice a rest. After a season in the movies it responded as a piano does when you run the scales."

Florence Reed is proud of her voice.

"When I first played emotional roles," she told me, "I was deficient in breath control. But I trained my voice so that I could do anything in the world with it. It is like a pony under the rein."

Florence Reed is the daughter of Roland Reed, a comedian who was a great favorite with a former generation of San Franciscans. Her one previous visit to this city was in company with her father the time he played "The Woman Hater" and "Lend Me Your Wife." Florence was then eleven years old, and one of her most vivid recollections is of the waiters at the old Palace carrying breakfast trays on their heads. She recalls too how much her father was entertained.

"It was wonderful what a lot of friends father had," she said. "Governors, senators,

presidents were devoted to him. He was loved in all walks of life. The stagehands used to call him 'Rol.' He was democratic, too democratic. And what a marvelous memory! He never forgot a name or a face. He'd meet you on the street and say, 'O'Day, how are you?' even if he had only met you a single time ten years before. I'm just the opposite. At the end of a season people I've played with every night come to me and ask me to autograph a photo. And I have to ask them, 'How do you spell your name?' It's very awkward if the name is Smith!"

Florence Reed may not have inherited an exceptional memory, but she inherited her father's love of the stage.

"I wasn't intended for the stage," she told me. "Father wanted me to marry and raise children, or else go on the concert platform. But we've been an acting family for at least three generations. On my father's side that is. My mother was not an actress. She came of a very aristocratic family.

"When father died the burden of supporting the family fell upon me. What more natural than that I should become an actress? I loved it then. I love it now. There's nothing else in the world I like so much, except perhaps to attend a concert. I never get tired of acting. But I do think it is unjust that we should have to work on Sundays. I'm not a religious woman, but I think we should have a day of rest. You are dreadfully behind the East in this particular.

"Would you believe it, my first engagement paid one hundred dollars a week. I did a monologue in vaudeville. Of course I was paid that because I was Roland Reed's daughter. Being Roland Reed's daughter saved me from many a contretemps that the young actress usually experiences. After the monologue I got an engagement in Proctor's stock company at thirty-five dollars a week. That was where I met Mr. Williams."

Malcolm Williams, the new leading man at the Alcazar, is now Florence Reed's husband. The Alcazar is known as a "family theatre," and appropriately enough Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Lvtell are followed in the premiership by another married pair.

"Mr. Williams was leading man of a stock company at Providence. He was a matinee idol, and frightfully popular."

"So you are the wife of a matinee idol," I interrupted.

"Oh, he isn't a matinee idol now," said Florence Reed. "That reminds me that a few weeks ago when we were playing stock in Denver we went to our hotel one night after giving 'The Gay Lord Quex' in which Mr. Williams is described as 'the wickedest man in London.' A note was brought to Mr. Williams. It read: 'The wickedest woman in Denver would like to meet the wickedest man in London.'"

"Did the collision take place?" I asked.

"I should say not," said Florence Reed.

"Before I went to Providence I had only played character and comedy parts," went on the new leading lady, taking up the thread where I had broken it. "I was appalled when Mr. Williams insisted that I play the part of Mrs. Winthrop in 'The Young Mrs. Winthrop.' I had already played the part of Mrs. Dick Chetwynd with great reclame, but I was dreadfully

afraid of an emotional role. But Mr. Williams said I'd have to begin some time."

Florence Reed's successes on Broadway followed. These successes of which I showed myself so inexcusably ignorant were triumphs in emotional roles, so it may be inferred that Florence Reed not only began but kept on going.

That she has been very successful even one unacquainted with her Broadway starship might infer from hints dropped in her conversation. For Florence Reed has reaped the material fruits of success. There is a home in New York where the silver had to be put away carefully and reluctantly before she came West. And there is a summer place on a lake in Maine with the most wonderful living room and two motor boats and no bathing suits, except when guests are present.

"We simply strip and jump in as-is," is the way Florence Reed describes what happens when there are no guests. "And we don't use towels. We come out and stand around until the sun dries us. It's heavenly."

A statement which of course I was not prepared to dispute.

"I love this city," said Florence Reed, coming back from her dip in the Maine lake. "Such shops as you have here! They're the most fascinating I ever saw in my life. I cannot resist them. I saw the cutest bridal kimono today, and just had to go in and buy it, though I had a bridal kimono already."

I didn't ask Florence Reed what a bridal kimono was. I had displayed ignorance enough already. Instead I stood up, was smilingly good-bied and my-deared, and went my way.

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## Perspective Impressions

A Stanford pundit says a certain pearl is three million years old. How does he tell? By looking at its teeth?

Because Lent is over is no reason for smashing to bits the good resolutions you fractured during the penitential season.

The people of Nebraska who coldshouldered Bryan to embrace Henry Ford are steadfast in their prepossessions.

We meet a lot of men every day who, on their own admission, ought to be handling our troops in Mexico.

We learn from The Examiner that the opera season in Atlanta is a matter of tremendous importance, Mr. and Mrs. Hearst being among those present.

Those who favor Henry Ford for President must think the Ship of State is a flivver.

We are willing to join an association for Improving the Breed of Congressmen.

What has become of the child who believed that rabbits laid Easter eggs?

A Chicago judge says it was not Shakespeare but Bacon. This Dogberry may be a good judge of a flitch, but does he ever read anything?

Miss Ellen French Aldrich of Santelle who was elected Mayor of that city and declined the office because it is "too high and too dignified" to allow her to "mingle with the people," is obviously unfamiliar with the career of a famous "good mixer" in San Francisco.

Perhaps it will be all right if Villa will agree to salute the flag.

It would be a shame to put Henry Ford wise while there is room on his leg for one more.

When Representative Mann distinguished himself by making the President's note to Berlin a pretext for a vicious partisan attack on Mr. Wilson we were reminded that this degenerate Republican was the author of a law to promote blackmail.

The people of Peru, who have taken offense at Secretary McAdoo for refusing to land at Lima with the International High Commission when he heard there was a little bubonic plague in port, should have it explained to them that the Secretary is too proud to take a chance.

## Russian Generalship

What It Is Accomplishing for the Allies in the Far East Where the Grand Duke Is Displaying His Military Genius

By ROBERT McTAVISH

As attention is concentrated on the western front these days we have not been hearing much of doings in the East where the Russians have been playing havoc with the Turks. Indeed we have never had much news of the armies in the East, though they have been making important history, chiefly because of the activities of the Russians who have been taking pressure off the English in the Baghdad campaign. Under command of the Grand Duke, who appears to be the military genius of the war, the Russians have been doing big things, as they have struck several vigorous blows in a region where Turkish nerves have ever been sensitive—in Armenia from Erzerum to Trebizond and also in Caucasia and in Persia where they have taken Ispahan. To the Russians is attributed the halt of the Teutonic offensive in the Balkans, which was brought about by their advance in Galicia and the operations in Bukowina which carried them to the commanding position near Czernowitz. By their battles in this territory they purchased immunity for Salonika. On the northern section of the Russian front, where the Germans were expected to start their spring campaign, the Russians kept the enemy on the alert, and while not initiating any great campaign, they seized points of vantage for a renewed advance. Here, as everywhere, the operations have been stamped by a certain daring imagination which is foreign to the western front. The exploit of penetrating into the enemy's trenches and connecting up some thirty or forty mines and exploding them against those who contrived them, is worthy of a wider commemoration than it has received. The dramatic story of the fall of Erzerum is being gradually told to the world. At first the Turks, with a touch of real imagination, reported that "nothing of importance" had happened in this area, and it was not until the first fortress had been in the hands of Russia for almost a week

that they remembered Erzerum, and announced that they had withdrawn, "for military reasons" but "without suffering loss," from this "open town." The picture would have been more convincing if the Turks had not earlier described the "open town" as an "impregnable fortress," and if it were not common knowledge that in this region gather a host of fears for Anatolia, fears that issued in the horrors of the Armenia massacre. Erzerum is the centre on which converge the routes connecting Asia Minor with Persia, and the supply of the Turkish forces in Mesopotamia became at once complicated by the laying open of the route to Trebizond. In the background, however remote, lies Constantinople. And the Turkish capital discerns a real menace in the advance of an enemy westward towards Sivas.

Divest Erzerum of all the glamor which correspondents have cast about it and we must still see it was the only fortified camp in Northern Asia Minor, and that the campaign which laid it low was a very able one. Indeed, the manner of the campaign was even more important than its early end. The Turks were outmanoeuvred from the beginning, and it is probably true that they paid more attention to extricating their force from the threat of immediate capture than to holding the place against so vigorous an attack. Once the Turkish centre was driven in, the problem arose of how best to avoid the disaster of Sarikamish. One line of retreat was towards Trebizond; another towards Sivas and the heart of Anatolia; a third of much inferior value lay through Bitlis and over the Taurus range towards Mosul. The outer line of forts was undoubtedly defended, and they fell to the heroic assault of the Russian troops. But the defence could have had little heart to hold out so far from the nearest rail-head with the knowledge that the Russians were at Khyns, threatening

to cut the southern line of retreat. It was to this disposal of his flanks that the Grand Duke owed his success, since they threatened to envelop the garrison. And that these fears were not ungrounded the movements of the Russians since the capture of Erzerum clearly show. Mush, some 150 miles from Erzerum, soon fell and the Russians thereby interposed a wedge between the Turks to the north and to the south. Two weeks ago the Russians took Trebizond.

Whatever the final results of the capture of Erzerum it will rank with the great achievements of this war. The whole campaign kept the hands of the Turks so full that they had no time for the invasion of Egypt. The English are acknowledging this with expressions of deep gratitude, and the probability is they will also have to thank the Russians for saving them from disaster in dear old Mesopotamia, the reputed cradle of the race and the land of golden visions. The British were having great success in their campaign north of the Persian Gulf. It was after they left Basra, the home of Sinbad the sailor, that they experienced serious opposition. At Kurna, the site of the Garden of Eden, according to Arab tradition, the fleeing Turks made a stand, but they were whipped, and the English went on to Kut-el-Amara. Here they have been waiting for reinforcements, and they are in a pretty bad situation which may be eased, however, by the Russians. The Allies are depending a great deal on the Russians and they are beginning to think that Russian generalship is better than all other brands, which is probably the reason of the shipment of troops to France. Indeed there are English critics who say that with one or two exceptions in the French commands, the generalship which has arisen above competence has mostly been exemplified by Russia. She has done the adventurous things which

(Continued on Page 17)

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# The Vice of the Vigilant

By G. K. Chesterton

A hurried and slightly confused journalist once rendered a rustic couplet in the form

"A sunset in the morning  
Is the shepherd's warning."

This is what is called a powerful understatement. There is something very impressive in the pre-historic calm of the patriarchal shepherd who, after watching for some time the day beginning at the wrong end, should slowly form the opinion that further developments might be expected. Yet there is a parallel to this portent common in Fleet Street today. A sunset making its appearance instead of the day-break is hardly more ominous than the fact that an evening paper comes 'out in the morning. For it really marks a certain fever of previousness which is a poison in human society, like the desire to have strawberries in March. It is a godless and despairing people that cry in the morning, Would God it were evening. Cadbury is an evil magician when he brings forth the evening Star at noon. Our enterprising editors are so anxious to be in advance of the age, that they try to be in advance of the day; and have a cold unnatural activity, like that of the lean cats that prowl about the streets before the coming of the milk. I know nothing more symbolically wicked than the wakefulness of some of the very wealthy. They say it is hygiene; it is more charitable to think it is remorse. The early bird catches the worm—the worm that dieth not.

This spirit which cannot wait for an evening paper till the evening is perhaps at this moment the only thing that can really weaken our national will to war. Journalism is not only a trade, but a temper. For a business like ours, it is a very bad temper. About unimportant things we may be excited to the point of frenzy; but about important things we must be calm with the appearance of carelessness. We must school ourselves to fight as patiently as peasants do; peasants who see the day in relation to the year: and whose prayer at day-break is not invariably "Give us this day our Daily Mail." I have had a very jolly time as a journalist, and never ask to be anything better. I cannot help feeling for Fleet Street something of what university men feel for their old college. But I cannot help thinking it would be rather a good thing if there were no daily journalism during the war, but strictly official facts issued every day or two. There is nothing more illogical than the phrase we hear every morning: "Is there any news today?" The art of war, like any other art, is not divided into days, but into operations; and the dull parts of every drama ought to be behind the curtain. We do not want the drunken workingman or any red-nosed comedian to do a dance in front of it. For indeed we are not in the theatre: we are all in church.

An instance of this restlessness which I regret is to be found in the talk of holding meetings to urge retaliation for Zeppelin raids. It seems to be involved in the resolution of some ethical difficulty. The matter of reprisals seems to puzzle modern people who have outlived their creeds, or in other words forgotten their assumptions. They are subject to booms of brutality and slumps of sentimentality. I should have no difficulty in stating where my own moral sense, as at present enlightened, placed me in the matter! It is concerned with whether the question is one of contract or

of conscience. If our abstention from a certain thing arises from our agreement with someone else to abstain from it, we are perfectly free to break the agreement if he does. If our abstention arises from deeper things, I cannot see how his conduct can possibly affect it. Breach of contract by the other party may, for example, leave us free to employ particular mortal weapons; but surely not free to employ particular mortal sins. For instance, at the outbreak of war, there were many young English girls in Germany and young German girls in England, in some cases even exchanged individually for purposes of education. It is quite conceivable that there might be an agreement about some alternative to internment on both sides. It is certainly also quite conceivable that the Germans would break the agreement on their side. In that case, we should be quite justified in falling back on any ordinary course so long as it was a decent one. But we should not be justified in corrupting or compassing the moral ruin of any of the girls because similar incidents had happened in Germany. The maniacal idea that man owes everything to the State, and nothing to the family, to the species or to the Creator, was, I believe, preached by Treitschke. The sight is ludicrous, but a little loathly: a professor worshipping a policeman.

A good working model of the distinction can be found in the case of the formal infringement of Greek neutrality, at which the destroyers of Belgian neutrality are exerting themselves, with some fatigue, to be shocked. If a violation of neutrality is, as the German Chancellor suggested, merely a technical wrong, then the violation of Greece is not a wrong at all. The technical agreement is gone. The new precedent is established. The rules of the game are altered—if they are only rules of a game. The principle I have suggested above might well be cast in another form, by saying that we are justified in breaking the letter if it is already broken; but never justified in breaking the spirit. And if the substance and spirit of our intervention in Greece bore even the remotest or most fantastic resemblance to the interference with Belgium, then it would not be justified though the Belgian crime were a hundred times blacker than it was; if hell can ever be more hellish than itself. But two wrongs do make a right—if they are really only technical wrongs. If we really did what the Germans did, we should be every bit as wrong as the Germans. If we not only broke our personal promise, but murdered the Greeks for not breaking their personal promise; if we not only used a reluctant people as a road, but did so because it was the easiest road and not even the only road; if we forced the Greek people, not only to give aid to an alien adventure, but to endure a grinding domestic tyranny; if we annexed Greece, first practically and then formally; if we bore down by brute force not only the will of the Greek Government, but the will of the whole Greek people; if we butchered and tortured Greek families for wearing the Greek colors or crying "God save King Constantine;" if we kidnapped all the principal people in Athens and announced, in the exact words of an ordinary brigand, that we would cut all their throats if other people did not do whatever we wanted; if we indulged our mystical fancy by crucifying babies in the form of a Greek cross and defiling the Sacrament

in the Greek churches; if we put the finishing touches by imprisoning the Greek Patriarch and entirely destroying the Parthenon—if we did all this, why then we should be quite as bad as our present moral monitors are. And I, for one, should not admit for one instant that we were morally justified in doing it, though we did it three thousand times.

But in any case, an amateur outcry for particular reprisals is absurd. If Germans are to be punished they must first be defeated; and they can only be defeated as a whole upon a large plan, which is merely interrupted by particular retorts in kind. Strange as it may seem, it does not strengthen the hands of Sir John French to tell him that whenever a Uhlan sticks his spear through a Belgian, he must at all costs detach a Lancer to stick his spear through a German. If the German guns have damaged the towers of Rheims, it does not immediately become the main British objective at all costs to disfigure the spire of Cologne. If a shell alights on a British hospital, our gunners will with difficulty be persuaded to turn their guns round so as to hit the German hospital instead of the German army. If our watering-places are set on fire by German Zeppelins, we shall still, in our old-fashioned way, shoot back at the German Zeppelins and not at the German watering-places.

But there is another and yet stronger objection to these random encouragements to revenge. They signal a bull's-eye to the German sharpshooter. They give him the idea that his shot has gone home. Now that is exactly where his shot has never gone: though even if it had, it would be silly to tell him so. The home of the ordinary Englishman (his daily and domestic sense of security, his familiar habits and family jokes) these are literally and exactly what they would be if there had never been any war at all. Many good people find a patriotic motto in "Lest We Forget;" but it remains true of the English case, at least, that our longest roll of glory might be a list of the outrages we have already forgotten. Dr. Dearmer, with whom our sympathy, already so deep, has just been tragically deepened, once said in his picturesque way in *The Commonwealth*, that all the dangers of Individualism were in the phrase that an Englishman's house is his castle. It is only fair to add that the dangers of what some Fabians call Socialism are rather in the sayings that an Englishman's house is his dungeon—"to be inspected at least once a day." But as yet the Englishman's house is his house, and neither a castle nor a dungeon: its doors stand open for himself to go out and for his neighbors to come in. And they are as symbolic as that Roman gate; for as long as they stand open England is herself and not afraid.

The kind of courage most wanted in this island is that shown by an old gentleman in a half-ruined house the other day—the courage to go to bed.

In Salisbury Cathedral I have seen the tomb of a knight; whose figure, as is common, is carved with a little dog at his feet: only, as is less common, the little dog is alert, with lifted head and ears, with an expression that is impatient, not to say impudent. But the soldier sleeps in all his armor; and waits for the trumpet.



# Poems About San Franciscans

XXIII—CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

By George Sterling

(Readers of the poems in this series will readily recall Joaquin Miller's "Say, Charlie." Like Miller, George Sterling was a friend of the author of "South Sea Idylls." This tribute is from "The House of Orchids.")

O Muse! within thy western hall,  
To mellow chord and crystal string,  
At many harps thy chosen sing:  
His was the gentlest soul of all.

He sang not as the leaping faun  
By voiceless rivers cool and clear,  
Nor yet as chants the visioned seer  
When darkness trembles with the dawn.

A milder music held his lyre—  
A wistful strain, all human-sweet,  
Between the ashes at our feet  
And stars that pass in alien fire.

His skies were somber, but he lit  
His garden with a lamp of gold  
Where tropic laughter left untold  
The sadness buried in his wit.

Lonely, he harbored to the last  
A boyish spirit, large and droll;  
Tardy of flesh and swift of soul,  
He walked with angels of the Past.

With tears his laurels still are wet;  
But now we smile, whose hearts have known  
The fault that harmed himself alone,—  
The art that left a world in debt.

Of all he said, I best recall:  
"He knows the sky who knows the sod,  
And he who loves a flower, loves God."  
Sky, flower and sod, he loved them all.

From all he wrote (not for his day),  
A sense of marvel drifts to me—  
Of morning on a purple sea,  
And fragrant islands far away.

## The Spectator

### Matt's Astonishment

The other day Sidney V. Smith filed a brief as amicus curiae in support of a petition for a rehearing in the case of James B. Smith and his co-defendants of the Western Fuel Company, who were convicted of a conspiracy by which the Government is said to have been defrauded. The two Smiths are in nowise related, but Sidney V. Smith was once a co-defendant of James B. Smith. As there was not a scintilla of evidence connecting Sidney V. Smith even remotely with the state of affairs in which the indictment was grounded he was speedily exonerated, but nevertheless when Mr. Smith filed his brief Matt I. Sullivan, the special prosecutor, who was disappointed of the fee he expected to earn for sending Sidney V. Smith to the penitentiary, expressed astonishment that a man who was once a defendant in the case should now appear in the role of a friend of the court. What was the reason for the astonishment of the former chief-justice-for-a-day-by-appointment? Was he indeed astonished? Or was he merely playing the venomous shyster? I ask the question in all seriousness after having given the matter as close study as I am capable of. Why, I asked myself, should not Sidney V. Smith address the court as a friend thereof? I have never heard of his being disbarred. Surely the fact that he was unjustly indicted is not to his discredit. But it would be very much to the discredit of any attorney to attempt to embarrass Mr. Smith in open court by merely asking him if he had ever been indicted. Respectable attorneys would pronounce such a question the subterfuge of a mean, contemptible shyster.

### Luminous Self-Revelation

There is a point to Mr. Sullivan's facile

astonishment which, were I to be permitted to act as amicus curiae, I should not fail to call to the attention of the court. The point is this,—that it makes more or less clear to us the sort of individual who handled the prosecution of the Western Fuel case for the Government. This is the man who had full charge of the case before the court and before the jury. This is a matter, it seems to me, that might well be taken into consideration by the judges who have been asked to give the defendants a new trial. According to their idea of a fair trial it is as important that the prosecutor should be fair and just as that the judge should be impartial; and certainly it is not a far-fetched inference that a lawyer capable of taking an unjustifiable fling at an amicus curiae is not the sort of man to guard against expedients by which an improper verdict might be procured.

### Incredible Theories

I don't believe anybody can read the two briefs that have been filed in this case of James B. Smith without astonishment. First we have Peter F. Dunne's brief showing that the evidence on which the verdict was found bears no relation at all to the charge specifically and minutely described in the indictment. Now comes Sidney V. Smith who tells us that he is "moved by a deep conviction that an irreparable wrong is about to be worked" and who makes it clear enough to me that a very great wrong has already been done. This case has been treated in the public prints as though it were a case involving colossal frauds, yet the fact is that the frauds charged though covering a period of years when the total amount of coal handled was valued at considerably over one million dollars, aggregated only ten thousand dollars. And the court is asked to believe

that the manager of a large business corporation conspired with a tally clerk on a wharf to make these frauds possible. A curious thing about the case is this, that the theory of the prosecution leads to the conclusion that while the Government was being defrauded of a paltry sum of money the Pacific Mail Company was

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defrauded of \$300,000. Now the Mail Company has never complained, nor has it ever quit doing business with the Fuel Company, the reason being that it knew there was nothing in the charges. So I say one cannot read these matters without astonishment.

### Singular Misunderstanding

The whole case against Smith rests on the fact that there were discrepancies between the weights of incoming and outgoing coal. Yet the court found that these discrepancies indicated nothing, were in accordance with the experience of every importer of coal to this port and were less in percentage than similar differences experienced by the other importers. There are many circumstances to account for the discrepancies. But singularly enough there is nothing in the record to show that Smith's attention was ever called to the matter, though he is charged with conspiracy. Further it appears that nobody ever paid any attention to the discrepancies, the causes being generally understood; and further no attempt was ever made to conceal the discrepancies. The daily record showing the discrepancies was kept by a tally clerk, and it was open to anybody who cared to see it. No attempt was made to conceal it from the Government or from private customers. But of all the singular things in the case none is more singular than the misconception of the Appellate Court. Peter Dunne has pointed out how the judge missed the whole point of the case which lies between the facts charged in the indictment and the facts relied on in the testimony. Now Sidney V. Smith points out another misconception. He quotes: "It was and is practically conceded that the tonnage discharged from these barges exceeded the ascertained weight of the coal laden upon them by approximately five per cent." As a matter of fact no such concession was ever made. Moreover, no such concession could have been made for the very good reason that "the weight of the coal laden on the barges never was ascertained." The five per cent had reference to the excess of weights returned by the Government weighers over the figure recorded by the tally clerk, and there is nothing in the whole case to show that his figures taken on the barges were correct. Nobody knew just how much was laden on the barges and there was no necessity for any accurate knowledge on the subject. The figures given out were never regarded as anything but approximations. So on the whole it appears that the court that sustained the verdict had a very loose conception of the whole matter.

### The Clockwinder Talks of Hearst

"There you are," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, as he filled his pipe in the pendulum room and sat down in his swivel chair. "There you are," and he threw me a copy of The Examiner of Monday morning. "Now

you can see how badly off Wasteful Willie is for an editorial writer who's wise enough to keep from getting in wrong."

"What has The Examiner been doing now?" I asked.

"It isn't The Examiner this time. It's Willie himself. There's one of his bunk letters to the general manager, a case of Willie writing to himself, telling himself what Japan thinks of us and what she knows about us. Japan thinks we are a lot of cowards, he says. And why do you suppose she thinks that?"

"Because we have been acting like cowards, I suppose. Hearst is right about that."

"Yes, but consider Hearst's reason. It's because England made us open up the canal to English vessels. Nothing about Germany murdering Americans on the high seas. If there is a reason for thinking we are cowards, that's the reason. The Kaiser has been making monkeys out of us and grinning at us through a horse-collar, but Hearst doesn't say so. Do you know why?"

"No, do you?"

"Well, I'm a pretty good guesser. Judas got thirty pieces of silver for betraying our Lord. What Hearst is getting for betraying his country I don't know. But I always did think that Judas was a piker. That's under your vest because I'm looking for a job; not for the money that's in it, mind you, only to protect a native son who needs a guardian. I feel sorry for him. The Prussian is driving a hard bargain."

"Do you really think so?" I asked.

The clockwinder looked around as though he expected to see a spy. "What they're doing to Hearst," he said, "is a Prussian atrocity."

### A Case of Brainstorms

The clockwinder puffed his pipe with a far-away look in his mild blue eyes. Presently he resumed. "This editorial is the rawest stuff I ever read. 'Japan knows,' says Hearst, 'that our guns and ammunition are being sent abroad when they should be retained at home for our protection.' Can you beat it? A few months ago his kick was that we were weakening the white race. Not a word about the Turks. And now he's worrying about our guns not because the Allies are shooting the Germans oh, not at all; it's because we need them for the Japs. Hearst is losing his grip. Broadway and Gary dinners are giving him brainstorms. He's so mushy that even the newsies laugh when they read that rot. One of them told me he could see through it with a glass eye. Now I'll just turn over that paper and read what Maximilian Harden has to say. It's easy to see that Hearst wired his letter before the Harden article came in."

The clockwinder took up the paper, turned over to the first page and read.

### The Clockwinder Supposes

This is what the clockwinder quoted from

the first page of The Examiner after quoting Hearst on the back page:

"I only ask would Germany have allowed during the Manchurian war Japanese agents to work in Prussian Poland and by agitations and endangering munition factories, frightened Germany into enmity against Russia."

"Here," said the clockwinder, "is a German editor protesting against what Hearst, an American editor, has never dared to protest against."

"What do you think he's afraid of?" I asked.

"Breaking the contract, I suppose."

"But how do you account for his publishing anti-German stuff, like Harden's?"

"Easy enough. He has reserved the right to publish stuff that's available to his contemporaries. It would be too raw not to do that, and besides it's a pretty good blind. But listen to Harden: 'I demand that Germany shall without reserve protect the life and property of American citizens at sea.' Hearst has been demanding all along that Americans be kept off the seas, and he has been affecting the belief that Americans have been going to sea just to joyride on ships. The fact is that most of them are attending strictly to business, and that some of them would suffer irreparable loss if they didn't go to sea. Of course many of them have suffered irreparable loss anyway, but with no sympathy for them or their families from Hearst."

By this time I was amazed at the clock-

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winder, and I remarked to him that his sentiments seemed anything but friendly to Hearst.

"You must be about as dull as he is," the clockwinder observed. "My talk with you," he said, "is a talk between friends. I want to have Hearst's folly thoroughly appreciated so that there shall be a waking up before the catastrophe comes. If he doesn't get the right kind of editorial writer to keep his readers from getting next he'll lose something more than subscribers. Suppose the Japs should take his tip tomorrow, and get busy. Of course if we get into war he'll switch to beat the band, but there's a lot of folks keeping scrapbooks."

#### Off the Wagon

"But let's talk of something pleasanter," continued my ferry tower friend. "I'm off the water wagon."

"Did you stick on all through Lent?" I inquired.

"As close and fast as a hoop on a barrel," answered the clockwinder. "Never once dropped my whip, or got down to look at the axle. I'm proud of myself. Compared to me during Lent Death Valley is a subriguous oasis."

"A what?" I demanded.

"A subriguous oasis," answered the clockwinder, grinning. "Good word, isn't it? And not copyrighted. You may use it. Yes sir, I was arid territory from Ash Wednesday to Easter Sunday. I enforced local option on yours truly. I did it for my sins, and it did not hurt my health. Now I'm reaping the reward of goodness. I enjoy my glass of beer at lunch and my glass of claret at dinner all the more for going without them a little while. Since Easter Sunday my interest in sweets has been decreasing."

"Your interest in sweets?" I queried.

"Sure," said the clockwinder. "The system asks for a certain amount of alcohol. If the system don't get it in wine or beer or whiskey, it must get it some other way. You notice that the soldiers in Mexico want candy. That's because they've been cut off from good booze and are not allowed to touch the deadly 'white-eye' of Mexico. During Lent I took quite an interest in chocolate eclairs and pie and the delicious torten named after my friend Al Herbert. Since I've gone back to the glass of beer at lunch and the glass of claret at dinner I'm

not so keen for the pastry. Incidentally, I'm no stronger for prohibition than I ever was."

#### The Popular Penance

"Did you have much trouble keeping on the wagon?" I asked.

"Practically none at all," answered the clockwinder. "The only drink I really missed was the glass of claret at the family dinner table. The occasional glass of sociability I found it easy to do without. You know why?"

"Why?" I obediently cut in.

"Because so many of my pals were on the wagon too. Don't let anybody tell you that Lent is not observed. Willis Polk tells me that in the clubs the bar revenue fell off this Lent more than ever before. And I notice that a bar keeper has a lot of respect for the fellow who swears off in Lent. Bar keepers are pretty fine fellows, take 'em by and large, and as a class they are strong for temperance. That's natural. The intemperate man is the worst pest they have to deal with. He overworks them, spoils their temper and bores them to death. Did you notice, by the way, what a lot of saloons closed for three hours on Good Friday? That must have made the Prohibitionists sore. Believe me, some of our saloonkeepers put some of our merchants to shame on Good Friday by closing up. Some of the merchants didn't want to miss the sales, and some of them were like Judge Hunt and Judge Sturtivant, the only judges of the Superior Court who called their calendars on Good Friday—they wanted to be different. I suppose a lot of Prohibitionists would be surprised to know how many saloonkeepers and bar tenders went to church on Good Friday instead of dispensing drinks. But the Pros wouldn't believe me if I told them how many, and they couldn't see for themselves because they don't go to the churches that keep Good Friday holy. For some reason or other the Pros don't like Good Friday any more than Mayor Davie of Oakland does."

"Doesn't he like it?" I asked.

"Ask any commuter from Oakland," was the clockwinder's cryptic reply.

#### Where Mistakes May Be Expected

The United States District Attorney's office is coming to be regarded as an office where a

certain amount of blundering may be expected from time to time. This situation has developed since the Democratic incumbent and his staff of assistants took possession. Somebody in the office blundered in drawing an indictment against Baron von Brincken and others. The defective indictment had to be thrown out and a new one prepared, because it did not state a cause of action. The other day Judge Morrow found that a complaint drawn in that office transferred the town of Sisson from its site in Siskiyou county to Shasta county. This was another awkward blunder. And only a few days ago a citizen who had failed to make return of his income tax statement and against whom that office was seeking to levy the penalty, showed that the citation sent him was a citation intended for somebody else.

#### He Rented the Sandlot

Charles Montgomery, the friend of the ex-convict has passed away, and another link with the past has been snapped. Perhaps there are not many people who associate Montgomery with the celebrated Sandlot. The Sandlot, for most of us, means Dennis Kearney exclusively. But the Sandlot was not devoted entirely to labor and agrarian agitation. The arena where the City Hall afterwards arose sometimes received more peaceful exhorters. And this was owing to the religious zeal of Charles Montgomery. Montgomery used to rent the Sandlot by the month, paying, as I have heard it said, as much as one thousand dollars, and bringing evangelists from all over the world to speak there. He was an interesting character. His business was hotel-keeping, but he conceived that helping the ex-convicts was his vocation. In the olden days that are now almost mythical, he kept the American Exchange Hotel on Sansome street. It was the resort of pioneers who became famous. Later he kept the Brooklyn Hotel on Bush street just above Sansome. That was another of our famous hostelrys. Later he had the Montgomery Hotel on Second street. Since the fire of 1906 he has conducted a second Brooklyn on First street. For fifty years Montgomery was actively interested in a mission for ex-convicts on Silver street. There were religious services there every Sunday night, followed by coffee and sandwiches. No wine bum was so sodden and no unfortunate

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woman so degraded that they were unwelcome at these feeds. And let it be said to Charles Montgomery's credit—the coffee was good coffee properly brewed. Montgomery created a sensation when he volunteered to serve Abe Ruef's time in San Quentin. A little later he became embroiled in a controversy with Governor Johnson, and claimed that the gates of San Quentin had been barred against him. He was a man who served God and helped his fellow man according to his lights, and they were no dim lights. If a penniless ex-convict was ever refused bed and board at his hotel, I never heard of the incident. Ex-convicts are not always the most grateful men in the world, but they were strong for Charles Montgomery. Where his coffin rested in the undertaking parlors there were wild flowers gathered on the hills of San Francisco by hands unused to that gentle labor. And many an ex-convict and many a paroled man called to look his last upon the face of an old friend.

#### Two Poetical Tributes

Curiously enough, the two finest tributes paid to Shakespeare by admirers hereabouts were not written for any of the local celebrations. I refer to the poems written by George Sterling and Professor Charles Mills Gayley of the University of California. Sterling's poem was written for the Boston celebration of the tercentenary. Gayley's was written for inclusion in "The World's Tribute to Shakespeare," a volume published in London under the joint editorship of Lord Bryce, Lord Plymouth and Dr. Israel Gollancz, the editor of the great little Temple Shakespeare. Is it possible that these two men are more highly appreciated abroad than they are among their neighbors? Sterling has a steadily growing reputation in England, and his fame is solidly buttressed in New England. Professor Gayley's scholarly books on the Elizabethans are more justly estimated by the erudite of England and the East than by our own careless cognoscenti. Some day, perhaps, we shall catch up in the adequate appreciation of our own. There has been a good deal of improvement in this respect, and it is bound to continue. Our love of the finer things is an active principle and seems to show healthy growth.

#### Jacobs at Santa Cruz

The Santa Cruz Chamber of Commerce, desirous of infusing renewed vigor into the summer life of the beach town, cast about for the proper man to impress its attractiveness upon the people of the coast, and found him in William J. Jacobs, the well known newspaperman. So Jacobs has been lured away from The Chronicle where it will be hard to fill his place, and is now engaged in boosting for Santa Cruz. As Jacobs has a host of friends up and down the coast from Seattle to San Diego, and as he is a newspaperman of the rustling variety, and as he has a head full of good ideas, there is no doubt that Santa Cruz will be pleasantly surprised by the results of his work. The beautiful Casa del Rey will be thrown open to guests on June 17, and Jacobs is just now engaged in so laying his wires that that date will be a red letter one in the calendar of Santa Cruz. Jacobs' acceptance of the new position was made the occasion for a "Bill Jacobs Night" at the Newspapermen's Club, and it was the greatest night so far in the brief history of that thriving new institution. Jacobs' popularity with the confraternity of the pad and pencil may be judged from the fact that all the men of all the papers with the exception of a few who were "stuck for the late watch"

were on hand to drink his health and wish him luck in his work.

#### American Immortals

Congress was enlivened the other day with a literary debate. The subject under discussion was the incorporation of an American Academy of Arts and Letters. This bill was roundly abused on the ground that it would confer immortality on a number of American writers, painters, sculptors and others. Its most vociferous enemy was Congressman Dies of Texas. Quoth Dies:

"Honest injun now—you are about to put your provincial hands to the stamping of fifty immortals, when there are not fifty men in the House who have ever read a book or seen a painting written or painted by any one of these persons, except it was written by Mr. Roosevelt about that bewhiskered bird that cracks nuts in the middle of the night. And some of us have read The New Freedom."

Dies is Democratic and democratic, as may be inferred from this:

"Of course the thing would not be entirely what the toadies want it to be, unless we can

get a scorbatic duke or ramrodded count from across the way, and when they bring the afore-said Frenchman or Italian, or whoever they bring to give added respect to the nobility here, they set in to make classes. I can see now Class No. 1, with Prince So-and-So, or Baron Astor, or Sir Hiram Maxim.

"I have been a great reader of books in my time, but I confess I have never read anything that has been written by any of this aggregation except the President and the ex-President. . . . Now with all due respect to Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson, it takes the very best that is in any man to read anything that either of them ever wrote. Their works are tremendously profound, punctuated with erudition. A man has got to drink coffee every fifteen minutes if he sits up at night to read them, I will tell you that. Moreover they are both young men, in their prime. They are seeing things differently now than they saw them when they were writing those books. I am afraid we ought to hesitate in writing them down as immortals, for they may retract the balance of what they have said before this bill finally passes."



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# Among Our Artists

Edited by Edward F. O'Day

## Clive Bell's Book

"Have you read Clive Bell's book on art?" Francis McComas asked me the last time I saw him.

I had not read it, but the query had been addressed to me so often that I decided it was time to do so. All the artists and art lovers seems to have been reading Clive Bell's book. All of them have an opinion about it. Sometimes it is a favorable opinion, sometimes just the opposite. It is never a lukewarm opinion. You must either agree with Clive Bell or fight with him. He does not speak to the indifferent, and you can't take an intelligent interest in his theories and remain neutral. I discovered this on reading the book which Hill Tolerton kindly ordered for me, the copies he had had on his shelves having been snapped up before I got around. Clive Bell's "Art" is a most stimulating book. He's a rather saucy writer, with a smart slap handy all the time for the old-fashioned and the pretentious. If you don't read him with your brain "on the job" you might as well refrain from reading him at all.

## A Theory of Art

Let me quote a little from the beginning of Clive Bell's book so that you may have a taste of his theory of esthetics:

"The starting-point for all systems of esthetics must be the personal experience of a peculiar emotion. The objects that provoke this emotion we call works of art. All sensitive people agree that there is a peculiar emotion provoked by works of art. I do not mean, of course, that all works provoke the same emotion. On the contrary, every work produces a different emotion. But all emotions are recognizably the same in kind; so far, at any rate, the best opinion is on my side. That there is a particular kind of emotion provoked by works of visual art, and that this emotion is provoked by every kind of visual art, by pictures, sculptures, buildings, pots, carving, textiles, etc., etc., is not disputed, I think, by anyone capable of feeling it. This emotion is called the esthetic emotion; and if we can discover some quality common and peculiar to all the objects that provoke it, we shall have solved what I take to be the central problem of esthetics. We shall have discovered the essential quality in a work of art, the quality that distinguishes works of art from all other classes of objects.

"For either all works of visual art have some common quality, or when we speak of 'works of art' we gibber. Everyone speaks of 'art,' making a mental classification by which he distinguishes the class 'works of art' from all other classes. What is the justification of this clas-

sification? What is the quality common and peculiar to all members of this class? Whatever it be, no doubt it is often found in company with other qualities; but they are adventitious—it is essential. There must be some one quality without which a work of art cannot exist; possessing which, in the least degree, no work is altogether worthless. What is this quality? What quality is shared by all objects that provoke our esthetic emotions? What quality is common to Sta. Sophia and the windows at Chartres, Mexican sculpture, a Persian bowl, Chinese carpets, Giotto's frescoes at Padua, and the masterpieces of Poussin, Piero della Francesca, and Cezanne? Only one answer seems possible—significant form. In each, lines and colours combined in a particular way, certain forms and relations of forms, stir our esthetic emotions. These relations and combinations of lines and colours, these esthetically moving forms, I call 'Significant Form,' and 'Significant Form' is the one quality common to all works of visual art."

## The New Criticism

Guido Bruno of the newest school of writing went to a New York exhibition of the newest school of painting. This is how it affected him:

"My chair is comfortable. But the walls! The rays from the skylight! Green. Red. Blue. Purple. Yellow. Green and Yellow. Orange. Black and Blue. And Red. Red. Red. Red. Green, yellow; green, yellow; green, yellow. A head on a terrible neck. A deformed hand sticking out of a mass of brown and black squares and circles. Feet without toes, arms with fungous growths and rheumatic knots, buildings and earth and wrecked bridges and wild rivers and clouds, frozen to shapeless heaps. . . . it rotates and rolls and turns and rotates and rises and falls, and writhes and writhes around and around and explodes and burns up and writhes again; hard labor, inspiration, imagination, illusion—delusion. . . . truth. . . . a big beautiful bubble."

As Turner once remarked: "Rummy thing, painting."

## The Great Sorolla

For the second time within seven years Sorolla is a New York sensation. Archer Huntington introduced the great Spanish painter to New York a few years ago, and very soon everybody was talking Sorolla and admiring him. Now there is a second Sorolla exhibition in New York, and the impression first made in 1909 has been deepened. Sorolla wears well. Sorolla is a painter of light and atmosphere. It is interesting to hear him explain his method:

"Have you considered why you have such artists as Sargent, Chase and the late Whistler? It is because the real founder of American art was that supreme impressionist master, Velasquez. The men I have named, like Constable and Turner, and Courbet before them, seize greatness by that same ecstatic swiftness of execution which was the secret of Velasquez's splendid triumphs of realism. As for myself, I can assure you this lyrical impetuosity came to me as naturally as breathing or the beatings of my heart, at the earliest dawn of my sympathy with nature.

"All inspired painters are impressionists, even though it be true that some impressionists are not inspired.

"If every painter wrought a miracle of illusion with brush and pigment that painter was Velasquez in his 'Las Meninas,' at the Prado in Madrid. Now, I have studied this picture with a lens, and what do I find? Why, that Velasquez got that marvellous atmospheric background by one broad sweep of his flowing brush, charged with thin color—so thin that you can feel the very texture of the canvas through it.

"Nature, the sun itself, produces color effects on this same principle, but instantaneously. The impression of these evanescent visions is what we make desperate attempts to catch and fix by any means at hand. At such moments I am unconscious of materials, of styles, of rules, of everything that intervenes between my perception and the object or idea perceived.

"No, mes amis, impressionism is not charlatanry, nor a formula, nor a school. I should say rather it is the bold resolve to throw all those things overboard."

This "fecund and racial genius," as he has been called, was born at Valencia of humble parents in 1863. His appearance in the art world, at the age of twenty-one, was signalized by a youthful impetuosity thoroughly characteristic of the man. He had determined to depict a bull-fight, but instead of painting from imagination or relying upon preconceptions of the dramatic, he grouped his models about the dusty bull-ring of Valencia, and steeped them in actual smoke in order to get the most natural effect possible. The picture was not in itself of exceptional quality, but it led to greater work. In 1884 Sorolla won in open competition the coveted Prize of Rome, and set up his studio in the Italian capital. It was at Paris, however, in the sincere and homely naturalism of Bastien-Lepage, that he found his first great artistic stimulus; and when he later returned to the familiar scenes of his native country he was equipped to do the real work of his life.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Mrs. Marye and the Czarina

Mrs. George T. Marye is back in this country after her husband's brief experience as American Ambassador in Russia. In Petrograd Mrs. Marye served as a nurse in the American Hospital. Upon arriving in New York Mrs. Marye told the ship news reporters about an audience she had with the Czarina at the imperial palace of Tsarkoe-Selo.

"The Czarina," said Mrs. Marye, "is the most beautiful woman I ever saw. She looks like a Madonna, and her features show her inner sorrow."

In this connection it is interesting to quote a remark of the Czar's concerning the monk Rasputin. This monk of the Greek Church has an extraordinary influence over the Czarina. His position at the imperial court is an anomalous one, for he has no official standing; and yet he is credited with enormous influence. The remark made by the Czar about Rasputin indicates that the Czar is not altogether in sympathy with the Czarina's "inner sorrow." In explanation of his tolerance of the monk Rasputin at court, the Czar said:

"Better Rasputin than hysterics every day."

This seems to indicate that the Czar thinks that if he sent Rasputin away from court the Czarina would make his life unbearable.

## A Disturbed Poetess

At the Town and Country Club on Union Square the other day a lady just back from Boston was telling an amusing story about Amy Lowell, the writer of vers libre. Amy is a sister of President Lowell of Harvard. She belongs to a Boston family whose exclusiveness has been expressed in this stanza:

I come from the city of Boston,  
The land of the bean and the cod,  
Where the Lowells speak only to Cabots,  
And the Cabots speak only to God.

Amy attended a college entertainment at Brookline and was bothered by the Harvard boys who infested the aisles during the performance. Finally she stopped one of them who was rushing past her seat, and said:

"Young man, do you know whom you are annoying? I am Amy Lowell, sister of your president, and I live in Brookline."

"But, madame," was the answer, "I didn't ask you for your address."

## The Kindness of Harding Davis

"I have always had a warm spot in my heart for the late Richard Harding Davis," said one of the daily newspaper bavardes the other day.

—When you feel a bit off and want a change of scene—of surrounding—of people:

—When the call of the open—of golf—of horseback riding—of fishing sounds loudly in your ears:

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"It was on account of an incident which happened while I was doing some special work for the New York Evening Sun. Davis got his start on the Sun, as you perhaps know. He was rich, and didn't need his salary, but that makes no difference to my story. There was a collection being taken up for the little daughter left by John P. Dunning of the Associated Press. I need not remind you of his unhappy end—you were here and know the Botkin case better than I do. Well, Richard Harding Davis was asked to contribute to the fund. He took a fat wallet from his pocket, pulled out a big roll of bills, stripped one off from the roll—and handed the roll to the collector, retaining only the single bill for himself. That was generosity, and it was sincere. And more than that, he contributed yearly to the little girl's education. A lot of people didn't like Davis, but I liked him ever after I saw that incident in the Sun office."

## Ice Skating and Dancing

Ice skating in San Francisco! At last it is here—the reigning vogue of the East, and a fashionable activity which promises to maintain its hold on the favor of the smart set for years to come. One authority holds that the discovery of the possibility of dancing on skates is responsible for the revival of ice skating in Europe immediately before the war, and in Paris, New York, Boston, etc., during the past season. Be that as it may, the fact is that skate-dancing reached some degree of standardization at St. Moritz in the season of 1913. Music was written in tempo to suit the long "edges" and swings of the continental school of skating. Beautiful mazurkas were contrived and the prettiest sort of waltz numbers built up. The Palais de Glace in Paris and the Admirals Palast in Berlin soon saw dancing on skates, and then the whole world began to take it up. New York went at it last winter. And now San Francisco.

## The Grand Opening

The grand opening of the Techau Tavern Ice Palace at Eddy and Jones streets next Monday night will mean ice skating in California for the first time—that is, where the public will do most of the skating and not professionals upon the proverbial "head of a barrel." The Techau arena is a magnificently large and beautifully arranged rink where two hundred couples may skate at once time. The San Francisco Amateur Hockey League will play all its matches there and so will the Caledonia Curling Association. When it is said that "Techau service" will prevail at the new rink there is a guarantee of perfect ministering to the wants of the Palace patrons. Competent teachers will show patrons how to skate and dance. This will be in the mornings largely. In the afternoons and evenings there will be public skating and wonderful exhibitions by the world's best professionals—Paul Wilson and Claire Cassell, the Paulsens, and Alfred and Sigrid Naess with Carol Young, Sly Wolf, Mae Raymond and Dorothy Strassman, all from the "Castles-in-the-Air Skating Palace," New York. Selwyn Joyce, a miracleman among stage directors, is going to put on the ice fetes and is now in charge. You can rent skates at the rink for a small fee, and you can have a light supper in the Cafe de Luxe where the loges and boxes are located. The music is to be fine, so Man-

ager A. C. Morrison assures us. Franz Adelman is coming back to Techau Tavern after fourteen years and it will be his orchestra to which we shall "skate-dance" at the Palace.

## The Proper Caper

The "proper caper," once the skating season is in swing, will be to dine at the Techau Tavern on Powell street where an elaborate table d'hote will be served every evening at 6:30 at \$2.50 a plate. This service is especially to accommodate the skating enthusiasts who will repair to the Ice Palace after dining in time for the opening of the skating exhibitions at 8:30 o'clock. On opening night the boxes in the Cafe de Luxe will be filled by San Francisco's first-nighters. There will be a spectacle "Alpine Nights" with marvelous dancing, figure and fancy skating, ensemble dancing, with a chance for everybody to skate before and after the show.

## The Smart Set to Be There

Among those who have reserved accommodations for the opening are: Mrs. Edward de Guigne, Mr. and Mrs. John Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. McNear, Thornwell Mullally, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse, Misses Morrison, Mrs. Frank J. Judge, Miss E. M. Chesebrough, Mr. and Mrs. Garret W. McEnerney, George Wingfield, Jesse W. Lilienthal, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. Fred Kohl, Mrs. A. B. Spreckels, Misses Newhall, Mrs. George Starr, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook, Mrs. John D. Barron, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark, Mrs. C. D. Breedon, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. John W. Boyd, Misses Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Doheny, Los Angeles, Carlton Wall, William H. Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick, I. W. Hellman Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older, Mrs. Andrew Welch Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Robert Roos, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. O'Connor and Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Kains.

## Mine Host Roy's Latest

That ingenious boniface Roy Carruthers evolved a brand-new idea the other day and promptly put it into shape. Mine Host Roy of the Palace conceived the idea of acting as guardian angel to the commuters who are now and then exiled overnight from their happy suburban firesides through the tragedy of missing the last boat or the last train. Roy's plan will keep these unfortunates from the temptation offered by an all-night poker game at the club and from other enticements of a big city. He has sent out cards which entitle the stranded suburbanite to special overnight rates at the Palace. With one of these cards in his hand the wanderer cut off from home may present himself at the Palace and get a room at a figure which is not disturbing. And he gets more than the room. He is supplied also with a kit which contains first-aid to the home-

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less, as follows: a pair of pajamas warranted to fit, a comb and brush, a toothbrush and tooth paste, and nifty little packages of talcum powder and perfume. Mine Host Roy is authority for the statement that the card will be honored even if it is the last street car which has been unavoidably missed.

#### St. Francis Events

The most colorful military social event since the visit of the Atlantic battleship fleet was the ball at the St. Francis Tuesday night. Society with its proverbial love of brass buttons, appeared in full strength. An additional touch of color was given to the regular martial ensemble by the presence of the California Grays. This event, the tea dance for the Canon Kip Mission on Monday, the preparations of various committees for coming events whose headquarters are in the St. Francis, and a succession of private dances and teas have produced in the big hotel this week a picture of animation unusual even around Union Square. I noticed many parties in the lounge the other day composed of smart matrons returning from the polo tournament, among the hostesses being Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Frederick Kohl and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, at a pretty dinner dance in the rose room last Saturday. James Woods had Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Young as guests of honor and entertained a congenial group composed of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. Alanson Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Daulton Mann, Miss Helen Hamilton, Wellington Gregg and Mead Hamilton. Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michaels entertained very delightfully, their guests being General and Mrs. Oscar Fitzalen Long, Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule, Miss Susan Mullally and Thornwell Mullally. Mr. R. C. Vitt will be host at a large luncheon party Saturday, entertaining about a hundred guests. It will be in the ball room, and following the luncheon there will be a tea dance.

#### A Golfing Jaunt

Roy Carruthers, manager of the Palace, was in Los Angeles on business, and motored back to this city in company with Stanley Anderson, owner of the Beverly Hills Hotel, and Edward M. O'Brien, the well known merchant of Portland. The trip was made by the coast route, and Carruthers reports the roads in splendid shape. It was a golfing jaunt, for all three men are devotees of the game, and stopped to play on the links of Santa Barbara, Paso Robles and Del Monte. O'Brien wagered a dollar a hole with his two companions on the Santa Barbara and Paso Robles links, and though he won most of the dollars it always seemed to be with difficulty. However, his real form was displayed at Del Monte in a foursome with Anderson, Carruthers and Carl Stanley, the manager of Del Monte. The stakes were larger, and O'Brien played like a champion. Then his companions realized that he had been "nursing them along."

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#### A "Literary Afternoon"

There was given recently at the Emerson studios "An Afternoon of Literary California," under the direction of Ella Sterling Mighels. Between seventy and eighty men, women and children were present, and full of enthusiasm over the literary treasures presented to them. One lady remarked at the close: "Well, I am ashamed of myself, to think of those children reciting verses from our own writers that I never heard of." Mrs. Mighels began by asking someone to make a motion to the effect that all those present consider themselves a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to California Poets." This was done by Nathan Newmark and seconded by Zoeth S. Eldridge. It passed unanimously. That poets needed help, and that we ought to help them was the argument of Mrs. Mighels. When asked how this could best be done, she replied briefly: "By buying their books." She told of her four years in London, and how surprised the critics were over there at the English that came from our shores, and also how they praised our writers and poets and bought their productions and helped to make them famous. She said the time had now come for us at home to know our poets and writers. Then followed readings by members of the California Literature Society. Richard Edward White read his sonnet "San Francisco." Dr. Taylor read his sonnet "To the Ox." Zoeth S. Eldridge read an extract from his "Beginnings of San Francisco," relating to the influence of the early women on the destinies of California. "Personal Notes of the Early Writers" was given by Nathan Newmark. "Old Glory" by Emma Frances Dawson was finely read by Miss Ethel Cotton, and came as a great surprise to those present, few of whom had ever heard it. There will be other "literary afternoons" like this first one.

#### A Conscious Conscience

Manager James Woods of the St. Francis received, a few days ago, a typewritten note which read as follows:

While a guest at your hotel I carried away with me towels and one of your match cases. Since taking these articles, my conscience has bothered to the extent that I am returning them to you by parcel post. Hoping that I might have your forgiveness, I remain,

A conscious stricken person.

P. S. I might add that I wanted them as souvenirs.

Mr. Woods has received the pilfered "souvenirs," and now he has two subjects for speculation: first, what is a "conscious stricken person?" and second, in what sense may a towel be regarded as a souvenir?

#### At the Cecil

Captain W. E. Reynolds has moved to the Cecil. His wife who is convalescing in one of the local hospitals from a severe illness will join him next week. Mr. and Mrs. Jay P. Graves of Spokane are stopping. They entertained ten of their friends at dinner Tuesday in the private dining room. Mrs. B. N. Rowley who has been visiting her son for the past two months is receiving a cordial welcome on her return. Among prominent residents of Honolulu at the Cecil is Mrs. Joseph H. Brown who arrived this week and will pass several months. Mrs. C. J. Babbitt of Flagstaff is registered and gave a luncheon Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Lapham of Chicago were hosts at an elaborate dinner Monday.

#### At the Somerton

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Maltby of James-

town, New York, gave a supper dance Monday. There were sixteen in the party. Mrs. Rudolph entertained with five tables of bridge Wednesday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Beck of New York have been stopping for the past six weeks. Captain and Mrs. William S. Mapes, U. S. A., were hosts at a supper dance Thursday evening. Captain and Mrs. Edward Massee, U. S. A., arrived on the last transport. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Moon, the former a capitalist in Manila, are guests. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Donovan of Battle Creek will be much entertained during their visit in this city.

#### A Beringer Lecture

The semi-annual examination of the music students of the Ursuline College in Santa Rosa will be held next Thursday, May 4. Professor and Madame Joseph Beringer of the Beringer Conservatory of Music in this city, together with Mr. Harry Samuels, violinist, will devote the day at the college to the examination of the piano, vocal and violin classes. The examination will be formally opened with a lecture on the subject: "Incidents in the Life of Franz Liszt."

#### Her Charm

She was not very beautiful,  
Nor even very dutiful,  
But yet she won men's hearts;  
For she could cook to beat the band,  
And suitors ate from her fair hand  
When it held cakes or tarts.

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## Gossip of the Theatre

### The Great Damrosch Concert

The concert given Tuesday night at the Exposition Auditorium by Walter Damrosch's augmented symphony orchestra with Josef Hofmann as soloist was a triumph for Damrosch, a triumph for the players he directed, a triumph for Josef Hofmann and a triumph for Will Greenbaum of our town. Do we realize what Will Greenbaum does for us season after season? He backs his confidence in our love of music by bringing us the very best instrumental and vocal artists he can put under contract. Sometimes his confidence proves to be misplaced, oftentimes not. Nevertheless he is always taking a chance, and taking it with a smile. And most of us seem to take Will Greenbaum more or less for granted. Perhaps we should only realize fully what he does for us if he ceased doing it. Subtract his attractions from the musical season, and what remains? Very little. Will Greenbaum is one of our most sterling citizens. He is a public benefactor. All honor to him for his good taste, his courage and his indefatigable zeal for high musical standards. It is estimated that seven thousand attended the great concert Tuesday night. That shows that our musical appreciation is far from dormant. When seven thousand gather to hear the best music, the city which contributes them may feel proud. The great New York Symphony Orchestra was augmented for this oc-

casation by forty-five players from the San Francisco Orchestra, making an orchestra of more than one hundred players. The program was a magnificent one, and the big audience testified its pleasure in a fashion to warm the hearts of Damrosch and Greenbaum. Josef Hofmann's playing was exquisite. There is no doubt that he is the greatest living pianist, and his marvelous playing on this occasion will live forever in the memories of the thousands who listened to him in enraptured silence. The acoustics of the Auditorium have been improved, but are still far from being what they should be.

—The Music Lover.

### The Alcazar Stars

Coming from New York with brilliant Broadway reputations, Florence Reed and Malcolm Williams, the stars of the new Alcazar stock company, justified their advance notices before a big audience Monday night. "Bought and Paid For" is a favorite play in this city, but that they chose it as the vehicle for their first appearance is not alone a tribute to the wisdom of the stars—it is also a tribute to their generosity. For in this Broadhurst drama the leading roles are overshadowed by the comedy role of Jimmy Gilley. Jimmy Gilley could be spared from "Bought and Paid For" even less than the broken door which represents the play's "punch." So Florence Reed and Malcolm

Williams were not thinking of themselves alone when they picked this play for their opening. They were thinking of the members of their company. Florence Reed and Malcolm Williams, being accomplished and experienced players, do not fear the consequences of being overshadowed. They demonstrated their worth in the principal roles, and must have been delighted to see James Gleason show his in the role of Jimmy Gilley. Young Gleason is irresistible in the part, a thing of laughter and a joy forever. He is a valuable member of the stock company. Another player whose worth was amply demonstrated was Helene Sullivan. She is very pleasing in the wholesome role of Fanny, and is doubtless going to be a great favorite in O'Farrell street.

—The First Nighter.

### A Little Wonder at Pantages

We have seen all kinds of comedians come to this town and make a hit, but not until this week's bill opened have we seen the likes of Little Lord Roberts, that small funster who makes them all happy at Pantages. He is a wonder. Volant and his "Flying Piano" are gathering in some of the honors overlooked by Art Smith by aviating in mid-air with Peggy Benson singing on top of the piano. The piano waltzes, twists and turns, and we are still wondering about it. Bothwell Browne and company are playing his new musical farce "The Violet Widow." Browne is quite a female impersonator and always has a lot of pretty girls. Byal and Early are a pair of eccentric comedians with taking ways. Nan Gray, the Scotch lassie, in her native songs does justice to her country. Mr. and Mrs. P. Fisher have a little rural sketch that is pleasing. The Melody Four are singers from harmony land.

—The Second Nighter.

### Musical Comedy Season at Columbia

Following the engagement of Otis Skinner at the Columbia there will be a musical comedy season which bids fair to attract widespread attention, for an all-star aggregation is to be brought from New York to appear in a series of latest Eastern hits. Among the principals will be Eleanor Henry, Dorothy Webb, Maude Beatty, Arthur Cunningham, Robert Pitkin, Madison Smith, Stanley Ridges and Victoria Gauran. A large and attractive chorus will be seen and heard to fine advantage. "The Midnight Girl" by the authors of "Adele" and other successes will be the opening production.

### Otis Skinner at the Columbia

Otis Skinner, one of America's most distinguished actors, comes to the Columbia next Monday night to open a two-weeks engagement in his new comedy "Cock o' the Walk," written for him by Henry Arthur Jones. "Cock o' the Walk" is an amusing satire on stage conditions in London at the present day, and the critics agree that it is the best play Jones has written in a long time. It provides Mr. Skinner with a part that fits his personality. Anthony Bell-chamber is the character Mr. Skinner impersonates. He is an actor of the "old school," a worshiper of Shakespeare whose lines he spouts on all occasions, a Bohemian, bibulous, irresponsible but lovable. The play abounds in laughter-provoking situations. The supporting company—a particularly good one—includes Janet Dunbar, Enid Bennett, Luella Smith, Walter Gibbs, Walter F. Scott, John Rogers, Harry Dodd, Henry Crocker and Ernest A.



STELLA MAYHEW AND BILLIE TAYLOR  
Next week at the Orpheum



Elton. Mr. Skinner will give the usual matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

#### People's Orchestra Concert

The second of the summer symphonies by the San Francisco People's Orchestra with Giulio Minetti as conductor will be given Sunday at three o'clock in the Exposition Auditorium. The presence of three thousand at the first concert on Easter was proof that there is no lack of interest in this movement to provide the best music at popular prices. This Sunday the orchestra of sixty will be augmented by two artists, Miss Amy Ahrens, violinist, and Harald Pracht, baritone. Miss Ahrens made her debut in Berlin two years ago. Since then she has made a concert tour of this country. Pracht needs no introduction, as he is the baritone of Trinity choir and the Bush street Temple. He will sing Massenet's "Vision Fugitive" from "Herodiade." An appealing feature of this series is the free concert for children on Saturday morning at ten. Three hundred children were present last Saturday. The program for Sunday follows. "Nabucco Overture," Verdi; "Minuett," Bolzoni; "Ballade and Polonaise," Vieuxtemps, Miss Amy Ahrens, violinist. "Military Symphony, No. 11," Haydn; "Vision Fugitive" from "Herodiade," Massenet; "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai. Seats at Kohler and Chase and Sherman, Clay.

#### People's Philharmonic Concert

The second popular symphony concert of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra, given Thursday night this week, showed that the organization, under the leadership of the talented young Russian conductor Nikolai Sokoloff, has a large place in the musical affections of the community. The third concert will take place at Pavilion Rink Thursday evening, May 11. A delightful programme will be presented by the sixty-five artists. The symphony will be Tchaikowsky's Fourth, Op. 36, and the other numbers will be the overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" by Mozart, and the Spanish Caprice, Op. 34, by Rimsky-Korsakow. The soloist will be Emilio Meriz, concert-master of the orchestra, his selection being the Concerto for Violin in G Minor by Bruch. Seats will be ready at Sherman, Clay a week from Monday.

#### Stella Mayhew at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will have for its headliner Stella Mayhew and Billie Taylor who will present their up-to-date songs and chatter. Miss Mayhew has been the bright particular star of many musical comedies and the joyous headliner of innumerable bills. She is an established favorite on the Orpheum circuit. James B. Donovan who describes himself as "The Man You All Know" and Miss Marte Lee will appear in a skit called "Doing Well, Thank You." It is an admirable vehicle for their songs and witticisms. Miss Robbie Gordone will be seen in her reproductions of famous porcelains, ivories and oil paintings. Hildegard Mason and George Murray are a clever team who offer songs and chatter in a ludicrous skit. Colonel Marc Diamond, eighty years old, and Mme. Grant, seventy, will do society dances. Vinie Daly will return next week. Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin enter on the last week of their engagement. Ruth St. Denis assisted by Ted Shawn and company will close their engagement.

#### "Passing Show" Coming to Cort

The biggest of Winter Garden shows "The Passing Show of 1915" is due at the Cort for an engagement of two weeks, beginning May

15. Heading the list of stars and near-stars are George Monroe, Eugene and Willie Howard, Marilyn Miller, Daphne Pollard, Clarence Harvey, Ernest Hare, Sam Hearne, Edmund Goulding, John T. Murray, Dixie Gerard, Helen Eley, Margaret Warde, Flora Lea and Alexis Kosloff and his famous Imperial Russian Ballet. Like its predecessors, "The Passing Show of 1915" is a series of travesties on the popular hits of the season. "The Song of Songs," "Twin Beds," "Polygamy," "Trilby" and "Experience" come in for their share of burlesque, but it is all so funny that a knowledge of the play travestied is unessential.

#### Second Week of Reed and Williams

Florence Reed and Malcolm Williams, the first of the stock stars to appear for the



GIULIO MINETTI

Conductor of the San Francisco People's Orchestra which will give a concert at the Civic Auditorium this Sunday afternoon

summer season at the Alcazar, are so well liked that it is being regretted that their season is to be so short. Next week they will present Edgar James' American comedy "The Master of the House," originally produced in New York where it ran for a season. Miss Reed and Mr. Williams will be seen in the roles they created and played during the New York run. "The Master of the House" has never been seen here. It is a big, vital, stirring drama, forceful and interesting. James Gleason, Helene Sullivan and Marion Dentler, the three members of the new Alcazar players who have made so good in "Bought and Paid For," will all be seen in "The Master of the House," and Howard Hall, John Sumner, Joseph Macaulay and Elizabeth Ross, also new members of the stock company, will make their first appearances next week.

#### Grand Opera for the Masses

Sunday night's performance of "Rigoletto" will usher in a fortnight of "grand opera for the masses" to be given at the Cort by the Peluso Grand Opera Company. Though a high standard of music is promised, the prices will be popular. The musical director will be Josiah Zuro, an assurance of the nature of the performances. Luigi Cecchetti will be assistant conductor. These are some of the artists: Rosina Zotti, Johanna Kristoffy, Lina Reggiani.

"Season's Supreme Novelty"



## Techau Tavern Ice Palace

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## May First

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Public and Exhibition Skating introducing the world's renowned skatorial stars, Wilson & Cassell, Alfred and Sigrid Naess, and The Paulsens, assisted by Carol Young, Sydl Wolf, Mae Raymond and Dorothy Strassman, and the Imperial Skating Ballet.

#### Skating Daily

Morning, afternoon and evening. Sundays included. Arrange with the Superintendent of skating for Beginner's Lessons.

## Cafe de Luxe Adelmann's Orchestra

#### Admission

MORNING SESSION: General admission, 25c, including the use of skates.

AFTERNOON SESSION: General admission, including reserved seat, 25c; First two rows, 50c; Box or Loge seats, 75c.

EVENING SESSION: General admission, including reserved seat, 50c; First two rows, 75c; Box or Loge seats, \$1.00. Skating Admission, admitting to the skate floor only (no seats), 50c, including the skates. Saturday, Sunday, Holiday and Special Events Matinee, same as Evening Price.



Sofia Charlebois, Virginia Pierce, Anna Young, Agnes Sievers, Tina Schinetti, sopranos; Claude Albright, Luisa Cecchetti, contraltos; Giuseppe Vogliotti, Gerolamo Ingar, Mario Rodolfi, Ralph Errolle, Louis Iggop, tenors; Bartolomeo Dadone, David Silva, baritones; Olinto Lombardi, basso. "Rigoletto" will be cast with Reggiani as Gilda; Vogliotti as the duke; Dadone in the name part; and Lombardi as Sparafucile. It will be repeated Wednesday matinee with Sofia Charlebois as Gilda and Ralph Errolle as the duke. Monday night will see "Faust," with Zotti as Marguerite. It will be given Saturday matinee with Anna Young as the heroine. "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Kristoffy as Santuzza, will be sung Tuesday and Friday nights. It will be followed by "Pagliacci." Reggiani will sing the name part of "Lucia" on Wednesday night. Thursday and Saturday nights will be given over to the little-known "L'Amico Fritz," by Mascagni, which will disclose Zotti as Suzel, and Ingar as Fritz.

#### Rosie Lloyd at Pantages

Raul Pereira and his six court musicians in classical and popular selections will head the new show at Pantages. Pereira is a great favorite with Pantages audiences, and this makes his fifth trip over the circuit in twelve months. The sextet is composed of stringed players gathered by the director when he was court violinist to ex-King Manuel of Portugal. Pereira's programme consists of new numbers with the introduction of his own composition "Danca Portuguesa." Rosie Lloyd, the sister of Alice and Marie, is the big special feature of the new bill. From advance reports Miss Lloyd does not shine in the reflected light of her two famous sisters. She sings English music hall ballads with rare abandon. "A Holiday in Dixieland," featuring William Mastin and Virgie Richards and ten whirlwind dusky comedians, is another splendid attraction. Other good numbers will be offered by Marion Munson, protean artiste, styled "the quickest woman in the world;" Pealson and Goldie in a comedy skit "After the Dog Show;" Harry Tsuda, spherical equilibrist, and the seventh episode of "The Iron Claw."

### Russian Generalship

(Continued from Page 6.)

call for the gifts that command admiration. The characteristics of the German arms have been energy and resolution; those of Russia subtlety and daring. The first Galician campaign was a pure triumph of generalship and fighting quality, and it was these powers which turned the long retreat into one of the greatest things in military history. The Erzerum campaign was won by the same mixture of calculation and courage. It is probable that the Turks did not grasp that Erzerum was the objective until it was beyond hope. They were lured to manoeuvre in Persia until the Caucasus army was ready. Then, from the Black Sea to Van, the Turks began to feel the pressure, and it was most felt, at first, on the flanks. Only when the Grand Duke had the full measure of the force between him and Erzerum was the main blow struck which carried him to his goal. And there is, too, another quality which seems to be the special endowment of Russia. So far as there has been unselfishness in the war, she has most conspicuously exemplified it. The rashly gallant incursion into East Prussia in August, 1914, was her attempt to relieve the pressure in France. She flung her lines over the Carpathians in mid-winter, courting the attack which she knew must find her weak in

the chief requisite of the war—munitions. She has since relieved the pressure in Egypt and now she is expected to save the English in the Persian hinterland. These things are not to be easily forgotten. They have added to a war marked by a thousand horrors a touch which is rare enough in the interplay of modern States.

A London writer has discovered that in Shakespeare's plays one may find a quotation for every hour of the day. Thus:

"The bell then beating one." —Hamlet.

"Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock." —Comedy of Errors.

"The clock hath stricken three."—Julius Caesar.

"How far into the morning is it, lords?"  
"Upon the stroke of four." —Richard III.

"At five o'clock  
I shall receive the money for the same." —Comedy of Errors.

"How the day?"  
"On the sixth hour." —Tempest.

"Let's see. I think 'tis now some seven o'clock." —Taming of the Shrew.

"The eighth hour.  
Be that the uppermost." —Julius Caesar.

"It's supper time, my lord.  
"It's nine o'clock." —Richard III.

"Ten o'clock, within these three hours  
"Twill be time enough to go home." —All's Well That Ends Well.

"Eleven o'clock the hour." —Merry Wives of Windsor.

"What hour now?"  
"I think it lacks of twelve." —Hamlet.

And that takes the reader round the clock.

Mrs. Willis—So you aren't afraid of burglars? No doubt your husband has a revolver.

Mrs. Gillis—Yes; but I am so afraid of firearms that I have hidden it.

Mrs. Willis—Then what protection would you have in case of a robbery?

Mrs. Gillis—My dear, the way that man will roar at me when he can't find that gun will scare any burglar out of his wits!

"What's so awfully mysterious about that new detective story of Pennem's?" asked Myrt.

"How he sold it," answered Bert.

### CIVIC AUDITORIUM

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## SAN FRANCISCO PEOPLE'S ORCHESTRA

Giulio Minetti, Conductor

60 MUSICIANS

MISS AMY AHRENS, Violinist

HAROLD PRACHT, Baritone

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TWO WEEKS ONLY, COMMENCING SUNDAY NIGHT, APRIL 30

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Repertoire for First Week: Sunday, "Rigoletto;" Monday, "Faust;" Tuesday, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci;" Wednesday Matinee, "Rigoletto;" Wednesday Evening, "Lucia;" Thursday, "L'Amico Fritz;" Friday, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci;" Saturday Matinee, "Faust;" Saturday Evening, "L'Amico Fritz."

"POP" PRICES: 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

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"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1915"

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STELLA MAYHEW & BILLIE TAYLOR in Original Songs and Chatter; JAMES B. DONOVAN & MISS MARIE LEE in "Doing Well, Thank You;" MISS ROBBIE GORDONE in Reproductions of Famous Porcelains, Ivories and Oil Paintings; HILDEGARD MASON & GEORGE MURRAY in "Getting the Goat;" COL. MARC DIAMOND, Aged 80, and MME. GRANT, Aged 70, in Dances of the Current Vogue; VINIE DALY; PERCY BRONSON & WINNIE BALDWIN; NEW ORPHEUM TRAVELOQUE; Last Week RUTH ST. DENIS, Assisted by Ted Shawn and Company of Dancers.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

## ALCAZAR THEATRE

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Commencing Monday Evening, May 1st

Matinees Thursday, Saturday, Sunday

FLORENCE REED

(HERSELF)

Supported by Malcolm Williams and the  
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In the First Production in this City of Edgar James' Comedy Drama

"THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE"  
(Not a Motion Picture)

With Miss Reed and Mr. Williams in Their Original New York Roles

PRICES: Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees, 25c, 50c

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Wednesday and Saturday Matinees, 25c to \$1.50

Charles Frohman Presents

OTIS SKINNER

In His Latest Comedy Success

"COCK O' THE WALK"

By Henry Arthur Jones

Watch for "The Midnight Girl"

**PANTAGES**  
VAUDEVILLE

MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON  
RAUL PEREIRA

And His Original String Sextet

ROSIE LLOYD

The English Comedienne

Sister of Alice and Marie Lloyd

"A HOLIDAY IN DIXIELAND"

A Carnival of Darktown Fun

8 GREAT PANTAGES ACTS



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—In spite of the threatening aspect which our relations with Germany and Mexico assumed during the week, the stock market did not break badly. Conservative commission houses are convinced that neither a break with Germany nor armed intervention in Mexico can cause anything approaching a panic. Wall Street stoically accepts bad news and shocks because it has been facing them for nearly two years during which time many storms have been weathered. Nothing can happen which traders, brokers and bankers have not thought about. Nothing can surprise them, and many have been anticipating and predicting worse things than have happened or can happen. Congress has been behaving well of late, and no more is heard of embargoes on exports of war materials and other unwise proposals. Preparedness is being debated, and many side issues are being injected into the discussion. It is impossible to estimate what effect additional appropriations for defense will have on domestic industries before Congress decides on something definite. There is reason to hope that a number of factories now making arms and ammunitions will receive small orders from the Government every year, which will keep them in shape to make all that this country can ever need should we be involved in war at any time. Domestic trade remained as brisk as ever and freight conditions were much improved as a result of the cooperation of the railroads and various merchants' associations to relieve the congestion on the railroads. The New Haven Railroad was able to lift the embargo on almost all classes of freight, and traffic is again normal throughout the larger part of the country. Our foreign trade in peace products is improving, and the increase in sales in South America is highly encouraging. In spite of scarcity of shipping and high cargo rates, our South America trade has doubled. England is keeping a sharp eye on South American trade, but the rest of Europe is not in a position to sell much down there. If the German submarine warfare drives shipping from the trade of Northern Europe, we may be better served when shipping to South America. Our domestic production of manufactured goods exceeds all expectations. Copper, zinc, lead and other metals, including silver, were firm and generally higher, but mining and smelting shares were affected by the general condition of the stock market and did not respond to the good news which included the highest price for silver in nine years and contracts for half a million pounds of copper to be delivered to the English and French Governments within the current year.

**Wheat**—There is very little change in the average of prices, as compared with those of last week, but meanwhile the level has been higher, the advance approximating the highest prices for this movement. Since the top was

reached several days ago, there has been a disposition to realize profits and a normal reaction was expected to result from this kind of selling, but other considerations arose which had a tendency to make holders nervous and for that reason the decline went further than it would in ordinary circumstances. The exceptional considerations mentioned above refer to the uneasiness existing in regard to our relations with Germany and disquietude over the situation in Mexico. Aside from this, there has been little in the conditions to justify an expectation of lower prices. Of course, the export sales from day to day are not as large as we had been accustomed to, but it is worth noting that the clearances abate nothing in volume and that this week they are likely to be very large. It is assumed that the wheat going out is mainly Canadian, but nevertheless it takes away from the total volume and the prejudicial weather and soil conditions in our Northwest and Canada are likely to act as a check on a further free movement of wheat, more particularly as there is a great scarcity of labor in Canada. No especial reduction in the primary receipts is yet apparent, but it is logical to assume that such a reduction will follow upon the widespread damage which is reported of the winter wheat crop, the advices continuing to indicate remarkable deterioration in the soft winter wheat States, the hard winter wheat States not wholly escaping. Argentine shipments this week are considerably under last week and greatly below last year, so that neither Argentine nor Australian shipments are in such quantity as to be a burden on our prices. Conditions not only in this country but in Europe and Australia indicate a crop of wheat much below the last one and with consumption so greatly above what it is when the world is at peace, it should follow that even a normal crop would justify very high prices.

**Corn**—Prices are practically unchanged for the July, but in the instance of May are somewhat larger. The latter is under the pressure of liquidation, holders fearing that deliveries will be liberal. Aside from this, the action of prices indicates that there are elements of strength in the situation, for the market does not yield very easily to pressure. What these elements are it is difficult to say, unless it be that a scarcity of the merchantable variety is apprehended later in the season. There has been at times a good export demand in the Southwest, but this has not been particularly notable this week. The domestic demand from day to day is of fair proportions, and receipts are moderate. Argentine advices indicate a small exportable surplus and Liverpool prices are strong, but the lack of ocean facilities makes export business difficult. Once the May liquidation is completed, we look for more activity, greater interest and higher prices, and we now favor purchases of the July on normal reactions.

Scribber—I've a poem here advocating peace.  
Editor—I suppose you honestly and sincerely desire peace?  
Scribber—Yes, sir.  
Editor—Then burn the poem.

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THIS IS TO CERTIFY that the undersigned are transacting business as copartners in the State of California under the firm name of FRANK FOOD COMPANY. The principal place of business of the firm is at San Francisco, California.

The full names and respective places of residence of all its members are subscribed hereto.

Dated, April 4, 1916.

ARTHUR A. FRANK,  
50 Arguello Boulevard,  
San Francisco.  
SIMON L. HEILBRON,  
2225 Steiner Street,  
San Francisco.

State of California,  
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 4th day of April, 1916, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared ARTHUR A. FRANK and SIMON L. HEILBRON, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Seal) A. J. NAGLE,  
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

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**SUMMONS (Divorce)**  
 In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 73004; Dept. No. 16.  
 PRISCILLA ELIZABETH DALES, Plaintiff, vs. IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.  
 Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.  
 The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.  
**YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED** to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.  
 The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's wilful neglect of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.  
 And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.  
 GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1916.  
 (Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
 By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
 S. J. HANKINS & H. J. HANKINS,  
 Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
 917 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-10

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**  
 Estate of THOMAS DEASY, deceased.  
 Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of THOMAS DEASY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Stafford & Stafford, Room 504 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS DEASY, deceased.  
 MARY DEASY,  
 Administratrix of the estate of Thomas Deasy, deceased.  
 Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1916.  
 STAFFORD & STAFFORD,  
 Room 504 Grant Building,  
 1095 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-1-5

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**  
 Estate of THOMAS MIGGINS, deceased.  
 Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of THOMAS MIGGINS, deceased, to the creditors of and persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of said Arnold W. Liechti, Administrator, Rooms 901 and 902 French Bank Building, No. 110 Sutter Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects at his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS MIGGINS, deceased.  
 ARNOLD W. LIECHTI,  
 Administrator of the estate of Thomas Miggins, deceased.  
 Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1916.  
 ARNOLD W. LIECHTI,  
 Attorney for Administrator,  
 901-902 French Bank Bldg.,  
 San Francisco, Cal. 4-1-5

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**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**  
 Estate of PAULA BERGER, deceased.—No. 20650, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.  
 Notice is hereby given by the undersigned FERDINAND FREYESLEBEN and UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO, Executors of the last will and testament of PAULA BERGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of Union Trust Company of San Francisco, at the junction of Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PAULA BERGER, deceased.  
 FERDINAND FREYESLEBEN,  
 UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO.  
 By H. Van Luven, Secretary,  
 Executors of the last will and testament of  
 Paula Berger, deceased.  
 Dated, San Francisco, California, April 8, 1916.  
 T. E. K. CORMAC and  
 HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,  
 Attorneys for Executors,  
 Nevada Bank Building,  
 San Francisco, California. 4-8-5

**SUMMONS (Divorce)**  
 In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71884; Dept. 10.  
 FRANTISCA AVI, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.  
 Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.  
 The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.  
**YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED** to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.  
 The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.  
 And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.  
 GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23rd day of February, A. D. 1916.  
 (Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
 By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
 T. W. HUBBARD,  
 Attorney for Plaintiff,  
 1003 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-1-10

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**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**  
 Estate of WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, SR., deceased.  
 Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, SR., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Walter E. Dorn, 1101-1105 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, SR., deceased.  
 WILLIAM T. SEBELLE, JR.,  
 Administrator of the estate of William T. Sebelles, SR., deceased.  
 Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1916.  
 WALTER E. DORN,  
 Attorney for Administrator,  
 1101-1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-1-5

**SUMMONS (Divorce)**  
 In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71603.  
 FELIX D. C. MCGOVERN, Plaintiff, vs. JANET B. MCGOVERN, Defendant.  
 Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.  
 The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JANET B. MCGOVERN, Defendant.  
**YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED** to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.  
 The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.  
 And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.  
 GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1916.  
 (Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
 By ROBERT W. DENNIS, Deputy Clerk.  
 TOWSON S. GRASTY,  
 Attorney for Plaintiff,  
 1201 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 26-2-10

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVII. No. 1237

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 6, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

## *IN THIS ISSUE:*

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Symbolism of the Flag

Otis Skinner Talks of His Past

How a Frenchman Died at Lille

What the Clockwinder Wants to Know

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"Elysium" by R. B. Cunninghame Graham

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVII

San Francisco, May 6, 1916

No. 1237



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# TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by  
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## The Primary Election

Election returns are often misleading. What they signify or imply is not always clear, and usually they are interpreted in the light of the interpreter's predilection. Broadly speaking, the primary election on Tuesday signified the unpopularity of the Johnson machine, for the result was in the nature of an emphatic renunciation of the Governor and all his pomps, but was it principally hostility to the former Christian Soldiers of California that enabled the regulars to win the day? We are not inclined to this facile view of the matter. There were many things that affected the judgment of the electorate. Not the least of them was the attitude of the Progressive element toward Colonel Roosevelt. Though that dynamic personage was kept in the background the opinion was prevalent that he was counting on the support of the Johnson machine. Now there is considerable Hughes sentiment in this State, and there is also a great deal of organized opposition to Colonel Roosevelt, for the pro-German propaganda has been pretty active hereabouts. But whatever the implications of the primary election the effect on Governor Johnson's political fortunes is not to be discounted. He has suffered two defeats in his own State in quick succession. In the circumstances he will cut a very shabby figure as a "Favorite Son" in the East, whether among Republicans or Progressives. There has been talk of utilizing him as a sop to Progressives by employing him as a running mate for Hughes, but now he possesses no attractive qualities for that role. There is left for him of course the Senatorial plum to pluck at but owing to geographical considerations even that consolation prize will probably be beyond his reach. So the outlook for the Governor is somewhat autumnal. This is a year of shattered idols, and, like Bryan and "Battle Bob," maybe our Governor sees his star of destiny its course of occultation taking.

If it is worth while, and one has nothing else to do, it will do no harm to remember that Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, who is now for Henry Ford, was formerly for "Battle Bob" La Follette and has a very strong affection for Andy Gallagher.

## The Sinn Fein

Wherever there is deep and intelligent sympathy with the cause of Home Rule in Ireland the rebellion of the Sinn Fein is deplored. Though the impracticable persons whose motto is "Sinn Fein"—"Our Own"—are few in numbers, they have succeeded by their rebellion in creating the impression that they are powerful and that they reflect a great deal of Irish sentiment, thus perhaps giving color to the ancient calumny that the Irish are temperamentally undeserving of, if not unfit for, self-government, being unable to stand together on matters of vital interest. Surely it is something of an indictment of the Irish people that while thousands of them were fighting for their lives in the trenches their brothers were busy at home plotting their destruction in the interest of the enemy. The Sinn Fein, it should be understood, are agitators of the Socialist brand who are continually preaching to discontented Irishmen the fallacy of the Home Rule movement. Affecting to be intensely patriotic, they are against everything English, and they don't want an Irish Constitution. It is of course wrong to identify them with the Nationalists, since, as a matter of fact, they are working in the interest of the Ulsterites in as much as they would defeat the great object of the Home Rule party. Among their leaders is a Professor Aeoín MacNeil whom Arthur J. McQuilland, the Irish literary artist, describes as a mountebank.

## A Question of Ethics

"All war is horrible," exclaims one of our distinguished pacifists, who points to the sinking of a ship by a submarine as "merely another example of the brutality which war inevitably calls forth." This is not a refreshing comment on the killing of non-combatants, for murder is not an ordinary incident of war. It is not good ethics to take it for granted that there are not different degrees of brutality, to imply that in war all killing is legitimate. War does not inevitably call forth cold-blooded murder. All killing is deplorable, but all killing is not contrary to the profoundest moral instincts of mankind. As far back as history takes us among civilized men we shall find that there is a fundamental difference between killing a man who is armed to kill you and killing a man—not to mention women and children—who has no intention of killing you and no means of defending himself. The principle of these differences is at the foundation of civilization. A certain degree of brutality is tolerated in war on the theory that it may hasten the end, and we can understand that ruthlessness designed to hasten the end, may in the long run prove to have been humane; but sheer barbarism that only intensifies indignation and that has no effect on the issue—for that it seems impossible to find justification.

Now that Hearst is making a fight for Louis D. Brandeis perhaps Mr. Wilson may not be so sure that his candidate is deserving of universal esteem.

## Who Are the Vulgar?

"There is something decidedly vulgar in the present fashion in women's dress," says an aggressive moralist who is in favor of a "fixed standard" of dress based on the principle of utility. He reminds us that vulgarity is a difficult thing to describe. At the same time he suggests the question whether utility should be the chief consideration in the matter of dress. Who are the vulgar? We should find it difficult to describe or define the specific marks of vulgarity. The ideal of refinement for some folk is a certain standard of outward propriety and decorum; yet there is a test for vulgarity according to which fastidious people may be as essentially vulgar as the roughest, most disagreeable and obtrusive boulder. An imperfect taste in art and literature is one of the accepted signs of a certain kind of vulgarity. Imperfect manners are due to the want of training and are amenable to treatment, but people with bad taste must remain vulgar. Most of us are vulgar in that we prefer the man of pleasant manners to the sage who is unable to take on the surface polish which is often taken to be the antithesis of vulgarity. Now a man who spends a lot of time worrying about the fashion in dress, may have very nice manners, but he betrays a certain shallowness of mind which in itself is one of the characteristics of vulgarity. Shallowness of mind and of character are indeed the main characteristics of vulgarity according to our way of thinking. They are characteristics of that horrible bore who shines in society though he finds pleasure in the discomforts of his friends. Who could be more vulgar than the man whose triumph is complete when his victims are placed in a humiliating position? The vulgar are infinite in their variety, and none is more notable than the man who takes more interest in motor cars or dress than in the history of the world and its destiny. As to dress, it is a very great mistake to suppose that utility is as important a consideration as beauty. It is only when a people is civilized that dress counts more as a setting than as a covering. The first chieftain's cloak of hide or matted rushes was more valued for the dignity it gave to its wearer than for its warmth. We may venture to believe that shells had been threaded into necklaces before the biblical apron of leaves was the vogue. It is only in the corrupt phases of civilization that questions of utility take precedence of questions of decorative effects. For centuries the Greeks clothed themselves with all the pride of barbarians and the luxury of the East, but when culture arrived they evolved the ideal of an exquisite and fastidious simplicity. When Alcibiades affected the short Spartan cloak he was the Brummell of Athens. Dress illustrates the temper of an epoch and it may control its character. Paris might not have caused so much trouble had Helen worn more than the mere veil with which she wrapped her immortal shape. The subject is inexhaustible, and the more we pursue it the more we realize that fashions are evolved, not dictated, and that they defy even



legislation unless the legislation is agreeable, as doubtless it was in Sparta when every unmarried lady had to slit her skirt from hip to ankle with a view to reducing the number of bachelors.

**Some Illogical Ladies** It is one of the curious paradoxes of our time that while we favor a saturnalia of flag-wagging for the promotion of patriotism we are doing many things that tend to make patriotism difficult. Consider, for example, the ladies of clubdom who solemnly resolved the other day that their little circle was unalterably opposed to freedom of diet. In the same breath in which they affirmed their enthusiasm for certain ceremonies calculated in their opinion to fire the youthful mind with devotion to the flag they announced themselves as prohibitionists. Now it is not a sin to be illogical. Nay, there are times when to be illogical may be good for the soul. But it is well, when one is illogical, to be at least morally right; better, perhaps, than to be logical and morally wrong. In this instance the ladies who are for compulsory abstinence happen to be at once illogical and less than moral. This is not by way of allusion to their being at once for prohibiting the sale of liquor and against taking down the red-light bars. The point we wish to make is this,—that one cannot be at once a true patriot and a furious prohibitionist. The fundamental principle of patriotism is love of justice. To be loved by its citizens; that is to say, to inspire patriotism, a State must either be strong in its justice or generally thought to be so. Justice above all things is what gives a man the feeling that he has something worth preserving, worth contending for. Hence it is not in the interest of patriotism to make men sensible of the insecurity of their

possessions. Nor can a State stimulate national enthusiasm by robbing any of its citizens. Robbery is precisely what the prohibitionists are urging the people to vote for. Because the prohibitionists have decided that it is wrong to drink they are demanding that all the liquor industries be destroyed. Because the State has the power to destroy certain lines of business it is asked to exercise that power, though the business was created on terms agreeable to the State and for many years has yielded large profits to the State. There is a decent way by which this so-called moral revolution might be achieved, but the prohibitionists are not in favor of it. They might urge the State to reimburse the citizens who are to be deprived of their property, but that they will not do. If they succeed it will hardly be fair for the ladies of clubdom to insist on requiring the children of the liquor interests to bow down to the flag. To those children the flag will symbolize a legal robbery.

**Symbolism of the Flag** We have studied many varieties of patriotism from Demosthenes to Lincoln, from Moses to David Starr Jordan, and we have not a very good opinion of a lesson in patriotism that involves compulsory salutation of a flag and the singing of sentimental doggerel. For all we know this kind of lesson may develop patriots of the Woodrow Wilson type, but it reminds us of the patriot of a certain derisive satire who tried to impress a lot of schoolboys with his flags and his bombast. Patriotism is not an exact science to be taught by a pedagogue. It is almost an instinct with all children, like love of parents. There is a mystery of patriotism that you cannot define any more than you can define love, though you may trace it

in its manifestations and suggest and encourage the workings of its spirit. The thing to avoid in teaching patriotism is the vainglorious and militaristic conception of life such as may be gendered by flag-wagging. Better than worshipping a symbol is teaching what the symbol stands for and making the symbolism worth while. It is not enough to teach children that our flag stands for our country with its army and navy that have made glorious traditions, nor is it enough to teach them that we are right in our conduct towards other nations; they should be taught that our country is living up to its glorious traditions and that it is right in its conduct toward its own citizens. We cannot keep patriotism at a white heat by bowing to a flag that stands for things of which of late we have grown ashamed. Once we were proud of the stars and stripes because of the memories with which we were thrilled, memories of the dramas enacted on land and sea in defense of American citizens; but of late that flag has symbolized a New Freedom, a freedom from responsibility and from the ideals we inherited from the Founders. Also it symbolizes personal liberties forsworn, the tyranny of the majority and indifference to the sacred character of the oath of allegiance. As a nation we are drifting, for the present it is hard to get our bearings, and the meaning of the flag has become somewhat indistinct.

According to Hearst Senator Works' objection to Brandeis is that he "a radical crusader on behalf of the average man." That happened to be the only thing that Works found in Brandeis's favor, but downright prevarication in the interest of a slippery lawyer is not to be scrupled at by an unscrupulous journalist.

## Perspective Impressions

Kilkenny Fair will seem a dull gathering this year.

Perhaps the Governor is now willing to be reconstructed.

What about the Peace Pilgrims who were going to get the boys out of the trenches before Christmas?

From the news from Kut last week we infer that the British are still muddling in harmony with tradition.

Justice Lawlor has now had sixteen months' experience in the Supreme Court, but he has not yet begun to fatten his batting average.

The Governor of Missouri wants to be the Democratic nominee for President, but as his name is Major he would make a dangerous combination. Think of what the wags would call Wilson.

Wolfe Tone is dead, poor fellow, and can't protest against having his name associated with Casement's.

Says the Chronicle: "The ability of Mr. Brandeis is not in dispute, nor his moral character." Wrong, neighbor, his morals are very much in dispute; not his morals in the narrow Puritanical sense, but his morals nevertheless.

At an Irish mass-meeting in New York last Sunday night there was loud cheering for Germany every time the Lusitania was mentioned or the loss of American lives. Americans appear to be losing caste not only in Europe but in their own country.

An Austrian newspaper charges that American adventurers hire themselves to the American Government to voyage in the submarine zone and afford a pretext for protests from Washington. Is this a tribute to the adventurous spirit of Americans?

Scott and Funston! a committee to refer the Mexican case to with plenary powers.

Did the President send an ultimatum, a pen-ultimatum or an antepenultimatum?

What was the idea? To make Ireland a German colony?

Dublin is "within the pale," but the Dublin rebels are outside of it.

The leaders of the Dublin revolt will go down in history which has a page for the Phoenix Park murderers.

It is held by some that Mesopotamia is the Garden of Eden, but the British force which surrendered there probably holds a different opinion.

"Nobody wants Hughes," says George Harvey, "but the people." Apparently George Harvey wants him, too, which reminds us that George was the first man to want Wilson.



## Varied Types

CCLXXIX—OTIS SKINNER

By Edward F. O'Day

Otis Skinner is one of those rare men who emanate distinction. There is salience in the character of these men. Most of us have been cut with stupid labor to the conventional pattern. Our predominating traits have been subdued in the interest of that balance which mediocrity confounds with poise. These men have escaped that leveling process. They have accent, emphasis, what Joseph Conrad calls "gesture." They are pleasantly, stimulatively different. There is flavor to them. You cannot go near them without feeling their personality. Leaving them you take with you the tang of their manner. They need not be great men. They may not be geniuses, or leaders, or scholars. But they were born with style, and they have perfected it.

San Francisco has a good many of these men. Casting about for examples I think of Samuel Shortridge, of Charles Dickman, of Tom O'Connor, of Francis McComas, of James W. Coffroth and of the late Frank Unger. No two of these are alike; yet all of them illustrate what I mean.

Now Otis Skinner is of this type. The commonplace is not in him. Off the stage as well as on it all his motions are happily controlled by a second nature which improves on instinct. He has the knack of not disappointing. Interest cannot lag in his presence; he has a fillip for it every moment.

His voice alone is an unfailing delight. It is, if I may borrow a phrase, "like a pony under the rein." It does his mental bidding; it is in the willing service of a good mind.

I asked Otis Skinner if there was an acting tradition in his family.

"My father," he answered, "and my grandfather and a bunch of uncles and my cousins of the first, second and third degree of relationship were and are—"

I expected him to say, "actors." For Otis Skinner is the sort of fine actor who, you expect to be told, belongs to a family with acting in its blood, a family like the Drews, the Barrymores, the Mestayers. But instead of saying what I expected Otis Skinner showed a twinkle in his large eyes and allowed a chuckle to make its rippling escape from his throat as he said:

"—clergymen. I am the only actor in the family. I am a wart on the family tree. No, there was no perturbation in the household when I went on the stage. My father was a man of broad mind and liberal views—he was a Universalist clergyman—and as I had made a rotten failure of everything else I had attempted, no doubt he thought it would be unwise to oppose me when it seemed as if I had found my proper sphere."

Otis Skinner, I noticed, talks freely about himself when he is questioned on the subject, but left to guide the conversation prefers to speak of plays. But by dint of questions I obtained a little biographical data, as follows:

"One of the first parts I ever played was that of the page Francois in Edwin Booth's 'Richelieu.' It is to Francois, you remember, that Richelieu addresses the speech, 'There is no such word as fail.' I was very young, and played the little part with all a boy's eagerness, and of course a boy's crudity. But Mr. Booth liked my work, and took an interest in me. He used to talk to me, to tell me things that

were helpful. He was at once the simplest, and the greatest actor I ever knew.

"He was totally without mannerisms. Lawrence Barrett, on the other hand, was full of mannerisms. But they did not harm his acting because they were the expression of his personality. I played with him here in 'Francesca da Rimini.' Louis James and Marie Wainwright were also of the company. 'Francesca da Rimini' had been written before the Civil War by a Philadelphia lawyer named George H. Boker. It was forgotten when Barrett rediscovered it. I might almost say that I was the original Paolo. Being only a boy it was natural that I should attempt to imitate Barrett's mannerisms. The result was that I was full of sound and fury and gesticulation. It was a boy's idea of Barrett, but it was not Barrett. Without knowing it I was falling into evil courses.

"Augustin Daly was my savior. I owe it to him that I did not go the wrong way. He came into my life when I needed him most. He taught me to be quiet. He was a martinet, but he was a man of great intelligence, of splendid ability. He died before his time because he tried to do too much work. He burned the candle at both ends, in the middle and on all sides."

Otis Skinner talked of the parts he has played more recently: of that magnificent portrayal of the priest in "The Duel," of Bridau in "The Honor of the Family," of Hadj in "Kismet," a part he speaks of with gusto, rubbing his hands over the wile, the humor and the bloodthirstiness of the character; of Lefe Towers, the bad actor in "Your Humble Servant" and of Bell-chamber, the good actor in the play which Henry Arthur Jones wrote for him.

"Which is harder to play," I asked, "a good actor or a bad actor?"

"Comedy is the most difficult branch of acting," returned Skinner, sidestepping my question. "In tragic or emotional acting you are carried along by the sweep of the passion. But in comedy you must build up every moment of laughter. To be at ease and convey the idea of spontaneous humor is the most difficult task on the stage."

"Did Henry Arthur Jones see the rehearsals of 'Cock o' the Walk'?" I asked.

Again Otis Skinner permitted his eye a twinkle and his throat a chuckle.

"Jones was not feeling his best when the play was written," he answered. "All but the last act he wrote in Bermuda. On his return to New York he was agitated by events at home. He had relatives in the trenches. And he was worried about property in England. To add to his troubles I suggested certain changes in the play. Jones loved every 'but,' 'and' and 'if' in the manuscript, and though we had many sessions he absolutely refused to change a single line. After he had finished the last act he took the steamer for home."

The twinkle and the chuckle were repeated.

"As soon as he was gone we took out the hatchet and the carving knife. The slaughter was terrific. Whole pages of the manuscript fell at a single blow. Much of Jones' most cherished satire went down before our attack. And yet as we give it 'Cock o' the Walk' is a longish play. Have you seen it?"

I said that I was going to that night's performance.

"Please do not leave before the last act," begged Otis Skinner. "If you do you will miss the point of the play."

I replied that I had never yet left before the last act of an Otis Skinner play, and did not intend to begin any such practice. There are times when one pays compliments to actors with half-heart. It is not a sinful thing to do, because the actors who insist on compliments (there are a few such) deserve no better. But what I said to Otis Skinner was sincere, and being a hearty man he accepted it in the spirit in which I said it. As I turned away from his hand-clasp he was puffing a cloud of smoke from his pipe. It is part of that rare relish one gets from such a personality that I returned to my own pipe with keener pleasure for having seen him enjoy his so thoroughly.

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## Elysium

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

The Triad came into my life as I walked underneath the arch by which the sentinels sit in Olympian state upon their rather long-legged chargers, receiving, as is their due, the silent homage of the passing nurserymaids. The soldier in the middle was straight back from the front. The mud of Flanders clung to his boots and clothes. It was "deeched" into his skin, and round his eyes had left a stain so dark, it looked as if he had been painted for a theatrical make-up. Upon his puttees it had dried so thickly that you could scarcely see the tods. He bore upon his back his knapsack, carried his rifle in his hand all done up in a case, which gave it, as it seemed to me, a look of hidden power, making it more terrible to think of than if it had shone brightly in the sun. His water-bottle and a pack of some kind hung at his sides, and as he walked kept time to every step. Under his elbow protruded the shaft of something, perhaps an entrenching tool of some sort, or perhaps some weapon, strange to civilians, accustomed to the use of stick or umbrella as their only arm. In himself he seemed a walking arsenal, carrying his weapons and his baggage on his back, after the fashion of a Roman legionary. The man himself, before the hand of discipline had fashioned him to number something or another, looked fresh and youthful, and not very different from a thousand others that in time of peace one sees in early morning going to fulfill one of those avocations, without which no State can possibly endure, and yet are practically unknown to those who live in the vast, stucco hives either of Belgravia or Mayfair.

He may have been some five-and-twenty, and was a Londoner or a man from the home counties lying round about. His sunburnt face was yet not unburnt as is the face of one accustomed to the weather all his life; but, as it were, exposure had made his skin feverish, and his blue eyes were fixed, as often are the eyes of sailors or frontiersmen after a long watch.

The girls on either side of him clung to his

arm with pride, and with an air of evident affection, quite unconscious of everything but having got the beloved object of their care safe home again. Upon the right side, holding fast to the warrior's arm, and now and then nestling close to his side, walked his sweetheart, a dark-haired girl, dressed in the miserable cheap finery our poorer countrywomen wear, instead of well-made plainer clothes, that certainly would cost them less and set them off a hundredfold. Now and again she pointed out some feature of the town with pride, as when they climbed the steps under the column on which stands the statue of the Duke of York. The soldier, without looking, answered: "I know, Ethel, Dook of York," and hitched his pack a little higher on his back.

His sister, hanging on his left arm, never said anything, but walked along as in a dream; and he, knowing that she was there and understood, spoke little to her, except to murmur "Good old Gladys," now and then, and press her to his side. As they passed by the stunted monument, on which the crowd of little figures standing round a sledge commemorate the Franklin Expedition, in a chill Arctic way, the girl upon the right jerked her head towards it, and said, "That's Sir John Franklin, George, he as laid down his life to find the Northwest Passage, one of our 'eroes, you remember 'im." To which he answered, "Oh, yes, Frenklin," then looking over at the statue of Commander Scott, added, "'ee done his bit, too," with an appreciative air. They gazed upon the Athenaeum and the other clubs, with that air of detachment that all Englishmen affect when they behold a building or a monument—taking it, as it seems to me, as something they have no concern with, just as if it stood in Petrograd or in Johannesburg.

The hovering Triad passed into Pall Mall oblivious of the world, so lost in happiness that they appeared the only living people in the street. The sister, who had said so little, when she saw her brother shift his knapsack, asked him to let her carry it. He smiled, and know-

ing what she felt, handed his rifle to her, remarking, "'old it the right side up, old girl, or else it will go off."

And so they took their way through the enchanted streets, not feeling either the penetrating wind or the fine rain, for these are but material things, and they were wrapped apart from the whole world. Officers of all ranks passed them, some young and smart, and others paunchy and middle-aged; but they were non-existent to the soldier, who saw nothing but the girls. Most of the officers looked straight before them, with an indulgent air; but two young men with red bands round their caps, were scandalized, and muttering something as to the discipline of the New Army, drew themselves up stiffly and strutted off, like angry game-cocks when they eye each other in the ring.

The Triad passed the Rag, and on the steps stood two old colonels, their faces burnt the color of a brick, and their mustaches stiff as the bristles of a brush. They eyed the passing show, and looking at each other broke into a smile. They knew that they would never walk oblivious of mankind, linked to a woman's arm; but perhaps memories of what they had done stirred in their hearts, for both of them at the same moment ejaculated a modulated "Ha!" of sympathy. All this time I had walked behind the three young people, half unconsciously, as I was going the same road, hearing half phrases now and then, which I was half ashamed to hear.

They reached the corner of St. James's Square, and our paths separated. Mine took me to the London Library to change a book, and theirs led straight to Elysium, for five long days.

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## The Death of Eugene Jaquet

Some ten years ago a certain Eugène Jaquet, agent of a firm of wine-merchants, settled at Lille with his wife and five children, the eldest of whom, Geneviève, is now a girl of twenty-one. He is described as an upright, energetic and intelligent man, taking some part in public affairs, as may be gathered from his secretaryship of the Northern Federation of the "Ligue des Droits de l'Homme," an organization which played a considerable part in the Dreyfus cases. Emergencies turn such men into leaders, and on the surrender of Lille in October, 1914, Jaquet devoted himself to relieving the misery and repairing the social disorganization of the city. From charitable relief he passed naturally to the work of patriotic succor. One of the officers of the French garrison took refuge at his house, and gradually he built up a scheme for harboring derelict French officers and soldiers, and restoring them, through Belgium, to the armies in the field. His associates in this enterprise were M. Georges Maertens, who was engaged in the lace trade; M. Deconynck, a second lieutenant in a French territorial regiment; M. Verhulst, a Belgian pedlar, who, as an expert in the smuggling trade, ran the blockade of the frontier; and M. Jaquet's Geneviève. The aim of this little band was not merely to furnish some straggling recruits to the French armies; it was to keep alive in Lille the flame of hope and devotion to the motherland. They lived under the constant and visible shadow of death in the shape of spies, domiciliary visits, and the threats and suspicions of the German commandant, von Henrich. But they had their consolations and even their diversions. An English aviator came to grief with his machine, fell with it on the outskirts of Lille, was discovered and hidden by Jaquet, and finally restored to the British lines, in face of a German proclamation, describing his appearance, and threatening that any person concealing him would be shot. He was of a playful spirit, and when he left M. Jaquet promised him a complimentary call. For a whole month he fulfilled his pledge by circling round the Place de la République and dropping from his aeroplane three scrolls, presenting on each of them his compliments to the German commandant, and regretting his failure to make that gentleman's acquaintance during his late agreeable visit to the town. Every evening at five o'clock this practical joker reappeared, circled round the square, and let fall his scrolls, with the same ironical message inscribed on them.

The comic Anglican invasion had greatly incensed the authorities, and Jaquet's immunity did not last long. Twice they arrested him. On the second occasion they placed him on a list of hostages, on suspicion of having incited

some French workmen to strike against a forced requisition of their services in the making of sand-bags to shield German bodies from French bullets. On the third occasion, on July 10, 1915, a regular search was made of his house, and he and Geneviève were arrested and lodged in the citadel. The early procedure took the form of an attempt to break the girl's spirit, and force a confession. At break of day next morning she was taken from her cell, marched along the ramparts and by the side of the moat, and subjected to a strict cross-examination. She remained cool and firm, and as nothing was elicited, she was set at liberty. In September the father was placed on trial with his three comrades, the court-martial sitting in the citadel, and assigning him for his defense a certain Lieutenant Meyer, a professional lawyer. Lieutenant Meyer discharged this duty with courage and chivalry.

Jaquet made no confession, but he did not seriously defend himself. His main object was to save his companions, and theirs to save him. Geneviève was summoned to appear as a witness against her father, with a warning from the court that if she did not tell the whole truth, she would be condemned to ten years' penal servitude, or fifteen solitary confinement. It had no effect. When she left the witness box she was not allowed to leave the court, and no act of the following drama was spared her. As she listened she heard one of the judges tempt the Belgian Verhulst with a bribe, followed by the proud reply that he was a soldier, and that such an offer was an insult. Jaquet's German advocate spoke with eloquence and feeling, but the prisoners' impression was that their fate had been determined before the trial began. It ended with Jaquet's brief "confession of faith:"

"I have acted according to my conscience and my duty as a French citizen. I regret nothing that I have done, and I am not afraid to die. I only ask for one favor, and that is that you will spare the life of my friends."

But the three friends would have none of it:

"We have done the same deed, and we have a right to the same reward. We wish to die together."

Their wish was granted. The court acquitted them of espionage, but condemned them to death on the other counts of the indictment. Knowledge of the verdict was withheld from them for three days, which they spent in quiet and pleasant talk together. On the third day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, they were informed that they would be shot, beneath the ramparts, at six on the following morning. They listened in silence. Would they be allowed to see their counsel? No. Might they say good-bye to their wives and families? Yes.

"The Germans are kind," said the Belgian. "They give us fifteen hours to pack our boxes for the long journey."

The last good-byes were said. Madame Jaquet was refused access to the German Governor, and her appeal to the Emperor for mercy was forwarded with the grim reminder that it would not be allowed to interfere with the execution of the sentence or even to postpone it. Jaquet spent his last night on earth in writing to his wife. In all three letters were written, one at four o'clock, the second at seven, the third at one in the morning. At eleven, the four friends took their last meal together. They ate with a good appetite, "conversant," says the French account, "avec autant de calme qu'à l'ordinaire." Jaquet's parting letter was jointly addressed to "My Dearest Wife, My Dearest Children." It ran as follows:

I have just sent you, through Madame Sylvere, a second letter, following that which I began and sent to Geneviève. This is the third and last. As I told you, I shall go to my death bare-headed; we shall stand upright, with free hands and unbandaged eyes. These are the conditions. We shall cry, "Long live the Republic! Long live France!" and we shall say nothing to our executioners, who seem to be in a state of panic. We have seen the soldiers weeping. We have just had our supper. We have dined well, and we set out for the last voyage without a tremor. We had no doubt of the end since the day we were separated from the others and were put into this cell. All sorts of stories were told us, but the comings and the goings and the watch which was kept on us for some days showed what the verdict had been.

We were condemned before we were judged. Ask Arthur to show you the letter which I wrote to him eight days ago, and you will see that I was right.

Poor Geneviève, she kept up her pluck and resolution to the end, as she kissed me tonight before making one more effort to save me. Dear child, noble soul.

As for you, darling little Lulu and beloved Susan, I am sorry to leave you so young, but I know you will be very good and prudent, and that you will remember your little father who was so fond of you, and who so much wanted to see you grow up.

Work well, and grow into big girls like your sisters, and comfort your darling mother in her great grief. Pet her and caress her, and give her two good kisses every morning and every evening for me.

Good-bye, dear little rogues, I know you will be the joy of the home, and I kiss you once more from the bottom of my heart. Kiss for me my pretty Geneviève and my pretty Thérèse. They will be your little mothers, and when Léon comes back, he will be your little father. Good-bye, dears.

As for you, darling wife, my dearest wish for you is to conquer your grief and be strong. You have children and you owe it to them. You must bring them up and replace me; you must organize a new life, and the presence of your beloved children will give you a happy existence full of peace and remembrance.

You will be honored and will carry your head high, surrounded by universal respect. Bid good-bye to all my friends.

The hour has come. We shall die like brave men. The Germans are trembling with fear.

Good-bye, dears, for the last time. I give each of you and dear Léon a big, loving, passionate kiss.

Good-bye, dear children. Good-bye, dear Jeanne, good-bye.

Jaquet and his friends met death in the spirit of this farewell. They were shot at dawn, serenely facing their executioners without a bandage on their eyes, and crying "Long Live the Republic! Long Live France! Long Live Liberty!" "I was present," wrote their German advocate, Lieutenant Meyer, to Madame Jaquet, "at their execution. Perhaps I can afford you and your children some consolation when I tell you and your poor children that the four condemned men died like heroes. All the officers and soldiers present were unanimous in admiring their bravery." Their bodies were taken back to the citadel in a dust-cart.



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# Poems About San Franciscans

XXIV—TO CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

By Robert Louis Stevenson

("And by way of change in itself, let me copy on the other pages some broad Scotch I wrote for you when I was ill last spring in Oakland. It is no muckle worth; but ye should na look a gien horse in the mouth.")—Extract from a letter by Robert Louis Stevenson to Charles Warren Stoddard.)

Ne sutor ultra crepidam;  
An' since that I a Scotchman am,  
The Lallan ait I weel may toot  
As ye can blaw the English flute;  
An' sae, without a wordie mair  
The braidest Scot ma turn sall sair.

Of a' the lingoos ever printit  
The braidest Scot's the best inventit,  
Since, Stoddard, by a straik o' God's,  
The mason-billies cuist their hods,  
An' a' at once began to gabble  
About the unfeenished wa's o' Babel.

Shakespeare himsel'—in Henry Fift—  
To clerk the Lallan made a shift  
An' Homer's oft been heard to mane—  
"Woesucks, could I but live again!  
Had I the Scottish language kennt  
I wad hae clerkt the Illiad in 't!"

\* \* \* \*

Far had I rode an' muckle seen,  
An' witnessed many a ferlie,  
Afore that I had clappit e'en  
Upo' my billy, Charlie.

Far had I rode an' muckle seen,  
In lands accountit foreign,  
An' had foregatherit wi' a wheen  
Ere I fell in wi' Warren.

Far had I rode an' muckle seen,  
But ne'er was fairly doddered  
Till I was tristit as a frien'  
Wi' Charlie Warren Stoddard.

## The Spectator

### The Clockwinder and the Auditor

"Say, Tom, you're keeping pretty quiet these days."

Auditor Boyle looked up from his books, and found the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock standing before him. After receiving a very cordial greeting the clockwinder sat down in the auditor's office. Asked where he had been for a long time, the clockwinder smiled. "On my job," he said. "And you haven't been to the pendulum room for over a year. What's kept you away?"

"I've been very busy," said Boyle.

"Oh," said the clockwinder nonchalantly, "I thought perhaps it was because I was so inquisitive the last time you called. You remember I wanted some figures from you about the municipal railways."

Auditor Boyle smiled.

"Are you keeping them under your vest?"

Again Auditor Boyle smiled.

"I see that the Board of Public Works is giving out all the figures on railway finance, or, I should say, some of the figures, the figures that don't hurt and that tell only part of the truth."

Once more Auditor Boyle smiled, and by this time the smile was on the clockwinder's nerves. There was a note of irritation in his voice as he spoke. "Say, Tom, you better get on the job, and let us know what's going on."

"But the Board of Public Works is—"

"Now, tut, tut, my boy. Don't pass the buck. You were elected by the dear people, just like our Secretary of State, Frank Jordan, who showed things up a year ago. Take the dear people in on the ground floor."

"Whose scalp are you after?" Boyle demanded.

"Now here, don't get me wrong. I'm for no body's scalp. You never heard me boosting the recall of anybody, and you never will. I'm

for letting the mayor alone, but I'm for putting the people wise about finances before the Supervisors spend any more money like drunken sailors."

This time Auditor Boyle laughed.

### Juggled Figures

Apparently the water front philosopher was very much in earnest. "You know," he went on, "I don't pretend to be an expert in figures, but when you juggle them to make them reticent, to keep them from talking, or to give you the illusion that two times-two is sixteen I can get on in a minute."

"What are you driving at?" Boyle asked.

"Listen. The Board of Public Works published a financial statement Tuesday morning. They say it's a statement from the beginning of operations down to date, but it isn't; it's only half a statement. Nothing in it to show you how much we have invested. It shows a balance on the whole system of \$267,047 down to date, which includes, of course, the World's Fair year and the business of the Union street road which didn't cost us anything. If we have only two hundred and fifty odd thousand on the right side of the ledger now, counting in the profits of the trunk lines, what will we have six months from now with no Exposition to help out?"

"I don't know."

"Well, you're the auditor. You ought to be able to make a guess. The figures given out don't assist a guesser at all. They show that the easy money is on the Geary street lines that are taking in nearly \$70,000 a month, but then we are far from paying expenses on other lines with the exception of Union street."

"But I'm not running the roads," the auditor exclaimed. "Aren't they giving good service?"

"They're giving excellent service. But that's not a good reason for encouraging the Supervisors to throw money to the birds."

### A Talk With Gallagher

From the auditor's office the clockwinder went to the Supervisors' chambers where he met the Hon. Andrew Gallagher whom he congratulated on the latest threat to swat the United Railroads for the greater glory of the zealous servants of the people. "I see that you are going to parallel the U. R. on Market from Church to the Twin Peaks," said the clockwinder.

"That's right," said Gallagher.

"Good!" the clockwinder exclaimed. "That corporation has been using a lot of soft soap lately, and I like to see you fellows show them that it doesn't get them anywhere."

Supervisor Gallagher looked at the clockwinder in astonishment. "I always understood," he said, "that you thought the United Railroads wasn't getting a square deal."

"Not at all," the bilge water sage exclaimed. "You have misunderstood me."

"And you approve what we are doing?"

"Yes, indeed. The U. R. policy of conciliation has borne out one of my pet theories. The corporation has been making concession after concession ever since Pat Calhoun was sent to the scrapheap. The new president has been patted on the back for all the nice things he has done in the interest of harmony. He was welcomed by the Railroad Commission as the author of a new era, and the newspapers applauded him for his good intentions, and all the while his corporation has been steadily getting it in the neck. Thus is my pet theory sustained."

"What is your pet theory?" Mr. Gallagher asked.

"My pet theory is that the public is just as tough as its servants, and that to get a square deal you must do as Billy Bourne has done—scrap every inch of the road. Long ago I came to the conclusion that Pat Calhoun had the right idea. Personally he was unfortunate



but at least he got something for the stockholders."

### The Colonel and the Judges

When I visited the clockwinder in the pendulum room the other day I found him laughing very heartily.

"What's the joke?" I asked.

"The one that Colonel Mash put over on the judges," he replied. "The Colonel is a wonder."

"Do you know him?"

"Only by sight. One Sunday I was up to the Paulist's at the twelve-fifteen, and I caught sight of a chain of rosary beads big enough to anchor a ship to. And what do you suppose was holding them?"

"I give it up."

"A coon, and the coon was Colonel Mash. But that isn't the funny part of it. He was holding the rosary beads up to a judge as though he were praying to him—one of the judges of the Appellate Court. And I guess he was praying to him—praying to set aside the disbarment."

"Do you think he made a hit?"

"Not with that judge. Speaking about judges, I didn't see Crothers' name on the Mash list. Wonder how the Colonel missed George!"

"Why do you wonder?"

"Because George is such a solemn person, and so naturally given to futilities and such things. He's playing organized labor very strong. He went up to the labor council the other night to have it resolved that the Andy Gallaghers and the rest of them were opposed to the war."

"What happened?"

"They stepped all over him, and bruised his feelings."

Poor George! And yet Colonel Mash overlooked him.

### The Antisaloon League in Oregon

Congressman McArthur of Oregon obtained leave to print an open letter to the Antisaloon League of Oregon in the Congressional Record a few days ago. It is a letter of interest to us because we shall soon be in the thick of another prohibition campaign. As the methods complained of by Congressman McArthur have characterized the activities of the Antisaloon League in other States besides Oregon, there is no escape to be hoped for California; we will be treated to an exposition of the whole chamber of horrors. So it is worth while to know how these professional prohibitionists operate. Congressman McArthur earned the enmity of the Antisaloon League by refusing to vote for the submission of a national prohibition amendment. He had pledged himself to regard the vote of his Oregon district on State-wide prohibition as an instruction upon the national question. His district rejected State-wide prohibition, and he is keeping his pledge. But this does not suit the Antisaloon League, so they are fighting his reelection.

### Secret Methods

The agitators of the Antisaloon League use curious methods to accomplish their results. One of these methods Congressman McArthur exposes in this letter as follows:

"My attitude in this matter is satisfactory to a large majority of my constituents, but a little group of professional politicians who have been imported from other States to fill high-

salaried positions in your organization have vainly attempted to induce me to change my position, and thereby stultify myself. Mr. R. P. Hutton, your superintendent, has even sought to induce me to enter into a secret agreement with Dr. E. C. Dinwiddie, representative of the Antisaloon League here at Washington, to the effect that I disregard my campaign pledges and vote to submit the national prohibition amendment. As a consideration for this proposed secret compact Mr. Hutton held out the promise that Mr. E. V. Littlefield, my principal opponent in the coming primary election, would not enter the race. It is needless to say that this proposal was ignored by me."

### Going to Prosecute

The leaguers are distributing a circular throughout Congressman McArthur's district in which he is bitterly attacked. Among other things this circular says: "'Pat' McArthur (the Congressman's name is Clinton N. McArthur) gives license to California booze-boosting, home-destroying defiers of Oregon laws." In denying this charge Congressman McArthur points out that it is libelous. He also points out that this circular urges prohibitionist voters to commit perjury by registering as Republicans (although they are not Republicans) because "the only chance to crack booze is in the Republican primary." Under Oregon law, says the Congressman, this is subornation of perjury. He states that he has called the circular to the attention of the district attorney of Multnomah county and has requested him to investigate and prosecute the guilty parties.

### A Nauseating Cartoon

"Your circular is replete with false and libelous statements," continues the congressman, "and contains a nauseating cartoon that should be enough to disgust all decent people with your methods. I blush with shame to think that houses of worship have been defiled by the circulation of these filthy, libelous circulars and that they have been widely distributed among Sunday-school children." He refers to the leaguers as "carpetbag leaders," and says further:

"I have been told on good authority that you boast of a fund of \$50,000 which will be spent to accomplish my defeat at the coming primaries. You have stated that you intend to make an example of me in order that Congressmen in general will not dare to oppose your program. The public is entitled to know of your corrupt methods and of the brazen boast that a fund of \$50,000 is available to bring about the defeat of a Member of Congress who has announced his determination to fulfill his campaign pledges and keep faith with his constituents."

Such are the methods to which we of California may expect to be treated by these same carpetbag leaders of the prohibition propaganda.

### Overworking a Chestnut

On Sunday, April 16, as appears from the Congressional Record, the House of Representatives was in session to pay respect to the memory of the late Congressman William G. Brown of West Virginia. Congressman Cullop of Indiana paid his respects in a speech where- in he said:

None knew him but to love him,

None named him but to praise.

Then Congressman Clark of Missouri paid his respects in a speech wherein he said:

None knew him but to love him,

None named him but to praise.

And then resolutions adopted by the West Virginia Society of the District of Columbia were read into the record. In these resolutions it was set forth that

None knew him but to love him,

None named him but to praise.

### Weariness and Despair in Berlin

What is the state of affairs in besieged Germany? We are told that the Germans have thus far succeeded in offsetting the effects of the blockade. The truth of course is battered down as far as possible by a rigid newspaper censorship, but some of it escapes. There was a little of it recently in the "Dagens Nyheter" of Sweden, written by Professor Haglund who contrasts the impressions of two successive visits to Berlin. In the first—made in June, 1915—the most striking impression was of the isolation of the country. The people he met knew nothing of anything. He tells of a doctor who expressed the greatest astonishment when he heard that the German mark was worth only so-and-so in Sweden. Having asked what was the cause of anything so absolutely absurd, the doctor was thunderstruck to hear that the Swedes regarded it as not worth more. Amid the flapping of flags and proclamations of innumerable victories the average Berliner thinks that the Kaiser can impose any value he chooses on the mark. The impression of the first visit was of ignorance; that of the second was of despair. Professor Haglund found that "an indescribable war-weariness had taken hold of the people of Berlin" on his second visit.

### An Editor's Complaint

What the feeling of some people in Germany is we may learn from the "Leipziger Volkszeitung." "It is nearly twenty months," says that journal, "since this freedom of speech and of the press was destroyed under the state of siege, nor is it clear, even yet, when the even more impressive tyranny of military power will end. Our whole life is confined within narrow limits, and we can hardly express our complaints and demands." This journal denounces "the utter muddle of the food supply. Only the bread supply is on the whole satisfactory. 'Far otherwise is the supply of milk, meat, fat.' A comparison of the prices at the end of February, 1915, and in 1916 shows a rise in almost every case of more than double. 'The queues, many hundred metres long, which in many towns wait for hours outside butter and potato shops, are eloquent of the signs of the times.' 'In many cases the meat supply is giving out; margarine is hard to get, lard is a costly rarity and dearer than butter; tea, cocoa, and coffee are dearer and worse.' 'The embodiment of all failures is the potato supply.' 'The great rise in potato prices, in glaring violation of the Government's solemn promises, puts the cap on the whole. People talk about the present state of things as War Socialism. If this muddle is Socialism, Socialism deserves to be buried with contumely.'"

### Another Burns Agency Scandal

That grand young reformer, William J. Burns, once the idol of women's clubs hereabouts, has

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been neglected by his press agents of late. Not since the Frank case has the wonderful keyhole detective been celebrated in the press. But his agency is in trouble again. His New York manager, Guy Biddinger, has been exposed as the associate and accomplice of criminals. He is alleged to have used the law as a club to extort bribes from the leading characters of the underworld. The exposure was effected by A. Leo Weil, a Pittsburg lawyer, president of the voters' league of that city and an officer of the National Municipal League. Two years ago while prosecuting grafters Weil asked Burns to engineer a dictagraph "plant." Burns sent Biddinger to take charge of the case, characterizing him as "the best man on my staff." Weil soon discovered that Biddinger was "double-crossing" him, and when he complained the detective had him arrested on a charge of bribery. Then Weil turned detective himself, and now Biddinger is under arrest. Some months ago Mayor Mitchell was thinking of making a police commissioner out of Biddinger, but he dropped the matter when The New York Tribune reported that he was an ex-convict. Nevertheless the detective continued to act as manager of the Burns agency. Biddinger is the man who rounded up the McNamaras.

#### Los Angeles City Farms

Not long ago it was found necessary to amend a city ordinance of Los Angeles in order to permit San Fernando Valley farmers to shoot jackrabbits, the original ordinance which forbade the use of firearms within the city limits working a hardship on the agricultural district which had been annexed to the southern metropolis. The latest news is that another farming community wants to be part of the city of Los Angeles. I quote from the Los Angeles Herald of April 11:

The town of Belvedere, immediately adjoining Los Angeles on the east, today gave notice to the city council that it would soon circulate petitions to annex itself to Los Angeles, which would give Los Angeles a wide new area of splendid farming lands.

We may live to see Los Angeles city co-terminous with Los Angeles county.

#### He Opposes Cigarettes

It is interesting to know that Congressman Mann who gave us the iniquitous White Slave Act is opposed to cigarettes. This came out the other day when the House was debating the provisions of the Agricultural Appropriations Bill relative to the Hessian fly, etc. I quote from the Congressional Record:

Mr. Mann: Will the gentleman give me some information about this paragraph? What is the cigarette beetle?

Mr. Lever: It is an insect that attacks tobacco, cigars and cigarettes.

Mr. Mann: It does not confine its attention solely to cigarettes?

Mr. Lever: No. It bores a little hole in the cigar and cigarette.

Mr. Mann: Well, while I do not smoke cigars, I have no objection to gentlemen going after bugs who bore holes in them or bugs who smoke them, for that matter.

Mr. Lever: The little bug bores out of the tobacco.

Mr. Mann: If it is simply to protect the cigarette, I do not know but what it would be a good thing to strike it out and make an appropriation to increase the number of cigarette beetles.

Mr. Lever: Oh, that is but a name given to it.

It seems strange that so narrow-gauged a man should be the Republican leader in the House.

#### The Cruise of the "Roseleaves"

The "Roseleaves" fluttered out over the bay last Sunday and scattered their annual merriment from the Dolphin Club to Angel Island, from Angel Island to Sausalito, and back again. The "Roseleaves" used to be a club within the Bohemian Club. Founded in the interests of mirth in 1888 by Dan O'Connell the poet, by Uncle George Bromley the raconteur, by Rollo Peters the painter of moonlight, by viveurs like George Hall and the Mizners, Harry Gillig and Frank Unger, by Porter Ashe and Denis O'Sullivan and Senator Phelan and Downey Harvey and Mervyn Donohoe, the "Roseleaves" bloomed for a number of years and then were scattered to the breezes that blow men this way and that on the currents of life. They renewed their life some two years ago under the vivifying influence of Charles Rollo Peters, and now they make annual pilgrimage to Sausalito to do honor to Dan O'Connell who is honored there with a memorial seat in stone. Sunday's excursion on "a fast sailing packet boat" took the "Roseleaves" first to Angel Island where Colonel McGunnigle, the commandant, had prepared a camp for their reception. There was music by the regimental band, there was a barbecue and there were canniikins clinked to the good old days when all "Roseleaves" were younger. At Sausalito Edgar Peixotto delivered a short address about Dan O'Connell, and Willis Polk read O'Connell's best and last poem "The Chamber of Sleep." It was a day memorable in many ways, and not least memorable for Willis Polk's yellow sash which gave him the appearance of a buccaneer.

#### A Tribute to M. A. Gunst

Mose Gunst is on his way to Oyster Bay where he will doubtless receive a very cordial greeting from his friend Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. Mose Gunst was the original Roosevelt man in California. Long before San Juan Hill Gunst and the Colonel were chums, and there has never been a break in their friendship. But this is not odd; not at any rate so far as Gunst is concerned, for loyalty is the salient trait of his character, and it was to testify their admiration for this quality that about fifty of his friends gathered at the Cliff House on Friday evening of last week where they gave a Gunst dinner in the beautiful dance-hall, which has been exquisitely re-decorated by Mine Host Rosenfield. An excellent dinner was served, and there was also an exhilarating flow of soul presided over by Theodore Bonnet as toastmaster. Some eloquent and graceful tributes were paid to Mr. Gunst by H. U. Brandenstein, Otto Irving Wise, Theodore Mansfield, Henry Ach, J. C. Nealon, E. O. McCormick and Milton Esberg. The cut-up of the evening was Willis Polk, who spoke on most of the things under the sun. Following is a list of the men who attended the banquet: James Woods, Morgan Gunst, John Grosberg, Otto Irving Wise, L. C. Brown, J. C. Nealon, Harry Hart, C. L. Asher, Leopold Michels, Jack Beaufort, Henry Ach, Jonas Bloom, J. H. Deering, Jacob Shaen, H. U. Brandenstein, Fred Patek, Willis Polk, J. C. Coleman, J. J. Gottlob, F. F. Shaw, E. O. McCormick, Julius M. Rosenfield, Jack Bonnet, M. H. Esberg, D. I. de Lee, George A. Knight, Theodore Mansfield, Thomas Murphy, Frank Barnett, R. E. Mulcahy, G. W. Whittaker, W. E. Travis, A. A. Cone, Harry Traub, Milton Stern, D. A. White, Thomas McCann, Julius Brownstein, Julius Eppstein, George Gosling, Sam Golinsky, Louis Metzger, Ellis Parrish, Herbert Fleishhacker, C. M. Fickert, M. A. Gunst.

"One wife too many!" exclaimed Mrs. Wederly, as she glanced at the headlines of her husband's paper. "I suppose that is an account of the doings of some bigamist?"

"Not necessarily, my dear," replied her husband, without daring to look up.

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# Among Our Artists

Edited by Edward F. O'Day

## The Charm of the Pastel

A writer with a poetical imagination has compared painting in pastel to "the colored dust upon the velvet of butterflies' wings." There is such fascination about the pastel that the delight which many great artists have taken in it excites no wonder. There is charm in the pastel, and subtlety and softness; it lends itself to exquisite depths of tone and fine harmonies; there is delicacy and sweetness in the pastel, and freshness of color. The pastel is for artists of daintiness and refinement. Hence it is natural that women should excel in the use of the dry pigments: Rosalba Carriera of Venice and Theresia Mengs are among the greatest who have painted in this medium. But mere prettiness of effect does not make a great pastel. Grimm thought it did, for he said to Diderot: "Everyone is agreed that pastel is unworthy the notice of a great painter." He was thinking of pastel as one of those trifles Carlyle bunched under the name of "Pompadorisms." But pastel is a great deal more than that. Pastel permits the painter to do things he cannot do in oil-painting or water-color. Pastel places every hue in nature at the disposal of the artist. Pastel is essentially the art of the colorist. Pastel permits the artist to be strong and brilliant in color, to achieve a high smooth finish, and yet not forfeit vigor. It has the advantage that the artist may leave his work and take it up at will. And he has not the trouble of mixing his colors. It is a mistake to think that pastel does not last. It lasts as long as oil-painting, and does not darken or crack as an oil-painting does. And it lasts as long as water-color, and does not fade as a water-color does. The pastel remains bright, fresh and pure.

## Douglas Crane's Pastels

Douglas Crane has been working in this medium. He acknowledges its great charm, but is not quite ready to admit that he loves it as he loves painting in oils. As all local art-lovers know by this time, Douglas Crane is a painter first and a dancer afterwards. Painting is his life work; dancing was his avocation for a time. He turned aside from painting for a little while to take advantage of the dancing craze, nature having supplied him with nimble feet and good fortune having given him a wife who is one of the most graceful ball room dancers in the country. I can imagine some of those courtly Italian painters of the Renaissance of whom Vasari tells us taking up dancing in just the same way. But now Douglas Crane is once more painting assiduously. He has done a number of pastels which are being shown this week at the Piedmont home of Mrs.

William Sharon. A little later they will be exhibited in this city. Douglas Crane's work in pastel is exceedingly happy. He has had the luck to get many beautiful subjects, and has done justice to them. For instance, he has had sittings from the two beautiful Abercrombie girls, the Baroness von Brincken and Miss Margaret Abercrombie. Their loveliness has lost nothing at his skillful hands. He has painted them separately and together. The pastel in which he shows the two heads in profile is particularly good. Another beautiful girl whom Crane has painted in this medium is Miss Helen Hamilton. This too is a very successful picture. Mary Garden posed for him in "Salome," and the result is one of his best pastels. Here as also in his pastel of Florence Roberts who posed in "The Eternal Magdalene," Crane exhibits his power of interpretation and idealization. There is a happy pastel of "Ned" Hamilton, one of Count Tolstoi the Younger, and others of high merit. Crane has used the same medium for his dainty poster for the Dixie Club ball.

## Coming Taylor Exhibitions

H. Taylor Curtis is just back from New York where his auction of a collection of Keiths gave the art world of the metropolis a sensation, so large were the prices obtained for the Californian canvases. Curtis announces that he will occupy his new quarters at the corner of Mason and Sutter streets about May 20. While in New York he arranged for a number of exhibitions to be held in the new gallery during the autumn months. First there will be an exhibition of "The Ten" who have never been seen here, in their full strength. There will also be exhibitions of the works of Lillian Genth, Frederick J. Waugh, Percival Rosseau and Janet Scudder, the sculptor. The new gallery will be a duplicate of the famous Knoedler gallery in New York. Roland Knoedler is a close friend of Curtis' and lent him the plans of his gallery which is one of the finest of its kind anywhere.

## He Found a Lost Hassam

While in New York Curtis contributed the material for the last chapter of an artistic 'cause celebre.' The chapter was accordingly written as follows by the New York Herald: After a disappearance of ten years, Childre Hassam's lost painting "Washington Square" turned up yesterday and is now in the possession of the sheriff of New York county, through whom the United States Express Company replevined it. After a protracted action at law the artist two years ago recovered \$1250 from the express company, in whose charge it

was when it disappeared. The picture was taken to Mr. Hassam a few days ago for authentication. He recognized it as the "lost, strayed or stolen" work of art and immediately communicated with the express company, which had been its unwilling legal purchaser.

H. Taylor Curtis, a San Francisco art dealer who recently came to New York to arrange for an auction of thirty paintings by William Keith, came across the lost painting in a small art gallery in West Forty-fifth street. The proprietor offered it to him for \$500. The San Francisco dealer at once saw that he was being offered a bargain, for the picture is worth at least \$1500.

"All right, I'll take it if you'll let me carry it around to Mr. Hassam and have him authenticate it."

The dealer was willing and Mr. Curtis jumped into a taxicab and took the picture to Mr. Hassam's studio, No. 130 West Forty-seventh street.

"Yes, I painted that picture, and I think the United States Express Company would like very much to get hold of it," said the artist.

Then he told Mr. Curtis the story of the lost or stolen picture. Ten years ago he had sent it to an out of town exhibition, and when the exhibition was over it was started back to him by way of the United States Express Company. It never reached him, and when the carrier investigated it he found that the box containing the picture had been delivered to a hotel in West Twenty-seventh street instead of to Mr. Hassam's address, in Fifty-seventh street. No trace of it could be found. Mr. Hassam brought action and the case lasted for several years.

When Mr. Hassam saw the lost picture he called up his lawyer, Philip Carpenter, on the telephone and was advised to notify the express company. It was arranged that Frederick G. Curry, one of the company's attorneys, and two deputy sheriffs should follow Mr. Curtis back to the gallery where he obtained the picture and take possession of it.

Now Mr. Curtis is fond of a joke. He is an athlete and a good walker. Deputy Sheriff Hackett is just a bit corpulent. Mr. Curtis, with the picture under his arm, proceeded almost to his destination, then, just for exercise, he walked around the block. Still feeling vigorous, he went around again. Thus worked up for a constitutional, he repeated the performance, and altogether walked around that block seven times, until the unhappy "minion of the law," a few paces behind, was almost ready to drop.

Finally, deciding he had enough exercise, Mr. Curtis went to the gallery, restored the picture to the proprietor and the deputies formally took possession of it.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Unpleasantness at Church Weddings

At two of the big Easter church weddings celebrated last week the officiating clergymen and the members of the bridal parties were annoyed and shocked by the conduct of spectators. I refer to the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Gleeson, the daughter of Captain of Police Henry Gleeson, and Mr. Charles Bulotti, the eminent local vocalist, which took place last Wednesday evening in St. Ignatius Church; and to the wedding of Miss Hortense Gilmore, the sweet-voiced choir singer, to Mr. Edward Kelly, the carriage and limousine celebrity, which took place on last Thursday evening at St. Dominic's. From the character of the two disturbances it is fair to guess that the same idly curious people were present at both ceremonies. The confusion which reigned at St. Ignatius was own brother to the turmoil at St. Dominic's. The incidents, it goes without saying, caused a great deal of chagrin to the helpless bridal parties who had no means of preventing them. It is too bad that these things should happen, and perhaps some way will be devised to prevent them in the future.

## Frantic Curiosity

The disturbances seemed to have their origin in a frantic curiosity about the two wedding pageants. Great throngs of uninvited men and women filled the two churches. St. Ignatius Church which was the scene of the Gleeson-Bulotti wedding, is a very large church, but the crowd of curious people was immense inside the church and outside. Men and women maneuvered feverishly for positions of vantage in the pews of the main aisle, feeling apparently that it would be a tragic deprivation to miss any circumstance of the wedding. During the ceremony men were observed in the church who were so overcome by the excitement of the occasion that they had forgotten to remove their hats, a shocking disregard of their surroundings. Hundreds of people stood on the seats in order to have an unobstructed view of the altar during the solemnity. The lay brother in charge of the pews attempted to induce these people to observe the decorum demanded by the sacred edifice, but all in vain.

"If you have the love of God in your hearts, kneel down," was his plea to these people, but it fell on deaf ears.

The noise was such as one does not associate with church, and it was quite apparent that a great many of the offenders had no conception of the conduct proper to such surroundings.

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The beautiful pews of the new church still bear the marks made by hobnailed shoes.

## A Volley of Firecrackers

This indecorous scene was repeated at the Gilmore-Kelly wedding at St. Dominic's on the evening following. The church was jammed to the last seat in the gallery by a noisy throng. The main aisle had been roped off for the convenience of the wedding party and the invited guests, but this precaution did not prevent the uninvited curiosity-mongers from occupying the reserved pews. As on the previous evening great crowds of people stood on the pews, some of the men with their hats on. During the ceremony there was a din both within and without the church. On the street outside some practical jokers with a strange sense of humor set off bunches of firecrackers while the wedding service was in progress. A great deal of rice had been thrown at the bride and groom while they were on their way to the altar, and ingenious spectators discovered that they could contribute to the noise inside the church by trampling this rice under foot. The noise was so loud that the officiating priest paused during the ceremony to rebuke these offenders. When the bridal party was leaving the church practical jokers of the same description stretched the ropes across the aisle, barring their way, and it was with great difficulty that the wedding party finally got through and made their way to the limousines. They were nearly mobbed in doing so. There was of course no way of anticipating these disgraceful scenes, and the helpless wedding parties and their guests were not responsible for them. On both occasions there were policemen present to direct the crowds, but nothing short of a riot call would have answered the purpose.

## Here Are Skaters

They filled the benches that surround the ice rink. Their ice skates were strapped to their feet, and their feet were on the ice, itching to be up and away. They were men, women and children of all ages. There were little girls with their hair hanging down and little boys in knickerbockers. There were oldsters who have (so they think) passed the dancing age, but have not (they know this, and they proved it) passed the ice skating period of life which seems to extend from the cradle to the grave. They were interested in the magnificent spectacle of the opening, of course. Like the rest of us they were thrilled by the mighty throng that filled every last seat of the rink. They were enthralled by the fancy skating, by the dancing on the ice, by the May pole pageant. Their spirits were lifted up by the music. But they were waiting for just one thing. And that was the flash on the wall which bade "everybody skate." When that message came at last a cheer went up from all sides, and the impatient ice skaters swept out upon the ice. It was a revelation. One would never have dreamed that San Francisco had so many ice skaters. Yet there they were, sure of their skill, at home on the frozen floor. The technique which they had mastered on the old mill ponds of the East, on the frozen lakes and rivers of more rigorous climes came back to them immediately. There was a look of exultation in every eye, a glow of healthy exercise on every cheek. They were the envy of the mere spectators who one and

all determined then and there to learn this entrancing pastime.

## Certain of Success

The opening of the rink left no doubt in any mind that the pastime has come to stay. Never were the auguries of success so unmis-takeable. The smart set was out in force and in fine clothes, to see, to be seen and to skate. Among the peninsular matrons who were conspicuous on the ice was Mrs. Fred McNear who mastered ice skating at Truckee and showed herself as graceful on the rink as on any dancing floor. But this is not to be merely a smart set fad. Hoi polloi are crazy about it, and the new rink has been thronged every day since that opening night. It is a beautiful rink, spacious yet comfortable, with all conveniences including entertainment for the inner man. The exhibition skating was superb, that of a dainty girl whose name escaped me winning particularly hearty applause. She is to the ice what Genee and Pavlowa are to the stage. She is an ice sprite moving on magic skates. Much admired too were the various manipulations of colored lights which gave the rink the appearance of fairyland. Those spectators who anticipated discomfort from the cold of the ice were pleasantly disappointed.

## Father Sesnon Goes to Sebastopol

The Catholic Church of Sebastopol near Santa Rosa has a new pastor, the Rev. Father Robert Sesnon, who was assigned there the other day by Archbishop Hanna. Father Sesnon has a very wide circle of friends in the bay region, having served as curate and pastor in several churches hereabouts. For some years he has been parish priest of Mill Valley, into the people of which he infused something of his own enthusiasm and zeal for religion, especially among the little folk of all creeds, children being the special objects of his solicitude. Like all men of culture Father Sesnon is a man of deep spiritual nature, and he has the power of awakening the spiritual feeling in others, as was realized some years ago when he spent a great deal of his time ministering to the

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convicts at the penitentiary. One of the best sermons I ever heard was delivered by Father Sesnon at Mass on the shore of Lake Tahoe. I hear that he is very much pleased with his promotion, as the new field to which he has been assigned has many attractions that appeal to his tastes.

#### A Society Woman Who Paints

When I speak of a society woman who paints I don't mean what you mean. Of course all society women paint a little. But I am speaking of a society woman who paints pictures. She is Mrs. Edward Pringle, and she is showing the cutest little pictures imaginable at John McMullin's studio where all her friends are dropping in "for to see and for to admire." There were some who did not know that Mrs. Pringle had this talent; she has cultivated it without a brass band accompaniment. I wish more of our society ladies would try to cultivate the artistic talents they possess. But they are too busy being frivolous.

#### Rich Mrs. Macomber

Mrs. King Macomber has gone East to come into her inheritance. She will get one-third of the colossal fortune left by her father Charles W. Harkness of Standard Oil. By the way, what does one-third mean? I have seen it said that Mrs. Macomber's share will be thirty-three millions; also that it will be twenty-two. Why the figure should be cut eleven millions at one fell swoop is beyond me. Of course for all practical purposes twenty-two millions are as good as thirty-three, but one doesn't like to see eleven millions mislaid in this careless fashion. It goes without saying that Mrs. Macomber will be one of the two or three richest women in California.

#### The Palace "Pops"

The "pop" concerts given at the Palace every Sunday night under direction of Herman Heller are enjoying a remarkable popularity. The dining tables in the Palm Court where these concerts are given accommodate six hundred guests. There are chairs for three hundred and fifty more, and the settees have space for one hundred and fifty. It is by no means uncommon to see all this seating capacity exhausted during the concerts. In other words, more than a thousand music-lovers frequently attend these Sunday night affairs.

#### At the St. Francis

Nothing gives more interest to the life of San Francisco than the flow of personalities in and out of our gates. At the St. Francis this week we find most attention given to visitors. There have been Mrs. Margaretta Brooke and her daughter Miss Genevieve, one of the most beautiful girls who have ever come here. The Brookes have been the pets of local society, as they have been in Paris and Washington. Then there are such interesting visitors as Gerald Swope of New York who is concerned with the electrification of our great railroads; Dr. A. K. Cunningham of Boston, the nationally eminent physician; Dr. L. R. Rickerts of New York, the copper expert; Count Gaston de Foutenilliat and John M. Gartwood of Chicago who handle the munition purchases of the Allies on the coast; J. S. Bagg of Goffs who is

developing the new tungsten mining camp in San Bernardino county, near Goffs, the Santa Fe railroad station; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cole of Nome, and Mme. Chilson Ohrmann, the singer.

#### The Sweet Pea Exhibition

Great preparations are being made for the San Francisco Sweet Pea Exhibition which is to be held at the Palace Hotel on Friday and Saturday, June 9 and 10. Similar exhibitions are popular in New York, Philadelphia and Bar Harbor, and great rivalry is being manifested among the local growers of the favorite flower. There will be many beautiful prizes. Entries must be sent to Frank G. Cuthbertson who is secretary of the exhibition, and may be addressed to 749 Front street. They must be made before June 1. There is no entry fee.

#### Events at Hotel Oakland

Elizabeth Short, the ten-year-old musical prodigy, will give a concert at the Hotel Oakland this Saturday evening. She will be heard in some of the piano compositions of the old masters. A large number of society women are acting as patronesses. Among them are Mrs. Tyler Henshaw, Mrs. Dan Belden, Mrs. Harry East Miller, Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mrs. Geo. Hammer, Mrs. Willard Williamson, Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Mrs. Mark L. Requa, Mrs. Oscar Sutro. The Civic Club recently gave a luncheon which was in charge of Mrs. E. H. Mitchel. The members of the club are Mrs. W. H. Kelly, Mrs. E. L. Booth, Mrs. A. C. Barko, Miss Anita Whitney, Miss Ethel Moore, Mrs. E. H. Mitchel, Mrs. M. S. McNaught, Mrs. G. Fredericks, Miss H. F. Brown, Mrs. A. M. Beele, Mrs. W. F. Vance, Miss Mabel Thompson. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Winship of Pasadena have taken apartments. Mrs. H. W. Fry of London and Mrs. Florence Darby of Washington, D. C., have taken apartments. On Monday the Daughters of the American Revolution will have their monthly meeting and tea in the rose reception room.

#### Notables at Palace

J. A. Gonzalez, a retired merchant of Los Angeles, is at the Palace en route to New York. He is connected with several large mercantile firms in Mexico. Also registered are Otis Skinner; L. C. Gilman, a prominent railroad man of Portland; Harry Hammond of the Byron "Times," and Fred Hartman of Los Angeles. A group of Southern Pacific officials includes J. M. Scott, general passenger agent at Portland; J. H. Dyer, superintendent at Sacramento, and F. L. Burckhalter of Portland. Other Palace arrivals include Carroll Allen, a Los Angeles attorney, R. D. Cole, former Congressman of Ohio, and John B. Curtin of Sonora, one of the Democratic leaders of the State. Daniel Murphy, president of the Brea Oil Company of Los Angeles, is a guest with Mrs. Murphy. So are U. M. Slater of Reno, a live stock dealer; Robert Marsh, Los Angeles real estate operator, and Mrs. Marsh; Lee A. Phillips, an insurance man of Los Angeles; and George Brockman, a Los Angeles capitalist with extensive mining interests in the State.

#### At the Cecil

Mrs. Benjamin Lombard was the guest of honor at the luncheon given Wednesday at the Burlingame Club by Mrs. Griggs Holt. Mrs. Lombard is a society woman of Boston who arrived in this city Monday. She is a guest at the Cecil. Mrs. William Glassford entertained at dinner Saturday prior to her departure for

San Diego where she will join her husband Colonel Glassford, U. S. A. Covers were laid for twelve. Mrs. E. V. Foote and her daughter Mrs. Charles Walker presided over a dinner Sunday. The private dining room was abloom with pink hawthorne, and there were fourteen covers. Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. W. H. Corbusier, U. S. A., are registered. Mrs. William Franklin Morris has been giving a series of delightful luncheons at her beautiful home at Menlo Park. They have been in compliment to some of her guests at the Cecil who are going East for the summer, but will return to the hotel in the autumn. Ten friends enjoyed her hospitality on Thursday, among them Mesdames Lloyd McCormick, Elizabeth Pratt, Arthur Thane and Beall and Miss Lindsley. A group of friends motored down Saturday and enjoyed a bridge luncheon. They were Mesdames Charles Graff, William Glassford, Richard Crisp and Charles Brown of the U. S. navy.

#### At the Somerton

Miss Daisy Ryan of Menlo Park has been stopping at the Somerton with a party of friends. Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Lux, society folk of Portland, are registered. Lieutenant Cumming of Mare Island spent the week-end. Dr. S. Justina Ermenhurst of Eldridge, Cal., gave a supper Thursday. Mrs. Virginia Carroll of Louisville, Ky., who is a guest gave a large bridge party Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Rawlins of New York were hosts at a chafing dish party Monday. Twelve guests enjoyed the affair.

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## Gossip of the Theatre

### Otis Skinner in "Cock o' the Walk"

Otis Skinner has given to the American stage a great collection of characters. Holding the mirror steadily to nature he has reflected type after type of humanity. There has been a wonderful diversity in the likenesses he has drawn for our delight. But comic portraits have predominated, for although Skinner's powers have a range which embraces the whole field of the stage it is in comedy that he grapples with the technical problems which interest him most, and it is from comedy that he has wrested the highest distinction. That distinction has consisted principally in the position which he has won for himself on the American stage. Part of it however is the honor of having a dramatist like Henry Arthur Jones write a play for him. Jones is one of the great figures of the contemporary drama; and the compliment implied in his proposing to write a play to suit the talents of an actor is an honor which few in this country or England divide with Otis Skinner. "Cock o' the Walk" is not to be numbered among the best Jones plays, but it shares with the best of those brilliant plays the ornament of the sparkling Jones wit and the unctuous Jones humor. It is rather a slight play. Its action has a limited swing. But it has a third act which is a triumph of delicious satirical comedy, and of course it has the character of Anthony Bellchamber which was drawn (though not at quite full length) for Otis Skinner. Those who saw Otis Skinner as Lafayette Towers in "Your Humble Servant" will know in advance what a treat they are to have when they see him play this other actor-part. Towers was a barnstormer and a bad actor; Bellchamber is a good actor barred from London theatres because he is his own worst enemy. The parts have their similarities, and their differences. It seems to me that the former was a better part; that it made greater demands on Otis Skinner; that it had more entrails to it, if I may be euphemistic. But there is enough in the new part fully to justify Skinner in playing it. And how he plays it! With what a zest! With what keen appreciation! With what seemingly careless but in reality with what elaborately careful recognition of all the lights and shades of humor! Anthony Bellchamber takes his place in the Skinner gallery, and need not be afraid of comparisons. Skinner brings us a fine all-round company. It is a big company, and of most unusual excellence. The actors who play the bishops and the knighted actor-managers in the third act contribute greatly to the success of the piece.

—Edward F. O'Day.

### People's Philharmonic Concert

A genuine service is being rendered the music lovers of this and trans-bay cities by the People's Philharmonic Orchestra under the leadership of Nikolai Sokoloff and under the guarantee and patronage of the People's Philharmonic Association, the president of which is Mrs. John B. Casserly, and the treasurer Herbert Fleishacker. In its third consecutive season the People's Philharmonic Orchestra has taken great strides, and has established itself thoroughly in the affection of the people. The third concert of the third season will be given next Thursday night at the Pavilion Rink. Tchaikowsky's Fourth Symphony; Mozart's overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" and Rimsky-Korsakow's "Spanish Caprice," opus 34, will be the orchestral offerings, while the solo se-

lection will be played by Emilio Meriz, the artistic concert master of the organization. He will play Max Bruch's G minor Concerto for Violin. Membership in the association may be had either by buying season tickets or by contributing to the expenses of the orchestra. Communications should be sent to U. G. Saunders, manager, care Sherman and Clay. A rearrangement of the seating plan has improved the acoustics of the hall, and the benches in the unreserved section have been replaced by chairs.

### Otis Skinner's Second Week

Otis Skinner will appear at the Columbia in Henry Arthur Jones's "Cock o' the Walk" for another week. He has been playing to crowded houses all week. Jones wrote "The Silver King," "The Middleman," "Mrs. Dane's Defense," "The Liars" and a lot of other plays that all American theatregoers know and like. Recently he wrote "The Lie" in which Margaret Illington made a hit earlier in the season.

### Musical Comedy Season at Columbia

That San Francisco is ready for a musical comedy season at popular prices is being made evident by the inquiry regarding the beginning of the season. The Columbia promises to bring out the most sparkling of late successes introducing names familiar to Broadway. "The Midnight Girl" which begins the season on Sunday night, May 14, is one of the hits of the past season in New York. It is by the author of "Adele" and from all accounts is a round of merriment, music, dash and ginger. There are a score of song hits in which the principals, chorus and orchestra, the latter under the baton of William Lorraine, will revel. The prima donna roles will be sung by Eleanor Henry who was the talk of New York in the New Amsterdam Theatre production of "Sweethearts." Dorothy Webb, Maude Beatty, Victoria Gauran, Robert Pitkin, J. Humbird Duffey, Arthur Cunningham, Stanley Ridges, Madison Smith are among the leading members of the organization which will include a big chorus.

### Florence Reed's Greatest Role

Next week should prove a gala one for the Alcazar. Florence Reed, the brilliant visiting star, will be seen in the greatest role of her career, that of Marya Varenka, the young Russian girl in Michael Morton's sensational play "The Yellow Ticket." Miss Reed created the role and played it for a season in New York and on tour. She will lend valuable assistance to stage director Addison Pitt in producing the play next week. In Miss Reed's support will be Malcolm Williams, her co-star. A feature of Miss Reed's performance of the role of Marya Varenka is the fact that she keeps her characterization free from anything suggestive and repulsive which, after all, is the mission of a real artist in a play of this kind.

### Fritzi Scheff at the Orpheum

The Orpheum will have Fritzi Scheff, the brilliant Viennese prima donna, as headline attraction next week. She is without doubt one of the most attractive and gifted of artistes. Her charm, daintiness, style and beautifully cultivated voice always command enthusiastic approval. Miss Scheff's programme will be composed of her greatest musical hits. Manuel Quiroga, a young Spanish violinist, will be a special feature. Although little more than a youth he is an artist of the first water. Avel-

ing and Lloyd call themselves "Two Southern Gentlemen." Their dialogue is written by Aaron Hoffman along comedy lines. Homer Miles and Helen Ray will appear in Mr. Miles' sketch "An Innocent Bystander" which contains an ingenious interesting story. "Three Little Pals" are Conlin, Steele and Parks. These two men and a girl sing, dance and chatter. Joe Laurie and Aleen Bronson will present a bit of foolery in a musical skit. The Carpos Brothers have a new head balancing and musical act. Stella Mayhew and Billie Taylor will be the only holdovers in this fine bill.

### "September Morn" at Pantages

A delightful half-hour version of Rowland and Clifford's sensational Chicago success "September Morn" will be headlined on the new eight-act show which opens at Pantages on Sunday. There will be a company of fourteen funmakers starring Louise de Foggia, Harry Fields and the usual troupe of dancing girls. The action of the piece takes place in an artist's studio where the celebrated pairfing is reproduced. The girl posing for the study is a well known model who has been painted by

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The woman who never smiles is trying to conceal either a tragedy or bad teeth.



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## Letters

### An Unusual Story

"Those about Trench" is about the last kind of fiction one would expect as a first novel by a professor of literature, but none the less Edwin Herbert Lewis has furnished some very interesting reading. Dr. Isham Trench was a physician of Chicago. Trench's specialty was the diseases of children, and he was philanthropic and charitable. Also he was a scientist with no belief in a hereafter, firmly convinced that life and the propagation of life were a great mistake, but none the less determined to do the best he could at all times. The reader is taken through many adventures to find himself in the midst of a group of young Serbian conspirators, and a witness to the assassination of Franz Ferdinand, and closes the book on the threshold of the European war. The unusual title has its origin in the remark of one of its characters that "we are what we are because the people about us are what they are." From the Macmillan Company.

### A New Novelist

"The Abyss" introduces a new writer of fiction, Nathan Kussy, a New York attorney who gives promise of strong work. This is the first of a projected trilogy, and though the theme is not novel, it is of perpetual popularity—the submerged tenth, prison conditions and reformation. Mr. Kussy has adopted the autobiographical form and has told his tale with convincing simplicity and directness. He has for his hero a little Jewish boy. Mr. Kussy has chosen to ignore the sex problem entirely. "For this relief, much thanks." From the Macmillan Company.

### A Western Romance

"The Golden Woman" by Ridgwell Cullum is a Western romance. The reader who takes it up with an expectation of meeting rough-hewn chivalry and primitive courtesy is going to be disappointed. There is excitement aplenty, but barring cattle-rustling and highway robbery, not a typical book-incident of Western life. Authors have been taken to task for killing off characters that have outlived their usefulness. There is nothing small about Mr. Cullum's ideas of retributive justice. He wipes out the degenerate and unrighteous in true Biblical fashion, and does not hesitate to call to his assistance fire and flood and earthquake. When he gets through with the administration of wholesale justice there is no recognizable thing left in the whole landscape save one man and one woman ready to ride off to the nearest parson. There is action and excitement enough, but it lacks probability. Mr. Cullum has done better work than this and it is reasonable to hope that he will do it again. From G. W. Jacobs.

### "The Rudder" by Mary Watts

There is not an American writer who can touch Mary S. Watts in her particular field, the social life of the Middle West. In "The Rudder" she gives us a fine piece of work. It is not a "novel with a purpose," for all the incidents are part of the moving picture of life, and the characters meet and part and act and react upon one another. One feels that they go on living and doing after the book is closed. Mrs. Watts is preserving pictures of life as it is, and some day the country will wake to the realization of it. From the Macmillan Company.

### Farming and Philandering

In "The Little Lady of the Big House" Jack London describes ranching under ideal condi-

tions—unlimited means, a liking for outdoor life, an interest in and understanding of the business, and a man and wife in perfect accord. Dick Forrest was a superman. Most of London's heroes are. Forrest was an orphan and heir to twenty millions. He married a girl of his own social rank and they settled down on a demesne in the Sacramento Valley. The "big house" was a dream-castle. Though Dick Forrest kept track of every item of expense, the "little lady" never burdened her mind with domestic arrangements. The Forrests entertained artists, writers, stock-buyers, relatives, neighbors and ne'er-do-wells. The triangle was formed when Evan Graham came. He and Paula Forrest discovered that they exactly suited each other. A man of honor would have eliminated himself. But Evan did not; there would have been no "problem" if he did that. The real interest lies in the farm activities, not in the philandering. Local readers may exercise their mental ingenuity in trying to fix the prototypes of the minor characters. From the Macmillan Company.

### The Slang of Yesteryear

Where is the slang of yesteryear?

Those words and phrases gay,  
That formerly assailed our ear,  
Are seldom heard today.

"Shoo fly; don't bother me,"

"Johnny, get your gun,"

"Ah, there—stay there,"

"Well, how are you, son?"

"Red head—white horse,"

"Go and soak your head,"

"Come, now! Stick-in-the-mud!"

"Your boots are full of lead."

"Hold your horses, cully,"

"Don't you get too fly,"

"Over the left," "You're a dude,"

"Wait till the clouds roll by."

Alas, the slang of yesteryear,

Emphatic, choice and terse,

Like much that's old "gives up the ghost,"

Displaced by something worse.

## Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET  
PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

# PRINTERS

BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS



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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—It is very evident from the market of last week that the public wants to trade in the railroads and are sick of the war stocks. In the end, in Wall Street as every other place, facts work out and conditions bring results. Pennsylvania's statement, New York Central's statement, in fact, all statements published by railroads are phenomenal. They offer speculative possibilities for the properties as great in proportion as those which were held out in hopes for the war stocks. As we have repeatedly stated, there is a large class of people in this country who will not deal in industrial stocks except the ones that have a record behind them, and who will deal in railroads when there is any promise of activity and fluctuations. The increase and extra dividend of Norfolk was the forerunner of others. Union Pacific, on its earnings so far this year, can pay one and carry over a big surplus. Southern Railway, Pfd., can return to the dividend list with conservatism. A number of newly reorganized railroads can pay on their income bonds and preferred stocks. With this era of high wages and shortage of labor, it means general good business for the whole country. We are doing the biggest business the country has ever done, and it is not all war business. Our big exports, big imports, and big clearances are caused by general commercial trade. There are fewer railroads in the street today than there have been for years, and the ones that are held are in the strongest hands. We look for higher prices in Norfolk, New York Central, Western Union and Reading, and in all good dividend-paying, well-tried railroads and industrials. Barring something unforeseen, a much higher and broader market in our good stocks seems to be close at hand.

**Wheat**—The trade is hesitating over the conflicting influences now surrounding the wheat market and uncertainty always narrows action and prevents the exercise of legitimate authority. The crop damage continues to be vigorously asserted by veterans in the agricultural possibilities of the Southwest, and is confirmed by growers. The plowed-up area is growing importantly larger and seems to be added to, each day, while from many sections the presence of the Hessian fly is quite emphatically acknowledged and its menace exposed. If there should develop a genuine Hessian fly visitation, the consequences to the growing crop would be a surprise to any who have not gone through such an experience. In the Northwest the danger is more portentous owing to the amount of plowing yet to be done and the lateness of the seeding. The weather seems to be growing better for farm work, but is still far from what is needed. Were it not for the peculiar statistical situation which is always evident at the opening of navigation, we believe that the lowered conditions in the soft wheat States would assert themselves in very much higher

quotations, but we feel great confidence in their appearance later on.

**Corn**—Sentiment in this market is about equally divided, many basing their expectations of higher prices upon the persistent activity of the Armour house on the bull side of the market. There are no new features outside of this item, and it is just as worthy of credence as any of the rumors afloat. The market is not reflecting any unusual support; in fact is very indifferently sympathetic with wheat, and there are no public reasons for advance of any particular dimensions. It is reported that there is more or less export inquiry from Baltimore, but it is not, so far as we know, confirmed. We hear of increased movement from the country and it would be but natural that after seeding there would develop some selling activity on the part of the farmer, as stocks are officially reported as liberal.

**Cotton**—There was not much change in prices until the close of the week, when the market finally got out of its rut and closed at the best prices seen for some time. The advance was due mostly to a general feeling that there would be no trouble with Germany over the submarine question and the fear of a cold wave that would catch some of the cotton in Oklahoma and Texas. In the event of frost in the Southwest, there is ample time to replant, so there is no occasion to be alarmed. Sentiment here is almost unanimously bullish and leading bulls are predicting very much higher prices, but after dissecting their views, we find their arguments based almost entirely on prospects of early peace and a continuation of the wonderful prosperity of the spinners. Bulls are losing sight of the fact that it is the world's consumption that will finally fix prices, and it is a certainty that at the end of this season, there will be a large carry-over with the probability of a large crop to contend with. They may succeed in working prices a little higher, but some time within the next sixty days the new crop will look like a record breaker, and some of the present bulls will see numerous reasons for a decline that they cannot see now.

## Obliging

In a certain church in a nearby town it is the invariable custom of the clergyman to kiss the bride after the ceremony. A young woman who was about to be married in this church did not relish the prospect and instructed her prospective husband to tell the clergyman that she did wish him to kiss her. The bridegroom obeyed the instructions given.

"Well, Harry," said the young woman when he appeared, "did you tell the minister that I did not wish him to kiss me?"

"Yes."

"And what did he say?"

"He said that, in that case, he would charge only half the usual fee."

## Day of perfect double vision lenses has arrived.

Wearers of glasses and optical scientists have long wished for the day when a perfect bifocal would be made. The old style bifocals, while serving their purpose in a measure, were in most cases unsatisfactory. Many objected to them on account of their appearance, others on account of the so called "rainbow" colors which were quite perceptible and annoying. At last perfect double vision lenses have been perfected and are known as "Caltex One-piece" Bifocals. Reading and distance corrections are combined in one lens, which being ground from a single piece of glass have the appearance of regular glasses. Remember the name, "Caltex."

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### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73004; Dept. No. 16.

PRISCILLA ELIZABETH DALES, Plaintiff, vs. IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's wilful neglect of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
S. J. HANKINS & H. J. HANKINS,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
917 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-10

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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PAULA BERGER, deceased.—No. 20650, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned FERDINAND FREYESLEBEN and UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO, Executors of the last will and testament of PAULA BERGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of Union Trust Company of San Francisco, at the junction of Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PAULA BERGER, deceased.

FERDINAND FREYESLEBEN,  
UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

By H. Van Luvén, Secretary,

Executors of the last will and testament of  
Paula Berger, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 8, 1916.

T. E. K. CORMAC and  
HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,  
Attorneys for Executors,  
Nevada Bank Building,  
San Francisco, California. 4-8-5

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71884; Dept. No. 10.

FRANZISCA AVI, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23rd day of February, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
T. W. HUBBARD,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1003 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-1-10

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The full names and respective places of residence of all its members are subscribed hereto.

Dated, April 4, 1916.

ARTHUR A. FRANK,  
50 Arguello Boulevard,  
San Francisco.

SIMON L. HEILBRON,  
2225 Steiner Street,  
San Francisco.

State of California,  
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 4th day of April, 1916, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared ARTHUR A. FRANK and SIMON L. HEILBRON, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Seal) A. J. NAGLE,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of  
San Francisco, State of California.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY J. GALLAGHER, deceased.—No. 20700; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of HENRY J. GALLAGHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorneys, Alfred B. Lawson and John Prosek, Room 214 Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY J. GALLAGHER, deceased.

CLARISSE O'CONNELL,

Administratrix of the estate of Henry J. Gallagher,  
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 6th, 1916.

ALFRED B. LAWSON and  
JOHN PROSEK,

Attorneys for Administratrix,  
214 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-6-5

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVII. No. 1238

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 13, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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A Science of Dreamland

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What Alameda Has Done for Poetry

A Call for Ragpickers From Sacramento

Richard C. O'Connor Talks of the Irish Revolt

A Railroad in the Park Discussed by the Clockwinder

*Read The May Lantern*



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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVII

San Francisco, May 13, 1916

No. 1238

Published Weekly by  
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)  
88 First Street, San Francisco  
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor  
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

**The President Recants Again**

Last week President Wilson expressed his firm confidence in the unity of the spirit of Americanism among our foreign-born citizens. "You have heard a great deal about the hyphen," said Mr. Wilson. "I for one have never been deceived. The number of persons of really divided allegiance in this country is very small." Aside from the fact that we are glad to learn of one case in which the President was not deceived, this is really good news and reassuring. Not long ago the President was somewhat sceptical. As late as October 11 the hyphen gave him many a bad quarter of an hour as we learned from some of his remarks in the course of an address to the Daughters of the American Revolution. "I am in a hurry," he said on that occasion, "to have an opportunity to have a lineup and let the men who are thinking first of other countries stand on one side." Has the President had the benefit of the desirable lineup? Or has he received another tip in his favorite reviewing-stand while scanning the grand procession of visions that keep the Administration informed on matters of great moment? Whatever the truth his former apprehensions are no longer rampant. Now he tells us that he "never had the slightest doubt of what would happen when America called upon those of her citizens born in other countries to come to the support of the flag." He adds: "They will come with cheers." If the President never had the "slightest doubt" of hyphenated allegiance it is too bad that his impulsive remarks of last October should have been taken by German-Americans as an unwarranted slur on their loyalty.

**Divided Allegiance**

All of us like to believe that foreign-born citizens generally are loyal to their adopted land; and most of us are inclined to make allowance for the emotions that have been stirred by the passions of the war, for we do not think less of a man because he cannot forget the play-place of his boyhood, the old home in which he was reared or the ground in which the bodies of his ancestors repose. Nevertheless it is not to be denied that Americans have been disquieted by the attitude and sentiments of many foreign-born citizens, especially by what appears to be a deeper sympathy with foreign potentates than with the institutions of the adopted country. Hitherto Americans have been pleased to regard their country as an effective melting pot

wherein every man, no matter where his corporeal chemistry was first ignited, became an American in the true and best sense of the term as soon as he forswore allegiance to his native land, giving his mind and heart to the constituent ideas of this republic. Our naturalization laws are grounded in the theory that when a man asserts the sacred right of expatriation from the desire to become a citizen of the United States it is because of an ardent love of the principles embodied in our Constitution. Further, Americans have counted on the natural feeling of gratitude which, in their opinion, should thrill men who came hither for the sake of a better life, either to fatten a wasted midriff or to receive an opportunity to toil in freedom from oppression while enjoying all the privileges of civil life. Now, disquieted Americans may have done an injustice to citizens of foreign birth. It may be just as President Wilson has said on second thought and with his massive mind on the coming campaign, that the number of persons of divided allegiance is very small, but if so they have made an incredible noise and unfortunately the persons of undivided allegiance, innumerable though they may be, have maintained a most resonant and disquieting reticence. We have seen men of foreign birth placed in the relation of conspirators in the midst of the citadel, more or less active in making war on the integrity of this country. We have seen them trying to destroy a national policy that has become a tradition, a national policy that has been recognized as one of the safeguards of the nation. We have seen them approve the violation of universally recognized laws of humanity notwithstanding that the violation of those laws entailed the slaughter of American citizens. Not at all singular then, the general uneasiness. For though we have not doubted that when peace returned the men of foreign birth engaged in feeding animosities and conspiring against the best interests of their adopted country would be eager to have their war-time activities forgotten, yet it was obvious that the severe strain that has been put upon the institutions of the country by an unprecedented upheaval really called for an emphatic assertion of the Americanism that Theodore Roosevelt has been making articulate.

**An Appeal from Redfield**

We give ear to Edward Hyatt, superintendent of public instruction for the great State of California. From Mr. Hyatt we have received a letter addressed "To the School People of California." Presumably we are one of them, though the classification is new to us. Mr. Hyatt has addressed this letter to

us for the purpose of informing us that he has received an appeal from a Cabinet officer, from no less a personage than that colossal intellectual giant of the Department of Commerce at Washington, the Hon. William C. Redfield, whose portrait has been made familiar to us by his whiskers. This appeal, says Mr. Hyatt, "is to the children in the schools to learn the art of saving and collecting rags and old papers." Thus we learn that the Secretary of Commerce has his uses and that the Cabinet under this dispensation has at least one officer who may plunge into profound thought without disturbing the equilibrium of the Government. Secretary Redfield, like his chief, is a sober student of the copybook. In all probability he has learned many shrewd aphorisms by heart. Who better qualified than he to stand by when the pork barrel is broached? In fancy we hear him uttering the wisdom of the ages in compact form thus: "Waste not, want not. Wilful waste makes woful want." And again: "Waste not the smallest thing created, for grains of sand make mountains, and atoms infinity." We feel sure Mr. Redfield has crammed himself with platitude, but in the Redfield philosophy there is nothing about the pork barrel, for it is known that the income tax will take care of that, and when that fails our Congressmen from the South will see to it that we have a federal inheritance tax too. "Waste not the smallest time in imbecile infirmity," is among the aphorisms which, we assume, have not appealed to the Redfields of Washington or the Hyatts of Sacramento. Hyatt warmly endorses the Redfield appeal, and urges us to gather up scraps of paper and sell them to the ragpicker, for thus may "we typify conservation of our natural resources." Mr. Hyatt grows eloquent on paper supplied by a spendthrift State that makes its own textbooks and pays good money to support a Hyatt and his family. There is certainly much need of thrift and economy, but it is not half so pressing as the need of a general evacuation of public office and the administration of a good tonic compounded of common sense and the saving salt of humor.

**The Curious Swanberg Case**

Let us not be in haste with the Swanberg case. Apparently some folks are of the opinion that as Swanberg does not wish to prosecute the man who shot him the case should be dismissed on motion of the prosperous and apparently kind-hearted and generous restaurateur. Some of these folks are of an ostentatiously sentimental turn. It pleases them mightily to find that Swanberg, though lying with a bullet in his body, has not a touch



of vindictiveness in his soul, and they point to him as an exemplary Christian who would forgive, nay, reward, the man who tried to take his life. Superficially studied the case appears to be one of a man whose heart, though as big as the Portola-Louvre, has no room in it for the memory of a wrong. But before celebrating Swanberg as a noble soul, incapable of resentment, we should like to know more about Haase, the man who shot him. Forgiveness is beautiful, it is godlike; but it is also a form of revenge. The best way to revenge yourself on your enemy is to forgive him. Now before we glorify Swanberg let us find out whether he is entitled to revenge himself on poor Haase. There are two questions in this case of equal importance to the public, and considering the interest of the public in the matter there is a very great objection to "fixing" the odd case out of court. One question is whether Haase is a man of homicidal tendency, and the other is what representations Swanberg made to the waiter to induce him to quit his job. In justice to Haase it should be known to what extent he was provoked, what the circumstances were that operated on his mind, deranging it and almost making a murderer out of him. The public should know these things, for Swanberg is a rich and influential citizen who has many dealings with the public. Besides Swanberg made what is known as a "dying declaration," and a certain credibility attaches to such things, too much, perhaps, and it might be well to have an illustration of the danger of accepting them at their face value. On the whole it is clear that the case is not one that may properly be disposed of according to the wishes of either of the interested parties. Who knows but that what happened to Haase was tantamount to a tremendous tragedy. Fancy a poor waiter having his hopes cruelly dashed to earth just as they were soaring to the central blue! Was it because of a misunderstanding? Or was the man cruelly misled? We do not know, but the truth is worth finding out.

#### Wilson and Brandeis

President Wilson's intellects remind one of what Elia said of the brain of a true Caledonian—that the twilight of dubiety never falls upon it. President Wilson's understanding is always at its meridian. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no borderland for him. There is no wandering with him in the mazes of a probable argument. Absolutely inaccessible is he to self-suspicion. He may completely switch his judgment of a man, as he did in the case of Bryan; he may depend wholly on intuition, as in the case of Colonel House, but whatever his current apprehension of a thing he has no falterings or partial illuminations. Consider for example the immaculate, god-like Brandeis aueroled saintwise in the President's certificate of character. Obviously the President's conception of Brandeis is in the nature of an idealization. There never was on land or sea, so

perfect, so noble, so exalted a being as this Boston lawyer whom the President has equipped with wings and perfumed with the incense of Princeton rhetoric. In this certificate the President utters himself like Elia's Caledonian. All men from former President Taft to President Emeritus Eliot who dare say that Brandeis is anything but impeccable are liars overflowing with malice and hatred. "I did not," says the President, "in making the choice ask or depend upon any endorsement." Far from it. Why should he ask? He knew. He was as cocksure about Brandeis as he was about Bryan and about Daniels and about McAdoo and about Colonel Harvey, until Harvey found him out. "I have dealt with him," says the President, "where nice questions of honor were involved." One of the nice questions of honor on which there is no dispute came to light in the Senate committee when it was shown that Brandeis had a fee of \$25,000 in his pocket while posing as the disinterested pro-bono-publico counsel for the infamous Glavis. But it is easy for President Wilson to endorse Brandeis, for they both have the same code of morals. We know that our President has great confidence in his instincts, for we remember that he tried to get a slice of the Carnegie pension fund, and that he has justified himself in ignoring a solemn pledge taken at Baltimore, a pledge that was made the basis of certain claims on the public. We have come to realize that when Mr. Wilson follows his inclinations he is well satisfied that he has done about the right thing. This undoubtedly is the case also with Mr. Brandeis who arrogates to himself the right of determining when he may be justified in throwing down a client for the benefit of the "larger interests."

#### Antichrist of Germany

To a Methodist preacher belongs the credit of the discovery that the Kaiser is Antichrist, the Beast numbered 666 of the Apocalypse. This is not a matter of great significance, though faith in it is persisting and spreading. In all times of storm and stress pious souls brood over the apocalyptic vision in search of a clue to the divine purpose, and it has been found many times. Centuries ago it was found that the Pope was Antichrist, and there are many pious souls who have him under suspicion even at this late day, though now it appears to be easier to identify the Kaiser with the Beast. German scholars of the eighteenth century established the identity of Antichrist in their opinion beyond peradventure. They demonstrated that the numerical value of the letters in "Caesar Nero" was 666, and that settled it. However, in Protestant countries there never was any serious rival to the Pope until the advent of a more dramatic portent. To the explorers of the Apocalypse Napoleon was irresistible. Some of them were probably greatly disappointed when he went down without overturning the world. But now it is the Kaiser, and the evidence is very strong, since "The unclean spirits like frogs have

gone forth out of his realm to gather the kings of the world to the battle of the great day" into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon. Moreover in the heavens the last of the seven angels in a Zeppelin has poured out his vial into the air, and there has fallen upon men "a great hail out of heaven," and men have "blasphemed God because of the plague of the hail" for the plague thereof is exceeding great.

#### A Science of Dreamland

At last we have a science of dreamland. Too long neglected, the normal hinterland of the mind has been invaded, inspected and charted by the psychologist. Formerly dreamland was all a matter of conjecture except among the early Hebrews, whose wise men interpreted dreams for the benefit of raw heathens. That was when visions of the night possessed some virtue which might be applied to the guidance of life. Unfortunately the dull and unimaginative sceptics of European civilization have sought to reduce dream life to triviality and insignificance. They have scoffed at the very notion of dreams having any meaning, and they would dismiss dreams as the futile fruits of indigestion operating in a dim world of disordered fancy. But now comes the psychologist, or rather, a psychologist, Professor Freud, who takes the sub-conscious mind as a background of dormant memories and unfulfilled desires, and with this concept as a fundamental hypothesis he threatens to codify the laws of its workings. It is interesting to learn from this eminent scientific authority that the operative power in dreams is found in the suppressed or hidden elements of desire within each human personality. "An idea merely existing in the region of possibility is replaced by a vision of its accomplishment"—such is the plain formula of dreaming. Not on this hypothesis are we able to account for the strange reptile that occasionally disturbs one's slumbers by his curious antics; or for any of the distressing performances in which one indulges occasionally without rhyme or reason. But Professor Freud is a scientist, and he has given a lot of thought to dreams. He attributes most of them "to suppressed or submerged desires which are elements in personality and rooted in egotistic animalism but denied access to ordinary consciousness by the censorship of the conscience or the accepted code of morals and manners." Such being the case one should never grow confidential on the subject of one's dreams. So perhaps we should be grateful to Professor Freud. If his book will have the effect of restraining that intolerable bore—the dream-teller—he will deserve a monument.

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## Varied Types

CCLXXX—RICHARD C. O'CONNOR

By Edward F. O'Day

I seriously doubt if there is a better informed Irishman in San Francisco today than Richard C. O'Connor. For years an esteemed member of the working force of the Hibernia Bank, Richard C. O'Connor devoted his leisure hours to the history and literature of his native land; and now that he has retired from active participation in business affairs, he is more than ever immersed in his favorite pursuit. He knows Ireland in the pages of its historians; he knows Ireland in the glowing period of its orators and the sparkling lines of its poets; he knows Ireland through its newspapers; and he knows it through travel up, down and across its four ancient provinces. The acknowledgment that he was an authority on Irish affairs came to Richard C. O'Connor when he was elected vice-president general of the American Irish Historical Society. He has filled that position with honor to the organization and with credit to himself. The historical monographs which he has written are valued contributions to the proceedings of the society; and they embody original researches concerning important episodes of Irish-American relations on which the future historian may draw with confidence and with profit.

Desiring to get an expression of typical Irish-American opinion on the abortive rising of the Sinn Feiners in Dublin I naturally went to Mr. O'Connor. Love of the old country is strong in him, and so is philosophical deliberation. He has a deep sympathy for Irish aspirations, and a profound impartiality of judgment. His opinion, I believe, is expressive of Irish-American opinion. It is not the opinion of hot-heads and Irish pro-German propagandists. It is the opinion of the great body of Irishmen who look forward to Home Rule, who regard John Redmond as their leader, and who are proud of the great exploits of the Irish regiments fighting for the British Empire in Flanders and France.

"It was an inopportune rising," said Richard C. O'Connor. "It was an unwise rising. It came at a time when Irishmen had the right to expect Home Rule and prosperity. It came to intensify differences when we were trying to wipe them out.

"I am the last man on the top of the earth to say an unkind or an unjust word of the men who went out in Dublin and elsewhere. They made the highest sacrifice it is possible to make—they gave their lives for their convictions. We may question their wisdom—and I think they were unwise—but we cannot question their patriotism. But patriotism and courage are not everything; prudence and patience count for much.

"This Sinn Fein organization came into existence after Parnell's death. After his failure—the Home Rule bill had been thrown out twice under Gladstone—many Irishmen thought that it was useless to apply for Home Rule. They thought that it was futile for Irishmen to sit in the House of Commons where they were a hopeless minority. They thought Irish leaders should stay at home and bend all their efforts to the development of Irish industries. Hence the name Sinn Fein meaning 'Ourselves Alone.' As Sinn Fein developed it came to have the same object as the Clan na Gael which was the successor of the Fenians.

"The Sinn Feiners opposed John Redmond. They called him a traitor to his country. It

is true that previously the Irish had little to expect from the Liberal party. Catholic Emancipation and the Land Act of 1903 were given to Ireland by the Conservative party. But the situation insofar as the Liberal party was concerned was not so bad as it seemed. It was Disraeli, I think, who said apropos of Catholic Emancipation that the Liberals went in bathing and the Tories stole their clothes. The Liberals were handicapped. Asquith's predecessor Campbell-Bannerman made the statement that it was useless for the Liberals to enact legislation because it would be nullified by the House of Lords. The destruction of the nullifying power of the House of Lords—a revolution in itself—could not have been accomplished by the Liberal party without the assistance of the Irish Nationalists. The Irish contributed more than their share to that revolution. And that revolution made Home Rule possible, for when Home Rule had passed the Commons three times it became law and the House of Lords could not nullify it. All this was done under the leadership of John Redmond whom the Sinn Feiners call a traitor to his country.

"It is the basic principle of revolution that the revolution is unjustifiable unless it has a reasonable prospect of success. The recent uprising had much less prospect of success than the uprising of 1798 under Wolfe Tone. The difference in armament alone was enormous. Nowadays the man with a rifle in his hand is of little use. Artillery was in a primitive stage in '98, and the Irish pike was a far more effective weapon than the English bayonet. In '98 the organization was far more potent than it was this year. Even had the Volunteers organized by John Redmond joined the Sinn Feiners—and this they did not do—the revolutionists would have had no such prospect of success as the revolutionists of '98. Wolfe Tone had Napoleon's encouragement. He sailed for Ireland on a French vessel. Wexford, Kildare and Wicklow were the only counties that rose. The Irish defeated the English at Vinegar Hill and elsewhere, but they failed to follow up their victories. The elements did more for England than English generalship. The French ships were taken, and Wolfe Tone committed suicide.

"In '98, it is well known, the English forced the Irish into premature rebellion. The Irish were compelled to strike before they were ready. Looking at the recent uprising from this distance and taking into consideration what some of the revolutionists have stated—that they thought they were going on parade—there seems to be no question in my mind that this uprising like that of '98 was brought to a head prematurely by the British Government. The same thing was done in the Fenian uprising of 1867. Had the Fenian organization had time to complete its plans it would have seriously crippled the British government. The English forced them into open rebellion before they were ready. In these as in other episodes of Irish history the 'if' plays an important part.

"In considering such attempts it is necessary to hold in mind the injustice which has been visited on Ireland through the years. Only in that way can we get the viewpoint of the men who make these attempts. Unfortunately English politicians do not know the history

of Ireland, are not informed concerning Irish affairs. Indeed, a well read American knows more about these things than an English politician, strange as that statement may seem. Take a single instance of English injustice to Ireland. Before the Union Ireland had its own treasury and its own small national debt. By the terms of the Act of Union Ireland was to be taxed for her own debt alone. Yet in 1820, after the Napoleonic wars, when England was staggering along under a load of debt, she violated the Act of Union by amalgamating the Irish and English debts and levying taxes in Ireland to pay off the sum total. In the ninety-five years since 1820 England has taken out of Ireland £327,000,000 more than she has contributed to Ireland. This is something English politicians do not consider. The same unfairness toward Ireland was exhibited by Premier Asquith when he stated, before the war, when Ulster opposition to Home Rule was at its height, that to use force against Sir Edward Carson's Orange musters was unthinkable. Yet the use of force has never been 'unthinkable' against other Irish musters.

"What will be the effect of the Sinn Fein uprising? I'm afraid it will be bad. The Home Rule bill has been held up until the close of the war, and there is an amending bill hanging over its head. That amending bill is to 'reconcile differences of opinion.' The Sinn Feiners have given Carson an opportunity to say that the Irish are not to be depended on, and to insist on drastic provisions in the amending bill. In other words, Ireland's troubles have been intensified by an unwise and inopportune uprising."

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## Perspective Impressions

What has become of the people who used to say that the war would be over in a year?

When prosperity makes its appearance the walking delegate gets on the job.

It is much more important to read the notes themselves than to read what various news services have to say about them.

We had about made up our minds that film censorship was unnecessary when Hearst began fighting the project and raised our doubts.

Such is the law of contrast that where there is light there is darkness; where height, depth also; calm and tempest; prosperity and adversity. Hence it may not be too much to expect a Root now that we have a Wilson.

The only criticism to be made of the shooting of the Dublin rebels is that Sir Edward Carson still lives to remind Irishmen of the injustice of England.

When Mr. Hearst subdues the emotions that were stirred by the shooting of the Sinn Fein rebels he may find time to pour a few vials of his wrath on Berlin for potshooting his own countrymen and countrywomen, not to mention their babes, on the high seas.

The Pope appears to be interfering with Dr. Aked and Henry Ford. But you never can tell from reading the Hearst papers. It happens that the Pope is for peace not today or tomorrow but every day in every year. With him preaching peace is a continuous performance.

Wouldn't it be well to put Villa to a good use on the old Diaz principle by hiring him to protect the American border from Mexican bandits?

According to General Obregon Mexicans are too proud to like Americans. Come to think of it we are too proud ourselves—too proud to induce Mexicans to refrain from killing Americans.

"The Fatherland" has documentary proof that the five millions in British gold captured at Kut was on its way to American newspaper offices via Erzerum and Archangel. Another proof of English muddleheadedness. No such roundabout way for the golden arguments that convince American journals of the injustice of manufacturing munitions in America.

## The Heart of France—An Appreciation

By an English Military Correspondent

Mon corps a la terre,  
Mon ame a Dieu,  
Mon coeur a la France.

These three little lines were found by the writer scribbled on the wooden casing of a bombproof in a first line trench in France within pistol shot of the enemy. They were not written to be seen, still less to be published. They were amongst many others of the same character. They could not have been written by an English soldier. They were just the pencilled thoughts of a poilu. But how rare, how pathetic and how beautiful!

Of all the truly wonderful things of this wonderful war, assuredly the moral of the French army is the most wonderful of all. Think of it! Twenty months of devastating war; one French woman out of three in mourning; many fair departments and the best of the French black country in the hands of the enemy; no term to the war discoverable by the wit of man; regiments renewed from top to bottom, not once, but many times; the national life suspended; the saving of half a century thrown into the melting-pot; and yet here, in close and deadly conflict with a numerous and still formidable enemy, the moral of the army, wholly untarnished and unsubdued. Rather, with each call upon a generous race the moral rises. To ever-rising demands France replies with ever-rising spirit. She has been great before. But never, surely, so great as now. "Rather than accept slavery at German hands," said General de Castelnau to the writer, "the French race will die upon the battlefield." And so it will. In very truth it will.

In the mighty fires of war this grand old race has become purified. It has lost, if it ever possessed, all sense of self and selfishness. It is one. It is absolutely united. It is determined. If lightness was ever its bane, there is something to be said for lightness which causes spirits to rise superior to all misfortunes, and to look fate squarely and gaily in the face. In the warmest corner of the première ligne bis—the line of resistance—and in the first line of all where the watchers wait calmly for the death that is swift and always close at hand, there is a smile of confidence for the stranger who passes by, a cheery word, a quick repartee, and an

unmistakable but indefinable sense of superiority to the enemy. The poilu knew before anyone else—before his chiefs, before all of us—that the Boche was a beaten man. He knew it by instinct, by atavism, by the practice of war for two thousand years. No one told him. He knew. And the permissionnaires went off on furlough and told the old folk at home to cheer up, for the tide had turned. The front brought the message of confidence to the rear, and not the other way about. The chiefs, and the old folk, and the rest of us, learnt it from the poilu, because the poilu came of a martial race to the manner born. He had taken the enemy's measure. He was sure.

Certainly, nothing great comes in this world without effort, and it is necessary to turn from the contemplation of the sublime and to trace out as well as we can some of the causes which have contributed to the military revival of France since the dark days of August, 1914. Let us give honor where it is first due, and say that the exemplary fortitude of the women of France, of the mothers and the wives, their signal patience, their silence in great sorrow and through never-ceasing anxiety, have been the foundation of a great revival. If decorations have the charm which some attribute to them, then surely a cross with a blood-stained laurel wreath has been deserved by every mother and wife in France whose son or husband has died fighting; and that cross, with the dead poilu's

casque, would remain for ages to come the most cherished heirloom of the family. He died, they will say, in that great campaign which was fought to preserve the honor of France and the liberties of Europe from German savagery.

How can one fail also to appreciate the indefatigable labors of the old men, the boys and the girls who have taken the places of the able-bodied men, and in a thousand ways, but perhaps in agriculture most of all, have sought to maintain the culture of France? Go where one will in France, yes, even up to the shell-swept zone, the old intensive cultivation goes on. Now, as before, every inch of soil is tended with loving care. Now, as before, though most of the old working hands have gone, and though many will never return, the cattle are pastured, the flocks tended, the hedges trimmed, the roads preserved in beautiful condition. Early and late they work, these ancients, youths and maids; and just as the Pucelle, with the Tricolor on her well-poised sword, rides there triumphantly before the cathedral of Reims—devastated deliberately by the Prussian horde—so do these modern maids of France defy the fates, and keep for their country and their men the marvelous crops which our wondering yeomen have watched from seed time to harvest in astonishment without end.

Let it also be said that the French Ministry of War has surpassed itself in administrative capacity. The writer ventured to congratulate



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General Roques last week upon the brilliant achievements of his department, proofs of which are manifest in all the armies of France. Effectives complete, depots full, munitions abundant, equipment strong, clothing and casques very suitable, and transport efficiently maintained. The food is good and abundant. The soldier feels that his wants are attended to. He has confidence because his company is at full strength. He can afford to send two shells to answer the German one; the munitions de guerre et de bouche are, to his certain knowledge, abundant and good. The old improvidence has gone, and though the poilu remains as eminent an improviser as ever, he is happy to see stacks of shells as he advances towards the enemy, and to know that he is carried to the front in an auto-bus and provided with fresh bread every day. He looks back from the heights of Vaux and sees long lines of automobiles tearing along in an endless chain. Above him, the intrepid aviators keep watch and ward. Below him, the tireless miners make sport of death. Around him, in the battered trenches, the fixed and flashing bayonets of his friends are ready for the last word in a soldier's argument. Down somewhere in the depths of his gallant soul he is an artist, the poilu, and his sense of artistic achievement is satisfied to the full.

Not among the least, surely, of the causes of the poilu's confidence is the proved efficiency of the Command and Staff. Not without some distressing creaks and cracks does the machinery of the higher command of armies attain to its necessary potency in war, and not all at once can the soldiers of peace be replaced by the soldiers of war. But the work has gone on, ruthlessly it may be, with the result that the fighting men have come to the front and that the fittest only have survived. Joffre and de Castelnau, Pétain and Foch, Gouraud and Franchet d'Espérey, with many more, give high distinction to the French Command, while with them there work the Staffs whose labors some of us have followed for a quarter of a century and learnt to admire long ago. Take it as one will, individually or a whole, the French Command is very strong, while a professional Staff, versed in all modern military sciences, affords

the commanders enlightened support. Since the great turning points of the Yser and the Marne this war has been fought with the intelligence that we had the right to expect from the soldiers in command, but it has also been fought with foresight, with coolness, and with a sense of practical realities which have been sometimes missing in the past, and it is the supreme merit of M. Briand and his Government that they have consistently reposed in the higher command the confidence that is its due.

The hardest task of all in this war has fallen upon the regimental cadres, and right nobly have they responded. It is to them very largely that is due the maintenance of strict discipline in quarters, on the march, and in battle, and so well have they labored that discipline, instead of crumbling under all the disintegrating influences of war, has become firmer than ever. The officers and the sous officiers are always to the front when hard work is to be done. They are perfectly indefatigable. They watch over their men, and the writer has seen nowhere along all the whole Western front better relations between the gradés and the men than in the armies of France. Their enthusiasm is boundless and class is sunk in national endeavor. If it is a link with the past to find ourselves with a Ney or a Davoust as guides in the battle, it is equally a joy when the machine gun corporal points out to us with pride how well his skilfully concealed favorite flanks a line of trench, or, trained upon the discovered emplacement of a German gun, only waits for it to back in order to pulverize it to death. The sense of duty is the prevailing note, even down to the Territorial équipe told off to the maintenance of a boyau, or communicating trench, which is swept and brushed and tended like the daintiest boudoir in the Faubourg St. Germain. As for the motor-transport men, they work without sleep, and have earned the eternal gratitude of the army. Not even the Prussian aspirant officer who salutes us in the best Potsdam manner and reports that a company of prisoners is ready for our inspection, is so precise in saluting as every poilu in the trenches. A dirty soldier who fails to salute an officer may possibly fight as well as another who is clean and precise in

his discipline, but, as many mickles make a muckle, so small blemishes lead to great, and one must attribute to the maintenance of the well-being, the cleanliness, and the discipline of French soldiers by the regimental officers and the gradés no small share in the maintenance of the efficiency of the French armies.

The moral of the army, said General Pétain to the writer at Verdun, is high. There is no doubt of it. The light censorship of letters enables each army commander to keep his finger upon the pulse of opinion in his army, and he cannot be misinformed. From a thousand signs the most incompetent observer can recognize that the information is correct. When the writer was poring over a map with General Pétain it might reasonably have been supposed that the discussion was whether Mort Homme or Vaux could hold, or whether the thunder cannon of the enemy would make somewhere a breach. But the map was of the Eastern Mediterranean, and in the midst of one of the greatest battles of history the commander was capable of detaching himself from his immediate surroundings and of discussing operations in very distant fields. He could do so because all his measures were taken, and although a very delicate operation was planned for Malancourt that night, the general's confidence in his sector commanders and his troops enabled his mind to be at rest. It was the same with that grand leader the chivalrous Gouraud, it was the same with General Joffre, massive and vast in character as in intellect, and it was the same with de Castelnau, so rapid in decision and so quick in thought.

The minds of the leaders of the great armies of France are at rest because they have taken their enemy's measure. They know that arduous times lie ahead, but in regard to their own troops they have no doubt at all. The strong sense of duty which pervades all ranks, the numbers at disposal, the powerful armament, and, last but not least, the high moral of the French troops, give a sense of security which nothing can abate. It is with a feeling of deep admiration and content that one leaves regretfully these noble men, and with a very strong sense that nothing which we can do to aid them must be left undone.

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# Poems About San Franciscans

XXV—TO INA COOLBRITH

By George Sterling

("To an Elder Poet" Sterling calls this little tribute in his volume "A Wine of Wizardry." He has stated to the compiler of this anthology that Ina Coolbrith is the "elder poet" in question.)

Now stir the blossoms in the grass;  
But oh! the fadeless flowers you bring  
Are children of a wilder Spring,  
And pass not tho' the seasons pass.

Their breath along the Singing-Way  
Is more of rapture than of rest;  
The undeparting blooms attest  
What rains and winds of yesterday!

## The Spectator

### Suggestions from the Clockwinder

"I see that you are going to run the municipal railroad across the park," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, speaking to his friend, the Hon. Andrew Gallagher.

"Yes," said Gallagher, "aren't you in favor of it?"

"Why should I object to it," said the clockwinder, "as long as Michael Casey and the Teamsters' Union don't object? I see that they object to spur tracks in the business district. Spur tracks are of course a nuisance. They are only for the benefit of big business. They hurt the teamsters' business. If big business wants spur tracks let the captains of industry go to Los Angeles where the people are giving away land to entice manufacturers from San Francisco."

"You don't understand," said Gallagher. "We are not talking of having a spur track in the park."

"Oh, I know all about it," said the clockwinder. "You're talking of a railroad midway across the park. Why not run it up and down the park from Baker street to the beach?"

Supervisor Gallagher's face lighted up as from a thrilling inspiration. "I never thought of that," he said.

"Well, think it over."

"Would the people stand for it, do you think?"

"Judging by what the people stand for nowadays I think they'll stand for anything. Twenty years ago when the park was young the people would hang the man that would suggest a railroad across it, but now they're easy. I remember when it became necessary to have a temporary spur track in the park for the Midwinter Fair there were indignation meetings and talk of murder. Years ago Van Ness avenue was dedicated as a boulevard and though there was talk of buying a franchise on it you couldn't find a supervisor with the nerve to take the bribe. It would have been sure death. Look at it now. See what municipal ownership has done to us."

### Let 'Er Go Gallagher

By this time Supervisor Gallagher was in a deep brown study. The clockwinder asked him what he thought of the suggestion of a railroad through the panhandle to the beach. "I'm afraid," said the supervisor, "that the people might object."

"Pay no attention to the people," said the clockwinder. "Consult the Teamsters' Union or the Bakers' Union. If they're with you go ahead. They're much stronger than the real estate boomers who are working for the road across the park. The only people who object to the proposed road are like the nature lovers who objected to Hetch-Hetchy. They want Golden Gate Park to keep on looking like a park; which is all nonsense. If they had their way they'd make you tunnel the park instead of running along the ground. Never mind them. Give the people transportation, and help along the fellows that are asking four prices for a lot near the Alms' House. Of course those fellows could easily pay the whole cost of a tunnel, but after all the question is, How does the Teamsters' Union feel about it?"

### High Cost of Literature

"Being a highbrow is getting more expensive every day," said the clockwinder when more

important questions had been disposed of. "Like everything else the cost of culture is going up. Sugar is getting so high that my old lady has quit putting up fruit and threatens to sweeten my coffee with molasses. And soap has been boosted so much that the Greek 'lustos' over the way has stopped taking the grease spots out of my coat when he shines my brogans. And potatoes! Have you noticed what our Japanese friend George Shima is doing to the price of potatoes? But the worst blow of all is to have literature climbing out of the reach of a poor man's purse."

"I didn't know books had gone up," I remarked.

"I'm not speaking of books," replied the clockwinder. "All the literature ain't in books. They're making it impossible for me to afford one of my favorite weeklies."

"Meaning?" I asked.

"The Municipal Record," was the reply. "The supervisors are gonna make us pay half a simoleon a year for this sprightly paper. That means I'll have to cut it out. I take so many other papers that I can't afford to contribute half a smack for the administration organ."

"Isn't the Municipal Record worth fifty ha'pence a year?" I inquired.

"It may be worth fifty shillings, but I won't pay for it," said the clockwinder. "When it comes to me free, gratis and for nothing I can appreciate its high literary qualities; but now that they're charging for it I cancel my subscription. It's very nice to know how many double hydrants the Fire Commission is installing; and how the Board of Works is progressing with the catchbasins on Judah street; and whether Tony Woppino got his permit to keep a horse and a cow in his back yard; and what the program will be for next Sunday's municipal band concert. This is the sort of information that soothes the inquiring mind. I like it, and I'll miss it, but I won't pay for it. But I'll miss the poetry most of all."

### Municipal Poetry

"Poetry! Is there poetry in the Municipal Record?" I asked.

"You're derved whistling there is," said the clockwinder. "One of these days the Record is going to publish all of Mayor Rolph's effusions edited by Wooster Taylor. This week the Record has a chaste little masterpiece by our esteemed ex-mayor, Fuzzy Wuzzy. It's dedicated to the California poppy. I'm gonna

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read it to you, so keep very quiet. At the first sign of violence I'll quit."

The clockwinder read thusly:

"Ye poppies, raise your stately heads,  
And shed on us your stately store;  
Tell Spring that California spreads  
Her radiant glories as before,  
While all our happy-hearted throng  
Send to the Heavens their chorus song."

The clockwinder looked at me, but I was silent.

"You don't seem very enthusiastic," he commented, "but I'm for it. It rhymes, and it's shorter than a lot of Fuzzy Wuzzy's poems. I like that idea of Fuzzy Wuzzy telling the poppies to pass the word along to Spring that California is still on the job. You can imagine how surprised Spring will be to hear the news. Of course you know it's the season of Spring that he refers to. I read the poem to Gus Hartman and he thought it meant John H. Spring."

The clockwinder sighed.

"Now that they're charging ten jitneys a year for the Municipal Record I'll have to depend on the Congressional Record for my poetry. And the congressmen never spring anything new. Old man Anon. is their favorite author."

#### Poor Con Deasy!

Supervisor Deasy has dared disagree with Hearst, and is suffering the usual punishment. He is getting much the same dose as was administered to Judge Sturtevant when he bucked at the Examiner's programme. Deasy suspects the motives of Hearst in opposing film censorship. This is a thing Hearst cannot forgive. To suspect motives is a form of argument on which Hearst desires a monopoly. So the Examiner devotes an editorial a page long and two columns wide to poor Con Deasy. In this outburst the supervisor is "the unusual Mr. Deasy;" his way is a "heavy-witted way;" and his idea is "un-American, despotic, tyrannous." This is the retort courteous of Examiner debate, the classic example of which was the reminder to Judge Sturtevant that he stuttered. Con Deasy is not a very important personage, but he derives temporary significance from the fact that he stands in Hearst's way. It is too bad that our journalism should be covered with the odium of these insulting personal attacks. One means of stopping them is to let Hearst have his own way in everything.

#### The Shifty Moralist

Hearst's motive as suggested by Deasy is the same motive that is believed to have actuated Hearst in prostituting himself and his papers to the Westerville propaganda for converting California into a far western Kansas. He understands that Hearst intends to use motion pictures in a campaign for prohibition. Mr. Hearst retorts thus: "It is not hard to deal straightforwardly with the un-American, despotic, tyrannous idea to which he (Deasy) gave expression." Let us see what Mr. Hearst conceives to be straightforward dealing. Does he deny that he intends to have his motion picture plant subsidized by the men who have conspired to destroy property in this State? Not at all. He merely asserts that he has said "openly, freely, fully, time and again that he is not in favor of prohibition" and "has suffered for that opinion, just as he has suffered for his crusade against habit-forming beverages and drugs." How characteristic of the disingenuous and shifty journalist! Also, how far from the truth! When Mr. Hearst says that he has openly, freely and fully time and again asserted that he is not in favor of prohibition he aberrates from the truth several inches down his throat. His first pronunciamento on

the subject was sublimated equivocation artfully designed to deceive. It was intended to satisfy the professional prohibitionists behind the Westerville treasury and to "feel out" the liquor interests in California. In other words, there was a string to it, and when Mr. Hearst felt the impact of indignation that struck his subscription counter he pulled the string and rushed to cover.

#### The Hearst Method

"There is no possible question as to where he stands," says the Examiner. The fact is that Hearst never stood on both feet at one time in his life. When he first announced his tentative attitude on the liquor question he was publicly welcomed to the fold by Billy Sunday, and prohibition preachers rushed to the pulpit to celebrate his conversion. The Examiner published what was said in praise of him, but it nowhere appeared that the preachers were in error. It was not until the Examiner office was flooded with cancellations of subscriptions that Hearst took occasion to expound his views. If he had made his position clear, why should he have rushed into print to explain that he had no objection to beer and wine; that he objected only to ardent spirits? Of course the compromise is satisfactory to the Westerville sanhedrim. It will be satisfactory to have Hearst diffusing his poison in his own way, just as he has been diffusing it for the benefit of the pro-German propaganda. He will not explain every day that he is against prohibition. He will merely declaim against the evil of indulging in alcohol, which is an ingredient of beer and wine as well as of whiskey, and he will print horrible pictures illustrating the effects of habit-forming drugs, conveying the while the intimation that liquor is a habit-forming drug.

#### A Dangerous Charlatan

Hearst says he has suffered for his crusade against habit-forming drugs. The only drugs he is crusading against are those that are not advertised and that cannot be openly sold. The Hearst papers make a barrel of money every year off advertisements of habit-forming drugs. On the eighth page of the very paper in which the editor of the Examiner denounced Supervisor Deasy is to be found an advertisement for anti-kamnia tablets, which are among the most deadly of habit-forming drugs. The fact is that in the role of public benefactor intent on protecting men and women from injurious concoctions William Randolph Hearst is an unscrupulous charlatan actuated only by greed. He is not even opposed to the sale of habit-forming drugs. The best evidence of that fact is that he has joined the Westerville propaganda; for the general effect of that propaganda is an extraordinary increase in the sale in dry territory of nostrums containing a high percentage of alcohol. Such is the testimony of the only man who has made a thorough investigation of the subject—Dr. Edward Huntington Williams, formerly associate professor of pathology in the University of Iowa and associate editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica. If you would know what a dangerous charlatan Hearst is read Dr. Williams on habit-forming drugs and the stimulus that is given to the business of manufacturing them by prohibition.

#### Let Us Have a Board of Censors

The Examiner says we do not need a Board of Censors for motion pictures any more than we need a Board of Censors for book stores or printing shops or theatres or newspapers. Well, the fact is we have a censorship for all these things. The police authorities have the power of a Board of Censors. As to the newspapers,

in theory they are under certain restrictions, and if any complaint is to be made it is this—that the restrictions are too loose. In all probability some day we shall have a censorship of the press, for we are feeling the effects of direct government, and the people are ruling with a heavy hand. Some day the people will wake up to William R. Hearst, the great mountebank and Borgia of journalism, against whom criminal prosecution was started in New York the other day on account of the nauseating obscenity of some of his magazines. Hearst says in the Examiner that a Board of Censors would be a Board of Political Tyrants. The obvious retort courteous is that no Board of Political Tyrants could be more intolerable than a wholesale newspaper proprietor of the Hearst stripe. Where can we find a more vicious tyrant than the publisher who defeats the law of libel by hiding himself in a maze of corporations, and who employs the recall as a club to intimidate judges who might be disposed to give plaintiffs in libel suits a square deal? Once upon a time it was popularly supposed that the press was the palladium of our liberties; that without a free press to mould public opinion the people would be deprived of their freedom. We have come to see that a free press is a destroyer of our liberties, for there can be no liberty in a country where character assassination may be practiced without penalty. To an unscrupulous journalist we are indebted for the opening of our eyes, and now that we have direct government we shall be fools not to take advantage of the power of redressing our wrongs. This same unscrupulous journalist is now debauching the motion picture business just as he has debauched the writers and artists who are supplying his demands for pictures and stories that appeal to the prurient. Hence there is a good reason for a Board of Censors. The reason is Hearst.

#### Alameda and Our Poets

Has anybody ever celebrated the place of Alameda county in poetry? I do not remember any occasion when thanks were formally extended to the region across the bay on behalf of the appreciative muse of song. I am reminded of this strange omission by the discovery of a new Oakland poet. Of this poet I shall speak in a minute. But first I would like to dwell on the other theme. The fact is that Alameda county occupies a most important

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position in the poetical annals of California. Just consider the names and the quality of the poets who have flourished there. Richard Realf wrote and struggled and died in Oakland. Bret Harte lived in Oakland for some time. Joaquin Miller made The Hights famous the world over. Incidentally, two Japanese poets who write in English came under Miller's literary influence there. I refer to Yone Noguchi and Takeshi Kanno, the latter the husband of the sculptor Gertrude Boyle. George Sterling lived and wrote in Piedmont before he went to Carmel. Ambrose Bierce lived in Oakland for a long time. Dan O'Connell eked out a precarious existence there in company with Arthur McEwen. The rare Rowland Sill lived in Berkeley, and wrote some of his best poetry there. Charles Keeler is a Piedmont poet. Ralph Gibbs who had the authentic lyric note but died before his time, wrote in Berkeley. So did the talented Stanley Coghill. Today Berkeley boasts at least three poets in Charles Mills Gayley, Professor Ryder, the author of "Woman's Eyes," and Herbert Cory. There is also John Galen Howard, the architect-poet. Henry Anderson Lafer still lives in Oakland; his muse has been silent for some time. And Xavier Martinez is painting in Piedmont. If you are a close friend he may show you his poems written in French. Doubtless there are others whom I have overlooked. But my list is long enough to show that Alameda county has a roll of poets of which it should be immensely proud.

#### A New Poet

Let me add a new name to the list. It is that of J. C. Whitnah, of whom great things are expected. J. C. Whitnah is a young man who works on the staff of the Oakland Examiner and writes verses when he is not writing news. He is a good reporter, by the way. Whitnah came from Montana where he worked in the mines, so he has been at close grips with life. If his verses still lack recognition at home, at least they are valued in the East. I have just come across a poem of his in the New York Times. It is such a good poem that I shall reprint it, and ask you if I am not right in saying that here is a young man whose work it will be pleasant to watch. It is called

#### THE ROOFS

From this high crag where I have picked a cell  
And made my home, the roofs stretch endlessly—  
A dull and cold and dead and soundless sea  
Of husks, each one the cover of a shell  
Where people love and curse and dream and dwell.  
At night they bristle with their mystery,  
And each gives tongue and clamors silently  
Of tales—the hidden tales it has to tell.  
I wonder what it is they hold tonight,  
These dingy temples of the commonplace?  
I would that I had acid eyes to bite  
Through bricks and stare their secrets in the face—  
The poor, lame secrets of those living dead  
That sprawl and snore on many a sagging bed.

In one worn shell a woman's quick, stark scream  
Would smother in a new-born child's thin wail;  
In one, Old Age would hoist his tattered sail  
And voyage off to Death; two souls would dream  
Youth's olden dream anew; a thief would scheme  
To find new pathways to his cold, bleak jail;  
The lady of the street would make a sale  
And kiss the slayer of her good esteem.  
Across the whole wide, sleeping, pulsing town  
Is being staged a dumb, gigantic play.  
But we are blinded by the husks that crown  
The shells and cannot see the bright array  
Of life. O miser roofs, grant one swift look  
To me, that I may read—and write—this bleeding book!

#### A Johnsonian Scientist

Queer things happen under the present Administration at Sacramento. There has been reaction at the polls, but Deacon Pillsbury is still on his job, Colonel Weinstock is solving economic problems, Professor Boke is teaching law in Berkeley and Chester Rowell is sounding the keynotes of political policy. So why not an Eva Charlotte Reid, M. D., as one of the contributing editors of the monthly bulletin of the California State Board of Health? I have just made the acquaintance of Dr. Reid in the columns of the State journal. She represents herself as an "After-Care" physician, whatever that means, and an authority on mental deficiency. She writes like a prohibitionist straight from Los Angeles, and therefore she is not at all convincing though she has some very deep-rooted convictions and a fine sprinkling of the patter of the pseudo-scientific. Dr. Reid has six means of preventing mental deficiency. She is strong for eugenics and also for prohibition, but she is not quite so reasonable as the average prohibitionist. The average prohibitionist is for prohibition in the interest of the human race. Accept the hypothesis of the prohibitionist, that alcohol is destroying the human race, and it will be easy to endorse his propaganda, but Dr. Reid is concerned only for the "semi-insane," and for the benefit of the semi-insane she would prohibit the sale of alcohol. She would also eliminate syphilis by the "abolition of drunkenness," and she would give proper instruction to educators and physicians so that they might be able to "assist the mentally weak in the solution and adjustment of the complex problems of life." Also she would reduce the "untold number of mental breaks" by doing something (I don't know what) "for women without conjugal or maternal affection or capacity to fill the role of wife and mother." Dr. Reid will leave nothing the matter with the world at all if given half a chance. The Monthly Bulletin, by the way, is edited by Dr. Wilbur A. Sawyer, an up-to-date scientist, I suppose, and of course as mentally efficient as the average intellectual marvel of the Administration.

#### A Tribute to Martin

On the night of the opening of the Techau Tavern Ice Palace Mayor Rolph took occasion to pay a fine tribute to Joseph Martin, whom he described as "the pioneer ice man of the Pacific Coast, and the pioneer also of the ice fields of Alaska." Joseph Martin is one of the most modest and inconspicuous of our captains of industry. He was the first man to appreciate the possibilities of the ice business in this section of the country, and it was he that organized the capital and located the several big plants that are now operating along the coast.

#### Opera for the Masses

Are the so-called masses hungry for the fare of grand opera? Time and time again we have been told that these masses as existent in San Francisco are of a grand operatic esurience which cannot be satiated. Time and time again companies which came to cater to this alleged musical appetite have gone to pieces. The masses were not as hungry for grand opera as they had been represented to be, and the opera companies died of starvation. Gaetano Peluso's company is the latest to expire of monetary

inanition. The masses refused to come forward and be entertained with Verdi, Donizetti et al. There was an absence of turmoil in the neighborhood of the Cort box office. There were large masses of emptiness within the theatre where the music-loving masses should have been. When it comes to grand opera the demands of the masses have been greatly exaggerated. It looks as though the so-called masses refuse to flock to grand opera unless it is also patronized by the so-called classes. If a season of grand opera has the cachet of fashion it seems to possess one important requisite of success. If fashion ignores the advent of the songbirds, they twitter to empty seats. We are therefore confronted with a condition, not a theory. It is a condition which caused our demagogues to rage when the project of a municipal opera house was first bruited. Rushing forward into the limelight on behalf of the dearly beloved masses and in antagonism to the sinister classes, our municipal demagogues killed that project. It has been revived, with good chances of success. Even some of the demagogues have been converted to it. Perhaps they are discovering that when it comes to appreciation of grand opera the masses are not what they have been cracked up to be. But if they are still in doubt concerning this aspect of the matter let them ask Gaetano Peluso. He has just learned things about grand opera for the masses which had already been learned in much the same circumstances by poor Lambardi and others.

#### St. Mary's Alumni

There was an unusually large round-up of old-time students of St. Mary's College at the annual banquet of the Alumni Association last Sunday evening. Classes as far back as 1874 were represented by alumni. Among the veterans were Nicholas Wynne, B. P. Oliver and Charles F. Hanlon. Judge Maurice T. Dooling of the class of '80 fondly expected to attend the reunion, but was disappointed by illness. He sent a letter of regrets as also did Charles J. Heggerty of the class of '80 and Garret W. McEnerney of the class of '81. As toastmaster of the occasion Judge Thomas J. Lennon kept the flow of soul well stimulated. Toasts were responded to as follows: "Our Priests," Rev. P. T. Collopy, '94; "The Absent," Judge F. J. Murasky, '93; "Our Doctors," Dr. C. D. McGettigan, '93; "The Faculty," Brother Leo; "The Fourth Estate," Theodore F. Bonnet, '82; "Our Future," Andrew F. Burke, '04; "Auld Lang Syne," William J. Fitzgerald, '05; "The Younger Generation," Louis F. Le Fevre, '13.

#### In Vindication of Bricktops

It is a curious fact that San Francisco is noted for the number of its red-headed people. The Titian blonde flourishes in our midst. Attend a banquet, a tea, a political meeting, a theatre or what you will: you cannot but be impressed by the considerable number of strawberry tops dotting the assemblage. On account of this phenomenon an article published in the May Lantern should make a wide appeal in this city. It is entitled "Confessions of a Red-Head," and the author Edward F. O'Day admits in the very first line that he is one of the redtops and proud of it. Apparently the writer had his share of the infantile troubles which come to a red-head. He was plagued by other youngsters on account of his scarlet bean, and learned to fight for it. As he grew

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up, he says, a certain pride in the capillary distinction came over him, and he was not offended even by the erstwhile irritating reference to a white horse. There is a good deal of fun in "Confessions of a Red-Head," and many will wonder why the subject was never treated before.

**A Dialogue on Cant**

Theodore F. Bonnet contributes to this May issue of The Lantern a sparkling dialogue on Cant. The principal speaker is an editor nicknamed Diogenes who lashes out furiously at hypocritical reformers, professional prohibitionists and others of the uplifting tribe of pharisees. This Diogenes hates cant with a living hatred, and his excoriation of canting Puritans is warranted to make that gentry writhe with anguish.

In the matter of fiction the May Lantern is particularly happy. There is a splendid story of St. Paul and a Roman legionary called "A Citizen of No Mean City" by S. H. McGrady; and there is a most amusing yarn with a satirical undercurrent called "A Slander" by Anton Tchekhov. An appreciation of Samoa by the English poet Rupert Brooke who died during the Dardanelles Expedition has an interest apart from its literary attractiveness because it was the last piece of prose Brooke wrote before his death. From the gifted pen of Vincent McNabb there is a brief estimate of that sainted superwoman Catherine of Siena. The Browser contributes a sheaf of sparkling epigrams. For the lover of poetry there is a fine poem called "Love in Heaven." Altogether this is one of the best Lanterns the editors have lighted.

"The old-fashioned boy used to respect every word his father said."

"Yes," replied the rather cynical youth; "but you must remember that the old-fashioned boy had one of those old-fashioned fathers."

It was at a performance of "The Merchant of Venice."

"The quality of mercy is not strained!" cried Portia.

"How unsanitary!" muttered the hypochondriac in the front row.

Mrs. Newmarrie—It's too bad the dinner was a failure, dear.

Mr. Newmarrie—But it wasn't a failure, darling. It took at least a year from uncle's life.

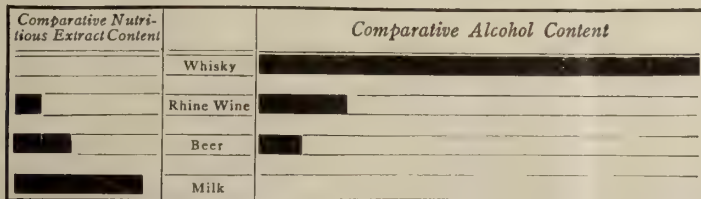
# Budweiser— and Other Foods

There's food value in beer—as well as beverage enjoyment. A bottle of Budweiser may not be offered as a complete meal—but it has its place in the meal comparable to bread, milk or any other of the dishes or drinks that are part of the well-balanced lunch or dinner.

The alcohol in beer (a small percentage) has its tonic value and its use as an appetizer. The hops have a nerve-soothing value. The malt not only has food value, but is, of all foods, one of the most quickly and easily turned by digestion into nourishment. By its very nature beer is especially thirst-satisfying.

## Here are Two Little Charts

that show graphically and in figures comparisons between beer and other beverages and beer and other foods:



Average Composition of	Bread	Milk	Beer	Rhine Wine	Whisky
Carbohydrates - - - -	52.0%	4.8%	5.0%	2.25%	none
Protein - - - - -	7.0%	3.5%	0.5%	none	none
Fat - - - - -	0.40%	3.7%	none	none	none
Mineral Substances - -	1.0%	0.7%	0.2%	0.2%	none
Alcohol by weight - -	none	none	3.75%	8.0%	40.0%

When you think of beer for your table, of course you'll settle on Budweiser

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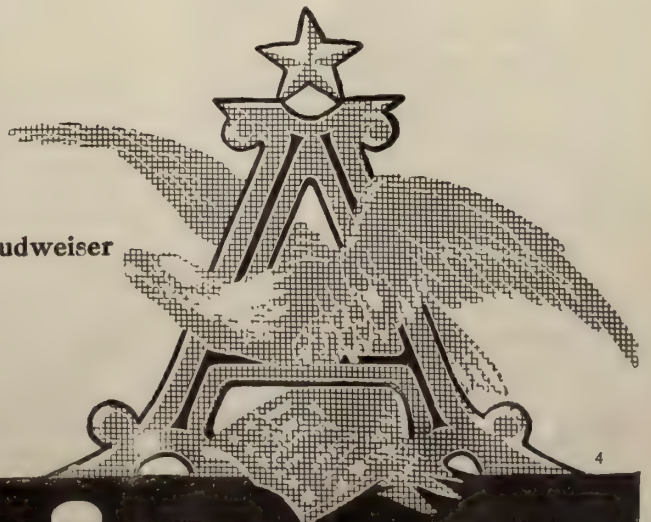
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



# Budweiser



just before the American ambassador and his wife left Petrograd to return to private life. They intend to come home for the early summer months, but will be back East again by August or thereabouts. The fact is, they are going to Newport as the guests of Mrs. Andrew Moreland whose daughter Esther—a girl well known and liked here—married young Harry Oelrichs. The Maryes like Newport, and would like to be liked there. It is possible that Mrs. Marye may repeat at Newport the sensational success achieved there by the most recent San Francisco matron to storm those difficult heights, namely Mrs. Fletcher Ryer.

#### A Shakespeare Celebration

A celebration of the tercentenary of Shakespeare with forest scenes from the plays will be given by the pupils and friends of the Hamlin School in the beautiful portion of Sutro Forest near Forest Hill, on the grounds of Mr. C. A. Hawkins on Saturday afternoon, May 20, at two-thirty o'clock. To reach the scene of this entertainment take Haight street car, No. 17, Mission street car, No. 12, or the fine road for automobiles on Nineteenth avenue.

#### Events at Hotel Oakland

The Saturday night dinner dance was a great success. Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Crosby entertained for a party of their young friends. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Howard F. Seely, Miss Dorothy Seely, Miss Florence Wilson, Miss Aubrey Angus, Miss Muriel Jones, Miss Ruth Riley, R. W. Heffleinger, Carl Watts, Donald Thomas, Kenneth Morse and Louis Seely Blachly. Mrs. Alex Pantages and her daughter Carmen are at the hotel. The Oakland New Century Club card party to be given for the benefit of settlement work in West Oakland is to be a large affair. Many table reservations have been made. Among those who are filling tables are Mrs. Fritz Henshaw, Mrs. M. L. Requa, Mrs. Harold Havens, Mrs. Willard Williamson, Mrs. Russell Lowry, Mrs. Joseph Ough, Mrs. Frank K. Mott. May Josephi Kincaid has opened a studio of dramatic art, singing and music. The Melrose center of the California Civic League entertained for its members with a luncheon. The second of a series of lectures by Mary Henford Ford was given in the blue room Thursday. Dr. E. H. Haddock gave a lecture on the same day on the Passion Play. Rev. Bernard C. Ruggles gave a lecture in the northwest room Friday on James Bernard Fagan's "Earth."

#### At the Cecil

Mrs. Newton Ford of London who has been in Honolulu for the past two months returned Monday to San Francisco. She and her mother Mrs. Edward Hillhouse are stopping at the Cecil. Major R. S. Abernathy of the United

States army is a guest. This popular officer entertained informally at dinner Thursday. Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. W. H. Corbusier gave a dinner Sunday. Judge and Mrs. M. H. Hyland were hosts at dinner on the same evening. The delightful affair was in compliment to Captain and Mrs. Ward. Mrs. H. D. Watson and her two daughters gave an informal luncheon Wednesday. Over a score of the guests attended the dance at the Somerton Thursday evening. The ball room was prettily decorated with iris and potted plants.

#### An Artist in Lace Treatments

Albert S. Bigley whose studio is at 77 O'Farrell street, makes a specialty of elaborate lace treatments for fine residences, hotels, clubs, etc. His workmen execute curtains and panels



J. Humbird Duffey



Eleanor Henry



Dorothy Webb



Robert Pitkin



Arthur Cunningham



Maude Beatty



Virginia Gauran



Madison Smith

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SUNDAY NIGHT, MAY 14TH

from his designs in any shape and size desired. All orders, from the simple, inexpensive curtain to the most elaborate, are executed promptly. Mr. Bigley is fully prepared to meet any unusual problems that may arise in up-to-date buildings of any description. He imports laces direct from Europe, and his motifs are studied from the best Old World fashions. He received the grand prize at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

#### Fashion at Tavern

The pleasurable round of gayety to be noted about Techau Tavern this season has a fitting climax at the week's end in the Dansant Club Dinner in the club quarters on the mezzanine floor. Here a very excellent dinner is served for \$1.50 per plate. Last Sunday evening a fashionable throng dined there, the spectacle being fetching indeed. It is said the mode of fashion first makes its appearance in San Fran-

cisco each recurring season at these Dansant Club Dinners. Be that as it may well gownned women are always in evidence. The skating vogue has made the Tavern quite a rendezvous for our smart set. The Hurry Up luncheon there, and then a trip to the Ice Palace is the order of the day.

#### Dick Davis and the Sled

A story of how Richard Harding Davis once went coasting is recalled by his death. It happened when one of his plays had its premiere in a little town of central New York. The morning after the performance a snowstorm delayed the train which the company and the author were to take. The railroad station was near some coasting ground, and two children, a boy and a girl, coasting down hill attracted Mr. Davis's attention.

He engaged in conversation with them, and then asked them for the loan of their sled, to which they willingly assented. The author pulled off his coat, threw himself on the sled and with one foot up in the air and steering with the other foot went whizzing down the hill.

The leading man of the company next took a turn. Then the young women of the party coasted. The hour's wait for the train went quickly. Purses were opened and loose change given to the little girl with which to buy a fine new sled.

She was asked what name she would give it. When she replied that she didn't know, Mr. Davis said he would name the new sled, and taking a slip of paper from his notebook wrote "The Taming of Helen."

The little lad was asked what he would like for a present. Speaking up smartly he answered, "Ernest Thompson Seton's book 'The Lives of the Hunted.'" His name and address were taken with the promise that he should have the book.

As the train pulled out of the station the little coasters waved farewells to their newly made friends. In a short time a new sled was bought and across its top painted in shining letters was the name given by Mr. Davis, "The Taming of Helen."

A few weeks afterward an express package from a New York publishing house was delivered at the home of the children. On opening it the little boy found a beautifully bound copy of "The Lives of the Hunted" and six volumes of the Henty books. Under the cover of the Seton book was this inscription:

"For Kenneth—with many thanks for the loan of his sled, from Richard Harding Davis."

One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives, in spite of the fact that at least one-half are women.

The devil may be an unsatisfactory boss, but at least the wages of sin are always paid.

Some men are born to command, some acquire commanding ways, and others become janitors.

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## Gossip of the Theatre

### Musical Comedy Season at Columbia

A crowded house will be on hand Sunday night at the Columbia for the opening of the popular priced musical comedy season which will be inaugurated with the London, Paris and New York success "The Midnight Girl." This is a snappy work by the authors of "Adele" which will have a splendid cast of principals and one of the gingeriest groups of girls seen here in a long time. The management has set out to give San Francisco a two dollar Broadway production with real Broadway principals at prices ranging from \$1 to 10 cents and from all accounts they will be more than able to make good. There is a big advance demand for seats. Eleanor Henry who has come from the biggest musical hit of the year "The Girl from Utah," is the prima donna. Dorothy Webb, Arthur Cunningham, Robert Pitkin, J. Humbird Duffey, Maude Beatty, Victoria Gauran, Ruth Saville, Helen Le Cain, Madison Smith, Stanley Ridges, Forrest Seabury and others will be in the long cast. Superb stage effects, elaborate costuming and a big orchestra will make the production perfect. There are more than twenty musical numbers. Producer Edwin T. Emery has brought a splendid list of principals from New York and Musical Director William Loraine will wield the baton. Matinees are announced for Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

### For the Actors' Fund

San Francisco with its usual generosity is attempting to outstrip New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and the other large cities of the country in making the "National Tribute Day" a huge success. Monday, May 15, has been set aside by the motion picture actors, producers and exhibitors as the day upon which at least \$500,000 shall be turned over to the actors' fund of America for the Actors' Home on Staten Island. Local theatrical people have been bending every energy for months to make this a red-letter event in motion picture circles. They plead for a large attendance at movie picture shows on Monday, as ten per cent of the proceeds will be turned over to the actors' fund. Every exhibitor in the country has consented to donate ten per cent of the amount taken in on that date for this worthy cause. To further swell the fund the motion picture actors have arranged to hold a big ball this Saturday evening at the Exposition Auditorium. This will be a masquerade affair and many of the stars of the screen will be there in person. Mayor Rolph is to lead the grand march with Anita King, Edna Goodrich, Cleo Ridgley, Charles Murray, Wallace Reid and a host of others. Prizes have been offered for the best impersonations of Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, William Farnum, "Fatty" Arbuckle and Theda Bara. An excellent programme has been arranged, starting at 8 p. m. Dancing will begin at 10 o'clock and only those in costume will be permitted on the floor before midnight.

### "Passing Show" at Cort

J. C. Huffman who has performed similar services for a half dozen other Winter Garden shows, staged, "The Passing Show of 1915," hugest of all this series of spectacles, which comes to the Cort for two weeks beginning Monday, with matinees on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. Jack Mason, the dancing wizard, put on all the ensembles, modern dances and chorus numbers, while Theodore Kosloff of the famous Imperial Russian Ballet of St. Peters-

burg staged the magnificent and bewildering ballets. Samuel Lehman, probably one of the best known musical directors in the country, conducts the Metropolitan orchestra of thirty musicians. That the work of these four experts in their respective fields of endeavor has been a highly successful combination is proven by the fact that everywhere, including New York, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia, "The Passing Show of 1915" has been declared the best of all Winter Garden shows. Contributing in no small way to its success are a number of musical comedy favorites headed by such notables as George Monroe, Eugene and Willie Howard and Marilynn Miller and including John T. Murray, Daphne Pollard, Miller and Mack, Ernest Hare, Edmund Goulding, Helen Eley, Clarence Harvey, Sam Hearne, Flora Lea, Alexis Kosloff, Arthur Hill, Lydia Carlisle, Margaret Warde and Marie Flood.

### Helene Lackaye at Orpheum

Helene Lackaye, a well graced actress who has to her credit many triumphs on the legitimate stage, will appear in Alice Gerstenberg's little play "Overtones" which proved the most successful of all the Washington Square Players' productions at the Bandbox Theatre, New

York. "Overtones" is credited with possessing the most original dramatic construction that the stage has known in the past ten years and it deals with the struggle of the outer and the inner soul of every woman. Two women, one rich and hungering for love and the other possessing love and hungering for food, are in discussion. As the women discourse, their inner selves portrayed by two other women, speak the women's real thoughts. The play, in fact, shows the difference between what one thinks and what one says and proves the hypocrisy of most of mankind. The little sketch which is presented by Martin Beck is admirably played and produced. Helen Lackaye is the sister of Wilton Lackaye. The Watson Sisters, Fannie and Kitty, are richly endowed with ability and good looks. They dress beautifully and have one of the most refined singing and talking acts in vaudeville. Lydia Barry, lyrical raconteur, is one of the sure-fire hits of vaudeville. She presents a repertoire of songs written for her by Junie McCree. Mlle. Luxanne, a youthful but skillful interpreter of lyric and classic dances, and a corps de ballet of six pretty young girls under the direction of the well known composer Hans S. Linne will present a series of new dances. Wilbert Embs and Helen



HELENE LACKAYE  
In "Overtones" next week at the Orpheum



Alton are capable vocalists. They are also instrumentalists, one excelling on the violin and the other on the piano. Aveling and Lloyd and Conlin, Steele and Parks are also included in this bill. A new, beautifully colored Orpheum travelogue will be exhibited. Next week will be the last of Fritz Scheff who will be heard in a new song programme.

#### Farewell Week of Miss Reed

The farewell week of the stock starring engagement of Florence Reed and Malcolm Williams at the Alcazar will be devoted to an elaborate production of the Eastern success "For Value Received," written for Miss Reed and Mr. Williams by Ethel Clifton. This brilliant play has been selected by the stars as their starring vehicle for next season. They are going to present it in New York in September. It is a psychological study along lines never pursued in a play. The leading roles afford unusual opportunities for the two stars. The play is worked out with great cleverness and is replete with tense situations. All the new members of the Alcazar players will be seen to advantage. The farewell performance will take place on Sunday night, May 21. Commencing Monday night, May 22, beautiful Mary Boland and the popular matinee idol Forrest Stanley will open a stock starring engagement with the Alcazar players. Their first play will be "Outcast" by Hubert Henry Davies, a former San Francisco newspaper man.

#### Vaudeville Classique Cadenasso

Leo Cadenasso, the son of the well known artist Giuseppe Cadenasso, is to make his debut as an actor and impresario. He is known as a Shakespearean reader, but that he possessed in

The programme in part consists of a condensed version of Shakespeare's MACBETH, one scene from HAMLET, scenes from IL TROVATORE and I'PAGLIACI, featuring GADONZIO SALASSA, the favorite of the old Tivoli.

Also a ballet under the leadership and pupils of Mme. E. Morosini and a few surprises.

## VAUDEVILLE CLASSIQUE CADENASSO

### SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

Thursday Eve., May 18 at 8:15

Tickets, 50c and \$1.00, all reserved, on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co. and on evening of performance only at Scottish Rite Auditorium. Address mail orders with checks or money orders to Leo Cadenasso at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, corner Sutter and Kearny Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

addition the capabilities that are necessary for stage directing was proved when he assisted in many of the productions at the Exposition. He is offering to the San Francisco public a vaudeville composed of echoes from both the grand operas and the classic drama. The programme consists of a condensed version of Macbeth and scenes from I' Pagliacci and Il Trovatore. Mrs. Leah Cadenasso, mezzo soprano, will portray the character of Azucena. Signor Gadonzio Salassa, the eminent Italian baritone, a great favorite of old San Francisco theatregoers, has been engaged by the young



(Photo Kathryn Hopkins)

LEO CADENASSO and MISS HILDA HEIDE  
As Macbeth and Lady Macbeth in "Vaudeville Classique" at Scottish Rite Auditorium  
Thursday evening, May 18

impresario to sing the Prologue from I' Pagliacci which has won him many glories. Madame E. Morosini will lend charm to the evening with her ballet. The condensed version of Macbeth will be given by an excellent cast including Miss Hilda Heide, a brilliant Shakespearean reader and a very promising young woman of rare dramatic ability, as Lady Macbeth. Miss Ethel Johnson and Mr. Eugene B. Cohn are two other prominent characters in the cast.

#### Landers Stevens at Pantages

Landers Stevens, Georgia Cooper and a company which numbers Henry Norman, the character actor of old Tivoli days, will top the new show at Pantages next week, presenting Walter Montague's expose of segregation called "The New Chief of Police." This was the playlet which created a stir last summer and had a two-weeks' run at the "Pan." Miss Cooper will wear a gown that has startled the natives of Seattle with its daring and emphatic lines, measuring close to the knee joints. Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons (number three, and not the number four who has been seeking publicity in the press during the past few weeks), will warble a few semi-classical ballads. James J. Morton will unravel a yard of witticisms, and the Sunset Six, a sextet of stunning girl musicians, will play as sweetly as they look. The rest of the show will comprise the Fanton Trio; Archer and Carr; Redington and Grant.

## AT THE THEATRES

### COLUMBIA THEATRE

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Beginning Sunday Night, May 14  
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All Songs, Fun, Dance and Dash  
By the Authors of "Adele"

Great Cast of Principals—A Stunning Chorus  
—AND—

Prices: Evenings, \$1 to 10 Cents

Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, Sunday, 75c to 10c

### PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE

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"THE NEW CHIEF OF POLICE"

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Expose of Segregation, Starring

LANDERS STEVENS, GEORGIA COOPER & CO.  
MRS. BOB FITZSIMMONS (Julia Gicord)

The Charming Songstress  
JAMES J. MORTON

The Comedian Monologist  
SUNSET SIX

An Interlude of Melody  
JOE FANTON TRIO

"A Garden of Surprises"

REDDINGTON & GRANT

"Knights of the Road"

ARCHER & CARR

Merry Mirth Makers

9TH EPISODE OF "THE IRON CLAW"

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Commencing Monday Night, May 15

2 Weeks—Three Matinees, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday

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Marilynn Miller

And 150 Heart-Breakers and Woe-Wreckers  
The Warmest Winter Garden Baby of Them All

Not Playing Oakland

Nights, 50c to \$2.00; All Matinees, Best Seats \$1.50

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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day

Martin Beck Presents HELENE LACKAYE in "Overtones" by Alice Gerstenberg; WATSON SISTERS. "Those Two Girls;" LYDIA BARRY, Lyrical Raconteur, in a Repertoire of Exclusive Songs; MILEE LUXANNE & DANCERS in a Series of Lyric Dances; WILBERT EMBS & HELEN ALTON, Elite Entertainers; CONLIN, STEELE & PARKS, "Three Little Pals;" AVELING & LLOYD, Two Southern Gentlemen; NEW ORPHEUM TRAVELOGUE. Last Week FRITZI SCHEFF, the Brilliant Viennese Prima Donna. New Songs.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

### ALCAZAR THEATRE

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Commencing Monday Night, May 15th

Matinees Thursday, Saturday, Sunday

### FAREWELL WEEK FLORENCE REED

(HERSELF)

Supported by Malcolm Williams and the  
New Alcazar Stock Company

In the Cyclonic Eastern Success

"FOR VALUE RECEIVED"

By Ethel Clifton

Not a Moving Picture

PRICES—Evenings: 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees: 25c, 50c

Monday, May 22—MARY BOLAND & FORREST  
STANLEY in "OUTCAST"



## Consolation

By St. John G. Ervine

As I came through the gate of McCaughey's farm yard, I heard sharp shouts, and then a succession of curses. James McCaughey came quickly from the byre, and called to one of the men in the hayloft. "Where's Dan?" he said, and his voice was full of anger. His eyes were lit with rage, and his thick, pendulous cheeks were red and violent. His temper was so terrible that the man in the hayloft did not dare to descend to the ground.

"I don't know, sir," he said quietly. "I saw him a while ago, but I don't see him now. Will I go and look for him?"

James McCaughey did not wait to hear the whole of the servant-man's reply. A dog from the road came nosing into the yard, and then came to the angry farmer's feet and began rubbing itself against his gaitered legs.

"To hell!" McCaughey exclaimed, as he kicked the poor beast in the ribs, sending it sprawling on its side. It ran out of the yard, yelping with pain and dismay. "Get him quick!" McCaughey shouted to the man in the hayloft, "or by God I'll sack the lot of you! Gw'on now!"

"Yes, sir!" The man came tumbling down the ladder leading from the loft to the ground, and then, without looking up at his employer, ran out of the yard towards the meadows in search of Dan.

I came up to McCaughey as the man left the yard. "What's the matter?" I said.

He turned to me, and I saw the vicious look in his eyes that one sees in a horse that bites and kicks for no cause.

"Och," he said, "it's that ould lad, Dan Mahaffy! The byres is not redd out yet, an' the cows is standin' in muck! I wonder to me God I keep the ould footer. He's not worth his keep. On'y gettin' in the way, an' makin' work! I've tould him to get ouro this mann's a time, but he comes back again the next day, an' I haven't the heart to turn him off. He's the harmless crature enough if he would on' do his work, but he'll not. He's away in the mind, I'm thinkin'!"

His temper was cooling rapidly, and I thought to myself that if the servant-man only had the sense not to discover Dan too soon, the flame of his rage would die down, but while I was thinking this, Dan entered the yard, followed by the man, who said, "Here he is, sir!" and hurried back to the hayloft, from which, safely hidden, he could observe all that took place.

"So there you are!" said McCaughey sarcastically.

"Yes, sir," replied Dan, standing hesitatingly before his employer. There was a timid smile on his face, as if he thought, with little hope, that he might disenrage McCaughey.

"Yes, sir!" repeated McCaughey mockingly. "What's the good of standin' there yes-sirin'? Didn't I tell you this mornin' you were to clane out the byre, an' isn't it stinkin' still? What do you think I pay you wages for? Is it to go an' lie down in the grass, I pay you for? Is it, will you tell me?" The old man did not reply. The timid smile flickered out, and the watery eyes began to tremble. "What are you girnin' about?" demanded McCaughey. "Can't a man speak to you about your work without you girnin', Look at the clauber! Will you just look at it? Did you ever see the like? An' me payin' you wages to clane the place an' keep it dacent. Eh? What do you say?" Dan had not said anything. "Holy smoke, man,

can you not answer when you're spoken til? Have you no tongue in your head?"

"I forgot it, sir," said Dan.

"You forgot it. You'd forget your head if it wasn't screwed on ye. What call had you to forget it? Do I pay you to forget things?"

He turned to me. "There's a nice state of affairs, isn't it?" he said. "As bould as brass, he is. Comin' up an' lettin' on he forgot. What would a man forget to clane a byre for? Eh, will you tell me that?" He turned again to Dan as he spoke. Dan did not reply. "You don't forget to take your wages, do you?" McCaughey continued, and then laughed so heartily at his own wit that he lost his rage altogether. "Well," he said, "I'll not sack you this time, though I was near doin' it. Away with you, now, an' redd the place out!"

"You've the heart of corn, sir!" mumbled Dan as he hobbled off.

I asked McCaughey why he employed so old a man, particularly as he seemed so negligent in his work. "Half your time," I said, "is taken up with scolding him!"

"Och, now, he's not that bad!" he replied, as we entered the house. "He's not so bad at all, on'y you to have to keen on shoutin' at him. He's the sort you shout at annyway. You know the kind I mane, they make you lose your temper for nothin'. That's the kind he is. There isn't a one about the place doesn't blarge at him; but, sure, we don't mane the half we say til him, though now an' awhile we mane a good bit more'n we say. He's a poor-spirited lad annyway. He hasn't got the pluck of a louse. Just stan's an' smiles at you til you near go mad with rage at him, an' you begin cursin' an' swearin' the way you'd be ashamed to do til annyone else. The childer in the road orders him about."

Later in the evening, I watched the old man as he tottered about the farm yard, doing odd pieces of work in a footling fashion. He tumbled over a shovel, and a farm hand swore at him.

"Can't you look where you're goin'?" he said.

"I didn't mane no harrum!" replied Dan meekly.

"Ah, for dear sake, get oura my sight!" Dan meekly turned to go as he was bid, but the man called him back. "Here," he added, "take this rubbish an' throw it on the midden. I've done enough the day."

Dan gathered up the refuse, and carried it off. Some of the stuff fell as he stumbled along.

"Ah, can't you carry it right, you ould butterfingers, you!" exclaimed the young man.

"I'll come back for it," replied Dan without a note of anger in his voice.

"Well, hurry up, then!"

No one spoke graciously to Dan. No one offered a "Thank you" to him. He was the servant of the servants. His work began before that of the others, and ended after theirs. I wondered how any man could endure such a life, and one day, when I came upon him suddenly, sitting in the meadow to which he always went when he could get away from his work, I asked him why he did not show some fight.

"It can't be much of a life," I said, "to be continually bullied by everyone."

"No, sir, it isn't," he answered. "They're all on to me, the whole lot of them from the

boss down. Cursin' at me, an' orderin' me about!" I noticed that the weak voice hardened as he spoke, and that his eyes began to glitter through their wateriness. "But they'll suffer for it," he continued. "Mann's a time I think that, an' it's a quare comfort til me. I come here manny's a time, an' sit an' think about it, an' the more they curse me, the more comfort I get out of it. Every bad word they say to me, they'll have to pay for in hell, sir. That's what they'll have to do. It's the great consolation I have when they're makin' a cod of me to be thinkin' they're layin' up another twist in blazes for themselves. That's what they're doin', sir. An' when they're dead an' gone, they'll be wrigglin' an' roastin' for the names they called me here, an' the devil'll be proddin' them, an' tellin' them what it's for!" He looked up at me as he spoke. "Did you ever hear what hell's like?" he asked, and then without waiting for a reply, he proceeded to describe it. "It's the quare place," he said. "Burnin'! Red-hot! Did you ever see the sky when the sun's settin', all red, like a furnace? That's the glow of hell, sir! I've heerd that manny's a time, an' I come up here reg'lar to see it. An' when James McCaughey or one of his servant-men's been ragin' at me, an' cursin' an' swearin', I do be thinkin' to myself, when I look at the sky, it's in that you'll be one day, an' then you'll wish you'd spoke different to me!"

"And you really believe that, Dan?" said I. "Why wouldn't I believe it?" he asked. "Sure, isn't it true? It's that keeps me heart up!"

### The Scarecrow

All through the winter I bow my head  
Beneath the driving rain;  
The North wind powders me with snow  
And blows me black again;

At midnight 'neath a maze of stars  
I flame with glittering rime,  
And stand, above the stubble, stiff  
As mail at morning prime.

But when that child, called Spring, and all  
His host of children, come,  
Scattering their buds and dew upon  
These acres of my home,

Some rapture in my rags awakes;  
I lift void eyes and scan  
The skies for crows, those ravening foes,  
Of my strange master, Man.

I watch him striding lank behind  
His clashing team, and know  
Soon will the wheat swish body high  
Where once lay sterile snow;

Soon shall I gaze across a sea  
Of sun-begotten grain,  
Which my unflinching watch has sealed  
For harvest once again.

—Walter de la Mare.

### A Dun

The American Legal News says that a lawyer noted for his laconic style of expression sent the following terse and witty note to a refractory client who paid no attention to reiterated demands for the payment of his bill:

"Sir, if you pay the enclosed bill you will oblige me. If you don't I shall oblige you."



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—It will be difficult to have a more erratic or irregular market than we had last week. Without any question, peace talk which has been rife since the receipt of the German note, has influenced trading in the industrial group and under cover of the strength of the railroads, there was liquidation in the war stocks. United Fruit took the place of Marine as the leader. There is talk of buying by the same interests which have acquired a large block of stock in Marine. It is more than likely, however, that the advance is predicated on earnings and extra dividends which are likely to follow. Railroads have never been sounder than they are today and the return on their shares is larger. Canadian Pacific's dividend is due shortly. An extra dividend is talked of, and the earnings certainly warrant it. In June, Baltimore & Ohio, Louisville & Nashville, New York Central, Reading, and Pan Handle pay their dividends. With Baltimore & Ohio, their earnings warrant a resumption of six per cent rate. London has been a liberal seller of Steel, Erie and Pennsylvania. Erie is no longer the sluggish proposition of former years. It quickly responds to any buying and should we have the big market that is expected in rails, it might sell very much higher. General business conditions throughout the United States continue to improve in all lines. The railroads have all they can handle and while the new crop prospects could be better as far as wheat is concerned, it is a little too early in the season to use crop news as a factor. Mining is on the boom everywhere with silver selling at the highest prices in years. Copper metal is in great demand with future deliveries above the 30 cent level. With a little more favorable political news, prices could easily work higher.

**Wheat**—The wheat market the past week was influenced more or less by crop reports from the Southwest. Some reports told of damage by insects while other reports claimed no damage whatever. This kept the market in a nervous state with prices at the close of the week showing very little change from the previous week. The relaxation in the cash demand so prominently reflected in the reduced premiums and limited clearance is a handicap to the expectation of higher prices at the moment, but the deliveries have gone into strong hands, and we think it only a question of time when the commercial situation will be reversed. It is natural that European representatives should claim a satisfactory outlook for supplies, for the cost is already burdensome, and would be more so if deficiency was actual or even suspected. Their reliance on this country is for the time somewhat curtailed owing to the release of the Canadian stocks and the competition of Argentine and Australia, but when the immense requirements of the war are considered in connection with a greatly shortened production in all parts of the world,

it can be only a question of time when the foreigner will be compelled to turn again to the United States for breadstuffs. The reports from the soft wheat territory are in no way as encouraging as a few weeks ago. In Kansas and Nebraska the conditions are holding well, but in Indiana and Illinois are said to be deteriorating. The Northwest is still far behind in seeding and even plowing, the weather being wintry, and a failure there would mean calamity and high prices.

**Corn**—The price changes in corn have not been material, and, considering the magnitude of the purchases reported by influential parties, the market has not responded proportionately to their authority. It seems to be dawning upon the trade that the 1915 crop was unduly maligned and that instead of ruining the grain the excessive moisture caused a chemical change highly favorable for its preservation. This theory advances the commercial volume importantly, and not only that but accentuates an already bearish situation. The primary receipts for five months have been practically 16,000,000 under last year, and the visible is larger, with an acute car shortage and abnormal farm reserves. The outside demand of the industries has been the smallest known in years, silos are everywhere and plentifully filled, substitutes are everywhere offered and the pastures were never more verdant and luxurious. We understand that the offerings from the interior are increasing, especially from Nebraska and Illinois, indicating that the crop is in good shape and that the husbandman is willing to lighten up his holdings.

**Cotton**—The market during the past week has exhibited remarkable steadiness in face of the disturbed political situation. The strength is accounted for chiefly by the good demand for spot cotton from American spinners as indicated by rapidly decreasing stocks at interior points. American mills are running to their full capacity and are making large profits, but their consumption alone is not sufficiently great to absorb the large amount of unsold cotton on hand in this country, and unless the war ends before August the carry-over is likely to be as big as last season. The present outlook is undoubtedly for a large crop and there is every reason to expect one, as early planted cotton is doing well, planting is progressing rapidly and an increase in acreage of at least 10 per cent seems assured. Planting seed may be scarce in some sections but there is ample seed to be had elsewhere in the belt, so there will be no decrease in the contemplated acreage on this account.

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#### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73004; Dept. No. 16.

PRISCILLA ELIZABETH DALES, Plaintiff, vs. IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's wilful neglect of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

S. J. HANKINS & H. J. HANKINS,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
917 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-10

#### ORDER FOR PUBLICATION OF SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 59410. E. SEABERG, Plaintiff, vs. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

Upon reading and filing the affidavit of MILTON H. SCHWARTZ, and it satisfactorily appearing to me, the Judge of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, that the defendants, SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, reside out of the State of California, to-wit, Juneau, Alaska; and

It appearing from the affidavit aforesaid that a cause of action exists in this action in favor of the plaintiff therein, and against the said defendants, and that the said defendants are, and each of them is, a necessary and proper party defendant thereto; and

It further appearing that a summons has been duly issued out of said court in this action, and that personal service of the same cannot be made upon the said defendants for the reason hereinabove contained, and by the said affidavit made to appear;

Now, on motion of Lloyd S. Ackerman, Esq., attorney for the plaintiff, it is ordered that service of summons in this action be made upon the defendants, SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, by publication thereof in Town Talk, a newspaper most likely to give notice to said defendants; that said publication be made at least once a week for two months; and

It further in like manner appearing to me that the residence of said defendants is known to be at Juneau, Alaska, it is ordered that a copy of the summons and complaint in this action be forthwith deposited in the post-office, postpaid, directed to said defendants, and each of them, at their place of residence.

Dated, May 9th, 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LLOYD S. ACKERMAN,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Nevada Bank Building,  
San Francisco, Cal. 5-13-10

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#### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71884; Dept. 10.

FRANZISCA AVI, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23rd day of February, A. D. 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1003 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-1-10

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50 Arguello Boulevard,  
San Francisco.  
SIMON L. HEILBRON,  
2225 Steiner Street,  
San Francisco.

State of California,

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 4th day of April, 1916, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared ARTHUR A. FRANK and SIMON L. HEILBRON, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Seal) A. J. NAGLE,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY J. GALLAGHER, deceased.—No. 20700; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of HENRY J. GALLAGHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorneys, Alfred B. Lawson and John Prosek, Room 214 Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY J. GALLAGHER, deceased.

CLARISSE O'CONNELL,  
Administratrix of the estate of Henry J. Gallagher, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 6th, 1916.

ALFRED B. LAWSON and

JOHN PROSEK,  
Attorneys for Administratrix,

214 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-6-5

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# TOWN TALK

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"The Lusitania"—George Sterling's Latest Poem

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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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San Francisco, May 20, 1916

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

**A Loophole for the Colonel** Colonel Roosevelt has not yet flung his hat into the ring, but he is clearly in a state of preparedness for any emergency. Two months ago it was reported that he would be satisfied with Justice Hughes as the Republican candidate, and when the scene shifted a few weeks ago, with Senator Root as the conspicuous figure in the foreground, rumor had it that in the event of his nomination he would have the support of Mr. Roosevelt, but all the while the Colonel has been preaching Americanism with all his characteristic energy of utterance and saying not a word by way of comment to cheer anybody's friends but his own. If he is not an avowed candidate, he is certainly not averse to another nomination, as we learned the other day when he became a party to the moss-covered political trick of having a letter written to him to give him the opportunity of uttering himself aside from the absorbing question. It was a letter from the secretary of the Roosevelt Non-Partisan League pronouncing him the "strongest available man" and asking for an expression of opinion "with regard to the work we are doing." The Colonel wrote an elaborate reply heartily approving the work and deftly putting his approval on the ground of the League's devotion to the American principle of preparedness for which he has always stood. He explains that it is because the League supports him as the representative of these principles that he approves its work. There is here a loophole for egress from a situation that may prove disagreeable, and the Colonel will probably find this loophole very grateful, for the indications are that he has not a firm hold on the imagination of delegates to the convention.

**The Impatient Mexicans** Greatly to be deplored, if not resented, is the impatience of the adventurous bandits of Mexico who have been saluting our flag in occasional raids along the frontier. Apparently they have no sympathy with our darling President in

the midst of his irritating perplexities. International service is beyond their power of appreciation. Among these unbridled savages there are no respecters of rhetoric. Gentleness and urbanity they have mistaken for impotence, and inadequate punitive expeditions have only had the effect of confirming them in their general impression of weakness beyond the border. By this time in all probability Mr. Wilson is gradually realizing the importance of pacifying Mexico along lines somewhat different from those he has been futilely pursuing. Presumably he has had time enough to perceive that his protégé, the preposterous Carranza, is hardly competent to handle the situation that was committed to his care by the now discredited Villa. We know from our experience of Cabinet officers now feeding at the crib that it takes Mr. Wilson a long time to take the measure of a man, but surely, after reading the ure of a man, but surely, after reading the of Americans killed in territory pacified by Carranza, the delinquencies and limitations of that individual are no longer beyond the President's ken. Assuming that the President is now thoroughly cognizant of the character of the Carranza "government," we may confidently look forward to his early abandonment of that itinerant policy in Mexico which has so long resembled the general wits of the Administration. We do not despair of the ultimate uplifting of Mexico physically as well as spiritually.

### Premature Peace Talk

Some weeks ago it was observed in these columns that it was too early to agitate for peace. We remarked that the Allies were not in the mood to talk peace. Since then the situation has remained practically unchanged. Not yet are the Allies in a receptive mood for peace terms. The work which they cut out for themselves long ago remains to be done, and they are now more enthusiastic for the doing of it than ever before. Also they are more sanguine; and the moral factors that are not less potent than big battalions are looming large on their side. The strongest confirmation of this is to be found in the news from Germany, the news of discontent, of bitter criticism and of open revolt. All things considered, there has been a big change in the complexion of affairs since the failure of the great German offensive at Verdun. Civilian Germany has been somewhat disheartened, and the spirits of the enemy have been proportionately exalted. Hence it would be futile at this time to agitate for a stalemate. The Allies may be in error, but they are convinced that Time is their ally, and they have been greatly heartened by events around Verdun. If the French

have been kept pretty steadily on the defensive at Verdun, yet, in view of all that has happened there the suspicion is warranted that the faith of the German in his invincible army has been considerably shaken; for the attack on Verdun, as every German knew, was a very serious affair. The fortress was to be taken, the French line broken and Paris reached at last. No secret was made of the intention of the General Staff, and the successes of the first three or four days confirmed the most sanguine expectations and encouraged still more confident forecasts. For every newspaper that leads German public opinion the capture of Fort Douaumont was the beginning of the end, the accustomed and inevitable end where the advance of German armies is concerned. But after weeks of slaughter the struggle went on, and though there had been a few hard-won gains on the banks of the Meuse only one sensational success was announced—the capture of Fort Vaux—which turned out to be a mistake. Now, whatever happens, the Germans may comfort themselves with the belief that they forestalled the spring offensive of the Allies, but that at best is a negative sort of achievement not to be compared with the fall of Erzerum and Trebizond; and all the while the blockade is growing tighter. In the circumstances as we view them in the light available how absurd to expect the Allies to listen to terms of peace! The Allies believe they will win. They are no longer awed by Germany's success on land. This success, they say, is traceable to definite preparation, to expert and continuous training, to hard figures and facts and schedules. It brings with it no terror of the unknown. It obeys inevitable rules. This has been demonstrated at Verdun where the Germans have battered for months at an iron salient. They have shown that, given certain sacrifices and a certain output of material the opposing front positions of their opponents can be rendered untenable. That is all. But at the same time Germany is losing men disproportionately, apparently merely postponing the day of reckoning. The great German drive is no longer what it was in Poland against an army out-munitioned and under-supplied. The Germans are now fighting an enemy who has perfected all his instruments and who has learned something of the science and art of war in the tough old school of experience. And he is not to be denied the opportunity of putting his powers to the test.

### What the Allies Will Demand

We are told that Germany is willing to make many concessions to her enemies. The fact is Germany has deemed it expedient to turn Pacifist. But the difficulty with respect to



Germany is this—that the Allies believe she has shot her bolt. Hence Germany must go on with the Verdun drive. Or at least something must be done to alarm the Allied leaders; either the Turks must stop the Grand Duke, or something decisive must happen in the Balkans or on the high seas. Otherwise the Allies must face the prospect of being tired out. Are the Germans able to tire them out? There has never been any doubt as to the thoroughness with which the whole German people have put their hearts into this war. They have made prodigious efforts and borne enormous sacrifices in a way which will always entitle them to rank as one of the most patriotic and determined nations in all history. But how far any nation, even though supported by an almost unbroken series of victories, is capable of making continued sacrifices with no ultimate prospect of anything but a more or less successful defense, which must in the nature of things grow weaker from month to month, is a problem that calls for watching and waiting. The problem is by no means complicated by the factor of an empty stomach. It is of course possible that the transition from a spirit of exalted confidence in ultimate triumph to a spirit of dour determination to hold out indefinitely may be easily accomplished, but the Germans have yet to give proof of the possession of the required qualities. This proof is more important than the material concessions they are willing to make, for the Allies if successful will demand something more than territory. The task they have set for themselves is nothing short of the redemption of the Germanic peoples from Prussianism; not because they love the Germanic peoples, but because they deem it essential to the protection of Europe. To be sure there is some talk among the Allies of being magnanimous, but on the whole the prevailing sentiment is that peace without complete collapse of the military power that swept over Belgium to subjugate France would spell continued menace to European civilization.

### Our Great Neutral

The situation appears to be desperate indeed when we find his minor Satanic Majesty, the Hon. William Randolph Hearst, inviting Woodrow Wilson to the mountain top to receive a promise of political salvation. "I have not been disposed to see Mr. Wilson reëlected," says our monumental charlatan, "but if he will push the pro-German peace movement along I will get behind his campaign." For German efficiency we have the highest regard, but it is evident there is a screw loose at Potsdam. The diplomats are not onto Hearst. They are not aware of the fact that the tool has dulled its edge. German diplomats have a lesson to learn from American politics. In American politics when the servile instrument of subterranean intrigue becomes noisome he is sloughed off like dead tissue. Now it is evident that Hearst has ceased to be of

any value to the pro-German propaganda. As a matter of fact he has been more or less of a joke ever since his horrendous editorial blast signaling his intention to smash the war loan to the Allies. True he has given encouragement to bomb makers and incendiaries by denouncing the Government for not changing the rules when Germany was swept off the seas, but as we now perceive, he did not succeed in poisoning public sentiment. The pro-German propaganda has had the use of the Hearst papers ever since the outbreak of the war. On what terms we have never guessed, but we know that our tall Native Son never did the propaganda any good. On the contrary, as a native son he inspired a resentment that men of foreign birth might never have provoked; for while it is easy to tolerate the inept manifestations of a genuine loyalty to native land, one can never become reconciled to the treachery and treason of a Benedict Arnold. William Randolph Hearst has made himself immortal as the American who sympathized with the Lusitania style of warfare; as a neutral who wanted his country to abandon a policy handed down by the Founders of the Republic; as a patriot who tried to involve the unprepared country he calls his own in war with Japan in order to stop the flow of munitions into Russia. Considering the indictment Hearst is under it will certainly not advantage Germany to employ him to agitate for peace; especially not now that he has worn out the patience of the Administration. The other day when he printed the story of a secret conference in Washington for the purpose of intimating that the Pope and J. P. Morgan and the British Ambassador and Secretary Lansing were uniting on a peace plan, our Secretary of State lost no time in giving out this statement: "All this false information is traceable to certain propaganda about which I am not in ignorance." It appears to be high time for Hearst to get his discharge.

The despatches tell us it will not be very long "before the Secretary of the Navy can sit in his office in the Department and communicate verbally with ships all over the world." We are expected to rejoice at this news, but it gladdens us not at all. On the contrary it but increases the misgivings to which we have been subject ever since Josephus Daniels became the headliner of the passing show in Washington. It is bad enough to have Josephus in touch with ships in port. To put ships everywhere within range of his malign influence is to multiply the chances of catastrophe.

### National Incompetency

What a simple and touching faith is that which our rulers profess in the efficacy of legislation! The average statesman from Oshkosh or elsewhere is sure that, if only his opinions are put

upon paper by some clerk able to express and draft them into an Act of Congress, the sacred will of the people will prevail and the pillars of State will be rescued from catastrophe. And so the business of legislation goes tediously on, new avenues of expenditure extend before the dreamy eye of the taxpayer, and new devices of government multiply and accumulate. We are told that if private businesses were conducted as the affairs of the nation are conducted the richest institutions in the country would be ruined in no time. That this state of affairs, which the rural credits' bill brings to mind, should be allowed to continue without emphatic protest from the people independently of party ties is evidence only too convincing of the intellectual apathy and the weakening of the sense of citizenship which are the two great dangers that threaten our emasculated republic at the present time.

### Coaxing the Farmer

This being a Presidential year the Administration thought it wise to rush the bill to establish a system of rural credits through the Senate. Republicans protested in vain. The Democrats, eager for the farmers' vote, were not to be denied. The bill provides for a somewhat elaborate financial organization which is to be controlled after the manner of a Federal bureau. It is intended to make the Federal Treasury a sort of first-aid to the farmer, especially the farmer with a political pull. Incidentally of course the new financial machine will be utilized as a political machine at public expense. The scheme has many tempting potentialities, none of which is apparent either to Mr. Wilson or Son-in-Law McAdoo. These lovely idealists, concerned for the welfare of the farmer and sensible of none but the benign potentialities, such as are to be developed by the subvention of the farm vote, take it for granted that whatever gives promise of benefit to themselves will be of benefit to the whole country. Nobody denies that it is within the province of the Government to improve the financial facilities of the farmer and render farming a less precarious business. But what the hungry job-seeking Administration would provide is not merely a system of rural credits but a large and vague special privilege to farmers as a class. This privilege is provided for in a new banking system under sponsorship of the Government and direction of politicians who will have special facilities for dipping into Uncle Sam's purse. It looks as though somebody is willing to improve Mr. Wilson's prospects by purchasing the suffrage of the agricultural community.

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## Varied Types

CCLXXXI—JOE DESMOND

By Edward F. O'Day

Thirty-nine years ago in Los Angeles he was christened Daniel Joseph, but he had half a dozen sisters who didn't like the Dan part of it, so they overruled mother and dad, and Joe he is to this day.

Joe proved too lively for St. Vincent's College, likewise for three or four public schools; and at the mature age of fourteen the pater permitted him to put his school books on the closet shelf and hie forth in search of a job. Ed Chambers was Los Angeles freight agent for the Santa Fe in those days; he's vice-president of the system now. Joe collaborated in Ed Chambers' success by deigning to be his office boy. Next he lavished himself on a hardware firm in the capacity of shipping clerk. After that he went to work for the gas company. At eighteen he was cashier, getting ninety dollars a month; and as this was in the hard-time nineties it may be inferred that Joe was beginning to make a dent in the business world. So much so that Joe's elder brother reached out and took him in. Desmond's wasn't the Los Angeles Roos Brothers then as it is now; instead of its present hundred employes it had two, Joe and the other fellow. Joe kept the books when he wasn't selling socks and neckties.

"Stores opened up at seven in those days and threw away the doors," says Joe Desmond, meaning that they kept open till ten at night. "It was a hard day's work, and I was always drowsy, as you might put it, when the time came to hit the hay."

That has nothing to do with Joe's next job. Besides, it wasn't a job; it was a business. He embarked in hay and feed. That led naturally to mules; he bought a string of them and went into the contracting game. Behold Joe Desmond on the tide which leads to fortune, and perfectly willing to take it at the flood. You can do a lot of things with a string of mules, and Joe did most of them. He hauled freight and ran the stage lines on the Roosevelt Dam contract, and he tried the commissary business. He was still learning it when he came up to San Francisco to handle the relief camp kitchens after the catastrophe of 1906. He kept on learning it after he took the contract to feed the five thousand hungry mouths that chewed for five years on the Owens River Aqueduct.

Joe Desmond nearly went to smash on that contract. With five thousand appetites to assuage three times a day for eighteen hundred and twenty-five days, and with one hundred cooks, four hundred waiters and all the other help of fifty camps scattered over two hundred miles of mountain and desert to pay wages to—with all this on his hands, not to mention the job of maintaining his credit with the merchants who sold him his raw material—Joe Desmond would most surely have gone to everlasting smash had he not invented, developed and patented the Science of Subsistence.

Joe Desmond discovered by hard experience that one pound per day is all the beans seven men can dispose of; that one pound of coffee per day will exactly suit the coffee thirst of twelve men; that a pound of sugar will answer the sweetening needs of two men per day; that the utmost demands of camp cleanliness can be taken care of at the rate of a pound of soap per day for twenty-five men. And so on down the line through every conceivable item

needed in the store room of a camp kitchen. He also discovered that if you want to make money selling husky workers thirty cent meals—that was the contract price—you've got to work out the cost of each meal in figures carried to the 'nth decimal place. It was a five million dollar contract, and when the last meal had been served Joe Desmond knew all that was to be learned about scientific feeding. Next to "Bill" Mulholland, the engineer of that twenty-five million dollar aqueduct, Joe Desmond emerged as the big man of the job. And he made money.

"But if I had known as much at the start of the five years as I knew at the end I'd have made \$250,000 more," he says.

What Joe Desmond can't tell you about the ravenous, the cranky, the temperamental, the ornery masculine stomach isn't worth the telling.

"Until you've seen a Slav or Hungarian mucker at his meal," says Desmond, "you don't know what feeding capacity is. The aim in life of those gorgers is to bankrupt mess contractors. When Bulwer Lytton said 'civilized man cannot live without cooks' he was evidently inspired by the highly civilized people around him. If he had seen the performances I allude to his remarks about uncivilized brutes would have been unfit to print.

"Women sympathize with cooks and make allowances. I once fed several thousand women daily. They made less trouble for me than a dozen hard-rock miners would have made. There is a devil in the stomach of the male person."

Need I recall to the popular mind Joe Desmond's feeding stunts at the World's Fair? He installed those attractive eating houses where you got the succulent hot dog and the mug of beer. Your eye was attracted and your mouth was watered by the spectacle of a chicken roasting on a revolving spit, and you simply couldn't resist.

"That's called the rotisserie range," says Desmond, "and it's the greatest 'ballyhoo' in the world."

The chicken on the electric spit ballyhooed so effectively that Desmond did a business of \$485,000 which was 'top money' among the concessionaires. Some day when Joe Desmond isn't so busy he's going to figure out just how many million hot dogs he sold to Exposition visitors.

At present he is much too busy to bother about a little thing like that. His commissary organization is feeding some fifteen hundred people—at Chola Vista where six hundred men are extracting potash from kelp for the Hercules Powder Company, at the Calaveras Dam where four hundred men have completed half of a five year job, in the oil fields and elsewhere. Then there is the Hotel Clark in Stockton, in which Desmond is deeply interested. And of course there is the Yosemite Valley business. All of Joe Desmond's varied business experience is being put to use in the Yosemite Valley.

When the Department of the Interior decided to make the Yosemite a national playground as well as a national park, Assistant Secretary Mather went down to Los Angeles and asked "Bill" Mulholland, the genius of the aqueduct, who was the man for the job.

"There's only one blanketty-blank man in the

country to run that job," said Mulholland who likes emphasis, "and that's Joe Desmond."

So last year Joe Desmond opened a camp in the Valley. He was on trial. He ran the camp from June to September and took care of five thousand tourists, took care of them so satisfactorily that the trial was pronounced an eminent success and he was given a twenty-year concession in the Valley.

Joe Desmond is to build two hotels in the Yosemite, one on the floor of the Valley and the other at Glacier Point. Work will start the first of July, and they'll be finished by the end of the year. Joe Desmond says so, and he ought to know. Meanwhile in his camps and in his chalets which are located along the trails so that hikers may walk all day and find comfortable bed and board and a point of departure for further hiking next morning, Joe Desmond can accommodate fifteen hundred visitors. The Yosemite is going to be popular this summer, popular as it was never popular before—and thanks to Joe Desmond. And when the winter comes—

"We'll have all the winter sports you can find at St. Moritz," he says.

Yes indeed, Joe Desmond is a busy man. And a happy man, happy in the ways a husband and father longs to be happy and happy in the affection of his working force who, he vows, are the best boys in the world.

When he says so, looking at you seriously—he always looks serious, but I have never known him to be solemn or melancholy—looking at you seriously out of his Irish blue eyes and rubbing his close-cropped curly black Irish hair with the hand which doesn't hold the cigar, you believe him. For Joe Desmond inspires confidence.

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## Perspective Impressions

When it comes to a street railway "Put it in the Park" is an outrageous slogan.

Perhaps some of our supervisors never go to the Park and don't know how beautiful it is. You can't blame them for staying away—there are squirrels in the Park.

We suspect that by this time Dead Man Hill has fully justified its name.

"Women will continue to rule in the home of the future," asserts Dorothy Dix. Dorothy is a wise ole gal who puts the "dix" in ipse-dixit.

"We must show a rugged strength of character," says Colonel Roosevelt, speaking of Americans. More rugged, let us say, than the character exhibited by the disloyal beneficiary of the Republican party who made a Wilson possible.

The English might say to the Kaiser in the words of Shakespeare: "Thy Casement I need not open, for I look through thee."

We are told that the United States is "waiting on Carranza." And Don Whiskerandos is going through the menu in a very leisurely fashion.

Henry James left an estate of only \$45,000. He was hard to understand, but he did not prostitute his art.

The preacher who bases his sermon on the latest journalistic agitation is sure of newspaper notice, but is he saving souls?

"A person who has no friend to whom he may write leads an impoverished life," declared the eminent W. C. Morrow in a lecture at To Kalon Club. It might be added that a person who has letters to answer and shilly-shallies about answering them leads a haunted life.

As we understand it our Mexican policy has involution and convolution but no solution.

Supervisor Nolan was going to revise the tax rate downward, but the budget refused to budge.

We felt quite certain of Slaughter's guilt until it appeared to be deemed necessary to give him a rough deal. Now we hope to see the rulings very carefully reviewed.

Though Slaughter has been convicted we are not at all inclined to applaud the verdict, for we are not at all sure of the rulings of the trial judge.

We ate a prune on Prune Day, a raisin on Raisin Day, an orange on Orange Day and an olive on Olive Day. Is it any wonder our stomach started to rebel when a Pencil Day was announced?

## Italy and the Allies

When Italy entered the war most people expected that she would make more difference to it than she has. She was, and is, a Great Power, with a huge conscript army and arsenals much bigger than England's were; and the only foe immediately adjoining her was Austria-Hungary, the most war-weakened of all the major belligerents, who was already fighting for very life on other fronts. An Italian capture of Trieste and Laibach, if not an Italian march on Vienna; an Italo-Serb conquest of Bosnia, Herzegovina and Dalmatia; or an Italo-British triumph at Constantinople—one, if not more than one, of these seemed within the power of King Victor Emmanuel's army to push through. Nothing of the kind has happened. Only the Trieste stroke has been tried, and it is still incalculably far from succeeding. The Italian offensive has been limited to Austria, and it has made no perceptible difference to Austro-Hungarian resources on other fronts. The number of Austrian troops held up is not estimated by the Italians themselves at more than 750,000; while American correspondents with the enemy put it at 250,000. In any case it seems to be not very much larger than the watching force which Austria has always reckoned to keep on that frontier, and its casualties seem to have been relatively small. Outside this sphere Italy's only military enterprise has been to send an army corps to Valona. Her naval efforts have been confined to the Adriatic (the French and British watching the mouth and policing the Mediterranean outside); and she has not succeeded in preventing the Austrians from retaining virtual command of its waters. Even the task of taking the Servian army off the Albanian coast had to be performed almost entirely by the French and British.

These at first blush seem small results to have been contributed by a Great Power. But unless we are to do Italy grave injustice, we must allow for her immense handicaps, which are too little appreciated. The worst of these was her pre-war frontier. It had scarcely any nat-

ural defenses, and it was within easy reach of the great North Italian cities which, far more than Rome, are the real life and strength of the nation. The position of Paris, even after the German invasion, is farther from the enemy lines than that of Venice or Verona was before the war started; and decidedly less vulnerable than that of Milan and Turin. Consequently the first preoccupation of General Cadorna was to improve the frontier, and push the enemy further off. Unless that were done, there was the danger that an Austro-German phalanx might be concentrated against some weak point in the over-long Italian line, and by a single victory, like that at Gorlice, might overwhelm the whole North Italian territory. Until it was accomplished, Italian military opinion was unwilling to send a single Italian soldier out of Italy, since all might be needed as reserves against the supreme thrust.

The danger thus guarded against has been appreciably diminished by the frontier advances since the war began; but only the Italian General Staff can judge how far, if at all, this has liberated troops for other fronts. The occupation of Valona was, of course, an exceptional emergency, the control of that harbor having long been rated very high in the scale of Italian interests. But the Italian Government

had not only military handicaps to contend with, nor only the great naval handicaps imposed by the geography of the Adriatic; there were difficulties of national psychology and difficulties of politics. The Italians are a southern and mercurial people, very susceptible of enthusiasm and liable to depression, and the one risk which above all could not be courted was that of reverses at the outset. Moreover, their national unity is recent, and they have not, like the French or the English, a long tradition of success daringly won and losses stoically surmounted from which to draw strength in dark moments. When one adds that the Government which declared war had not directly controlled the majority of the Chamber, and that its regular controller, Signor Giolitti, was against the war policy, the risk of a revulsion, such as would be worked for by the deeply-rooted German commercial influences in Lombardy and Piedmont, becomes easy to see. Only some degree of success could surmount it; but it seems now to have been surmounted. When Signor Giolitti voted with the majority for endorsing the Ministry's adherence to the London compact between the Allies he definitely abandoned his chances of going back on the war policy.



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# The Campaign Against the Turks

What the Grand Duke Is Doing in Armenia and Mesopotamia

By ROBERT McTAVISH

It is pretty hard to follow the Russians in their campaign against the Turks, the reason being that they are fighting on several fronts. The Grand Duke is moving his armies in a vast theatre of operations extending from the Black Sea to the Caspian and from the Caspian almost to the Persian Gulf. It was not so long ago that he captured Trebizond. Now we hear that he is a short distance from Bagdad. Occasionally we hear of the repulse of one of his columns, but gradually he is extending his conquests evidently with the purpose of isolating the Turks in Europe. His first object was to overrun Armenia and consolidate his hold on it, and this he appears to have accomplished. To understand the theatre of the Russian operations in Armenia, it is more than usually necessary to study a map which (unlike most of those in the newspapers) shows contours. Armenia may be generally compared to Switzerland; only it is larger, and the mountains are higher. The general direction of nearly all the most important ranges is not north and south, but east and west. They are like so many walls dividing up the country into comparatively long and narrow compartments. Erzerum is in a central position on the central wall, and its capture facilitates the occupation and control of compartments north and south of it. The fall of Mush meant the overrunning of a compartment farther south again. South of this runs one of the most continuous walls of them all—the great range of the Armenian Taurus, of which the westward stretch from the Persian frontier to the Kharput-Diabekr road is nearly 250 miles long, with only one considerable crossing in that length, the pass of Bitlis. South of the Armenian Taurus comes the vilayet of Diabekr, with the upper waters of the Tigris, and south of this again comes the last of the mountain walls, the Amanus range,

nothing like so high or so continuous as the Taurus, yet a considerable military obstacle. Most of these obstacles the Russians have overcome.

The importance of these achievements is due to the fact that Armenia is the key to Asia Minor and Syria in the same sense as the Alps and Tyrol are the key to Provence and North Italy. It does not follow, above all under the conditions of modern trench warfare, that the districts opened up will be successfully invaded. Still, it will throw Turkey almost entirely on the defensive, and she may have to draw in her horns for that. At a certain point it would be necessary to abandon Mesopotamia, lest in trying to defend it she might lose Syria-Palestine too. The Turco-German schemes against Persia and the Persian Gulf are now of course no longer considered. The scheme against Egypt must of course be abandoned. The crucial element in the problem will be Turkey's resources in men. She must depend on her own; there can be scarcely any question at this stage of employing German infantry in Asia. All figures about Turkish losses and resources are very conjectural. But she must have lost heavily in the last month, and her Dardanelles casualties probably equalled England's, while the heavy losses of the 1912-13 war are still recent. And she has anything but an unlimited population to draw upon. The total figure for the Ottoman Empire is about the same as that for Hungary alone; but for military purposes enormous deductions must be made from this on account, not only of the subject Christian races, but of semi-barbarous Moslems like the Kurds and Arabs, whose military value is usually very subsidiary. The population from which the justly renowned Turkish infantry can be obtained is, at the outside, half the whole,

and the weight of every war and campaign falls on it.

In this connection it is well to keep in mind the fact that the war from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf is one, and the conquest of Turkey an integral and important part of it. The way to effect that conquest was to attack Turkey not at the heart, but at the extremities, taking full advantage of her lack of internal communications. This way was the way of Armenia and Mesopotamia, on which the Allies seem at last successfully embarked.

Indeed the Grand Duke appears to have already cleared up the whole situation. He is now threatening to envelop the Turks in Mesopotamia, and at the same time, while he has a column moving along the shores of the Black Sea toward Constantinople, he has another approaching Bagdad. His strategy is bewildering, and his swiftness is amazing. He has shut off more than one of the Turks' sources of supply, and they are no longer fighting with the valor they exhibited at Erzerum which fell to a coup de main but only after a struggle that lasted an entire week. At the rate the Russians are going in the East the probability is the Turks will be eager to quit before long. If they do quit there will be another explosion in the Balkans, and it may yet fall to the Grand Duke to bring about the final decision. There is no longer any talk of a separate peace with Russia. It ended when the Russians appeared in France. The object of the despatch of Russian troops to France was to give an assurance and demonstration that Russia will fight by France's side to the end. It would be morally impossible for the Czar to desert the alliance now that his soldiers are hostages in France.

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# Poems About San Franciscans

XXVI—TO GEORGE T. BROMLEY

By Charles Warren Stoddard

(When "Uncle" George Bromley reached the seventy-fifth milestone in 1892 the Bohemian Club celebrated his birthday with ceremony, speech and verse. So many people desired to attend that the Bohemians had to "hire a hall," to-wit, Irving Hall opposite the old club. It was a great day for the Muse. Ina Coolbrith, Clay Greene, Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding, George Chismore, Charles Warren Stoddard, Daniel O'Connell and Dr. Julius Rosenstirn were among those who contributed verses, while Oliver Wendell Holmes, Bill Nye and Li Hung Chang were among the alien great who sent their felicitations. The following, with the other tributes, is embalmed in "The Long Ago and the Later On," Bromley's book of reminiscences published by A. M. Robertson in 1904.)

Thrice hath the quartering chime rung in thine ears;  
The mellow music frets thee not—but cheers;  
O, live an hundred years!

A Golden and a Silver Jubilee  
Enshrine thy happy years, so happily—  
Sacred to thine, and thee!

Years that are fairer for fair Folly's sake;  
Youthful are they, with Wisdom in their wake;  
When they end—comes heart-break!

As all thy sorrows we would freely share—  
And all thy burdens we would gladly bear—  
With love—and love to spare—

O, live forever! Live that we may live;  
And give us of thy store, that we may give;  
This is imperative!

For in thy Book of Life—thy Golden Age—  
What memories rubric each unsullied page?—  
Loved Sire! loved Wit! loved Sage!

## The Spectator

### The "Lusitania" Anniversary

May 7 was the first anniversary of the sinking of the "Lusitania" by a German torpedo. The New York papers gave a great deal of prominence to the anniversary, but it passed almost unnoticed in this city. But George Sterling did not forget it. He wrote a sonnet that day, and it is my privilege to publish it. Here it is:

#### THE "LUSITANIA"

Above her grave the dipping sea-gulls cry  
To swift companion or to tireless mate;  
The impassive sea lies blue and desolate,  
Whose vacant shires reflect the vacant sky;  
And ocean-winds pass on without a sigh,  
Fugitive, aimless, uncompassionate.  
Below, for witnesses of bestial hate,  
The bones and memories of our murdered lie.

For do we still remember? Now the year  
Brings back the date of their unhappy day,  
And still the butcher and his lords go free—  
Go free, nor trouble to conceal the sneer  
For us whose irresponsible hearts betray  
The vast indifference of heaven and sea.

### The Clockwinder in the Park

"I came out here to get my mind off politics," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. He was seated on a bench in Golden Gate Park where I met him while taking a morning stroll.

"Did you succeed?" I asked.

"No, I didn't," he answered somewhat mournfully. "I guess it isn't possible. Sam Shortridge is a liar."

I looked at my friend in astonishment.

"I heard Sam say once that politics touches only the fringe of life. Making a wide sweeping gesture he went on to say that in the wide fields of thought and art there are still lost causes to be upheld, there are still great victories to be won, and that if we except preparedness there is little indeed that politics can accomplish. And so I say that Sam is no exception—that as that orator in the Bible says, 'All men are liars by the clock.' I came out

here to put my mind in a garden and on a garden, and I landed in the midst of politics."

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"Well, I was thinking of what O'Shaughnessy of the Board of Public Works is threatening to do in Golden Gate Park when along came John McLaren. And there you are!"

### O'Shaughnessy and McLaren

Seeing that I was somewhat mystified the clockwinder continued.

"The Supervisors are doing politics. They're for building a railroad across our great park and utterly ruining it for the benefit of a few fly real estate boys with some lots to unload and some votes to deliver in the days to come. I'm sorry to see O'Shaughnessy mixed up in it; for he's an Irishman, and he ought to have an eye for the beautiful. I'm especially sorry because he is putting emphasis to the fact that a Scot is the defender of the beautiful. Imagine what would happen in Dublin if John McLaren went over there and announced that he was going to run a railroad through Phoenix Park. What would the O'Shaughnessys do?"

The clockwinder was becoming oratorical. It was evident from his earnest manner that he was deeply interested in the proposed park outrage.

### A Tip to McLaren

I remarked that I had not heard of McLaren taking any part in the controversy.

"That's because he isn't so noisy as O'Shaughnessy," said the clockwinder. "Besides the old man's heart is broken, and he isn't saying much of anything. I found him a little while ago sitting out under a tree looking over the ground that O'Shaughnessy wants to tear up. When I talked to him about it he spoke as though his voice was all choked up with tears. All he could say was, 'Wouldn't it be a shame?'"

The clockwinder himself talked as though his emotions had been stirred. "If the Supervisors do this thing," he said, "they ought to be taken out and hanged." And he added: "I'll bet if we opened up McCoppin's grave we'd

find that he turned over when he heard about it. There was a real Celt."

Suddenly the clockwinder started as though he received an inspiration. "By the way," he exclaimed, "if this thing goes through I'll be in favor of putting a sign at Baker street—'The park that McCoppin created and O'Shaughnessy spoiled.'"

"Do you think it will go through?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know," said the water front sage. "It won't go through if I can get McLaren to take my tip. I've advised him to interview some of the ladies of the Outdoor Art League and the California Club, and have them call upon the people in his name to start a preparedness parade to the band stand."

"A preparedness parade?" I asked.

"Yes, preparedness for the O'Shaughnessy onslaught—just a little frightfulness for Mayor Rolph and the rest of them."

"What did he say?"

"Well, he's too modest to let his name be used, but I think that where the park is concerned his name is the thing to make a noise with. What do you think?"

I agreed with the monarch of the ferry tower.

### The Disgruntled Stanton

"And so you see," said the clockwinder, "even in Golden Gate Park I've been thinking of politics. The fact is I couldn't keep my mind off politics. I was over at the buffalo paddock, and I saw one of the animals with a sore hoof and he reminded me of Phil Stanton of Los Angeles."

It must have been obvious that I failed to see any connection between a bison's hoof and the Republican statesman of the orange belt. The clockwinder enlightened me.

"I was reminded of Phil Stanton," he said, "because he reminded me the other day of Dr. Pardee. Did you ever hear what Mr. Taft said of Pardee?"

I never had.

"When Taft was President a Californian who was visiting him one day spoke of Pardee. 'I



suppose he's all right,' said Taft, 'but I wonder why he always insists on taking off the rag and showing you his sore tooth.' Now I was reminded of that story when I saw Phil Stanton at the Palace the other day after the Republicans made Will Crocker National Committeeman. Phil took off the rag and showed me his sore toe. Oh, it was awfully sore. When they dropped him from the National Committee they gave that toe a terrible bruising and Phil is so sore that he's going to spend a million dollars to clean up the Republican party in Los Angeles."

"A million?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Phil is a spendthrift when he gets a sore toe. He's going to run amuck. He's going to take a hand in the senatorial fight."

"Whose fight?" I asked.

"Some loser's, I suppose. Either Wallace's or Heney's or Johnson's. I don't suppose he has sense enough to get into Willis Booth's fight, for Booth looks like a cinch."

### A Hero Who Disappointed

Last week the taxpayers were preparing to rise up and call Ed Nolan blessed. They were seriously thinking of having him canonized. They were picking out a nice niche for his statue in the Hall of Fame. He was to be Nolan the Great, Nolan the Immortal, Nolan the Unforgettable Benefactor of the Common People. For Ed Nolan promised to do a great deed. With all the promissory impressiveness imaginable Supervisor Ed Nolan of the finance committee up and allowed that he was going to slash a cool million from the budget and set the tax rate on the toboggan where it belonged. The taxpayers thought he meant it, and the wish was father to the thought. It was said with such convincing earnestness! It was such a sweet promise, fragrant as balm in Gilead, soothing as a soft caressing hand on a fevered brow, enrapturing as music heard by lovers through summer trees. Oh, but it was a grand prospect that Ed Nolan opened up, and in his glee the burdened taxpayer made faces at the Mint and wagged a derisive finger at the City Hall. That was last week. This is this week, and Ed Nolan has not delivered the goods. Ed Nolan has thrown us down. The high cost of taxes is higher than last year. Ed Nolan has ceased to be a hero.

### What Happened?

Who chucked the monkey wrench into the delicate machinery of Ed Nolan's patent budget-slasher? Echo answers, Who? and not a word comes in reply from the lips of Ed Nolan. The taxpayer is exceeding sad. He thought Ed Nolan was an Arnold Winkelried making way for liberty, and he finds that Ed Nolan is just a Humpty Dumpty who sat on the wall long enough to take a prodigious tumble. He thought Ed Nolan was an infant Hercules with a half-nelson on the nine-headed hydra of high taxes, and he finds that Ed Nolan didn't even kill Cock Robin. Ed Nolan is a Sampson with his hair cut; he's a David who sallied forth to knock the spots out of Goliath only to find that his sling was broken. Ed Nolan is no Jack the Giant Killer; he's a Don Quixote with an imaginary spear tilting at non-existent windmills. Ed Nolan has been very much exaggerated—by himself. The tax rate "may" be the same as last year; in every human probability it will be boosted a few cents. That million Ed Nolan was going to slash out refused to be slashed. And Ed Nolan says not a word. What happened, Ed? Was it a joke at our expense? Were you only fooling? Well, we might have known better. Your promise was too good to be true.

### The Jitney Outrage

"Your committee believes that it is high time for sworn officials to cease shirking and sidestepping duties which the law imposes on them." Such is the report of the Special Committee of the Grand Jury of which John F. Cunningham is chairman, the committee that made a thorough investigation of the jitney bus traffic in Market street and fixed responsibility for its maintenance. There is nothing like it in any other city in the world. Nowhere is there a civilized community that would permit such reckless disregard of human life as the authorities of San Francisco have tolerated in the city's principal thoroughfare for more than a year. It is inconceivable that intelligent people anywhere would suffer themselves to be subjected to the evils that this enormity entails. Here is a city with a main artery congested from a traffic that contributes in nowise to the necessary or desirable facilities or comforts of urban life. On the contrary it is obviously to the detriment of the community. It injures business, endangers life and limb and makes it advisable for people generally to keep off the principal thoroughfare. To cross Market street today is in the nature of a rash and foolhardy adventure. It has been so for months, ever since the street has been infested with jitneys. In one year 284 people injured by jitneys were treated at the Emergency Hospital and seventeen people were killed. This is almost as bad as living on the Mexican border. Yet there has been no uprising. Now who is responsible for these intolerable conditions? The people, of course, the easy-going people, the weak-kneed employers of the little band of taxeaters that controls spur tracks in the interest of the Teamsters' Union, and that is now intent on running a street railroad through Golden Gate Park for the benefit of a few real estate speculators.

### No More Dodging

Let us be thankful to the Grand Jury for having fixed responsibility in this jitney matter and for having produced a record of jitney performances along Market street. The Cunningham committee has made it impossible for the Supervisors to dodge their duty any longer. The committee shows that in the opinion of the city's legal adviser the duty of regulating traffic in the city's thoroughfares devolves on the Supervisors, and on them the committee calls for prompt and effective action. An ordinance is demanded banishing the deadly jitney bus from Market street between Seventh street and the Embarcadero. Maybe in the event of further neglect of duty the Grand Jury may think it wise to pad Market street here and there with the immortal parts of a few Gallaghers.

### Are We a Pagan Nation?

"America, founded by the Puritans, and largely built upon the Bible, is essentially a pagan nation." This statement was made by Rev. Paul Smith before the convention of the Methodist Women's Missionary Society in Berkeley. This Rev. Paul Smith is not the Rev. Paul Jordan Smith who attempted to interpret "the philosophy of feminism" in a fit of hysteria thrown between book covers under the name of "The Soul of Woman." No, this Rev. Paul Smith is the respectable pastor of a local Methodist Episcopal church. This Rev. Paul Smith was so genuinely eager not to be confounded with the other reverend gentleman whom "fate tried to conceal" that his opinions are entitled to respectful consideration. There is no doubt that paganism is an American cult of increasing magnitude. The paganism of the Orient is gaining more and more adherents

among those "advanced" Americans who find the discipline of the Ten Commandments irksome, and who are satisfied to believe that they are cultivating spirituality when they sit at the feet of some bizarre teacher and listen to his dreamy discourses concerning the everlastingness of the never-was. I shall not attempt to provide a remedy for this increasing paganism, but I humbly offer a suggestion. On page 517 of the World Almanac for 1916 I find the following statements based upon a Census Bulletin of 1909:

"The average seating capacity per organization for the Protestant bodies taken together was 317, and for the Roman Catholic Church, 436. With the single exception of the Roman Catholic Church, all the denominations showed an average seating capacity considerably in excess of the average membership. For the Protestant bodies the average seating capacity was three times the average membership per organization, while for the Roman Catholic Church the average membership was about two and one-fourth times the average seating capacity."

In other words, the Protestants are overbuilt in churches three times. So I humbly suggest that the Protestants increase their membership until it fills their churches. I suppose that they might do this by converting some of the American pagans to prohibition.

### Sob-Sisters and Slaughter

The first trial of Rev. Madison Slaughter for a statutory offense began on March 7 and ended on April 3. It therefore consumed twenty-eight days. The result was no result—a hung jury. The second trial began on April 28 and ended on May 13, a matter of sixteen days. It was twelve days shorter than the first trial, and it ended in a verdict of guilty. In other words, the second trial was expeditious and brought a result. It is meaningful in this connection that the San Francisco newspapers "played up" the first trial "for all it was worth." Each of our four big dailies had its favorite "sob-sister" at Oroville and published columns of sensational gush every day of the trial. The interest of the nasty mess was exhausted by these tactics, so the second trial received comparatively scant notice. Whether or not the jury in this second trial returned the correct verdict is not for me to say, but is it not plain that in this case as

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in many others that could be mentioned the absence of the "sob-sisters" and their sensationalism permitted a more orderly procedure?

#### Another Bengal Lion

Once upon a time it was the Bengal tiger one thought of when Bengal was mentioned. But a lion came out of Bengal, and the Bengal tiger of our circus days hid his ferocious head. This Bengal lion was Rabindranath Tagore, and he roared so loud in the fashionable assemblies of London that the echo of his leonine resonance startled American "culture" into a new fad. Despite the intervening war the Tagore fad wears pretty well. This Bengal lion still has his lion-hunters who hunt him from edition unto edition with the public puff of so-called "criticism" and the private gush of mechanical ecstasy. Not to know Tagore argues you a Philistine; not to swoon over his poetry argues

at their Tomoye Press," as Herman Funke loves to say in those colophons of his.

#### The Poet of Moonshine

Dhan Gopal Mukerji, like Tagore, is a Bengali. He was born in Calcutta only twenty-six years ago. He was educated in the universities of Calcutta, Tokyo, California and Stanford, taking a degree at the last college two years ago as a student of "comparative literature." This we learn from an introduction to his book of verses supplied by David Starr Jordan, the author of "Viverols." I take it that Dhan is a protégé of the elder poet. Dr. Jordan does not commit himself however. In his brief introduction he explains one short poem of Dhan's and dismisses the rest to do what Priscilla bade John Alden do. The rest of the poems do speak for themselves, but it is vague speech. Dhan is the singer of moonshine and evening mist.

#### The New Poetic License

"Free verse" is "vers libre" translated into an American fad. The freedom of "free verse" is really license. It may be called poetic license by courtesy, since "free verse" is not poetry but looks like poetry. This down-to-the-minute poetic license has been taken out by so many American writers that we need not be surprised to find a foreigner educated in American schools following the easy example. One can be so free in "free verse." There are no trammels of rhyme or metre. Given the stuff of which poetry might conceivably be made, you do not pour it laboriously into moulds—you let it spatter. This method enables an alien to write in an adopted language without irk. He need not sweat over his work, as more exacting writers do. He need not dig and prune and trim. He just puts his thought into words, and never worries to put his words into form. It is dead easy. Dhan from Bengal does this easy thing quite gracefully.

#### He May Be a Poet

At that, Dhan may be a poet. His night thoughts are really beautiful. Dhan has delicacy. He loves nature in a dreamy, mooning way. He gives us lines that appeal while we are reading them, though they fade quickly from memory, being insubstantial as the evening mist. Too bad his book is not coherent, articulate. Of course he is young. His youth makes him impressionable, and also susceptible. Had he not succumbed to the fad of "free verse" he might have wrought his "Memory of Childhood Days" into a real poem. He writes:

A pain becomes pleasure;  
A silence become song;  
Sorrow moving to joy's measure;  
A night gold-draped as dawn.

The pink adorned heavens;  
The low tone of the breeze;  
A little child star-gazing—  
The manner of dreams' deep seas.

This I quote because it was probably written before Dhan discovered "free verse," when he was seriously attempting to write poetry. Had he gone on writing thus he might have accomplished something worth while. He might have overcome the hard obstacles that confront a foreigner trying to write English verse. But no doubt the success of his countryman Tagore was too strong a temptation to so young a writer. If he continues his poetical attempts I hope he will forget "free verse" and base himself on our real poets. There is evidence in this book that he has studied them. He addresses some "free verses" to Ernest Dowson. Dowson was a meticulous craftsman—perfection of form was a passion with him. It is a passion also with George Sterling whom, I suspect from certain turns of expression, this young Bengali has read carefully. I wish he might meet Sterling and get Sterling's opinion of "free verse." "Rajani" shows capabilities, but its author is on the wrong path. That need not prevent him from becoming a fad in our women's clubs, for the "literary sections" of our women's clubs don't bother about paths. They love short cuts, and "free verse" is one of the shortest cuts "wot is."

#### The Beer Director of Germany

The one article of food of which there is no shortage in Germany is beer. The German soldier gets his beer with the same regularity with which the French poilu gets his claret



MARIE CAHILL

The well known comedienne next week at the Orpheum

you a lowbrow, a roughneck and an Early Victorian. Long-haired men and short-haired women lecture on Tagore at eleven-a.m. gatherings where the ribald never go to put the pshaw in cul-pshaw. It is the law of fads that little fads have lesser fads upon their heels ad infinitum. Where there is a lion, there will be lion cubs. And so we have another Bengal lion—a cub just out of college—in Dhan Gopal Mukerji whose verses have just been "done into book form by Paul Elder and Company, and printed

"Rajani" this volume is called, meaning "songs of the night." And truly Dhan is a night-bird. One infers from reading him that Dhan eschews daylight even as it is eschewed by Wilson Mizner who admits that the sun is good for the trees and the flowers but insists that it is dangerous to human beings. When the sun goes down, Wilson Mizner gets up, though not to write poetry. Neither does Dhan get up to write poetry—he writes "free verse" which is quite a different thing.

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and the English Tommy Atkins gets his grog. The prohibitionists may rave in America, but the scientists who are attending to the armies in Europe are not to be argued into total abstinence. Dr. Max Stein, a Swiss citizen, who is director of the Association for the Distribution of Beer in Germany, was recently interviewed while on a visit to this country. He was asked how it was that the German Government permitted the use of valuable transportation space in carrying a luxury to the front. His answer was that in Germany beer is regarded not as a luxury but as a necessary. "To me," he said, "it seems unbelievable that Americans should send an army into a waste country like Mexico and subject them to the dangers of poisoned water holes and typhoid, when you might so easily transport beer. But since coming to America I begin to understand. I have visited your drinking places, which are only frequented by men—where men stand up at a bar and one man treats the other in succession, and where drinking is more of a business than a pleasure, and where one never sees a woman, or if there is a woman, not of the better class. In Germany it is different. One goes into a German restaurant where the whole German family sits at a table, orders food and drinks beer. The first thing in the morning the Muenich woman drinks her stein of beer, and yet I know that German women do not become slaves to the habit the way the American women become slaves to the cigarette. You notice that the men who have been foremost in the fighting around Verdun are the Brandenbergers, the Badenens and the Rhinelanders. Those men come from provinces where more beer and wine are consumed than probably in any other territory in the world. You can draw your own conclusions from this, as to whether the moderate drinking of beer and wine destroys the wholesome strength of the people or breaks down manly virility, as your fanatical prohibitionists say they do. Another thing not generally known abroad is that the Austrian army was under strict prohibition during the early part of the war. After the battles in the Carpathians, the Austrian army was reorganized, and one of the first reforms was the introduction of beer into the army. Now the Austrians have organized a bureau, such as our German bureau, and the Austrian army gets about the same amount of beer as our own army. Since the reorganization, you know that the morale of the Austrians is 60 per cent better than it was. I do not mean to imply by this that the improvement is due to beer, but beer evidently played a part, and today the Austrian military chiefs would no more think of sending out an army corp without beer than it would without bread."

### Three Real Bohemians

Three real Bohemians of the Bohemian Club played dominoes in the red room of the club the other afternoon. They were Francis Bruguere, wizard of the photographic lens, George Sterling, wizard of the poetic line, and Charles Rollo Peters, wizard of the brush dipped in moonlight. They played dominoes from noon till dewy eve. They played for money—not for large stakes, but for coin of the realm just the same. And when the game was over and the time was come for settlement, there was no settlement. The reason? None of the trio had change for a quarter!

### The Son of an Old Friend

When first-nighters at the sold-out Columbia Sunday night saw the name of Forrest Seabury on the programme they were taken back to another San Francisco day. For this Forrest Seabury who reveals a decided comic talent

in the role of General Chambert's orderly is the son of Forrest Seabury who was the best scene painter San Francisco ever had. His name was on the curtains of the old Baldwin, California and Grand Opera Houses. He had been an actor before ascending the paint frame. Fred Belasco remembers the time Forrest Seabury sat on a paint frame way up above the stage of the Grand Opera House and painted scenery while directing a rehearsal. The play was "Little Emily," a version of "David Copperfield," and Seabury was the only man in the theatre who knew the manuscript well enough to direct. So he painted and rehearsed at the same time. Seabury was ambidexterous, a most useful accomplishment in his work. He painted the big American flag curtain for Morosco's Grand Opera House, and died shortly afterwards. His son made his debut as an actor at the Alcazar where he made a hit in "Chimmie Fadden." Afterwards he was a high diver at the Chutes. He returns to us a capable comedian.

### The Six Worst Books

Arthur Stringer, poet, critic and short story

writer, is sick of the "six best books." For a change he compiles a list of the six worst. His list consists of:

"The Doctor's Dilemma," by G. B. S.

"Memoirs of My Dead Life," by George Moore.

"The Genius," by Theodore Dreiser.

"The Leopard's Spots," by Thomas Dixon.

"Confessions of a Barbarian," by G. S. Viereck.

"Three Weeks," by Elinor Glyn.

"The Doctor's Dilemma" Mr. Stringer condemns for "the veneer of sophistication which surrounds its essentially vicious core." Of Moore Mr. Stringer says: "He is a bounder. He is a rotter cursed with the gift of writing." He reminds Mr. Stringer of "a malicious old woman preoccupied with the retailing of backstairs gossip." In "The Genius," says Mr. Stringer, Dreiser views life "only through the leper-squint of the licentious." "The Leopard's Spots" he characterizes as a terrible example of "yellow literature." Viereck reminds him of "the Surf Avenue puller-in never sure of his crowd." "Three Weeks," he says, is the leading example of servant-girl of fiction, full of Art and 'Igh Life."



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# Among Our Artists

Edited by Edward F. O'Day

## War Pictures from France

There is soon to be placed on free exhibition in this city a collection of French war pictures which is bound to attract widespread attention and to excite lively admiration. The collection consists of posters, etchings, woodcuts and photogravures, all of artistic merit as well as of pictorial interest, dealing with various phases of the great war as seen through French eyes and interpreted in the arresting terms of the French genius. It is such a collection as we have never had before, and its exhibition will be an event not for artists and lovers of art alone but for all to whom the message of courage makes its appeal.

## From the Harvard Club of Paris

San Francisco's opportunity to see this collection is due to one of those conditions which make the present war different from all the great struggles of the past. There happen to be serving in France, principally as ambulance drivers, a great many alumni of Harvard University. These Americans left all walks of life at the beginning of the war, usually at great personal sacrifice, to tender their services to France. Many of them took their own motor cars with them; many others bought cars in France and equipped them for ambulance work. The headquarters of these devoted men is the Harvard Club of Paris. If we, at this distance from the war, have been impressed by the heroic conduct of France in the crisis of her career, it may be imagined that these men who are so intimately associated with her struggle have been profoundly stirred. They desire that their fellowmen at home may share the emotions by which they have been touched and chastened. And so, through their club in Paris, these Harvard graduates have collected the series of pictorial documents soon to be placed on exhibition in this city.

## Depicting the Spirit of France

"We are anxious," they write in forwarding the collection to the Harvard Club of San Francisco, "to do what we can to communicate to people in America the spirit of France as we have seen and felt it during recent months. It is, we think, to a considerable extent expressed in the lithographs, etchings and woodcuts that we are sending over. We have selected only such material as portrays the tenderness, sympathy, gallantry and philosophy of this wonderful people and nothing which embodies hatred or brutality. Such a collection of documents offered to the public under proper auspices and in dignified surroundings should have an interest not merely artistic and historical."

## Shown in Four Cities

Four sets of the pictures have been forwarded to this country—one each to the Harvard clubs of New York, New Orleans, Chicago and San Francisco. All four sets are to be placed on free exhibition. The New York set will be presented to Harvard; the Chicago set to Chicago University. The disposition of the New Orleans and San Francisco sets is still to be determined by the respective Harvard Clubs. It may be that the San Francisco set will be shown in Portland and Seattle, going later as a gift to the University of California. But this is a matter for later decision. The important point is that we are soon to have a great treat for which we owe thanks to the Harvard men serving in France and to the coöperation of their fellow alumni in San Francisco. It is a treat which one may enjoy unreservedly whether one's sympathies be with the Allies or the Central Powers, for the Harvard men in France exercised a wise restraint, a considerate discrimination in selecting the pictures which go to make the collection.

## Great Artists Represented

Through the kindness of Mr. Ashfield Stow, a member of the Harvard Club of San Francisco, I have seen the collection in the rooms where it is assembled for the time being at the University Club. Mr. Stow says that it will be placed on exhibition as soon as the most suitable place for its display has been determined. In the work of preparing it for exhibition he has the able assistance of J. Nilsen Laurvik. Among the artists represented in this collection are Forain, Hermann-Paul, Hansi, Steinlen, C. Duvent, Lucien Jonas, Roulhot, Georges Scott, P. Vignal, Louis Jou, Meudin, A. Willette, Jan James, Simon, Henry Jacquier, T. Synave, Maurice Romberg, C. Leandre, Jules Adler, Lemaire, Georges Redon, Maurice Heumon and Lapire.

## Great Cartoons

There are splendid cartoons in this collection. When they are studied at leisure it will be pertinent to ask why America and England do not produce cartoonists like some of these wonderful Frenchmen, like the wonderful men drawing for the press of all Continental Europe. We have in America a Cesare and a Boardman Robinson, and we have had a Nast, a Homer Davenport, men whose cartoons are boldly conceived and powerfully presented. But what others have we to compare with Louis Raemaekers of De Telegraaf in Amsterdam and with the wonderful men who are making cartoons for Le Rire in Paris, Lustige Blätter, Ulk and Kladderadatsch in Berlin, Jugend in Munich, L'Asino in Rome and il Fischietto and Pasquino in Turin—to name only a few? The war cartoons published in these and other European papers can sting like whip-lashes, can touch at will the springs of laughter and tears. They have done more than speeches and editorials to fix public opinion. A Raemaekers cartoon reaches the dignity of an international incident. The avidity with which American papers republish such cartoons is testimony not only to American interest in the war but also to their strong artistic appeal. When a page of these European cartoons is set side by side with a page of American cartoons comparison

is out of the question. Perhaps one reason for our deficiency is that American cartoonists lack deep feeling on big questions. They skim the surface of events for the fun that is there, but do not take soundings for the currents of life. Doubtless our artists will give thought to this subject when they confront the searching cartoons in this Harvard Club collection.

## And Posters Too

In posters this collection is even richer than in cartoons. The poster display will be a boon to our younger artists. Poster work has been a good deal encouraged here during the past few years, with the result that some creditable specimens have been produced, not only by artists of standing like Dan Sweeney, Perham Nahl and Louis Mullgardt but also by youngsters like George Lyle. It is in cosmopolitan cities that the best posters are produced, so we may hope that San Francisco is some day to excel in this fascinating field. All artists who are drawn by the problem the poster presents will study with deep delight the examples of the work of Steinlen, Willette, Forain and other great poster artists included in this exhibition. In fact, the inspiration to be drawn from the entire collection by our illustrators cannot be exaggerated.

## Montgelas an Art Editor

Our old friend Count Albrecht Montgelas, L.L. D., has been clothed with the editorial dignity. He is editor of the "art and literary supplement" of the Chicago Examiner. Montgelas went to Chicago with Charles Stanton when that popular Hearst executive was ordered from San Francisco back to the Windy City. He wrote art criticism for the Hearst paper in Chicago as he had written it here during part of the Exposition period. Now he has a little paper all to himself, a supplement of a sort unfamiliar to Hearst readers, something like the literary supplement of the New York Times. The first number has just reached us. It contains an article on contemporary poetry by Harriet Monroe, editor of that advanced journal "Poetry." This paragraph in Miss Monroe's article is of local interest:

"Today the American public is waking up to the fact that poetry is a living art and that certain of our poets are not unworthy of the great traditions of English song. The modern group may be said to have begun with the late William Vaughn Moody, who died too young, and with his friends, Edwin Arlington Robinson and Ridgely Torrence, who are still doing their best work, and their contemporaries, Arthur Stringer, George Sterling and others."

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Crocker Follows Elkins

When it was announced some time ago that Charles Templeton Crocker had been chosen to write the Bohemian Grove drama for 1917 there was a rumor down Hillsboro way that the young millionaire had been spurred to literary effort by the example of his friend Felton Elkins. Elkins has written several plays, one of which at least—"Felton's First Play"—has had amateur production. Some of his other dramatic works are in the hands of Eastern producers. It was supposed, when Crocker undertook the big task of writing a forest play for the Bohemian Club, that he had been fired to emulation by the efforts of Elkins. The latest news may or may not corroborate this theory. Some time ago Felton Elkins made a trip to the Hawaiian Islands, and found Honolulu an inspiring place for dramaturgic work. Now we hear that Templeton Crocker plans a trip to the same tropical paradise. No doubt he will work on his forest play down there. Between the two young millionaires there is doubtless a pleasant rivalry. If either of them profits by his stay in the Hawaiian Islands as much as "Dick" Tully profited, it will be cause for congratulations. Tully put the finishing touches on "The Bird of Paradise" while absorbing local color in the Eden of the Pacific.

## After-Theatre Skating

The vogue of the town is changing. Now-nights it is the theatre first and the Techau Ice Palace afterwards. At the Ice Palace one may enjoy a smart supper and participate in an hour's skating before midnight. The whole big nightly spectacle is reproduced for the benefit of the after-theatre throngs with the Paulsens, the Naesses and the Paul Wilsons contributing the same sensational skating as in the early evening. For forty years our San Franciscan people have been accustomed to drop into the restaurants on the way home from the theatres, but now-nights there is a rush, after the last act, to the Ice Palace.

## Enter Ice Hockey

A gala night was this Friday night at the ice rink. For the hockey season opened with the much discussed match between the Polo Club and the San Francisco Club. Earlier in the evening a hockey dinner and gymkana concert was given at the Tavern. At this gymkana amateur artists, men and maids drawn from our most notable drawing rooms, contributed the evening's entertainment, the Techau professionals being shelved entirely.

## A Great Pastime

Hockey is a new sport for society. It is a pastime of speed, action and personal combat. Hockey is a hammer and tongs game, hand to hand, at a terrific pace, requiring men of strength and good manners to play up to the noble ideals of the game. It is the roughest

game played today, say the experts, but among healthy Americans that its chief charm. Last winter in New York the New York Athletic Club-versus-Meadowbrook match drew 8500 to the Tuxedo rink.

## The Tragedy of Grace Gifford

One of the most poignant of the many tragedies enacted in Ireland during the Sinn Fein uprising was revealed by the announcement of the marriage of Joseph Plunkett and Grace Gifford. Behind the announcement lies the story of a well known and honored Dublin family brought to sorrow and of two refined, artistic girls, well known in Dublin society, whose lives have been wrecked by the unwisdom of two men. Behind all looms the strange, mysterious figure of Countess Markievicz who played so prominent a part in the tragic events and who has flitted through all the episodes of Irish discontent in recent years. Joseph Plunkett was a rebel leader, one of the seven signatories to the proclamation of the republic. He was shot for his complicity in the uprising. His bride, Grace Gifford, is a daughter of Frederick Gifford, a prominent Dublin solicitor. In the gloomy precincts of Richmond Barracks where the rebel leaders were imprisoned, the marriage ceremony was performed at midnight. Few scenes in this futile tragedy can have so wrung the hearts of those who witnessed it as did this hurried joining together in the silent watches of the night of two young lives so soon to be severed by the inexorable decree of human justice. For a few brief hours husband and wife were left together before the last farewell. An hour later, with the dawn of a perfect spring morning breaking in a cloudless sky, the bridegroom stood facing a firing party in the barracks courtyard. A curt order, the crash of a volley, and the curtain was rung down on the tragedy of two lives. The horror of the tragedy was enhanced by the fact that Thomas MacDonagh, another of the rebel leaders, who was shot the day before, was the husband of Grace Gifford's sister Muriel. Thus, within twenty-four hours, both sisters were widowed.

## Bought a Wedding Ring

One chapter in the story was related by Mr. Stoker, a well known jeweller of Grafton street, the smart shopping street of Dublin. On Wednesday evening, as he was about to close the premises, a young and attractive woman, evidently of good social position, entered the shop and asked to be shown wedding rings. What attracted the jeweller's attention was the fact that despite her veil, it could be seen that her eyes were red from weeping, while as she spoke she with difficulty stifled convulsive sobs. Surprised at her evident distress Mr. Stoker gently inquired if she was in trouble. "You should not cry when you are going to be married," he observed. For a moment his visitor hesitated, with the tears running down her cheeks. Then she revealed the whole tragedy, saying she was Plunkett's fiancée, that he was to be shot next morning and that she was to be married to him that night. "For a moment I was thunderstruck," said Mr. Stoker, "and didn't know what to say or do. Somehow or other I managed to express my sympathy with her terrible position, and she thanked me very quietly. Then she selected one of the most

expensive rings, paid for it in bank notes, and left the shop."

## Beautiful and Gifted

Grace Gifford Plunkett is twenty-eight years old. She is fair, with typically Irish eyes. She is described by all who know her as a particularly handsome and attractive girl. She contributed pen-and-ink caricatures to the Irish Review, a periodical now extinct of which Joseph Plunkett was the editor. She is undoubtedly gifted with considerable talent, although her work shows a tendency toward the exaggerations of futurism. She has two sisters in America, and one brother. Another brother is fighting in a Canadian regiment. Her sister, the widow of MacDonagh, has a boy of three years and a girl of eighteen months. Plunkett was the son of Count Plunkett whose title came from the Papal court.

## Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain Returns

How completely an American heiress who makes a grand European match may be lost to her native land was illustrated the other day when Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, widow of the great British Colonial Secretary, returned to New York for a visit with relatives. Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain is a daughter of the prominent American Endicott family. Her father was the late William C. Endicott, Secretary of War under President Cleveland. Mrs. Chamberlain had not been in America for seventeen years, and she was astounded by the changes she found in New York. "You cannot imagine what effect it had on me just to see the panoramic view of the harbor," she told the ship news reporters. Despite her long absence Mrs. Chamberlain remains a good American in her affections. The influence which such women as she exert upon English opinion as it concerns the United States must be very great. It is interesting to recall the to-do in the Endicott family when Miss Endicott announced that she was going to marry "Joe" Chamberlain. The Endicotts are an old family, and very proud of their aristocratic lineage. They regarded the match as a misalliance, because Chamberlain who was making his way in politics was a "Brummagem" manufacturer. But the manufacturer from Birmingham rose to such heights in British public life that they came to regard the marriage with equanimity, if not with pride.

## A Stockton Festivity

Saturday last was a gala night in Stockton, for there was a smart celebration at the beautiful Hotel Clark, the occasion being the induction

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into office of the new president of the Hotel Clark Company, Mr. Arthur E. Carpenter, and of the new manager of the hotel, the popular Mr. Al Short of this city. The dance at the hotel was the merriest Stockton has ever known. Many parties attended from this city. Among those who motored to Stockton for the affair were Chief of Police and Mrs. D. A. White, James Woods of the St. Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stewart of the Hotel Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Travis, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth C. Beaton and Mr. and Mrs. D J Desmond.

#### St. Francis Gayeties

The tea and supper crowds that throng the St. Francis these days have as their dominant interest the new sport of skating, and keen partisanship divides those that favor the American and those that swear by the fancier European style. The headquarters of the Happyland Ice Carnival in the hotel are filled with smart devotees of the latest fad. Skating was the favored topic last Monday when Miss Marion Zeile entertained in the rose room for Mrs. Harold Dillingham. The party which had previously enjoyed the Follies at the Cort included Messrs. and Mesdames Talbot Walker, Christian de Guigne, J. Frank Judge, Frederick McNear, Atholl McBean, William H. Taylor, Eugene Murphy, Mountford S. Wilson, Templeton Crocker, Baldwin Wood, Mrs. Dillingham, Captain Hannigan, Messrs. George Leib, Stewart Lowery, John Parrott and Henry Foster Dutton. The skating fad was responsible for the enjoyable party which Mrs. Martin Crimmins gave last Thursday evening. Her guests assembled for dinner in her attractive home at the Presidio, and afterward went to the Techau Ice Palace for an hour or two of sport, concluding the evening with supper at the St. Francis. Included in the list of Mrs. Crimmins' guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, Mr. and Mrs. John Polhemus, Mrs. Thomas Bishop Jr. and Ernest Porter.

#### "Fatherless Children of France"

France today has one hundred and fifty thousand fatherless, destitute children. The most distinguished men and women of France are associated in the work of caring for them. President Poincare, Henri Bergson, Jules Cambon, Edmond de Rothchild, Mme. Waldeck-Rousseau and many others head the Paris committee which is providing for these helpless charges of the nation. It is a heavy task, and American beneficence is seeking to lighten it by coöperation. On the American committee or-

ganized for this purpose are Colonel Roosevelt, Elihu Root, Joseph Choate, Cardinal Gibbons, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. Borden Harriman and others equally distinguished. It has been discovered that the sum of ten cents a day—\$36.50 a year—will support one child without sending it to an institution. So the fatherless child will be enabled to remain at home if an American comes forward with \$36.50 a year. And the French Government will see that the money is not misapplied. The work of raising these contributions of ten cents a day is proceeding in New York, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco. The work was begun here on March 16, and already \$12,000 has been raised. At the head of the local committee are William H. Crocker, Miss Sarah De Witt Coffin, W. Wharton Thurston, Mrs. Philip King Brown, Miss Alice Griffith, Bruce Porter, Miss Elizabeth Ashe, Charles H. Bentley, Miss Amy Brewster, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. J. B. Casserly, Robert M. Eyre, S. L. G. Knox, Dr. Wm. Palmer Lucas, Miss Alicia Mosgrove, Mrs. Sigmund Stern and Joseph Sloss. Assurance is given that every cent subscribed will go to the support of the children, for the expenses of collection are taken care of by means of separate subscription. Those who wish to do something for this worthy cause may learn full particulars at the headquarters, 100 Montgomery street, or from any of the above-named members of the local committee.

#### The German Bazaar

The German Relief Bazaar at the Civic Auditorium is in full swing, and the wonderful transformation of the building evokes comment from the vast throngs that are flocking there. The visitor is transported to Bagdad, the crossways of the Orient. Beautiful girls in the gowns of Al-Raschid's day are presiding over the booths, seventy in number, and are disposing of all manner of goods for the benefit of those who are destitute in war-stricken Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and the Turkish Empire. This is the first time that the sympathizers of the Central Powers have come before the public for aid, and they have devised a most attractive method of attaining their ends. Amusements of all kinds divide attention with the wonders of the Bazaar. Each night the big spectacle "In Old Bagdad" is presented. Two hundred maidens from the Harem of the Caliph form a background for the soldiers of Charlemagne whose embassy is on a visit to Haroun-Al-Raschid. There is a concert hall in which the best talent is always appearing. Adjoining this is the Wein-Stube where pretty damsels serve liquid refreshments. Opposite is the wonderful Bier-Stube, a reproduction of the gardens of Munich. The Bazaar band is always discoursing the best music from the different handstands, and other bands alternate with Professor Schiller's men. The Bazaar will be open every night until Wednesday night, and matinees will be given on Saturday and Sunday only.

#### Neapolitan Club Concert

The annual concert of the Neapolitan Mandoline and Guitar Club was given at Native Sons Hall last Thursday evening under the direction of the Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood. It was a great success. There was a fine and appreciative audience which included quite a number of music lovers from Oakland and the peninsula as well as San Franciscans. Honors were nicely divided between the instrumental and the vocal numbers of the attractive programme. Miss Theresa Sherwood directed ably, while Miss Lily Sherwood was accompanist for these soloists: Mrs. Leota

Schenk, soprano; Mrs. Eva Gruninger Atkinson, contralto; and Charles Lloyd, baritone. Eugene Blanchard was the piano soloist.

#### Events at Hotel Oakland

Mrs. C. Hartington Mitchell of Nome who is staying at the hotel gave a very pretty luncheon Monday. Her guests were Mesdames U. S. Webb, S. V. Wilson, L. A. Burrell, Carl Brown, Halsted, Bert Brown, Aurnee Goodwin. Mrs. J. F. McMath will entertain sixty of her friends with a card party and tea in the tapestry room on the 24th. Amongst the prominent arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Lemare and family of New York, Walter Gibbs and Kenyon Musgrave of London; Mr. and Mrs. James Ford Rhodes of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Horlock of Hanford; Mr. and Mrs. Billie Taylor, Manuel O. Quiroga of New York; A. M. Gibson, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Adams, Stockton; Lella Smith of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. J. Aaronson and Dave Aaronson of Seattle, Otis Skinner, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Kleinsorge, Sacramento, and Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Barde of Portland. Mrs. Jno. F. Finn of San Francisco has taken apartments.

#### At the Cecil

Mrs. W. L. Clapp and Mrs. George Henry are receiving a cordial welcome from their San Francisco friends. They arrived this week from their home in Memphis, and are stopping at the Cecil. Mrs. William Franklin Morris will entertain a party of friends at a week-end party at her handsome home at Menlo Park. Mrs. Susan Wartman motored to the city Monday and is a guest at the hotel. She will return to her home at Long Beach the latter part of the month. Accompanied by her niece Miss Marguerite L. Robinson Mrs. James L. Frazier came from her home in Louisville, Kentucky, Tuesday. They are guests at the Cecil, and will be in this city for the remainder of the summer. Captain and Mrs. Ward were the guests of honor at a dinner presided over by Judge and Mrs. M. H. Hyland Thursday. Colonel and Mrs. Lloyd McCormick entertained informally at dinner on the same evening. Mrs. Keith entertained the Wednesday bridge club this week at the Cecil. Captain and Mrs. James Pourie were hosts at dinner Sunday evening.

"Isn't it wonderful how irrigation will make a thing grow?" exclaimed the man who was interested in scientific agriculture.

"Yes, especially a thirst," replied the man with the impressionistic nose.

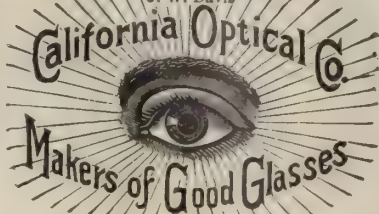
Teacher—If angry with another boy, what should you do?

Little Boy—Sit on him and count two hundred.

#### Why two pairs of glasses are unnecessary.

Optical science has recently made its greatest stride forward since Benj. Franklin's time when the first bifocals were invented. The last word in double vision glasses is "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals, reading and distance corrections are ground in one piece of clear optical glass the result being a perfect bifocal. Many may now wear bifocals comfortably who found it impossible to do so with the old style. Two pairs of glasses are not necessary if you wear "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals. Remember the name "Caltex."

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# A Bouquet of "Midnight Girls"

By Edward F. O'Day

## ELEANOR HENRY

Rich-throated, top-noted Queen of the Show,  
Look, here I sit in the very first row,  
Ready to die  
For a glance of your eye!  
As you sing, flirt and dance,  
Won't you spare me a glance,  
Rich-throated, top-noted Queen of the Show?

## DOROTHY WEBB

Dainty, good looking, vivacious, coquettish!  
Dancingly agile! Coyly soubrettish!  
Gay as a flower! Sweet toned as a linnet!  
Light as a feather! Knee-high to a minute!  
We loved you at sight and were specially glad  
To see you make good, for we're fond of your dad!

## VICTORIA GURAN

Slender, saucy, far from shy!  
Midnight eye and dusky hair!  
I heard the ladies, with a sigh,  
Long to own the gowns you wear,  
And wear them, like you, with an air!

## FORD MAHR

A fairy tripping on her toes,  
All eyes follow where she goes.  
Yet not a quiver or a shiver,  
Nervous wink or frightened blink  
As she passes and repasses  
The battery of opera glasses.

## MAUDE BEATTY

Tuneful, kindly, warmly glowing!  
Full of mirth to overflowing!

## RUTH SAVILE

Blonde and winsome, mildly flirty!

## HELEN LE CAIN

Debonnair and scanty-skirty!

## THE SHOW GIRLS

I liked the first until I saw the second;  
The third distracted, but the fourth I reckoned  
A great deal prettier till number five  
Made captive of me—sakes alive!  
They're all so nice, so graceful, so melodious  
Comparisons are out of place and odious!

## THE BROILERS

Such a line of flashing beauties!  
Smashing tutti frutti cuties!  
Every one a kicking tease,  
Dimpled in her cheeks and knees!  
Lips and bosoms—Stop! I'm certain  
The time has come to drop the curtain!

# Gossip of the Theatre

## Some Stars of Vaudeville

Novelty is one of the things that count in vaudeville, and when the novelty is in the nature of mordant fantasy it counts all the more. So the happy idea expressed in Alice Gerstenberg's little play "Overtones" does not go to waste at the Orpheum. The idea, though happy, reminds one of Schopenhauer in one of his Studies in Pessimism, the one that deals with women. The incorrigible German cynic tells us of the eternal sex conflict between women, and expounds the reasons therefor. There is something of exemplification of it in "Overtones," where we find two women trying to disguise their antagonism while their inner selves embodied in the immediate background give expression to their real thoughts and emotions. A very odd little play is this. The conception is fantastic, but as played by Helene Lackaye and her associates it is very real and very amusing. Helene Lackaye makes us aware of the fact that Wilton of Svengali fame has not a monopoly of mimetic ability in the Lackaye family. She touches the irony of the character she portrays with a nicety. There is a good deal of sparkle and nonsense at the Orpheum this week, most of which is contributed by clever women. The vaudeville gent who serves as a peg to hang haberdashery on is not so much in evidence as usual, and you do not miss him. From Fritz Scheff, who is singing better than on her previous visit, to Mlle. Luxanne and her lyric dancers there is not a trousered comedian in the bill. But instead there is Lydia Barry in whom the comic spirit is well nourished, and there are the Watson sisters who can talk to the boys in the gallery like one of them.

—T. F. B.

## The Passing Show

These "Passing Shows" (one of them is now at the Cort) all color, motion and mirth, giving us an intimate view of "things we read about in New York" are good to see. To be sure they remind us of the great distance between San Francisco and Broadway, but have we not our climate, yea, and a civic centre, not to mention a glissarium? We could get along very nicely if passing shows of a fairly good quality passed along more frequently. There has been a dearth of them. And so when one like the show at the Cort comes along we find it positively exhilarating. This show is a kaleidoscopic dazzle. It puts the audience in the mood of happy children. Yet when it has passed the only impression that remains is an impression of clothes, and this notwithstanding the fact that the girls are far from overdressed. They are pretty, graceful, lively girls. Every few seconds they prance in more or less arrayed in something artistic. Before they get a chance to do anything much, presto! they're off again and then back again in something else which runs more to color and line than to quantity. Of course they go down the inevitable runway that gives them a chance to be "near actresses." Once they dash up aisles flashing electric lanterns all over the faces of perfectly good business men sitting quietly in aisle seats merely watching the pretty show. The girls tell you (in song) that they are looking for sweethearts, for someone to love them. The business man, after he has been looked up and down, is coldly rejected and the girls pass on as if to say "not a bit do you look like a sweetheart" and back they prance up the runway to the stage leaving

each business man feeling foolish and looking more so. The company has no celebrities, but it gives a good performance. Willie Howard sings agreeably and gives a good imitation of George Cohan. John T. Murray works with dynamic energy to get his songs and jokes over and he succeeds too. Then there is George Munroe who furnishes most of the "screams" notwithstanding that he is in coarse female attire, looking brutally fat and grossly buxom and painfully inelegant. He is so frankly masculine and infectiously good-natured that you laugh heartily with and at him even in his travesty of "Lily" of the "Song of Songs"—Sudermann's lovely unlucky Lily of captivating bodily beauty. Among others of the company are Marilynn Miller, good looking and agile and with a definite future; Daphne Pollard of the Emma Trentini type whose energy in "cutting up" is in inverse ratio to her diminutive stature; and there is Helen Eley with lovely Titian hair and a plump but shapely figure who in a studiously simple black frock conceived by an artist who "knows how" exemplifies the value of the law of contrasts when she quietly stands en profile against a background of vivid green garden scenery while an assisting chorus diaphanously arrayed float about gaily everywhere. Altogether it is such a show as might cause that distinguished authority upon the Fine Art of Stage Production, Gordon Craig, to withdraw his assertion that the stage producer must know how to paint his own scenes, cut his own costumes, sew them together and teach the company to do the rest.

—The First Nighter.



**Mary Boland in "Outcast" at Alcazar**

Next week brings the second pair of visiting stock stars to the Alcazar in the persons of beautiful Mary Boland of the blond hair, violet-gray eyes and glorious voice, and handsome Forrest Stanley, a clever young actor and matinee idol of national fame. Their opening play will be Hubert Henry Davies' "Outcast" which has just been released for stock. Davies, a former San Francisco newspaperman, is also the author of "Cousin Kate," "The Mollusc" and other successes. The two leading roles will fit Miss Boland and Mr. Stanley to their finger-tips. "Outcast" is vital, gripping, human. It was selected as the starring vehicle for Elsie Ferguson and Charles Cherry who played it for an entire season in New York and for another season on the road. Its production at the Alcazar next week will be the first at popular prices. The cast is not long, but will include the cream of the Alcazar players.

**Marie Cahill at Orpheum**

Marie Cahill, one of the most delightful comedienettes the American stage has ever produced, will next week head one of the best bills ever offered at the Orpheum. Miss Cahill by the sheer force of personality and art has become preëminent in her profession and has triumphed both in musical comedy and vaudeville. During her engagement she will give a number of new songs and many of her old successes, including a medley of twenty-four of her most popular numbers. Dorothy Toye, the girl with two grand opera voices who sings with equal ease both soprano and tenor, will be heard in several popular numbers. Jim Cook and Jack Lorenz will appear in the comedy skit "The Millionaires" in which these satirical humorists portray a couple of "knights of the ties." Svengali is a dog whose "mentality" has been the cause of much scientific research and many lectures and clinic examinations. Willing, Bentley and Willing are a trio of comedians two of whom appear in blackface. They present a little dark-town travesty called "Scrappy Coons." Manuel Quiroga, the young Spanish violinist who recently created a furore, will play a return engagement of one week, by request. An Or

pheum Travelogue will be given. Next week will be the last of the Watson Sisters and of Helene Lackaye in "Overtones."

**"Midnight Girl" at Columbia**

It is bargain time at the Columbia where they are offering two-dollar musical comedy at prices ranging from one dollar to ten cents. Seats are at a premium. "The Midnight Girl" will be seen again next week. Matinees are given on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

**Girl Violinist at Pantages**

Lew Williams and his "South American" beauties will star on the new eight-act programme which opens at Pantages Sunday afternoon. Of course the girls are not natives of the far-away republic; the plot is built on travesty lines—a make-believe state that rises in revolt at the prevalence of dancing. Hence the title, "A Tangoland Revolution." There are three brothers, the Hickeys, on the bill, who have been scoring a knockout success along the circuit with their acrobatic fun. Hyman Adler, the eminent character actor, will be seen again in his touching playlet of the Ghetto "Solomon's Bargain." Jennie Middlevitch who was "discovered" by Mrs. Alexander Pantages while working in a millinery store in Seattle, has proven a real find. The girl plays the violin with the touch of a master. There are others, including Sprague and McNeece, entertaining skaters; Harry Gilbert, a Yiddish lad who warbles operatic arias; the Field sisters, Grecian dancers; and the newest chapter of "The Iron Claw."

**Emily Stevens Coming to Cort**

Oliver Morosco will present a new star Emily Stevens at the Cort, beginning Sunday, May 28, in "The Unchastened Woman." This play by Louis K. Ansbacher held the boards in New York for seven months. In his central character Ansbacher depicts a woman who is thoroughly selfish, morally correct but mentally vicious. A notable company will be seen including H. Reeves-Smith, Hassard Short, Louis Bennison, Emily Polini, Ruth Rose, Isabel Richards and Jennie Lamont. "The Passing Show" begins its final week at the Cort this Sunday night.

**The Peck-Judah Vacation Guide**

Now is the time when paterfamilias sits and listens while mother, brother and the girls figure out vacation plans. Paterfamilias may not get a vacation, but at least he will take his pleasure vicariously and being a good sort, will try to smile every time a letter comes from the country asking for another remittance. Paterfamilias consults his bank book these days; the rest of the family consult the 1916 edition of "Summer Trips," the Peck-Judah guide for vacationists. It is just off the press. It is even more attractively gotten up than usual and from cover to cover is filled with information concerning some 200 resorts in California and other Pacific Coast States. The booklet which is for free distribution, is profusely illustrated. It contains maps of the Crater Lake region, Feather River region, Horseshoe Route of Yosemite, Klamath Lake region, Lake county auto roads, Lake Tahoe, Sacramento Valley, Santa Cruz mountain roads, San Joaquin Valley, Shasta and Siskiyou region and Yosemite region auto roads.

Soph—This hall was named after Daniel Webster.

Femme—How much did he give?

# PANTAGES

VAUDEVILLE

MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON

Lew Williams and His South American Beauties

**"A TANGOLAND REVOLUTION"**

A Musical Farcelet Up-to-the-Minute

**THE THREE HICKEY BROTHERS**

America's Greatest Acrobatic Dancers

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**"SOLOMON'S BARGAIN"**

Tenth Chapter of

**"THE IRON CLAW"**

And Several Other Pantages Features

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# The Artistic Temperament

By John W. N. Sullivan

The little Devonshire fishing village, indistinct in the darkness, sprawled, in picturesque and dirty confusion, round the curve of the bay. Approaching it, from the landward side, was the solitary figure of a man. He walked fitfully, as if shaken by contrasting moods; at times with pensive slowness, and then for a space with furious energy. He frequently muttered to himself, and once, with clenched fists shaken heavenwards in an angry gesture, he cried aloud, an impatient and despairing note, upon the night.

As he approached the immediate neighborhood of the village, his extravagances ceased and it was with a deliberate step and a face void of any trace of emotion that he entered the narrow steep little High Street, to stop eventually a few yards down before a quaint but evidently poor little two-story house which bulged out over the cobbled road.

From the lower room, facing the street, light streamed through cheap little red curtains drawn across the two small windows. The musician took a key from his pocket and, with a slight sigh, opened the street door.

Two shallow steps led from the door to a small low-ceilinged room. Prominent amongst the few poor and for the most part unstable articles of furniture, was a small piano which was placed cross-wise against a corner of the room remote from the old-fashioned open fireplace. A fire burnt cheerfully in the grate, and on the table in the middle of the room were the remains of a recent meal. To judge from the arrangement of the plates, places had been set for two people; although one set of plates was obviously unused.

Half reclining in a low chair near the fire was a young woman. At the sound of the opening door she stirred and sat up. She blinked her eyes and yawned frankly.

"You old mooney," she said to the musician, with a smile which showed two rows of excellent white teeth, "where have you been?"

The man placed his hat on one end of the table.

"Oh, walking about," he said briefly.

He took the opposite chair, at the other side of the fire and, avoiding her glance, sat down.

The girl rose to her feet, "Well, if you'll wait a few minutes," she said brightly, "I'll get you something to eat."

"I don't want anything to eat," he replied irritably.

"Oh, but you must have something," she said soothingly. "If you've been walking about all this time you must be hungry. And it won't take more than a few minutes."

"I tell you I don't want anything," he said, looking up angrily.

She crossed to him and placed one hand on his arm.

"What's the matter, John," she said gently, "are you upset about anything?"

He glanced round the mean little room and then looked at the girl with something like contempt.

"Upset about anything!" he repeated with a sneer and then "Oh! sit down," he said with abrupt anger.

She turned a little pale and then sat down. Her hands lay clasped together in her lap, and she looked at him steadily.

For a time he stared gloomily into the fire and then burst out savagely: "Poverty and coarseness, a perpetual struggle to get even the

husks of life; ignoble aims, petty successes and petty failures; for companions none but the ignorant and vulgar, and then you ask me if I'm upset about anything!" He turned his head toward her, but avoided her gaze. "It's all very well for you," he went on, "it's your natural medium, it's the life you like, the life you're accustomed to. But it's different with me. I hate it." His voice rose a little. "I loathe and detest it."

She continued to gaze steadfastly at him. She clasped and unclasped her hands a little nervously, but said nothing.

His voice took on a despondent tone. "And tomorrow we go back to it all," he said. "The same inane vulgar round."

He looked again at the fire with an expression of utter dejection.

"But there's that new piece you've composed," she ventured timidly, "I thought you were so pleased with it. You thought it was bound to be a success."

"Oh, my God!" he burst out in tones of the intensest exasperation, "will you never understand? To think that I'm pleased with a thing like that—a thing written for the music-hall, for the hogs and cads who go to music-halls. Have you no idea of Art?"

She looked bewildered and distressed. "I knew you didn't like the work," she said, "but I thought it was the rush and the strain—I didn't know—and our turn always gets a good hand."

He made a despairing gesture.

"Of course, I know you want to be a concert artist really," she went on, "I know that."

He swung round on her, his flexible hands outspread and his eyes glowing where the light from the little oil lamp on the table caught them.

"And do you see no difference?" he said, with intense scorn. "To be an artist and to be a music-hall performer—a turn! I suppose you prefer whatever happens to bring in the most money. Women are like that! Are you so absolutely deaf to music? Does art mean nothing at all to you? You tell me to be content with composing a music-hall ditty when my whole being yearns to create great music, some great lasting thing which shall express something of the beauty I see."

"Yes, but you can't!" she said, sitting up very straight.

Two spots of red burned in her cheeks. "I'm tired of your eternal talk about art. You're always dissatisfied with our life and running down our friends. According to you they're not fit to exist. But what better can you do yourself?"

He stared at her in surprise, his mouth open.

She went on with the energy of an angry woman. "Look at all those pieces you composed soon after we were married—sonatas and concertos and I don't know what else. And who wants them? Nobody will take them, nobody will even try them. Before we married, you told me I should be the wife of a great artist; that you would win fame and money. And what are we? I work as hard as you do, and we're lucky if we clear four pounds a week, including rests."

He stirred uneasily. "I—" he began.

"Oh, I know," she went on, sweeping him aside with angry impatience. "You always say that you'll make your mark some day. But you haven't made it yet. Why don't you face things

as they are? That's what a man is supposed to do."

She stopped as the man turned on her abruptly. She had never spoken like that before. His face was white and he was breathing rapidly. As she gazed at him her anger slowly vanished at the beaten, desperate look in his eyes. He looked like the man who had made some sudden and painful discovery. For a long time neither spoke and then, "I wonder," he said slowly.

For a space he stared vacantly at her, and then with a quiet sigh, he buried his face in his hands, his elbows on his knees.

She glanced at his bowed head with its cluster of black hair, and something stirred within her. Presently she could endure the silence no longer. She slipped to her knees and put her cheek against one of his hands. "John," she whispered, half sobbing, "don't. I didn't mean it, dear. Really, I didn't mean it. But I was angry. Oh, my dear, I know I'm not refined and musical and all those things, and so I am afraid. And I waited for you such a long time, John." She was weeping now, but the man made no movement. "Oh, but I love you, John, I do love you," she moaned. For perhaps five minutes she knelt there and neither spoke. The clock in the corner ticked with a measured beat.

Then the man raised his head and very gently took her hands in his. His face had a new serenity.

"It's all right, dear," he said softly.

She glanced at him, half fearfully, but what she saw reassured her, and she hid her weeping face on his chest.

"I didn't mean it," she murmured.

He gave a slight laugh. "It doesn't matter whether you did or didn't," he said, "it was all quite true. I see that quite clearly. I've been playing at make-believe for the best part of my life." He paused, and then continued, holding her head tightly against him. "Half conscious make-believe that was, but still—I've got things quite clear now."

He paused and she raised her head. She drew him towards her and kissed his lips. They clung together in a long silence.

"But when we leave these lodgings tomorrow and go back to London," she said, "to the old life that you think so inartistic and unrefined, won't you—"

"Oh, damn art and refinement," interrupted the musician.

She rose to her feet, smiling—and she felt happy. But already, in her heart, she was wondering how long her victory would endure.

Lady—On a submarine? How jolly! And what do you do?

Sailor—I runs for'r'd, mum, and tips her up when we wants to dive.

Jessie—Please, auntie, the new lady next door says, her compliments, and will you play very low, because her husband is extremely musical.

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The market is gradually broadening and working to a higher level. As in every bull market, there are certain people who buy stocks for the day only. They purchase in the morning and sell out in the afternoon, and this is what ultimately makes a reaction. War stocks have recovered in price but not popularity. It will be very difficult to get a speculation in these such as we have had before. It has been apparent for a long time to close observers that Europe's supply of active stocks was dwindling and that the former heavy sales have now become very light. It is for this reason that Union Pacific, Steel and other industrials have made good advances from their recent low prices. On merit, Steel should be selling above par. Erie evidently wants to go up, and will, just as soon as the railroad market broadens. Western Union had a point and a half reaction from Saturday's rise. It went up on merit and will go higher still, in our opinion, on the earnings which they are making. Par is talked for St. Paul by the end of the week. It takes quite a while for a bull market to get started, but the signs point to one being under way at the present time. Domestic trade reports indicate restriction of activities in some branches of the steel trade. Strikes in machine shops and other factories that are large consumers of iron and steel have probably reduced the demand, but the labor situation has improved in the Pittsburg district and the chief anxiety regarding labor has centered in the railroad problem. Representatives of the railroads will confer together June 1st, and railroad officials hope to make an agreement about wages in which increases will be contingent on getting the Interstate Commerce Commission to authorize higher rates.

**Wheat**—Considering that the crop damage complaints have equaled and exceeded in volume and virulence those of any former years, the price influence must be acknowledged as temperate, and this is one of the encouraging features of our present market. It has been found in the experience of former seasons that if a certain per cent had been allowed for exaggeration, the general speculative results to the public would have been found more satisfactory, and it is becoming more the custom to make reasonable discounts for undue pessimism, at this period of our cereal development. This conservatism makes for less market hysteria, but it serves a good purpose in curbing undue enthusiasm and preventing perhaps unprofitable results. There has been reported a volume of deterioration sufficient, ordinarily, to advance prices materially above their present levels; in fact, the virulence of this year's agricultural slaughter has never, we think, been exceeded. It has not only shriveled the plant, but in the Northwest, where preliminary oper-

ations are thought to be in their incipience, the seed is said to have been blown entirely out of the ground. This same thing has been reiterated, and never realized to the extent of a crop failure. We believe, however, that the damage already done is more extensive than is thought possible by the public, and that much higher prices will be the ultimate result.

**Corn**—This market is not disclosing any particular strength, even sympathetic. Receipts are increasing and the news from the interior reports the farmer as making ready to sell liberally as soon as his fields are planted and he has the time to turn his attention to parting with his rather heavy supplies. If we are rightly informed, the latter are somewhat in excess of general expectation, and the trade will be somewhat surprised to find the early calculations on this last crop so far out of line. The Eastern demand is in no way improved. Besides this, there was some selling on the report that Argentine corn was being bought by New York handlers. This is a matter which needs close watching, for if there is to be much competition of this kind, the question of lower prices is more greatly emphasized. The market is purely a professional affair, and deliveries of No. 3 corn are still expected to be extremely generous before the end of the month.

**Cotton**—Futures boomed into new high ground and new crop options sold at the highest prices in three years under a big buying wave. Profit taking was on an enormous scale and the market reacted rather sharply toward the end of the week when cables reported that England was determined not to have peace until Germany was whipped. As the market has been advancing on peace talk, this created some uneasiness in bull circles and there was a flood of profit taking. The market backed and filled, and fluctuations were rapid with the spot interests the best buyers. The weekly weather report was construed as bullish and the crop is said to be getting a very poor start, especially in the Eastern States. In the Gulf States, the crop has had a good start and timely rains in the eastern belt took the edge off the market toward the end of the week. The market has had a good advance in the past ten days, and a reaction was in order. The general feeling seems to be that we will have peace soon, and in that event, cotton will sell very much higher and this is the basis for the bullish ideas. On the other hand, we are now in the crop-scare period and the weather is now a factor as well as insect troubles. There is plenty of cotton in the South, but with money so plentiful and cotton considered a good risk by the banks, this cotton will not come on the market except at higher prices. Local mills are running at full capacity and absorbing all of present receipts. This makes

the fundamental conditions strong and creates a feeling that cotton is worth the money at present prices and that there can be no break of consequence and that any change in growing conditions will be a factor toward higher values. We believe cotton should be bought on all reactions.

"How masculine Sadie has become!"  
"Yes. Ever since she turned feminist."

## All About Sunsets

Sunsets occur at irregular intervals when there are appropriate clouds in the sky, and also people. No sunset is complete without one or more persons. Indeed, it is not too much to say that without this necessary accompaniment there would be no sunset.

Sunsets, like modest young girls, are noted for their heightened color when gazed at. Their dispositions are very changeable and greatly affected by the weather. Neither have they any capacity to linger. Just when you are beginning to enjoy your sunset and wish that it might stay a little longer it has faded.

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Reserve and Contingent Funds .....	2,008,962.64
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## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73004; Dept. No. 16.  
PRISCILLA ELIZABETH DALES, Plaintiff, vs. IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.  
Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.  
The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:  
IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's wilful neglect of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
S. J. HANKINS & H. J. HANKINS,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
917 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-10

## ORDER FOR PUBLICATION OF SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 59410.  
E. SEABERG, Plaintiff, vs. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

Upon reading and filing the affidavit of MILTON H. SCHWARTZ, and it satisfactorily appearing to me, the Judge of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, that the defendants, SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, reside out of the State of California, to-wit, Juneau, Alaska; and

It appearing from the affidavit aforesaid that a cause of action exists in this action in favor of the plaintiff therein, and against the said defendants, and that the said defendants are, and each of them is, a necessary and proper party defendant thereto; and

It further appearing that a summons has been duly issued out of said court in this action, and that personal service of the same cannot be made upon the said defendants for the reason hereinabove contained, and by the said affidavit made to appear;

Now, on motion of Lloyd S. Ackerman, Esq., attorney for the plaintiff, it is ordered that service of summons in this action be made upon the defendants, SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, by publication thereof in Town Talk, a newspaper most likely to give notice to said defendants; that said publication be made at least once a week for two months; and

It further in like manner appearing, to me that the residence of said defendants is known to be at Juneau, Alaska, it is ordered that a copy of the summons and complaint in this action be forthwith deposited in the post-office, postpaid, directed to said defendants, and each of them, at their place of residence.

Dated, May 9th, 1916.  
THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LLOYD S. ACKERMAN,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Nevada Bank Building,  
San Francisco, Cal. 5-13-10

Office Phone: Kearny 711

Residence Phone: Franklin 277

Residence: Marquette Apts., 965 Geary St.

**Julius Calmann**

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## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73611; Dept. No. 10.

KATHLEEN MARY GWILT, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:  
GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's desertion, under Section 98 of the Civil Code, of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
HENRY L. CORSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
512-514 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St.,

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71884; Dept. No. 10.

FRANZISCA AVI, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:  
ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23rd day of February, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1003 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-1-10

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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALEXANDER BURROWES, deceased.—No. 20812; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ETHEL BURROWES, Administratrix of the estate of ALEXANDER BURROWES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said ETHEL BURROWES at the office of her attorneys, West, Rafael and Curley, Room 1170 Phelan Building, 760 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ALEXANDER BURROWES, deceased.

ETHEL BURROWES,

Administratrix of the estate of Alexander Burrowes, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 20, 1916.

WEST, RAFAEL & CURLEY,

Attorneys for Administratrix,

1170 Phelan Building, 760 Market St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 5-20-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY J. GALLAGHER, deceased.—No. 20700; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of HENRY J. GALLAGHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorneys, Alfred B. Lawson and John Prosek, Room 214 Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY J. GALLAGHER, deceased.

CLARISSE O'CONNELL,

Administratrix of the estate of Henry J. Gallagher, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 6th, 1916.

ALFRED B. LAWSON and

JOHN PROSEK,

Attorneys for Administratrix,

214 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-6-5

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Hub—Well—er—the holes are just the same.

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# TOWN TALK

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# TOWN TALK

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**Bryan On Art**

It is only once in a lifetime that one is blessed with so happy a thought as that which occurred to a man on Collier's the other day. To him came the thought of interviewing William J. Bryan on the subject of his taste in art. The man who had the felicity to conceive that thought is fashioned of the stuff wherein genius takes root and flourishes. The vein of humor through which a thought like that courses is similar to the veins that were exploited by the greatest laugh-makers of literature. Fancy Bryan talking art! To him of course art is like a proposition in economics, a matter for the mob. He dreams of a State in which the will of the community can make itself effective no less in matters of taste than with respect to political contrivances. This to be sure is not a novel attitude toward art. There were democrats before Bryan who argued that Art should come down to the level of the common herd and flatter their taste and win the appreciation of the man in the street. Keats answered them when he said that the artist serves no other purpose than the perfection of his work. But poor "Windy Bill!"—this would be no answer for him. Read him, and you will see why. The great Commoner who delights to clamor with the largest crowd, and who of late has lost his technique in his one vulgar specialty, has revealed himself as a colossal Philistine. He knows so little about art that even though it were made the business of the mob there would never be any danger of his being on the winning side. The interview with him is a little masterpiece that reminds one of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. Now for an interview with Josephus Daniels on The Bible as Literature and with Woodrow Wilson on The Genius of Beethoven. We are living in a cultured age, and Democracy is at the helm.

**Expediency and Inconsistency**

"Leave your theory, as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot, and flee," says Emerson in praise of inconsistency. If he had said "principles" instead of "theory" the ad-

vice would be most acceptable among politicians, but it is the doctrinaire who is given to theories, and he is steadfast and true. The pacifist's melancholy case is typical. Before the war he had faith in Bryan's theory of peace to be made eternal by arbitration. Recent events have thrown much light on the subject, but the pacifist's faith in the efficacy of arbitration treaties has not been shaken. How easy it is for politicians to abandon their principles we know from every-day experience. The politician turns his coat as easily as he turns a corner. His mind veers like a weathercock. It is all a question with him of expediency. The only way to cure a doctrinaire of obstinacy and the vanity of consistency is to make a politician of him. A notable example of the cure is Woodrow Wilson, the most facile of mental revolutionists. His is a remarkable case, because he changes his mind with enthusiasm even when he is right, as he was originally with respect to Bryan and with respect to the principles of direct government. Further, he is able to make it appear that he has changed his mind when he has only changed his rhetoric, as, for instance, in matters pertaining to preparedness. Heaven forbid that we should object to a statesman changing his mind. Many great statesmen have honorably changed their mind in regard to most critical questions affecting the welfare of their country. Sir Robert Peel changed his mind in regard to Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and he said: "As a minister of the Crown I reserve to myself, distinctly and unequivocally, the right of adapting my conduct to the exigency of the moment and to the wants of the country."

**Jobs for the Ladies**

Our sympathies are with the ladies of the Woman's State Democratic Club who have formally entered a plea for more political recognition. "Whereas," so reads their preamble, "in consideration of the fact that Democratic women have worked unselfishly and untiringly for the benefit of the party for the last five years, we think that they have demonstrated their ability and fitness for the duties of public office, and that more recognition should be given them as citizens, in other words, politically impartial treatment and a square deal." Where is the Wilsonian democrat in California who will deny the justice of this appeal? If there be one, let him come forward and uncover his light in the presence of the ladies. The square deal is what every sterling patriot of the party in power professes to believe in. It is an article of his faith. Now the square deal means an equitable distribution of the loaves and fishes among the faithful; that

is to say, among the laborers who shed their sweat to prove themselves worthy of their hire. There is not a square deal where there is favoritism at the pie counter, where, in other words, there is discrimination based on sex. We are living in a State that recognizes the principle of equal suffrage. The ladies have been given not only the power to vote; they have also been endowed with the privilege of eating at the public trough. Thus far advantage has been taken of their guilelessness. Infants in the matter of their citizenship, most of them have been unduly flattered with the ballot. Preoccupied with the right to vote they have neglected the right to serve. Yet "service" is one of the great ideals of the New Freedom. The ladies have been permitted to serve chiefly as clerks at the polling booths, and they have been satisfied with jobs that the average tax-eater in trousers disdains. Why should the bulk of skirted voters be merely vouchsafed jobs that last only a day or two at election time? Something permanent is what they are entitled to. We should see women serving as postal inspectors and deputies at the City Hall, in the Board of Public Works and elsewhere. But they must learn to exercise their pull, and wherever they have organization they should demand representation. The Woman's State Democratic Club should have just as much recognition as the Iroquois Club. If the politicians are really for equal suffrage they should also be for equality in the distribution of jobs.

**Mercy in War Time**

Speaking of the military executions in Ireland a commentator says they were at once lamentable and justifiable. In time of war rebels are engaged in the most dangerous of occupations; and for England with her several far-flung possessions and restless subject peoples there was need of drastic action. Not only was there revolt in Ireland; there was revolt also in India where over five hundred revolutionists have been hanged and over eight hundred have been sentenced to life imprisonment. The British Empire is engaged in a life and death struggle, and the nation that plunged her into it is taking every conceivable advantage to win. However, we cannot help sympathizing with the Irish patriots who laid down their lives for the cause of Ireland. The worst to be said of them is that they suffered themselves to be misled; and it is their great misfortune that in their devotion to what they conceived to be the interests of their own country they were apparently striving in the service of a country that has much to answer for before the bar of civilization. Before condemning them for their great blunder, however, we should be mindful of the fact that there is infinitely



more reason to condemn the Government of England for blunders that infuriated them beyond the power of endurance. There was a rebellion in Ulster, we should remember, before the rebellion in Dublin, a rebellion that undoubtedly helped to give Germany the impression that the psychological moment for war had arrived. Yet the leader of that rebellion, the most infamous rascal in England, was elevated to place and power almost at the outbreak of the war. Now the leaders of the English Government who were more than merciful to the Carsons of Ulster might have found it advisable to show leniency to the rebels of Dublin. Sometimes the way of mercy is not the least desirable even in time of war. In the Cavell case, for example, the way of mercy would have been a good way out. Sometimes it pays to be chivalrous and magnanimous. During our Civil War Lincoln was guilty of many excesses of lenity, but after all it is as true today as when Isaiah announced it that in mercy shall the throne be established. Mercy was never carried further in war than it was by Lincoln, and his weakness was severely criticised by his generals, but to the end he was eager to find an excuse to spare a spy or pardon a deserter. Once when desertions were alarmingly frequent he asked: "How can it be stopped?" He was told it could be stopped by shooting every deserter. "Lord help me," he exclaimed. "How can I have a butcher's day every Friday in the Army of the Potomac?" He had an excuse for deserters. He said it was impossible for a man always to control his legs. Once when a case was submitted to him that seemed to require the death penalty he said: "I will put this by till I can settle in my mind whether this soldier can better serve the country dead than living." It is too bad that nobody thought of taking a similar question under advisement in Ireland. No amount of evidence could ever induce Lincoln to consent to the execution of a youth. Toward young men he was always lenient. "I was at college with him," said John Hay to Lincoln, speaking of a young man condemned to death. "A pretty good sort of chap, wasn't he?" Lincoln asked in the hope of finding an excuse to pardon the prisoner. "No, sir," Hay replied. "He was always a bad lot." Lincoln was manifestly disappointed. Presently he brightened up. "If that's so," he said, "perhaps we ought to give him another chance." This is the sort of weakness that wins our sympathy. Another chance is probably what a Lincoln would have accorded some of those misguided young Dublin rebels.

#### Big Battalions Versus Justice

This war, says an iconoclast of the campus, goes a long way toward proving that Napoleon was right when he said that God is always on the side of the big battalions. What there is to justify this conclusion has not been made clear. True, the Allies were in a bad way when they were short of munitions, when the Germans with their big bat-

talions were sweeping the Russians back almost to their northern forests, but it remains to be seen whether he is thrice armed who hath his quarrel just. The war isn't over yet. And though munitions are of great importance, the belligerents are not relying wholly on big battalions. Each side has been taking infinite pains from the beginning to convict the other of injustice. Each accuses the other of lying and hypocrisy. Apparently among the belligerents there is a firm belief in the old instinct which tells us that we must have justice on our side or we shall perish. According to the Bernhardt doctrine, all things are just in furtherance of the interest of one's own State; and the Germans at first showed a disposition to live boldly up to this doctrine, with the result that they suffered before the bar of the world's opinion. Considering their efforts since to conciliate the world's opinion and to justify their conduct they are far from sure that it was to their interest to convert the old tribal god into a new tribal justice.

#### Pirate or Privateer?

Once more there is a controversy over that gallant adventurer Sir Francis Drake. Sir Francis has been a long time dead, but his memory remains and is revered, and to speak of him with anything but due deference is to precipitate a quarrel. This is especially so anywhere within sight of that distantly visible symbol in Golden Gate Park which is known as Prayer Book Cross, and which in a sense, is a monument commemorative of the Elizabethan explorer's deeds. Of all these things Governor Johnson was not aware until Saturday of last week. Called on for a ceremonial address to give official tone to an historical pageant, he referred to Sir Francis Drake as a pirate. At once there was a raising of eyebrows, and when the talk was over a clergyman of the Church of England mounted his feet and protested against the Governor's aspersion of the great hero's character, remarking at the same time that Sir Francis voyaged forth under a commission from Queen Elizabeth and that the Virgin Queen was not in the habit of issuing commissions to pirates. This is no quarrel for a neutral editor to enter, for it has a religious flavor. Sir Francis, as *The Examiner* was quick to explain the day after the contretemps, was the first man to read the Bible in English on the American continent, and so his memory is dear to the hearts of pious Englishmen, though of course it was not the King James version that he read, as it had not been published, and we don't know precisely just what he did read. However, he was lucky enough to connect himself with a church and thus earn a title to celebration in California where, as an explorer he was somewhat belated, having been preceded some thirty odd years by Juan Cabrillo, who probably carried a Bible that people were reading hundreds of years before English was fit to speak. But this is mere *obiter dicta* and on the verge of religious controversy, whereas

our only purpose is to make a plea in extenuation in behalf of our amiable Governor. For Sir Francis Drake, pirate or no pirate, we have the highest respect. He was a brave and loyal Englishman who made glorious tradition for his countrymen. All honor to him! *The Examiner* speaks of him euphemistically as a privateer, and tells us that he "looted the Spanish settlements within his ken." This is much worse than anything the Governor said. It implies that the brave English explorer attacked non-combatants. Now the only point we wish to make is this, that the Governor is not without justification for taking it for granted that Sir Francis Drake was a pirate. Nobody doubted it till a church claimed him for a noble son. So respectable an authority as Josiah Royce, in his excellent history of California, describes him as a freebooter. And long before Royce he was spoken of in England as a buccaneer. This designation was never challenged until the combative and intolerant James Anthony Froude became his champion for the purpose of disparaging Spanish explorers on account of their religion. In his essay on *England's Forgotten Worthies* we find him complaining that an English Review regarded Drake as a buccaneer "whose pretenses to religion might rank with the devotion of an Italian bandit to the Madonna." Now even Froude did not insist that the Virgin Queen was very cautious in issuing commissions to explorers. "Every Englishman who had means," he says, "was at liberty to fit out a ship or ships, and if he could produce tolerable vouchers for himself, received at once a commission from the court." Further, Froude found that the explorers were all "private adventurers" and he thought it natural enough that "private badness should be found among them." But they were brave Englishmen, and he could gloze their delinquencies conscientiously. For instance: "In a mixed world there were found mixed marauding crews of scoundrels who played the game which a century later was played with such effect by the pirates of Tortuga." Not the pirates of England, you see, but rather the royal rovers who read the Bible in English, and who consequently were respectable privateers. But let us not lose our tempers. Whatever he was, the cross in Sir Francis Drake's honor is no different, except in dimensions, from the cross over the grave of the humblest Christian, and assuredly he is a picturesque figure for a pageant.

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# Varied Types

CCLXXXII—MARY BOLAND

By Edward F. O'Day

Mary Boland flatly contradicts Florence Reed. Unwittingly, be it understood. I am quite sure that if Mary Boland had read a certain statement by Florence Reed she would never have dreamed of contradicting it flatly. A flat contradiction is the last thing in the world to associate with Mary Boland. She is too gentle (in the several nice senses of that word) to be opinionated. Mary Boland has a charming reserve, and would reserve her opinion rather than flaunt it in flat contradiction of an opposing opinion. I cannot imagine Mary Boland playing an argumentative role off stage. I conceive her to be one of those sweet women whose intelligence is too well cultivated to require the artificial stimulation of debate. Mary Boland did not know what Florence Reed told me a month ago concerning the movies. I am glad she did not know what her predecessor at the Alcazar told me. I picture Mary Boland as having a horror of controversy. So it was quite unknowingly that she laid down a flat contradiction of Florence Reed's statement.

Here is what Florence Reed said about the movies: "Nobody who has ever been on the stage likes the movies. Anyone who says he does is not telling the truth. Bill Farnum says he does, but Bill isn't fooling anybody but himself. How can you say 'I love you' in a movie? And isn't 'I love you' the basis of practically every play? The movies make the pocket book fat, but they make the mind lean. They did one thing for me, though. They gave my voice a rest. After a season in the movies it responded as a piano does when you run the scales."

Now Mary Boland likes the movies. She told me so, and I believe that she was telling me the truth. There is the accent of sincerity in everything Mary Boland says. You don't always pay the utmost possible attention to what Mary Boland is saying: I shall explain why in the minute. But you never doubt that Mary Boland is saying just what she means. And I don't think Mary Boland is fooling herself when she expresses an affection for the films. Perhaps Bill Farnum fools himself in this matter. Florence Reed says so, and far be it from me to question her authority. But Mary Boland didn't impress me as a young woman to play tricks upon her own mentality. Furthermore, Mary Boland does not think that the movies make the mind lean. She told me that the movies did her mind a great deal of good.

Here therefore are two stars of the stage who express diametrically opposite views of the movies. Both have had experience in the movies. Both cannot be right. The difference is that Mary Boland spoke for herself, while Florence Reed made a sweeping statement on behalf of the entire profession, including Bill Farnum.

Let us hear what Mary Boland has to say about the movies. I shall quote her without fear of starting a controversy, for as I have already said, I don't believe there is a controversial bone in her body. At the risk of exposing Mary Boland to the charge of being a bit old-fashioned I accuse her of a sweet womanliness unimpaired by militancy.

"I thoroughly enjoy the movies," says Mary Boland. "To work in the daytime, in the healthy sunshine, is so delightful to me that

I scarcely regard it as work. The movies charm and delight me. I have no patience with the actor who tries to belittle the pictures, and it is usually only those who have not done well in the pictures who do that."

Remember that Mary Boland did not know what Florence Reed had said on this subject. Besides, I understand that Florence Reed did well in the pictures; so there is no personal slant in Mary Boland's statement.

"I have been helped and benefited by the pictures," continues Mary Boland. "But while they were helpful to me, I can see how they might be harmful. The stage actor must cultivate a new technique for the films. The harm would come if the stage actor unlearned his old technique so completely that he returned to the stage without it. He must be on his guard. He must realize that the function of the stage play is to appeal to the ear, of the screen play to appeal to the eye. He cannot afford to overlook this distinction."

"In other words, he must have brains, and use them," I interpreted, and Mary Boland accepted the generalization.

I said a minute ago that you don't always pay the utmost possible attention to what Mary Boland is saying. The remark has a strange sound; it requires explanation. Let me be quite calm while I attempt an explanation. Picture yourself sitting *tete-a-tete* with a quite adorable young woman. Picture a pair of laughing, twinkling, flashing, dancing eyes that may be gray or may be light blue—I am not positive on this point—picture those eyes widening and narrowing and snapping at you from beneath dark brows and a mass of fluffy yellow hair. Picture that hair crowned by a wide-brimmed purple straw hat with a light blue ribbon around it and a parrot's wing laid flat on one side of the brim. I'm in for it now, and I may as well try to finish the portrait. Picture a face of peaches and cream, a nose which is indescribable like all good noses, and a bewitching, sensitive mouth. Picture finally a white silk waist showing a full, rounded throat, a trig suit of black and white check, and high calf-skin boots. Picture all this, and still you haven't a proper picture of Mary Boland. I haven't put her charm in. It plays around her personality, attracting but defeating you. And while you try to define it, to analyze it, to differentiate it from the charm of other charming young women, I ask you: Is it any wonder that you sometime pay a little less attention than you should to the words she speaks?

Just the same Mary Boland is a very good talker. There is a humor in her which her eyes betray, and though I think she tries not to indulge it in the presence of the casual interviewer it will out in spite of her. Indeed it came out the first moment of our conversation. We sat down and looked at each other. I was busy immediately trying to tag that charm of hers which insists on playing hide-and-seek. There was a moment's silence.

"This is always an overpowering moment—the beginning of an interview," said Mary Boland.

Her eyes laughed, her mouth joined in, and her hat curved this way and that about the yellow hair and the peaches-and-cream cheeks. Then Mary Boland became quite sober again.

But I was not deceived, and I confess to repeated attempts to lure her sprite of humor from its lurking-place.

"Have you designs on Shakespeare?" I asked, and at once apologized for the crudity of the phrase.

"Please do not take it back," she begged. "I feel that I have always needed it. 'Designs on Shakespeare!' It explains so many Shakespearean actors I have seen! What dreadful designs they have on the poor helpless playwright!"

Then Mary Boland carefully extinguished her light of laughter and told me she hoped some day to play *Rosalind* and *Ophelia*. When she does, may I be there to see, especially to see her *Rosalind*. It might arouse mixed emotions to see Mary Boland gone mad, to hear that she was drowned and to assist at her tumultuous obsequies.

"When I was seventeen," said Mary Boland, "Louis James gave me an opportunity to play *Juliet*, but I had the sense to refuse. I have no 'designs' on *Juliet*."

It is nice to hear Mary Boland speak of John Drew whose leading lady she was for several seasons.

"He is an exacting taskmaster on the stage," she said, "and so I owe him more than I can repay, he taught me so much. And he is such a splendid gentleman."

Possessing a generous nature, Mary Boland likes to say these nice things, and possessing sincerity she impresses you when she says them. The Alcazar delights her. She has never known such a stock organization. There has been nothing like it in her experience—the thoroughness of its methods, the standards it enforces, the disregard for expense in its productions. "And Mr. Davis, what a nice man he is," she added. She made a special trip to San Francisco to see our World's Fair. It enchanted her. This was a theme on which I should have liked to hear her expatiate, for Mary Boland's is a mind not of stage cultivation alone; but my eye was so busy interviewing her charm that I overlooked many of a reporter's opportunities.

Mary Boland leaves a deep impression of sunny seriousness, no less than of personal charm.

"Art is so long," she remarked in passing, and the remark seems characteristic, for Mary Boland is as ambitious as she is lovely.

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# Wanted: A Coalition of The Intelligentsia

By George Bernard Shaw

*(That incorrigible wit George Bernard Shaw is still girding at the Government, as may be seen from the following excerpts from an article in which he suggests a coalition of the literary wisemen to take charge of the management of affairs during the war. The article recently appeared in The New Statesman. At once there was a general discussion of the matter in the London press. On the opposite page will be found some excerpts from an article written for The New Witness by G. K. Chesterton.—Editor's note.)*

Perhaps the grimmest feature of this war, as of all wars, is the helplessness of the Intelligentsia. In vain do we play at being romantic schoolboys, stupefying ourselves with Quixotic reveries, lashing ourselves into virtuous indignations, and calling the clay we were born on our Mother. We loathe the war as an abomination forced on us by crude and corrupt people long after we have morally outgrown it. Being unable to suppress it, we would like to obtain control of it sufficiently to dictate its aims and define its limits. But though we write the most intelligent and interesting and suggestive articles, we might as well discharge popguns. If it were not for the attacks we make on one another, our utterances would pass without notice. They remain in any case without effect. Intelligence is not organized: everything else is, more or less. The War Office has not as much brains as the brim of Mr. Chesterton's hat; the Cabinet has not as much knowledge of political science or even of the everyday facts of four-fifths of English society as Mr. Arnold Bennett's umbrella: Maxim Gorky and Romain Rolland and H. G. Wells know more of the real needs of civilization than all the Governments of Europe. Yet these clever persons count for nothing in the war; and for the most part they count for nothing out of it except as more or less amusing cranks. The smaller Intelligents (gents on the intellectual plane have a hard g) are actually proud of their futile isolation, and call it their originality. When one of them says a good thing, the others, instead of applauding it, repeating it and building on it, take the utmost pains never to mention it (except by way of violent contradiction), lest they should compromise their originality and be convicted of plagiarism: the only sin they have not privileged themselves to commit, perhaps because it is not a sin at all.

Now the question is, is the world which neglects us right? Do we matter, we literary sages, except as newsmen and story tellers? Obviously I, being in the sage line myself, cannot decide the matter. Mr. Chesterton, for example, preaches and pontificates all the time. He also has a greater power of playing very funnily with words than any other British author, hardly excepting Tom Hood. His latest book, "The Crimes of England," is an orgy of puns. His stories and verses are the jolliest reading we have. What I want to know is, would anybody pay the slightest attention to Chesterton if he could not, or did not, make puns and tell stories and write verses about Sir F. E. Smith and other politicians who are considered really important?

Compare Mr. Asquith with Mr. Chesterton. To me Mr. Asquith is the most wonderful statesman that ever lived. Every week of the war increases my admiration for him and confirms my suspicion that he is really the man for England. Mr. Asquith treats the English nation exactly as a kindly, crafty, thoroughly experienced nurse treats a family of little children. He always knows exactly the sort of speech that will please them and quiet them; and he is never deterred from making it by the slight-

est doubt that they will forget everything about it half an hour later except that it pleased them and made them like him. When they get naughty fits and become unbearably troublesome he makes a crying face and asks them how they can bear to hurt their dear old nurse so; and their naughtiness dissolves into affection as if by magic. Since the war began—nay, since the European situation began to threaten after Agadir—he has not said one word about it in public that he could address to Mr. Chesterton or any Intelligent in private as man to man without winking. The depth of his contempt for the Democratic Control people and the Independent Labor party zealots when such scraps of the truth as he cannot keep from them are blurted out by them as recklessly as if they had an adult electorate and an adult House of Commons to deal with must be unfathomable. I know what I should feel myself if a nurse, when his little charges asked what that banging and screaming was about, were to let them know that it was papa beating mamma, instead of pretending that it was the pork butcher in the next street killing his roly poly pig so that they should all have some nice rashers for breakfast tomorrow. That is how Mr. Asquith must feel about Mr. Ponsonby, and Mr. Morel, and Mr. Snowden.

Now in every nursery there are children who are not taken in. I am in that position myself. I may be a fool; but I am not that sort of fool. If I am credulous where the rest are sceptical, I am also sceptical where the rest are credulous; and it is clear to me that Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells and the rest of the High Toby Intelligentsia are more or less in the same position. Mr. A. G. Gardiner has just written in the Daily News what purports to be a defense of Mr. Asquith. It would have damned Robespierre. If Mr. Asquith will summon a meeting of the Intelligentsia, excluding the reporters, and warning us frankly that if we repeat his confessions in public he will flatly deny them, and then either tell us the truth or else humbug us in a manner suited to our particular childishness, we shall be much more at our ease. For how do we know now that he is not making a hopeless mess of the whole business?

Even the most generous conjectural assumptions as to the quality of the hidden side of our statesmanship have to be qualified by the ascertained postulate of the Government that out of a population of forty odd millions we must choose our Cabinets exclusively from a couple of dozen more or less worn-out politicians whose habits are too ingrained to be loosened by the most violent shock of war or the most contrite desire to drop party and learn patriotism, with their casualties made good by young bloods carefully educated to know nothing about the masses they presume to govern, and selected without regard to their qualifications, the machine being kept from falling to pieces by half a dozen successful barristers, ambitious demagogues, and clever members of the Jewish plutocracy, these last being often the only ones who have any business to be engaged in high political work at all, and cer-

tainly the only ones who form a link between the Government and the Intelligentsia. Can Mr. Asquith wonder at the Intelligentsia being a little uneasy? When he says "Wait and see," does he not lay himself open to the reply that we have waited, and that as what we see is that though we have all the cards in our hands the enemy so far has won the odd trick, we cannot help inferring that either the players have been careless or the partners are neither so united nor so thoroughly cured of party spirit as they loudly profess to be when anyone suggests a general election.

For my part, I wish I knew what programme the journalistic Intelligentsia, of which I am a not particularly humble member, are to support. We have no use for flapdoodle; but we will stand by any reasonable and adequate policy. There is the policy of dismembering Germany by detaching Bohemia as an independent national State; detaching Poland from our ally Russia similarly; and dismembering Austria by giving Bosnia and Herzegovina to Serbia and splitting the dual monarchy into two single republics (for there is really no use in setting up new States if they are all to have thrones occupied by Hohenzollern or Hapsburg cadets), thereby reducing Pan-Germanism to a reasonable Germany. Alternatively there is the programme of inviting the belligerents to put their cards on the table, or rather ceasing to pretend that the cards are not already in full view of all people with eyes in their heads, and confessing that as the imminence of bankruptcy, both vital and pecuniary, threatens to make short work of paper schemes of European reconstruction by unlimited trinitrotoluene and reciprocal annihilation, the sooner we all resort to a judicial settlement the better. Honor has now been satisfied by displays of splendid heroism in which the Maori shares the laurels

(Continued on Page 17)

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trons are constantly surrounded by an  
air of refinement and respectability. In-  
formal dansant every evening at nine  
except Sunday.*

—Under personal direction of A. C. Morrison



## Perspective Impressions

Peace terms have supplanted the weather as a handy topic of thoughtless conversation.

It took them a long, long time, but at last the taxpayers are on the trail of the taxeaters.

The fact that President Wilson used to teach at a Methodist college explains a whole lot of things.

The President speaks of "the thrill of being American." Americans in Mexico have had many thrills, but this is not one of them.

The President is against men who are "backward looking." No wonder. Such men may catch glimpses of earlier Presidents and make odious comparisons.

Josephus Daniels has taken to the stump to deny publicly that he is an incompetent Secretary of the Navy. Let us admit that Josephus is as competent a Cabinet officer as was the distinguished William Jennings Bryan.

Has anybody heard anything from Dr. Aked?

Now that everybody needs his help the Pope is exceedingly popular.

We are getting tired of the headline writer who invariably "launches a terrific drive."

Those Americans who formed a legion in Canada to fight for the Allies probably got tired of waiting for Mr. Wilson to make up his mind on preparedness.

So Henry Morgenthau is behind a movement to purchase Palestine from Turkey. Perhaps it would be advisable for Henry to consider the proximity of the Russians.

Elihu Root is described by his boosters as "a master-mind, a man serene, sane and efficient." Such undoubtedly is his general reputation; but are the American people able to stand the shock after wallowing four years in sapheaded idealism?

S. P. Sherman, Ph. D., professor of English at the University of Illinois, has published a new edition of Ford's Elizabethan drama "'Tis Pity She's a Wh—e." For use as a text book?

"I'd rather be president of Stanford than emperor," says David Starr Jordan. Yet as an emperor he would have the power to make people listen to him.

An Oakland man asks the court to restrain his wife from taking the children to a colony which cultivates anarchy, free love and nudity. The wife says the colony professes "lofty ideals of unconventionality." Husband and wife have different words for the same thing.

"English victory! Drink conquered." So runs the headline of a despatch in the Call dated May 22. When you read the despatch you find that it was the drink evil, which is excessive drinking, that was conquered and that the victory was achieved by the defeat of prohibition.

## Intelligentsia Versus Intelligence

By G. K. Chesterton

I have taken this fragment of a rich mosaic of mistakes as a text for the debate on the Intelligentsia because it brings me to the first thing I have to say. It is that I primarily and positively object to any appeal to intellectuals as intellectuals. I do so because experience has convinced me that a recognized Intelligentsia is not only fatal to intelligence but is specially attractive to the unintelligent. If I am calling for volunteers, I would far rather appeal to the color of their hair than the quality of their heads. Men with bald heads do not think they have golden tresses; but men with bald ideas always think they have golden truths. "Intelligentsia" is like "ducdame;" it is an invocation to call fools into a circle. Mr. Shaw has moved in such circles, and knows exactly what I mean. As certainly as people with slow circulations like an atmosphere that is warm, people with slow wits like an atmosphere that is witty, or merely wordy. There are intelligents who are almost literary imbeciles.

First, therefore, I object to the mere form of the appeal itself, not because the really intelligent cannot answer it but because the sham intelligent will. When we come to the individuals of whom Mr. Shaw speaks, I have a greater difficulty, for he includes me among them with a too generous estimate of my capacity. Well, if he is really good enough to think me intelligent, I am entitled to tell him what is the first and simplest fact that my intelligence perceives when it opens its infant eyes. It is that men are divided, first, last and fundamentally, about right and wrong; or, in other words, about whether something should or should not happen. I perceive that intelligence is an instrument for one or the other; that the degree of the intelligence is relative, but the difference in the aim is absolute. The primary knowledge I possess is the knowledge of what I want; I possess it about most important matters, and I will use to achieve it not only what intelligence I have got but what intelligences I can get. If I believe in a Channel tunnel I will help a stupider man to build it; if I disbelieve in it, I will prevent a cleverer man from building it. But I have no use for a genius at each end, one building it and the other pulling it down, however cheerily

they may call to each other through the tunnel "Why not an intellectual Coalition?" Mr. Shaw, for instance, mentions Mr. J. A. Hobson for the Coalition. Mr. Hobson is a lucid writer; I believe I have read and understood what Mr. Hobson wants, and I would happily expend the last thought in my head to prevent his getting it. It is in the light of this simple truth that I see my way very clear between Mr. Shaw on the one hand and his antagonist Mr. Arnold Bennett on the other. Mr. Shaw attacks Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Bennett supports him. But because Mr. Shaw says, quite truly, that party politicians are parasitic, are recruited from young bloods ignorant of the masses, and from the Jewish plutocracy, Mr. Bennett finds it necessary to say they are not parasitic, but "a true expression of national traits and instincts." It never occurs to either of these brilliant men that it is possible to support a thing without being deceived by it. Their false antithesis finds full expression in another letter from Mr. B. R. Carter, who says of me: "Since the war began he (that is myself), has not written one word about it which would not lead us to believe that he was now the foremost supporter in the press of the very people who, before the war, he was engaged in satirising and saltpetrating in every periodical one picked up." It would probably surprise him to know how pleased I am with the tribute both to my powers of protest and of discipline. But it never so much as crosses his mind to ask why I attacked men like Mr. Asquith or why I support them. If it did, it would be instantly apparent that I attacked and supported for the same steady and consistent reason. The chief fact of my time, overtopping the tallest intellects and offices, is the capture of politics by capitalists, men untried and unchivalrous beyond all historic parallel. They would control politics privately by tips and bribes and publicly by the clamors and the silences of a Newspaper Trust. In the old peace, Mr. Asquith was certainly (it may be from amiable motives) the bulwark of these plotters against honest critics like Mr. Maxse and Mr. Belloc. In this war, Mr. Asquith is quite as certainly the bulwark against these plotters who would step into his place before

anyone could stop them. It is very simple; it is unnecessary for me to measure his mind, as it would be absurd for me to measure my own. I regard any mind as a means to an end.

The practical use of intellectualist interference can also be simply tested by the intellect. Mr. Shaw mentions Mr. Wells in his magnanimous account of his contemporaries; and the mention of that master of scientific imagination will serve to illustrate the next plain point. It is constantly suggested—sometimes, I think, by Mr. Wells himself—that a bold and imaginative science is specially wanted in war. Personally, I think this merely an instance of how loosely intelligents think. To say that the scientific method is urgently wanted in war is simply false. The past results of the method are wanted. But the scientific method is, if it is anything at all, a method not only of many experiments but of many failures. The strategist cannot afford to fail once; but the experimentalist only succeeds by failing. It may be worth a scientist's while to kill a thousand microbes, not merely to find he is right, but even to find he is wrong. We do not want a general to kill a thousand men to find he is wrong. Rapid and fatal action must be fundamentally conservative; that, since Mr. Shaw is so kind, is one thing my intelligence tells me. It also tells me that the question of whether a man should manage a war is not a question of his capacity for learning it some day, but his capacity for doing it now. Mr. Shaw stuns me by saying, "The War Office has not so much brains as the brim of Mr. Chesterton's hat." My hat! If I wanted a hat I should go to a hatter. Nor would this be necessarily because I think myself incapable of learning hating, but because long before I had learned it my exquisite intelligence would be disordered by sunstroke. As a matter of fact, I should be a mere fool in the majority of human occupations; but even if I were clever enough to look forward to learning them, I should also be clever enough to know that I have not learned them yet. That intellectual distinction is not very subtle, but it seems to be too subtle for writers more ingenious than I. I give it only as one of the first few things I find in my hat.



## Poems About San Franciscans

XXVII—LOUIS ROBERTSON

By James V. Coleman

(One of Louis Robertson's closest friends was James V. Coleman of this city. The singer of "Ataxia" endured great physical suffering during the last years of his life, and knew mental tribulations as well. The hand of James V. Coleman was always stretched out to help him. After the poet's death Coleman wrote the following lines, and they appeared in Town Talk.)

Departed soul of song, your lips are mute,  
Your harp is broken and its strings are strawn:  
You who in pain struck music from the lute  
Are winged again—say whither have you flown?  
Sing back to us who stay and cannot hear—  
Sing back the truth and sing in simple phrase,  
Is it not true that love should have no fear?  
Are paths you walk the paths of earthly ways?  
Now you are medicined by death from pain  
All your young hopes and vigor are restored;  
But can you sing, as you have sung, again?  
Is it not true that pain must strike the chord?  
Or have you learned a newer symphony?  
Perhaps your song is nobler now than when  
You, who were skilled in mortal melody  
Enthralled with changing moods the hearts of men.

## The Spectator

### McCowan of Kern

Barclay McCowan of Kern county is not yet out of the woods, but his friends are fighting hard to clear the way for him. Good Progressives all, and noble reformers of the professional stripe, they are sticking to him because he is one of them. Barclay McCowan is, or was, the Francis J. Heney of Kern county. Some years ago Kern county was to McCowan what San Francisco once was to the ineffable wild ass of the desert who is now a citizen of the chemically pure city of Los Angeles. On short acquaintance Barclay found Kern County in need of redemption, and he constituted himself its redeemer. Like Heney, in the days before the wild ass's attack of self-righteousness, he was frankly a man of ordinary clay, no better nor any worse than the average run of us; but, turned reformer, he became a holy terror. Anybody could get along with Barclay until the Kern County reformer felt the responsibilities of his noble mission. Then, presto! Barclay became irreproachable to all but the sacrosanct, and not to be with him was evidence of rascality. In a short time Barclay had Kern County by the ears. Then followed on a smaller stage a repetition of the drama that was enacted in San Francisco when Heney was fluting the Spreckels leg. Naturally the roaring reformer rose to renown. Adored by the dear people, he became district attorney, and promised to purge the county of bad men by the simple process of putting them in jail. In time Barclay had a fight on his hands trying to keep out of jail himself. Now he is trying to save himself from being kicked out of the legal profession.

### The Whitewashing of Barclay

A little while ago the District Court of Appeals of the southern district saved Barclay McCowan from disbarment. Why they did so I have been trying to find out, and though I have read the records carefully my labor thus far has been in vain. But as I have said, Barclay is not yet out of the woods. Several justices of the Supreme Court who read the records were evidently unable to ascertain why the Kern County reformer was permitted to

remain in his profession, for they have ordered a rehearing. These justices—Shaw, Melvin, Sloss and Henshaw—are probably desirous of learning something of the mental or other processes by which the jurists of the counties that are purified by Bull Moose politics reached their conclusions. Or it may be that they think it in the interest of the bench to straighten out the record and give the decision of the southern jurists a tone of plausibility. For if Barclay McCowan is to be allowed to practice law at least a plausible reason should be given for denying the petition for his disbarment. This the District Court of Appeals failed to do. The District Court of Appeals found that all but one of the charges against the reformer was true, but excused his misconduct on the ground that he was not an old practitioner. "We may properly express the hope," says the learned judges, "that as time passes the respondent, with advancing years and more practice, will acquire an appreciation of the demands which the ethics of the profession impose. So learning, he will no doubt avoid like acts of impropriety. . . . While condemning in the strongest terms the acts of impropriety with the commission of which we find the respondent guilty, we are not prepared, however, to find that the facts require a judgment of disbarment or suspension from practice."

### McCowan's Doings

To condemn a typical reformer in the "strongest terms," is perhaps in the interest of morality, but when the typical reformer is a district attorney like Barclay McCowan I would recommend something more drastic in the interest of justice in the criminal courts. Let us see what sort of public official this disciple of Heney is. According to the Bulletin he is a fine, efficient reformer who has suffered somewhat from the persecutions of his enemies. Now it is always instructive to get a line on the Bulletin's moral judgments. Barclay got into trouble by trying to fix a case out of court, which, of course, is not a wise thing for a district attorney to do. The case was not political in its nature, and therefore it is not to be urged in behalf of Barclay that he

was working in the interest of the dear people. It was a simple rape case. Barclay was charged with soliciting money from the defendant, the money to be paid in consideration of his kindly offices as district attorney. Now according to the written opinion of the District Court of Appeals Barclay did take a very active part in the case as the benefactor of the defendant. He not only undertook to save the defendant from criminal prosecution but also from the prosecution of a civil suit for damages started by the father of the fifteen-year-old girl who had been outraged. McCowan admitted these things but denied that he ever demanded money for himself. He ex-

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plained that like a good reformer he was trying to save four lives—the defendant's and the life of the defendant's wife, the girl's and also her child's. The money he wanted the defendant to put up was for the girl. So here was a district attorney playing the part of a generous and sympathetic public benefactor.

#### The Easiest Way

The judges of the Court of Appeals accepted McCowan's version of the story. They preferred his testimony to the testimony of several witnesses who swore that he solicited money for himself. They preferred McCowan's testimony because the witnesses against him were not disinterested. The witnesses were the defendant in the rape case and his wife and brothers. "It best comports with fairness," says the court, to believe McCowan. Yet the fact is that when McCowan gave his testimony he was trying to save himself from disbarment whereas at that time the defendant was a free man having been acquitted by a jury. It was McCowan who was in trouble, not the defendant or his witnesses. However, the court did find that McCowan had done many improper things. For instance, it found that when he was under investigation before the grand jury he availed himself of his official power, going before the jury and trying to intimidate it. This was a pretty tough thing for a district attorney to do, and for doing it the judges slapped him on the wrist, thus: "We regret that we are compelled to characterize the acts of the accused before the grand jury as highly improper." As to his conduct as a case-fixer the court finds that the impropriety of it "seems inexplicable and deserving of the severest censure." And then, happily for McCowan, the court concluded that all his acts were attributable to the insufficient cultivation of his instincts.

#### Our Tough Supervisors

"Say, Willis, here's the chance of a lifetime for you," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, as he called for a highball and put his foot on the rail. "You haven't been putting up any skyscrapers lately, but if you'll take my tip you'll become one yourself, adding cubits to your stature. You'll grow tall in the affections of the dear people."

The clockwinder paused for a question, but his friend the architect remarked that he was not in a mood to bite.

"I'd do it myself," said the clockwinder, "only I've got conscientious scruples against the recall. But I know you're always ready for a scrap, and here's a chance for you to do something worth while. It ought to be done by the chairman of a civic body, by, let us say, the chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, but that's Fred Koster's job now, and as Fred has that Potsdam taint he's busy making diplomatic mistakes."

"What are you driving at?" Polk asked

"At that beautiful bunch of Supervisors that's threatening to raise the tax rate to make votes in the Mission. That's the toughest bunch that ever was. Talk about the painteaters!—say, they loom up as a pretty decent lot when you stack 'em up alongside this gang."

"Are they grafting?" Polk asked.

"Well, not exactly in the old way, perhaps, but I'm for the painteaters. If these fellows aren't grabbed in time they'll have the shingles off the roof and a plaster on everybody's house."

"You mean they're raising the budget?" Polk asked.

"They're raising hell," said the clockwinder. "They seem to have a grudge against the city. Wherever they think they see a block of votes they go for them like one of the old gang after a piece of dough. That's why they were out against spur tracks. Now just imagine—putting a crimp in business to make a few more jobs for Mike Casey's teamsters."

"Was that why they wanted to put a street car track across the middle of the park?"

The clockwinder's foot slipped on the rail, and he called for another highball.

#### Some Light for Willis

Once more crooking his elbow the clockwinder resumed. "Willis," he said, "you've been spending too much time of late at the Pee-Yu Club. Mike Casey isn't at all interested in the park, but some of those fly boys who buy land by the acre and sell it by the front foot, who give the daily newspapers stuff and sometimes land to boom real estate, and sometimes get up excursions like the one to Mount Diablo—these boys that convert cow pastures into villa sites over night—these are the boys that wanted a trolley line stretched across the trees in the park, and they're the same boys that are now getting the Supervisors to raise money for a Twin Peaks boulevard. Think of it. They've got a tunnel; now they want a boulevard. And the Supervisors who destroyed the great Van Ness avenue boulevard by putting a trolley line on it are going to make you and me pay for it. And the funny part of it is the old town is standing for this gang. What we need is somebody to start the ball rolling."

"I'll talk to Rudolph about it," said Polk.

The clockwinder seized the architect violently by the shoulder. "For God's sake, don't do that. Rudolph is a Jonah. That's the one way to keep the Supervisors on the job. Besides Rudolph is busy with that Western Pacific deal that didn't come through notwithstanding the awful things he threatened to do. No, Willis, drop Rudie and start the recall yourself. It's a cinch, for even that blind guy, the man in the street, can see what's going to happen if we don't kick those fellows out."

"Where are you going?"

The clockwinder had finished his last highball and was on his way. "I've got an engage-

ment with Supervisor Nelson, the chairman of the Judiciary Committee," he said. "The committee is going to meet Saturday to take up the jitney nuisance for consideration. This is a case where the Supervisors are encouraging manslaughter as a fine art. I'm going to give Nelson a tip. The Supervisors have been sued for damages on account of a jitney accident, but what really ought to happen is this—somebody ought to hold those guys responsible in another way—the way of the days of gold. What right have these Supervisors to give men permission to endanger lives along the way?"

"You're an anarchist," said Polk.

"I'd rather be an anarchist than a Supervisor," said the clockwinder.

#### The Attack on Art Smith

The Examiner's editorial writer is all het up over the mob attack on Art Smith in Osaka. Something delayed Art's flight, and the Japs rushed the hangar. "What saith Jordan to attack on Art Smith?" asks the Hearst editorial writer, and proceeds to inflame, as best he can, American feeling against the people across the Pacific. The stoning and mobbing, he tells us with ironical intonation, testified to the "great love and admiration the Japanese bear for Americans." And warming to his theme: "No wonder we find it so hard to understand this people whose caress is a shower of missiles and who express a devotion too deep for words by a beating with sticks. Such affection is painful, but of course, we must accept the word of the pacifists and bear our bruises in the full knowledge that they were caused by love taps." There is more in the same pseudo-insidious style. Osaka stands for Japan, we learn. "There the native feeling is at its most nationalistic expression. The foreign influence is not much felt there." And therefore? The conclusion is plain: "We may take the uprising against the intrepid American youth as a natural and un-influenced expression of the Japanese with regard to Americans." The editorial, however,

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shows a marvelous restraint. There is no positive call to arms. The jingoes are left to judge for themselves whether we should go to war over this attack on Art Smith.

#### Suggestion for Japanese Editorial

I am tempted to make a suggestion for an editorial. My suggestion would be addressed not to one of the Hearsts of Japan (unfortunately there are yellow newspapers in Japan), but preferably to a calm, fair-minded editor in Osaka. This editorial I have in mind would deal with the outrageous treatment accorded an aviator, not in Japan but in America. It would tell first of all how an aviator was treated in Bryan, Texas, after he made an unsuccessful flight and wrecked his machine. It would tell how the citizens of Bryan started to rotten-egg the aviator, and how he escaped this ignominy by leaving the town on a freight train. And then this editorial would tell what happened to this same aviator at Muncie, Indiana. The field was unsuitable for flying. The aviator said it would be suicide to attempt flight in such a field. The editorial writer of Osaka might tell the story in the aviator's own words, as follows: "I stuck by my refusal to fly. I would not risk my machine in that field. Finally the managers announced that the aeroplane was out of order. When they heard that the crowd gave a howl and poured out of the grandstand in one mad mob. The managers ran and left me alone in the field. The only reason I stayed was to save the machine. The crowd threw pop bottles and bricks as they came. I stood up on a box and tried to tell that it was impossible to fly in that field; it would probably kill me to try. They yelled that I was a coward. They jammed around me and the machine and shouted insults at me. Someone struck at me, and I did not hit back for fear they would wreck the aeroplane if I did. Then somebody yelled, 'Let's wreck his old machine! It's a fake!' They jumped at it. I could not stand that. When I saw them tear at the machine I guess I went mad, too. I jumped on the seat and shouted that I would fly. It was all I could do. As soon as they understood they stopped tearing at the machine. 'Fly!' they yelled. 'We'll make you fly!' I got into the seat. I told them I wanted every one of them to feel he had murdered me. Then I started." After he had told this story of the mobbing of an aviator in Indiana I would have the Osaka editor point out that the aviator was an American aviator, that his name was Art Smith, the same Art Smith who was mobbed in Osaka, and that the story is told by himself in his autobiographical book "The Story of Art Smith." And then I would have the editor point out that mobs are much the same the world over, and that when they have paid their money for a thrill and do not get the thrill, they are apt to get ugly—in Osaka, Japan, or in Bryan, Texas, or in Muncie, Indiana, or anywhere else. I do not think it would be necessary for the editor to add that if the aviator mobbed at Muncie had happened to be a Japanese aviator, the mobbing would have possessed no international significance. I think that all but the jingoists among that Osaka editor's readers would grasp the point without a diagram.

#### The Dead Irish Poets

"These Christs that die upon the barricades," sang Oscar Wilde, adding "God knows it, I

am with them." Wilde was an Irishman—Anglicised, but still the son of "Speranza." He would have had a word of pity for the poets who were shot for building barricades in the streets of "dear dirty Dublin." It was indeed a harvest of death for the Muse to weep over: Padraic Pearse, Thomas MacDonagh, Joseph Plunkett. This trio had exceptional singing gifts, but there were others, some shot, some imprisoned. And the Countess Markiewicz (Constance Gore Booth), the Amazon of the rising, is a poet too. Even Sir Roger Casement has written poetry. This was preëminently a poets' rebellion. Perhaps only poets could have visioned the possibility of success. Actually, the rebellion was as brief as a poet's dream. "The rest is silence." All the dead poets of '16 were flowers of the Celtic Revival. Pearse wrote poetic dramas in Irish and English. "All his stories and plays were about saints," writes one who knew and loved him. Joseph Plunkett, the son of Count Plunkett, belonging to the family of the great Oliver Plunkett who is in process of canonization as a martyr, married one of Dublin's loveliest belles at midnight and faced the shooting squad at dawn. That was a death for a poet. He wrote a book of poems called "The Circle and the Sword." Perhaps MacDonagh was the greatest poet of the rising. He published four books of verse, a play and a volume on metrics. Unwittingly he wrote his own epitaph when he sang

#### OF A POET CAPTAIN

His songs were a little phrase  
Of eternal song,  
Drowned in the harping of lays  
More loud and long.

His deed was a single word,  
Called out alone  
In a night when no echo stirred to laughter,  
To laughter or moan.

But his songs new souls shall thrill,  
The loud harps dumb,  
And his deeds the echoes fill  
When the dawn is come.

#### In Risings of the Past

Few poetical names are connected with the rising of '98. This for the reason that the language of Ireland during the eighteenth century, and indeed well into the nineteenth, was largely the Irish language. So the best '98 poetry was written in the elder tongue, and only a small part of it has been preserved. The best things that have come down from '98 are "The Wearin' of the Green" and the "Shan Van Vocht" (meaning the "poor old woman," i.e. Ireland). An authority writing in the London "Athenaeum" in 1887 said that "The Wearin' of the Green" was probably the finest street ballad ever written. But William Drennan was preëminently the poet of '98. He wrote "Erin" in which Ireland was first called the "Emerald Isle" and "The Wake of William Orr." Drennan was tried for sedition, but acquitted. The movement which culminated in the trouble of 1848 had its galaxy of poets, the famous writers for the "Nation." Thomas Davis comes first; then there are Charles Gavan Duffy, D'Arcy Magee, Denis Florence McCarthy, Michael Doheny, M. J. Barry, James Clarence Mangan and four young women: "Speranza" (Lady Wilde), "Eva" (Mary Eva Kelly), "Mary" (Ellen Mary Patrick Downing), and "Thomasine" (Mrs. Hope Connolly). Since '48 Irish revolutionists have drawn their inspiration and their gospel of nationality from

these writers for the "Nation." The Fenians had their poets too. John Boyle O'Reilly was sentenced to death in '67. The sentence was commuted to penal servitude, and he escaped from the Antipodes to become a great Irish singer in America. Charles Kickham who sang "Rory of the Hills" was in that attempt. Then there were T. D. Sullivan and "Leo" (J. K. Casey) whose "Rising of the Moon" for a time threw "The Wearin' of the Green" into the shade. Doubtless we shall have much more poetry as a result of "The '16." Pearse, Plunkett and MacDonagh are silent, but the harp of Tara remains.

#### Was Drake a Pirate?

Was Sir Francis Drake a pirate? That is the question. Governor Johnson says he was. "A pirate of the seas," said Governor Johnson at the San Rafael celebration. The Governor particularized, remembering that as "there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves," so there may be land-pirates and pirates of the seas. One of these was the doughty sailor for whom Drake's Bay was named, says the Governor. Professor Bolton of the University of California and the Bancroft Library agrees with the Governor. Professor Bolton declares that Drake was not only a pirate but a liar. This makes Drake a double-dyed villain, if it is true. But the controversy is not raging around Drake's veracity or lack of it—all sailors are allowed to lie a little. Was Sir Francis a pirate? No, thundered the Rev. G. M. Cutting of San Rafael. "His fame is one of the priceless possessions of all English people," cries this Anglican clergyman. "If Drake was a pirate, may the good Lord give us more pirates of his type." It would be a blasphemy, not a prayer, if the clergyman thought Drake the least bit piratical, but of course he does not. No more does W. R. Whyte of the British-American League. "A resolution will be brought up vindicating Drake," says Whyte. So Drake is to be vindicated in a dozen wherases and a thumping therefore-be-it-resolved. The method smacks suspiciously of whitewash.

#### Damned with Faint Praise

Naval Officer James H. Barry took a middle course in this debate. No high admiral is Barry (by the way, what has become of Admiral Barry?). He is an indoor tar, though not a member of the popular club so named. "At any rate," said this brineless naval officer, "if not a pirate, Drake at least was not a saint." This damnation with faint praise reminds me of a story. It was the time the Supervisors were substituting Spanish jaw-breakers for the alphabetical designation of the cross-streets in Richmond. It was proposed that St. Francis of Assisi be among those honored thus, and Abe Friedlander, a lawyer related by marriage to the fame of the Arguello family, uttered an indignant protest. "St. Francis!" he exclaimed with scornful eye aflash. "St. Francis! Why. I want to tell you gentlemen that St. Francis was one of the bloodiest pirates that ever sailed the Spanish Main." The Supervisors were shocked. There was a buzz of remonstrance, and somebody whispered in Abe's ear. "Of course," that worthy corrected himself, "the St. Francis I refer to is St. Francis Drake." Obviously Abe Friedlander is no authority in the present weighty controversy. Unlike Naval Officer Barry Abe doesn't know a saint from

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a pirate. He confounded knighthood and canonization. He would make ducks and drakes of this argument. The question remains open: Was Drake a pirate?

#### All in the Point of View

Perhaps it's all in the point of view. We know from that fascinating and valuable book "Spanish and Indian Place-Names of California" by Nellie Van De Grift Sanchez that the Spaniards regarded Drake as "a rover and robber on the high seas," to quote the dictionary definition of pirate. "'El Pirata' the Spaniards usually called him," says Mrs. Sanchez. The Spaniards may be excused for calling him bad names. They probably had worse for him than that, for your Spaniard has always been an eloquent oburgator. It was Drake's life-work to harry the Spaniard, and he pursued it joyously, with gusto and thoroughness. Did he not "sing the King of Spain's beard," as he himself said of the exploit at Cadiz when he boldly entered the port and put ten thousand tons of Spanish shipping to the torch? English history says that Drake was a privateer, not a pirate. He had a regular privateering commission from Queen Elizabeth in 1570, and used it for twenty-five years. But you can't blame the Spaniards for calling him a pirate when he plundered Nombre de Dios. He harried the coasts of Chile and Peru till his men were satiated with plunder. What if England was not at war with Spain all the time of his depredations? There was no wireless in those days. And certainly he received nothing but honor from Elizabeth. But I hold no brief for Sir Francis. Doubtless he settled his exploits satisfactorily with his conscience, for there was a chaplain aboard the "Golden Hind." Perhaps that same Frank Fletcher held as our Naval Officer holds, that Sir Francis was neither pirate nor saint. So let Governor Johnson keep on calling him "el pirata," and let the British-American League resolute the smudge of piracy off his name.

#### Salinas Is Wrathful

The Salinas rodeo, held during the first days of July, has come to be an important event in the California year. Salinas spends a great deal of money to make its annual rodeo a

splendid festival, and Salinas has been rewarded by steadily increasing crowds every July. Last year there was no rodeo, not because Salinas did not want to give one but because Salinas was magnanimous enough to subordinate its own interests to those of our World's Fair. There is to be a rodeo in Salinas this year. There is to be a rodeo at the same time in San Jose. The two celebrations overlap each other, are competitors for public favor. It is not to be wondered at that Salinas is wrathful over this competition. Salinas thinks that San Jose is an interloper, that San Jose is "putting one over." Salinas thinks that San Jose might have chosen some other sort of festival, might have respected Salinas's claims to the rodeo. And Salinas wants to know what has become of the understanding arrived at some two or three years ago, by the terms of which one community was not to interfere with the festival plans of another community. Salinas asks whether that understanding was "a scrap of paper."

#### Honor for Judge Flood

Do coming events cast their shadows before? Friends of Judge "Barney" Flood of the Superior Court are asking the question. On Wednesday of this week Judge Flood sat on the Appellate bench in place of Judge Richards who was unavoidably absent. This honor conferred on Judge Flood by the higher court is an unusual one. It is not strange that Judge Flood's friends should wonder if coming events are in this instance casting their shadows before, for Judge Flood has had a career of conspicuous success, and he is still quite a young man. By the way, he comes from Hollister which has given us some of our brilliant lawyers and at least one other jurist, Federal Judge Dooling.

#### Gleason's Tour de Force

The Alcazar has a juvenile in the person of James Gleason who bids fair to travel the road to success and Broadway trodden by his predecessors Ernest Glendinning and Charles Ruggles. Gleason has a fine comic talent, and he is delighting the crowds who go to the Alcazar these days. Incidentally, Gleason proved last

week that he was capable of rising to the occasion. Edward Longman came from New York to join the Alcazar players. His first appearance was in the role of Julian Rolph, the American newspaperman in "The Yellow Ticket." Longman was suffering from brain fog when he arrived here. He played the part Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Then he broke down and was ordered to bed by his doctor. Gleason was asked that night to take Longman's place. He studied the role late Wednesday night, was rehearsed in it Thursday morning by Malcolm Williams, and played it Thursday night. Florence Reed who knows "The Yellow Ticket" thoroughly, having starred in it, was prepared to prompt him if he broke down. But Gleason went through the performance without missing a cue or fumbling a line, and incidentally achieved a great success in it. It was a tour de force. It showed what Gleason could do. Incidents like this are the making of young actors.

#### Board of Trade Opposes Prohibition

At its last regular monthly meeting, held in this city, May 9, the directors of the San Francisco Board of Trade, the largest and most influential trade association in California, went on record as being opposed to the two proposed prohibition amendments to the State Constitution, which are to be submitted to the voters at the general election next November. The directors instructed the secretary of the organization, G. W. Brainard, "to notify the members of the board that the directors are opposed to the proposed initiative amendments to the State Constitution, to be known as Articles XXIV and XXIV-A, because of their conviction that prohibition would not only ruin the important grape industry but would prove detrimental to the business interests of the State in general." They also recommended to the members that they vote against the passage of these amendments at the November election. The Board of Trade is the third large commercial organization of San Francisco to voice its opposition to the two prohibition amendments, the other two being the Home Industry League of California and the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce.

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# Among Our Artists

Edited by Edward F. O'Day

## Two Sargents We Know

Announcement has recently been made of the disposition of two portraits by the great American John Singer Sargent—two portraits which we came to know so well during the World's Fair that now we regard them as old friends. The two portraits in question were those which excited the most interest in visitors to the fine Sargent room in the Palace of Fine Arts. They were studied and they were discussed by thousands. So we are quite naturally interested in their fate. The portraits referred to are the portrait of Henry James, the American novelist who recently died a British subject; and the portrait of Madame Gautereau, known as "Madame X." In his will Henry James bequeathed the Sargent portrait of himself to the National Portrait Gallery of London, adding with characteristic modesty that if it were refused by that gallery it should be offered to the Metropolitan Museum in New York. There is no danger that it will be refused—galleries do not refuse Sargents, and England was so touched by James's naturalization in the country where he did most of his work that she will be proud to hang his portrait in that magnificent collection. This portrait attracted attention in the Palace of Fine Arts not only on account of its high artistic merit, but also because it had been slashed by one of the "furious women" of the militant suffrage propaganda while it hung in the Royal Academy of London. Indeed, many visitors to the World's Fair were more interested in the faintly discernible mark of the mended slash than in the beauty of the work of art.

## "Madame X"

The portrait of Madame Gautereau or "Madame X" has just been purchased from Sargent for the Metropolitan Museum. It is a picture with a history. It was painted not long after Sargent left the studio of Carolus-Duran in Paris, the famous studio where Sargent learned his art. It was offered to the Salon, and refused. It became the centre of an artistic storm. Controversialists reviled it bitterly; other controversialists praised it in unmeasured terms. It was Sargent's first great success. It is considered that it made him. On that account he refused to part with it, and it came out to our Fair from his own studio. Now at last he has been induced to sell it to the Metropolitan, and it will hang there with his famous portrait of Marquand. The profile of "Madame X" is her great charm. "Mme" Gautereau," says an art critic, "would have been an extraordinary apparition in any epoch of society, and Sargent's appreciation of her rare pictorial qualities will always be contagious."

## Bryan's Favorite Pictures

Nothing better of its kind has appeared in a long time than John Reed's sketch of the Nebraska worthy, called "Bryan on Tour" and published recently in Collier's. It was a happy thought of Reed's to ask Bryan his opinions on art. To paraphrase would be a sin, so I quote:

"What do you think about art, Mr. Bryan?"

He hesitated, and then said slowly: "I am interested in art, but I cannot say that it has had any direct connection with my political life." He fidgeted.

"But at least there are some pictures that have inspired you, some music, some poetry—"

"Ahem!" he said, frowning. "Yes. The picture is of great importance. Four that I now recall have made an impression upon my thought. First, the 'Madonna and Child.'"

"Which one? Raphael's?"

"It doesn't make any difference which one. Raphael's is very good, but I prefer Bodenhausen's. The 'Madonna' is great because it deals with the tenderest human relationship. Next, 'The Breaking of Home Ties' presents the problem of a young man at the critical period of his life—"

"Whom is that by?"

"I don't know. But you will find it hanging in every Y. M. C. A. Then Vereschagin's 'Apotheosis of War,' which is a powerful peace sermon; and lastly 'Christ Before Pilate,' which contrasts force and love."

"But are there no great painters that you admire? None of the old masters, for example?"

"Put it like this," he dictated. "'Mr. Bryan's interest in a picture is not because some famous painter painted it, but because of the idea it presents.'"

## Poetry, Music and the Drama

What William Jennings Bryan thinks of the other arts is not germane to this page, but the passage is too good to be resisted, so I quote again. Bryan continues his exposition of his views, dictating in the third person:

"And so with poetry. He defines poetry as the clothing of a beautiful idea in beautiful words. His favorite poem is William Cullen Bryant's 'To a Waterfowl,' and his interest in it centers in the last two stanzas. He is also fond of a piece entitled 'Amen,' whose author he does not know."

I asked him about music.

"You may say: 'He likes music. But as with pictures and poetry, it is music that embodies a sentiment. The tune is only interesting to him because it presents words impressively.'"

"You do not care for symphonic music?"

"No. I refer you to Bancroft's address on 'The People in our Government and Religion,' where the great historian declares 'the people are the final judges of music as of other things.'"

"Could you give me some examples of music you like?"

He thought for a moment. "My father had a song he used to close our Sunday afternoon services with when I was a boy, 'Kind Words Can Never Die.' Then I am fond of 'One Sweetly Solemn Thought,' and a piece called 'I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.' And 'Silver Threads Among the Gold.' All these

songs have a sentiment. For a band piece, I like 'La Paloma.'

"In the theatre I like David Warfield, Maude Adams, and Barrie's plays. But I think that 'Ben Hur' is the greatest piece on the stage."

## The French War Pictures

The Harvard Club of San Francisco, in coöperation with Le Circle de L'Union, the University Club and the San Francisco Art Association, held a private view of the French war posters and pictures collected by the Harvard Club of Paris at the Palace Hotel Wednesday evening. Many prominent and well known men and women of this city, as well as the presidents and boards of governors of the following clubs were invited to attend: the Bohemian, Olympic, University, Pacific Union, Commonwealth, San Francisco Commercial, Cercle de L'Union, Century, Sorosis, Forum, California and Architects. The exhibition opened to the public Thursday morning, May 25, and will remain open continuously morning, afternoon and evening until June 7, inclusive.

## Long Furrows

The plow plows with cruel blade  
Till furrows long and deep are laid;  
Rhythmic the spade and mattock fall,  
Bruise and misuse, and wound and maul  
Earth, patient mother of us all.  
Furrowed and plowed by shot and shell,  
Red steel and gas-cloud's gasping hell,  
Gripped in the trenches' ice-cold flood  
Muscle and nerve, and flesh and blood,  
One with all mortal pain and woe  
His grief on the cross-tree long ago,  
Flesh of our flesh, furrowed and torn  
By nail and lash, by lance and thorn.

From the sore wounded Son of God  
Gentleness flowed and love divine;  
Earth brings forth from her broken sod,  
Bread for the eater, oil and wine;  
The simple soldier, commonplace,  
Gives to the wondering world a gleam  
From heaven upon his blinded face;  
Some rapture of the poet's dream.

By powerless limbs, and heart of might  
To dance with childhood's old delight;  
By radiant souls in sorrow's night,  
Unlaured conquerors that win,  
Further than prince and paladin,  
To courage for pain's lonely ways  
Through all their mutilated days;  
By fruit of sacrifice we know;  
By harvest's fateful flag unfurled,  
What life, what love, what graces grow  
From the long furrows of the world.

—Eleanor Alexander.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## The Cult of Leanness

Yesterday it was only the ladies who bothered about their avoirdupois; today the men are banting. "Eat and grow thin" is the slogan for the fat fellows, and Vance Thompson's book with that title is a best-seller. At the Olympic Club where physical condition is the paramount issue all the men who carry excess adipose carry that book too, and try to be guided by it. They insist that the regimen is not severe, but their protestations are rather hollow, perhaps because uttered on an empty stomach. For it is the tragedy of the fat man who is trying to get thin that he is nearly always hungry. Like Pope Leo XIII (who didn't do it to reduce) the fat man in process of thinning himself always leaves the table before he has had enough to eat. To compensate him slightly, the fat man has a new topic for conversation. Join any group at the Olympic Club these days and you are pretty apt to find a man whose vest is too big for him telling his friends how he did it. There have been some wonderful reductions. They say Morton Caster has taken off sixty pounds. That's an extreme case. Frank Foran represents the average condition. He has taken off just enough to make his manly form more Apollo-like than before.

## Tait to the Rescue

Always quick to salute the passing mode John Tait is helping the cult of leanness by providing an "eat and grow thin" luncheon also a dinner designed for the same purpose. A typical luncheon for one of the cultists as provided in Tait's menu card consists of a small rump steak en casserole, or cold roast lamb with mint sauce, or scrambled eggs; cold asparagus and lettuce salad; a baked apple, or strawberries, or pineapple, or stewed prunes; gluten bread; demi tasse. A typical dinner consists of cracked crab; grilled sweetbreads with tomato sauce, or broiled lamb chops, or broiled salmon steak; spinach; broiled tomatoes; fruits of all kinds; demi tasse. Tait kindly points out to the would-be lean person that the only food he can't touch is butter, milk, cream, cheese, pork, ham, olive oil, bacon, lard, corn, wheat, buckwheat, rice, oats, white bread, macaroni, potatoes, green corn, sugar, figs, bananas, grapes, unfermented grape juice, chestnuts, walnuts and raisins. In place of sugar the victim is to take saccharine. If the cuttist must have a drink, it is to be a light white wine. I asked one of the stewards at Tait's if the special menus were popular. "Not very," he answered. "People in this town love to eat." They certainly do!

## Dancing to Reduce

To return to the Olympic Club. Not all the men who want to be svelt are reaching their ideal via the "eat and grow thin" route. There are also the clog dancers. Clog dancing shakes

off the superfluous fat with considerable expedition. So the Olympians have installed a hard wood floor, clogs and an instructor who used to be a minstrel. Every day you will find Olympians "shaking a leg." Some of them are amazingly expert. Judge Tim Fitzpatrick has some dandy steps, and so has E. S. Heller. "Billy" Humphrey is assiduous but not strong on technique. The wonders of the club are James Woods and Sam Rucker who tap the hard wood in a fashion that would have done credit to minstrelsy in its palmiest days. But these are not beginners. They learned the clogs years ago, and have never forgotten them. If there was any fear that clog dancing was to be a lost art, this Olympic revival has dissipated it. The only man who might have been expected to take up this fad but didn't is Bill Lange. Bill has a "tango toe;" if he could reduce that he'd be happy because it curtails his dancing.

## A Tip to Mrs. Marye's Friends

I hear that during her stay in Petrograd Mrs. George T. Marye "went in" for Russian literature. Mrs. Marye will be with us once again next week, and I advise her friends to brush up on the Russian classics. In the presence of Mrs. Marye it will not do to show any ignorance of the great Muscovite writers. Mrs. Marye will expect her friends to converse freely about Gogol, Dostoevski and Pushkin as well as about Tolstoi and Turgeneff. They must have decided views about Gorky, Sologub, Tchekhov and Andreyeff. It will not do to say that the Russian writers are depressing and dismiss them. You must be able to show why "Dead Souls" is greater than the Pickwick Papers, and why "Crime and Punishment" teaches a great lesson, otherwise you may fail to command Mrs. Marye's respect. The book shops should thank me for this tip.

## The Dixie Club Row

There is the deuce to pay in the Dixie Club. Resignations, denunciations, recriminations, a slander suit and—horrors! a dictagraph! All of this from a club which most of us hadn't heard of two months ago. Truly these fiery southrons can kick up a row when they get started. When the trouble started we learned that the dainty Dixie Club ball had been merely an artistic, not a financial success. No wonder, with the officers and prominent members of the club clawing at one another's back hair and reputations. Mrs. Marmaduke Eskridge who has resigned as secretary demands damages in the nifty sum of \$26,000 from Mrs. Martha Henry Fitzsimmons who refused to resign the presidency, asseverating that Mrs. Fitzsimmons called her a li—r and a th—f. These be hard words, such as are not usually uttered in nice circles. And how does Mrs. Eskridge know Mrs. Fitzsimmons used them? She explains that she installed a dictagraph in the club rooms, and that the impressionable machine took them from the circumambient and preserved them for her. Think of a dictagraph in our set! Or rather, don't think of it. The horrid possibilities of the thing are too, too awful to contemplate. The trouble has brought out one fact in which the impartial bystander may take a passing interest. We have learned that Mrs. Fitzsimmons is descended from Patrick Henry, the immortal spellbinder who insisted that he be given liberty or death, utterly refusing to

consider anything else. Mrs. Fitzsimmons reiterates his remark, but the connection is obscure. She has her liberty already, and her life is in no danger. But no wonder Thornwell Mullally refused to become president of a club containing such fiery spirits. Thornwell is of a martial complexion, but he is too much of a carpet knight to take a hand in women's wars. Meanwhile we may thank Mrs. George McGowan for giving us a new word. She says the whole trouble amounts to "womanitis." Without knowing just what Mrs. McGowan means I am inclined to agree with her.

## We Shock Emily

"When I first saw the garments worn by women in bathing in San Francisco I was shocked at a display that would not be permitted in the so-called uncivilized islands of the Pacific."

So says Miss Emily McCoy of Pitcairn Island, Pacific Ocean. Miss McCoy is the daughter of the man who rules the little community of 195 people on Pitcairn, the descendants of the

## Why two pairs of glasses are unnecessary.

Optical science has recently made its greatest stride forward since Benj. Franklin's time when the first bifocals were invented. The last word in double vision glasses is "Caltex" Onepiece Bifocals, reading and distance corrections are ground in one piece of clear optical glass the result being a perfect bifocal. Many may now wear bifocals comfortably who found it impossible to do so with the old style. Two pairs of glasses are not necessary if you wear "Caltex" Onepiece Bifocals. Remember the name "Caltex."



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descendants of the "Bounty" mutineers. Emily's remark saddens me. Not that I agree with her. The bathing suits worn by San Francisco women do not shock me; they delight me. I am a zealous student of the human form divine, and have pursued many interesting researches on bathing beaches, at the baths, on Powell street and at Tait's revue. It is in the pursuit of the same pleasant erudition that I attended the opening performance of "The Passing Show," securing a seat close to the "bridge of thighs." No, I am not shocked by scanty bathing suits. I am saddened to think that the islands of the Pacific are given such a reputation by Emily. She speaks for all the islands, but I think she means Pitcairn only. All the inhabitants of Pitcairn are Seventh Day Adventists. That is a strait-laced sect. The Samoans, the Kanakas and other tropical races do not belong to it.

#### Our Dances Too

Emily is also shocked by the dancing she has seen in San Francisco. "The manner of dancing as countenanced here," says Emily, "would not only shock the sensibilities of Pitcairn islanders, but those of the Fiji group." Here again I cannot help thinking that Emily made her statement broader than she intended; she was carried away by the desire to emphasize. The Seventh Day Adventists don't believe in dancing; all our dances shock them. But the Fijians? No, they would not shock the Fijians. Nor the Kanakas. Did Emily ever see the hula in its native lair? I suspect not. The shock would have killed her. I'm sure.

#### Mutterings in Bohemia

Deep growls of discontent come to us from the red brick club house at Post and Taylor. The owl of Bohemia hoots his indignation and "weaving spiders" are spinning trouble in many a brain. The high cost of good cheer has become an issue in the Bohemian Club. Chits are signed in anger, and drinks are downed to the confusion of the house committee. For that committee has boosted the price of beverages. The bit drink is gone from the club. Now you pay fifteen cents straight when you quaff in bar or dining or lounging room. Two cents and a half has been added to the price of every "shot," "slug," "ball" or "quencher." Every time you "pin one on," "hoist one" or "do that little thing" you part with half a jit more than sociability used to cost you. "Hinc illae lachrymae," as the more erudite Bohemians put it. It's terrible. It's something new in clubdom. You pay fifteen cents straight per drink at the St. Francis and Palace; but in no club but the Bohemian. Members of the Pacific-Union, the Family, the Olympic, the University, the Concordia et al. are trembling lest the innovation beget imitation. The only club that "should worry" is the Newspapermen's in Grant avenue. Drinks are ten cents there, excepting beer which sells for "a nickel a copy."

FOR MEN

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#### Milk Drinkers Favored

To be precise, not all drinks have been boosted in price at the Bohemian. When the price was raised milk was included with the other beverages. Yes, some Bohemians do drink milk, strange as that may seem. Learning that the raise was justified by the house committee as a war measure, a deputation of jolly Bohemian insurance magnates from the dreary districts of California and Sansome waited on the committeemen and pointed out that while Scotch and Irish and gin and brandy et cetera came from war-torn Europe, milk did not. The argument told. The price of milk was put back. There has, however, been no discernible increase in the consumption of milk.

#### At the St. Francis

A Stanford University man has come to occupy much the same relation to the Chinese Government as did Schuster to the ill-fated reform regime in Persia. John H. Grill, a wealthy cotton goods manufacturer who is now at the St. Francis after a tour of the Orient, says it is hard to overestimate the influence in China that has been acquired by Professor W. W. Willoughby, the former savant of Palo Alto. Another interesting visitor from the Far East who is staying at the big hostelry is Audrie Bang of Java who was here in an official capacity during the Exposition. Miss Iva E. Krause, secretary-treasurer of the Bethlehem Foundry and Machine Company, another St. Francis guest, enjoys the distinction of being the most noted young business woman in America, rivaling in scope of commercial operations C. J. Whitley of the American Smelting and Refining Company which, with fifteen smelting plants, ninety-one furnaces and a capacity of 5,000,000 tons a year, is now doing the greatest business of its history. Whitley is also at the St. Francis. Recent accessions to the service set there are Captain J. D. Pickering of the Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant A. H. Douglas, U. S. N.

#### At the Cecil

An enthusiastic audience viewed the moving pictures at the Cecil Tuesday evening. They were scenic pictures in Patecolor, and every slide was interesting. About a score of the service set came in, and a number of them were entertained at dinner prior to the "movies." Miss L. K. Ward of Honolulu was hostess at an impromptu dinner. Mrs. E. M. Emerson of New York entertained a party of ten. Nat Sims gave a dinner Monday at the Cecil. Covers were arranged for eight. Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt was hostess at a matinee party at the Columbia Wednesday, followed by tea at the Cecil. The party included Mrs. J. Franklin Bell, Mrs. Lloyd McCormick, Mrs. B. Griggs Holt, Mrs. Benjamin Lombard of Boston and Mrs. Lynan. Mrs. Richard O. Crisp, wife of Captain Crisp, gave a luncheon Thursday for ten. Mrs. Frederick von Schrader, wife of the late Colonel von Schrader, U. S. A., is a recent arrival. Mrs. C. M. Marsh and Miss E. C. Marsh are receiving a warm welcome from their friends in San Francisco. They arrived Monday and will not return to their home in New York until July.

#### Miss Holmberg to Give Recital

Madame Joseph Beringer will present her pupil Miss Genevieve Holmberg of Burlingame in an operatic and song recital to be given at the San Mateo High School Auditorium on Thursday evening, June the first. Miss Holmberg, who has been under the tutelage of

Madame Beringer for the last four years, is an accomplished singer, and has on several occasions delighted her audiences with her vocal art. Her programme will be a varied one, and will include songs in English, German, Italian, French and Spanish. Miss Zdenka Buben, an artist pupil of Professor Beringer, will be the assisting pianist, and will also act as accompanist for Miss Holmberg. Miss Buben will contribute selections by Chopin and Liszt.

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## Gossip of the Theatre

### Griffith Reads Shakespeare

Thanks to the efforts of the Dominican nuns of St. Rose's Academy on Pine street lovers of Shakespeare had the opportunity last week to hear the well known Shakespearian reader Mr. C. E. W. Griffith. Mr. Griffith gave four readings—or recitals rather, for he does not use the play books—in the excellent hall of St. Rose's Academy, and all four were attended by large crowds which manifested the liveliest appreciation of his work. Mr. Griffith's offering Friday afternoon was a lecture on Shakespeare's plays interspersed with illustrative recitations. On Friday evening "Othello" was the subject of his recital; on Saturday afternoon, "Macbeth;" and on Saturday night, "Richard III." I had the pleasure of hearing the Friday afternoon lecture, and a most interesting lecture it proved to be. Mr. Griffith showed the most intimate familiarity with his subject. His generalizations concerning Shakespeare were brilliant, accurate and enlightening. They provided a suitable setting for the great passages he recited. Certainly no one heard him who was not enriched with valuable ideas concerning the great playwright. Mr. Griffith surveyed the whole opulent field of the plays, and in the midst of an embarrassment of riches picked what best served his purpose with admirable judgment. He gave us in recitation Romeo's colloquy with Friar Lawrence; Mercutio's Queen Mab fantasy; Hamlet's mocking encounter with Polonius; the tremendous closing scene of "Hamlet;" Iago's cynical speech about woman; the Soothsayer's warning in "Julius Caesar;" the monologue in which the melancholy Jacques describes his meeting with the Fool in the forest of Arden; the Seven Ages of Man speech; an exchange of repartee between Benedick and Beatrice; the great scene between King Lear and Cordelia at the close of "King Lear;" Wolsey's words to the prior of the Benedictines and his advice to Cromwell. Where all was so well done it is almost invidious to select this or that recitation for special mention. Still there is no harm in saying that the audience seemed particularly moved by the passages from King Lear and those from "As You Like It"—moved in the former case to sorrow and in the latter to laughter. This indicates Mr. Griffith's range. He is a man of very pleasing personality, and those who had the good luck of hearing him hope the Dominican nuns will enable them to renew the pleasure in the not too distant future.

—Edward F. O'Day.

### Mary Boland in "Outcast"

We learned what a delightful play "Outcast" was when Elsie Ferguson and Charles Cherry played it here some time ago. We have learned it all over again at the Alcazar where Mary Boland and Forrest Stanley have been playing it this week. We learned what a good actress Mary Boland was when she played "Smith" with John Drew. So we knew we were not to be disappointed when we saw her again. For that matter, we knew that Forrest Stanley was a good actor, for he is no stranger to us. But we found with pleasant surprise that since his last appearance here he had become a much better actor. So altogether we had high expectations when we went to the Alcazar this week. They were more than justified. Miss Boland plays Miriam, the Outcast who is taken in, with fine feeling for the requirements of the part. There is a great deal of sympathy

in Miss Boland's artistic makeup, and all of it is lavished on Miriam. She engages our fancy the minute she makes her first appearance, exactly as she engages Geoffrey's; and she never relinquishes her hold on it during the evening. As Geoffrey Forrest Stanley gives us an excellent performance. As Geoffrey's friend Tony James Gleason scores one of those successes we have come to expect from him. James Gleason is an actor the Alcazar will not willingly surrender; but it is easy to see that he is headed toward the metropolitan Great White Way. "Outcast" calls for a small cast. In addition to the three named there are only Henry Hall, Joseph Macaulay, Helene Sullivan, Marion Dentler and Elizabeth Ross. All of these conform to the high Alcazar standard. So does the production which is of that richness found only in plays mounted in New York or in O'Farrell street.

—Edward F. O'Day.

### "Oh, I Say" at Columbia

"Oh, I say," coming here with the reputation of having been the rage of London and Paris for two seasons, will surely bring a big house to the Columbia on Monday night when it is offered for the first time. This musical farce is an adaptation from the French and there is dash and go to every scene. All the members of the musical comedy company will be splendidly cast, and all the principals will have solos of a striking type. The big chorus will have

plenty to do, and the ensemble numbers will be gingery and effective. The farce abounds in highly amusing scenes played by Robert Pitkin, Arthur Cunningham, J. Humbird Duffey, Eleanor Henry, Dorothy Webb, Maude Beatty and the other principals. The story tells of a young husband who, on his wedding day, is suddenly brought face to face with the fascinating actress who engaged his affections some time before. Novel song features, dashing costumes, lighting and scenic effects are promised. Matinees are on Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday. This Sunday afternoon and night will see the final presentations of "The Midnight Girl."

### "The River of Souls" at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week an exceptionally fine bill with two headline attractions. The first will be Martin Beck's presentation of John E. Golden's Chinese drama "The River of Souls." Mr. Golden wrote "The River of Souls" for the last Lambs' Club Gambol. With his usual good judgment Mr. Beck recognized its fascination and merit and secured it for the Orpheum circuit where it has proved an immense sensation. It is a most engrossing one-act play. Felice Morris is credited with a wonderful performance of the leading feminine role Suey Sin Far (The Lily Flower). Those famous vaudevillians Bonita and Lew Hearn will be the other stellar feature. Bonita is known for her beauty and talent, and as an eccentric comedian Lew Hearn is in a



FELICE MORRIS

As Suey Sin Far (The Lily Flower) in "The River of Souls" Next Week at the Orpheum



class by himself. They are presenting "Bits of Musical Comedy." The Gomez Trio are exponents of Spanish dances. "The Statues" is a statuesque acrobatic novelty by four men and one woman. Joe Laurie and Aleen Bronson will return for next week only with their singing and talking act "Lost and Found." The Orpheum Travelogue will show Industries in Cashmere, Making Wine in Burgundy and Along the French Mediterranean Coast. It will be the final week of Dorothy Toye, the girl with two grand opera voices, and of Joe Cook and Jack Lorenz in their farcical hit "The Millionaires." With this programme Marie Cahill, the incomparable comedienne who is scoring a tremendous hit, will also say farewell.

#### Miss Boland in "Along Came Ruth"

Recently Mary Boland scored one of her greatest stage successes in the role of Ruth in Holman Day's charming play "Along Came Ruth." For this reason it has been selected by the management of the Alcazar as the second offering for the season of Miss Boland and Forrest Stanley, and it will receive its first San Francisco production next Monday night, with

the two stars in the leading roles. "Along Came Ruth" is a comedy drama of the up-to-date sort, although most of its characters are old-fashioned people in a small New England town. The cast is a long one and will enlist the services of all the Alcazar players, besides a number of specially engaged people. James Gleason, Henry Hall, Addison Pitt, Joseph Macaulay, Helene Sullivan, Marian Dentler and Elizabeth Ross will be among the principal supporting players, and among the extra people engaged will be several chosen for their particular fitness to the types they are to represent. The production which is along elaborate lines, will be handsomely staged by Addison Pitt from the models of the original New York production, for which the Alcazar management sent East. Anyone who misses "Along Came Ruth" at the Alcazar next week will miss one of the comedy hits of the year.

#### Emily Stevens at Cort

It is seldom we have the opportunity of passing judgment on a New York success before the play has been seen in the Eastern cities, but in the case of "The Unchastened Woman," with Miss Emily Stevens as the star, we will see the play some months before the larger cities of the East have the same opportunity. "The Unchastened Woman" is a comedy by Louis K. Ansbacher, an American author, which Oliver Morosco produced in New York seven months ago. It was a sensation. Miss Emily Stevens created her part as a featured member of Morosco's company, but before the end of the second week he had advanced her to a stellar position on account of the triumph she had achieved. Mr. Morosco presents Miss Stevens in "The Unchastened Woman" with the original New York cast with but two exceptions. The originals are H. Reeves-Smith, Hassard Short, Louis Bennison, Isabel Richards and Jennie Lamont and the newcomers are Emilie Polini and Ruth Rose. The production is said to be handsome and artistic. The play opens at the Cort Sunday night. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and on Saturdays.

#### Revue at Pantages

What is said to be the best all-round bill that has been offered here in months is scheduled for its opening at Pantages Sunday with "The Junior Revue of 1915" as the topping attraction. There are twenty-four talented young stars with the act and each has a specialty backed by an array of dancing girls. The production was gathered by the Woods Enterprises of New York City under the personal direction of Alexander Pantages and is the most expensive act that has ever been booked over the circuit. Last season one of the big laughing hits was an eccentric twain of funmakers named Clayton and Lennie who are returning with a new edition of their ludicrous skit. Howard, the inimitable Scotch ventriloquist, will offer his delightful character study entitled "At the Dentist's Office." The rest of the show will number Claire and Atwood, eccentric acrobats; Earl Taylor and Ethel Arnold in "Song Conceptions," Bert Ford, a novelty dancer, and the eleventh episode of "The Iron Claw."

"Did he marry her for her money?"  
"No—for her father's."

"Dad," asked the son of a lawyer, "just what is a test case?"

"A test case, my son," replied the father, "is a case brought to decide whether there's enough in it to justify the lawyers in working up similar cases."

## ALCAZAR THEATRE

PHONE KEARNY 2

Commencing Monday Night, May 29th  
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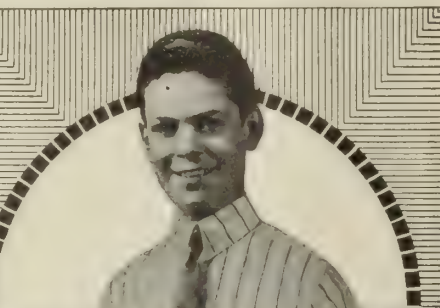
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Martin Beck Presents "THE RIVER OF SOULS," a Chinese Drama by John L. Golden; BONITA & LEW HEARN in "Bits of Musical Comedy," GOMEZ TRIO, Spanish Peasant Dancers; THE STATUES, Statesque Acrobatic Novelty; LAURIE & BRONSON, "Lost and Found" (Return for one week only); DOROTHY TOYE, the Girl With Two Grand Opera Voices; NEW ORPHEUM TRAVELOGUE, Last Week JOE COOK & JACK LORENZ in "The Millionaires."

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Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c



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Vincent Whitney, Mrs. J. O. Tobin, Mrs. C. Frederick  
Kohl, Mrs. Talbot Walker, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Miss  
Lena Blanding.



## Wanted: A Coalition of The Intelligentsia

(Continued from Page 6)

of the Magyar, and the Prussian Guard enters Walhalla with the Dublin Fusiliers. In the west we have demonstrated for eighteen months what happens when an irresistible force encounters an immovable obstacle; and in the east we have achieved a sensational victory for the one Power we were all agreed in despising as negligible: to wit, the Sick Man, alias the Ottoman Empire (solemnly guaranteed by treaty), after which reduction to absurdity of the whole business of modern war it is extremely desirable in the interests of civilization that we should begin to discuss the terms on which we are prepared to stop killing one another: it being understood, of course, we are all to return victoriously from the Congress bearing Peace with Honor to our respective electorates.

These two programmes seem to me to exhaust the alternatives to a simple fight for what the combatants can grab, which would not pay any of us; but Mr. Asquith may have a tertium quid up his sleeve, in which case I wish we knew what it is.

But suppose Mr. Asquith persists in treating us, the Intelligentsia, as the greatest babies of the lot, is there any chance of our coming to some concerted policy on our own account? I gather that we have some ideas in common, however we may loathe and despise one another in the traditional manner of literary cliques. Mr. Titterton, who claims that the Chesterton-Belloc clique is a party, and who asks the universe whether Mr. Julius West, a member of the Fabian clique who has dared to write a book about Mr. Chesterton from the Fabian point of view, is a Jew or not, without any apparent reply ready for the inevitable "What if I am?" except "Go to Jericho," really must, being human, have some larger intellectual stock-in-trade than the little collection of insults, flung about with prodigious literary dexterity, but without method or manners, which affronts the urgency of the times in the stirring pages of *The New Witness*. Mr. Asquith himself is not more reckless of everything except immediate effectiveness. Mr. Titterton has no doubt been intimidated by the fate of the Fabian clique, which tries to keep the Peace of Intelligentsia and is insulted by everybody for its pains. Then there is Mr. Wells, a clique in himself; Mr. Bennett, who trusts Mr. Asquith, but does not say why; Mr. Massingham, Lord Morley, Lord Bryce and the able and intellectually honest circle of which Mr. Lowes Dickinson and Mr. J. A. Hobson are among the spokesmen.

What is the greatest common measure of all these talented people? I don't know. Does anybody? When they utter themselves, I find that I agree with them much more than the Coalitionists even pretend to agree with one another. Why not, then, an intellectual Coalition? Are we clever people hogs, that we cannot confer like mere stupid gentlemen? I pause for a reply.

### Strictly Up to Date

A teacher was recounting the story of Red Riding Hood. After describing the woods and the wild animals that flourished therein, she added:

"Suddenly Red Riding Hood heard a great noise. She turned about, and what do you suppose she saw standing there, gazing at her and showing all its sharp, white teeth?"

"Teddy Roosevelt!" volunteered one of the boys.

## Letters

### Books for the Young Generation

"That's Why Stories" by Ruth O. Dyer. A collection of twenty-five short tales of the make-believe order. They are not fairy stories precisely, yet they will appeal to those little ones who are fond of exercising the imagination, especially to those just beginning to read alone. It is a handsome little book with illustrations, decorations and end-papers, and the artistic gold and green cover will make it a desirable possession.

"Truly Stories from the Surely Bible" might have been named *The Children's Bible*. The compiler, Margaret Howard, has selected and brought together all the stories of the Old Testament with which children were once made familiar in their earliest years. No changes have been made except in the omission of general matter not essential to familiarizing a child with the story itself. Young readers will reap the double advantage of learning the Scripture stories and at the same time becoming familiar with the clear and smooth language in which they are told. Though the design of the compiler was to meet the need of young children the "Truly Stories" will not come amiss to those of any age.

"The Red House Children Growing Up" is the last of a series of six volumes dealing with the affairs of eight brothers and sisters who were cheerful and contented in their poverty and unspoiled when they were raised to a position of comparative prosperity by the advent of an ideal step-father. Amanda M. Douglas is an experienced writer and she has avoided the mistake of keeping her characters stationary while their readers were advancing in years, so that the little flock who were at first half babies are now well on toward their careers.

"The Lance of Kanana" details the story of a Bedouin youth, son of a warlike Sheikh who, though an expert in all the manly exercises of his people, yet refuses to "become a man," that is, to engage himself with warlike enterprises. "Only for Allah and Arabia will I lift a lance or take a life." Branded as a coward and despised by his family, he yet proves himself to be the bravest of the brave, and by his courage, endurance, forethought and cleverness, does more than armed hosts. A good book for boys of any age.

"When I Was a Boy in Russia" is a valuable addition to that series of similar adventures which is added to whenever circumstances permit. The accounts are all written by those who have themselves lived in foreign countries as children and tell of the games, schools, occupations and interests that occupied their own early days. Vladimir de Bogory Mokrievitch is a political exile who, with his two brothers and a little sister, was born and lived his early years on an estate in Russia, and the descriptions of his home, the fields, the peasant-serfs and especially the schools, will hold the attention of readers of any age. The latter part of the book tells of the student life in the universities, the system of tyrannical espionage and the insulting brutality of the masters which gives an insight into the troubles which the students have so often fomented against the government. We are indebted to the author's daughter for a living translation.

"Girls of the Morning Glory Campfire" tells of the joyous time of a group of girls whose parents were in circumstances to indulge them with a summer vacation. As every one is now aware, Camp Fire Girls are the feminine of Boy Scouts, so the girls revel in Indian names,

Indian dress and pseudo-Indian ceremonies. They have a real good time and plenty of adventures without any sentimentality. Those who were juniors a few years ago will remember Isabel Hornibrook's unusually fine boys' book "From Keel to Kite," and welcome anything new from her pen.

"Midshipman Stanford" is another boy's book dealing with life in the U. S. navy and as the author, H. H. Clark, was for years connected with the service as a chaplain, he knows whereof he speaks. The difficulties which beset young Stanford when he sought to enter the Academy, how they were finally overcome, and the rules, regulations and traditions with which he became acquainted during his course, the trials and tribulations, as well as the triumphs are just such as will appeal to boy readers, though they will be fairly apt to skip the parts that concern the girl.

All these books are published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

### Bathing Suits

Perhaps a pretty poplin, or  
A taffeta affair,  
Or mohair with a polka dot,  
My pretty Bess will wear.  
So long as it's cut short enough  
I really do not care.

That coatees, trimmed with what-not, are  
Petite, dressmakers teach,  
Peplum effect with collar makes,  
I'm told, a perfect peach,  
But Bess, however clad, will be  
The sweetest on the beach.

It is a problem in my mind,  
One hard to understand,  
Why Bess's ankles, winters, are  
Considered contraband,  
Yet bathing suits in summer  
Show her legs to beat the band.

## The Lantern

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Intervals

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and Edward F. O'Day

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—It was a spotty market last week. The industrials were inclined to sag, but good support developed in the rails every time the selling was overdone and some railroad specialties showed a fair advance. This is just the market to create a big short interest. There is enough that can be said against certain securities to create a genuine bear sentiment. We have said a number of times, and we still believe, that it will be difficult to get up another real speculation in war stocks. You can have these spurts but there is not the general buying for any continued move. If one is asked an opinion on Crucible or Baldwin, it is impossible to give an intelligent one, for the facts published are too meagre for any logical deduction. It may be unpopular to bull the railroads, but as a matter of fact, outside of a few of the industrials, Steel and some others, they are the only securities on which you can give an intelligent opinion. If one should form an opinion from the tape, there are a number of industrials which ought to sell higher. Mexican Petroleum looks like one, American Car Foundry another, Steel another, and Central Leather another. The first owns property of merit. The second is one of the best, if not the best, of the equipment stocks. The latter show the earnings and pay the dividends. Two million more gold came in. The movement is likely to be large. This is always a good tonic for a bull market. The fact that most people do not believe in the market is another addition to the strength but the best of all are the underlying facts. There is nothing except talk to indicate peace, and it is really not responsible talk. Much of the selling is credited to a former large operator who is believed to have been dealing recently on the short side very heavily.

**Wheat**—The action of the wheat market suggests considerable nervousness over the increasing damage reports, although it cannot be truthfully said that public interest is proportionately as great as the seriousness of the situation would seem to justify. Abandoned acreage is reported daily from every one of the soft wheat States, and it is even thought that Kansas has begun a retrograde movement of some importance. Rains are reported almost everywhere, the moisture deficiency being relieved for the present in all the States. This is always a legitimate cause for apprehension and should be watched closely. Good crops cannot be raised without a certain amount of moisture, and it has been reported of late as deficient from various sections by the Government. This is one of the influences which is reported officially by the weather bureau and can be exempted from the charge of self-interest. Some of the reports, however, show plainly that they cannot be freed from this suspicion and receive no attention from the speculative community at large. Some show a wonderful ignorance

of vegetable and insect life, which brands them as worthless, and many are repetitions which have been given the public for many seasons. A recognition of these facts discloses the reason for skepticism and the consequent lack of enthusiasm over the annual agricultural anarchy. There is no question in our mind but that the Hessian fly will prove a serious menace to a normal wheat production this year, and in conjunction with other causes for deterioration, will result in much higher prices for this grain.

**Corn**—Liquidation finally made itself felt in corn, and prices showed considerable weakness all through the week. The continued weakness in wheat was too much for the bulls and when the weather turned more favorable toward the end of the week, the market began to slip. Receipts were rather small, but the total at primary points was larger than last year, and the Eastern demand was slow. Corn has been selling at fancy prices all season, and it is only natural to expect some liquidation at this season of the year. The new crop is going into the ground in good shape and an increase is talked of. We expect lower prices, believing that after planting is over, there will be a good run of corn to market.

**Cotton**—Less confidence in peace prospects, better weather conditions and a feeling that the June condition report will be higher than expected caused liquidation by Wall Street, and short selling by local operators, which caught a number of stop orders in July and October around the 13-cent level. Contracts were taken chiefly by trade interests and some of last week's short sellers. During the latter part of the session, short covering by local professionals caused a rally of about five to eight points. Spot markets in the South hold steady and show no signs of following the declines in futures. A good demand is met on all breaks and we think the decline has gone far enough. We would buy cotton on all such recessions, as we think prices will eventually work much higher.

## A Rural Industry

"What you want to do," said a San Francisco man to a San Mateo farmer whom he was advising touching certain needed improvements in and about his place, "is to have that mud-hole in the road fixed."

"You experts and reformers don't understand local conditions," said the farmer, scornfully. "Why, I've purty nigh paid off a mortgage with the money I've made haulin' automobiles out of that mudhole!"

## Fooled

A bold spring wind came by and blew

A skirt of shortened length,

And found it was upon a child

It wasted all its strength.

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#### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73004; Dept. No. 16.  
PRISCILLA ELIZABETH DALES, Plaintiff, vs. IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's wilful neglect of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
S. H. HANKINS & H. J. HANKINS,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
917 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-10

#### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73543; Dept. 10.  
SADIE BRADLEY, Plaintiff, vs. LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear on the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.  
SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-10

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ARCHIBALD HENDERSON MCGREGOR, deceased.—No. 20760; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will and Testament of ARCHIBALD HENDERSON MCGREGOR, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Messrs. Jacob Samuels and Oscar Samuels, Room 630 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ARCHIBALD HENDERSON MCGREGOR, deceased.

LAURA MCGREGOR,  
Executrix of the estate of Archibald Henderson McGregor, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 27th, 1916.  
J. SAMUELS,  
OSCAR SAMUELS,  
Attorneys for Executrix,  
630 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-5

#### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73611; Dept. No. 10.

KATHLEEN MARY GWILT, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's desertion, under Section 98 of the Civil Code, of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
HENRY L. CORSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
512-514 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 5-20-10

#### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71884; Dept. 10.

FRANZISCA AVI, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23rd day of February, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
F. W. HUBBARD,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1003 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-1-10

#### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 59410.

E. SEABERG, Plaintiff, vs. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.  
LLOYD S. ACKERMAN,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Nevada Bank Building,  
San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-10

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALEXANDER BURROWES, deceased.—No. 20812; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ETHEL BURROWES, Administratrix of the estate of ALEXANDER BURROWES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said ETHEL BURROWES at the office of her attorneys, West, Rafael and Curley, Room 1170 Phelan Building, 760 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ALEXANDER BURROWES, deceased.

ETHEL BURROWES,  
Administratrix of the estate of Alexander Burrowes, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 20, 1916.  
WEST, RAFAEL & CURLEY,  
Attorneys for Administratrix,  
1170 Phelan Building, 760 Market St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 5-20-5

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY J. GALLAGHER, deceased.—No. 20700; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of HENRY J. GALLAGHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorneys, Alfred B. Lawson and John Prosek, Room 214 Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY J. GALLAGHER, deceased.

CLARISSE O'CONNELL,  
Administratrix of the estate of Henry J. Gallagher, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 6th, 1916.  
ALFRED B. LAWSON and  
JOHN PROSEK,  
Attorneys for Administratrix,  
214 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-6-5

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Hub—Well—er—the holes are just the same.

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVII. No. 1241

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 3, 1916

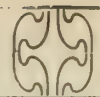
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Justice Lawlor's Fifth Opinion  
The Young Man From College  
A World's Fair Lion at Home  
How The President Gets Right  
Guilty—A Psychological Story  
The Clockwinder and The Senator  
Our Reformed Municipal Government  
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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.  
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**The Professional and the Amateur** Once upon a time a Powerful Pugilist sprang from his corner before the gong sounded. His prospective adversary, the Tenacious Amateur, taken by surprise, was knocked down before he had time to pull on his gloves. Though the Tenacious Amateur was not in good condition, having neglected to train, he rose to his feet and struck the Powerful Pugilist, who immediately kicked him below the belt. The spectators jeered, but the Powerful Pugilist made faces at them, and again kicked the Tenacious Amateur below the belt. Also he tried to asphyxiate the Tenacious Amateur, and much to the indignation of the spectators, who reminded him of the rules, he employed many expedients hitherto unknown to Fistiana, pausing only to remark that the rules were "only a scrap of paper." Though somewhat groggy the Tenacious Amateur kept on fighting. Presently the Powerful Pugilist showed signs of exhaustion, and then he called on the spectators to interfere. But as they saw that the Tenacious Amateur was getting his second wind they were in no hurry to stop the bout. They remembered that the Powerful Pugilist, though he started the fight, kicked and gouged from the beginning, and they thought it but fair that a little of his beauty should be marred before the end.

**The Governor and the Defense** Speaking to the Bar Association of Sacramento the other day Governor Johnson took occasion to resent well-merited criticism of the Industrial Accident Insurance Commission. He said that were he a poor man seeking damage for injuries he would rather rely on the Commissioners than on the justices of the Supreme Court. This is not at all singular. The Governor appointed the Commissioners. He had no hand in the selection of the justices of the Supreme Court. Hence the Commissioners are men after the Governor's own heart. Such men as Meyer Lissner, an ex-pawnbroker, and "Deacon" Pillsbury, a political hack, dominate the Industrial Accident Commission. As a consequence the Supreme Court is kept busy trying to do justice in cases through which the Gov-

ernor's henchmen tried to do politics. Naturally the members of this commission, like nearly all of the Governor's tax-eaters, have brought discredit on the Administration; and naturally Governor Johnson resents criticism of them, though in view of recent events at the polls it is certainly time for him to realize that his vehement vociferations are not likely to do him much good. At first they may awe and impress the dear people, but in time even the dull-witted mob learns to distinguish sincerity and commonsense from impudence and balderdash.

Not a word do we hear now of Judge Gary. He is not among the Roosevelt boomers. But his intimate friend, the Hon. William R. Hearst, is spreading his venom with all his papers. Hearst is for the German propaganda, but he violates no contract in being at the same time against every man who stands a chance of beating the Colonel. There are times when a man may serve two masters. So Hearst, who wouldn't lose the friendship of Judge Gary for the world, may boost the Kaiser on one page and Judge Gary's first choice on another.

Some of Colonel Roosevelt's friends are doing him grave injustice. They say that if the Republicans do not nominate him he will give himself another Progressive nomination. Yet the Colonel is today above all things a patriot. He has only his country's welfare at heart, and he regards the defeat of the namby-pamby professor as absolutely essential to that welfare. He knows that by splitting his party he put Dr. Wilson in the White House, and he knows all the deplorable consequences. He is now bewailing them. Yet he has friends who believe him to be so insincere as to be willing to repeat the trick.

**The Unexpected in France** The world has been viewing with amazement the fighting of the French at Verdun. The French have not only disappointed the Germans, they have been upsetting calculations at all ends of the world. Indeed, all through the war the French have been behaving contrary to form as laid down on the charts of the distinguished tipsters. France was not expected to be a match for Germany in any kind of fighting. The French, according to professors learned in eugenics, expert in psychology and versed in race temperament, were a frivolous people, much given to gaiety, and they had been deteriorating ever since the Napoleonic wars wherein the best blood of France was wasted on the battlefields of Europe. Were we not told just before the war that the French were a decadent people? Yes, there were doctrinaires like

David Starr Jordan who pronounced them hopeless. With the usual cocksureness of doctrinaires we were informed that the sons of twentieth century France were the pigmy posterity of the unfit who survived the conquests of the Corsican conqueror. Yet we find that the French spirit has not been broken, that twentieth century France is still the treasury of modern civilization. However, let us not rail at the doctrinaire of the class-room. Let us take the advice of Walter Pater by bearing with patience "doctrinaires of every degree of littleness." When the world becomes dimly conscious of its great sickness and weariness of heart it may turn for diversion to those who theorize about its unsoundness.

**Our Reformed Municipal Government** Why all this uproar about taxes? Has it not been demonstrated time and again that reform comes high? All California has been reformed, its politics purified, its system of government remodeled. California is in the lap of its Renaissance, and this is the golden age of the city serene, indifferent of fate. It's the golden age of politics. Politics have made times hard, to be sure, (here and in Los Angeles), harder on this coast than anywhere else on the continent, but otherwise San Francisco is a flourishing city, flourishing beyond the dreams of hard-fisted taxpayers. The luxuries of regeneration are not to be enjoyed without some trifle of expenditure. Good government is not to be achieved automatically. Ideals are not indigenous to the soil. They do not grow like wild flowers on the trackless hillside. They are like blessings that come to us with a task attached. We are enjoying a plethora of ideals, chief among them being direct government by which we got many blessings ranging from accident insurance to a municipal car line. Having banished the bad political boss and risen superior to traditional partisanship and made supreme a public opinion moulded by our incorruptible press, we are now in a state of mundane grace. All that we strove for in deference to the wishes of *The Examiner* and *The Bulletin* and other journalistic wise guys we are now privileged to enjoy. Let us not find fault then with the industrious Supervisors whom we increased in number and to whom we gave an increase of salary to ensure greater wisdom and greater honesty in legislation. The Supervisors with no professional boss to lead them, no selfish sanhedrim to insist on their living up to the professions of a platform (thus to make political capital for the organization) are now doing politics on their own account; and, as always, what is nobody's business is everybody's business with the usual results. Salaries



are increasing and taxes are soaring, but what a beautiful progressive city we have! The City Hall has been elevated morally to the level of the State Capitol, and the fundamental principles of our municipal government are the same as those that guide the dispensation at Sacramento. We ought to be supremely happy. Why suffer the mind to dwell on so sordid a topic as taxation? Let us regard as imperative, if typical, such cases as the case of Supervisor Walsh who has a boulevard to build for his constituents. The property of these constituents was somewhat impaired by a tunnel that raised values elsewhere. We all see now that it was a mistake to build the tunnel; that a road skirting the hills would have been better for all concerned, especially for the owners of property on the hills, but the speculators in remote real estate promised to do lots of advertising in the newspapers, and it would have been political death to a supervisor, or to the Mayor, to deny the wishes of the tyrants of the press. So let us be fair and help Walsh along with his constituents. The money may be easily obtained by reducing the park allowance. Who cares for the park? If we are going to worry about trifles and make clerks unhappy by refusing to raise their salaries, what state of mind shall we be in four years hence when we begin redeeming Hetch-Hetchy bonds at the rate of a million a year? It is evident that actual property valuations must continue to drop to the level of the Assessor's figures.

One of President Wilson's admirers has observed that the chief of the current back-action dispensation has been oftener right on the big and important questions of the day than any of his contemporaries.

Proof of this is supplied by a writer in the Portland *Spectator* who has compiled a list of big and important questions on which our President has ensured himself against error by the simple expedient of a change of base. All of these questions Mr. Wilson has been for or against, and, in either case, with equal certitude. As none of these questions has more than two sides the President is perhaps justly to be credited with having been oftener right than any of his contemporaries. The questions listed are fourteen in number. Among them are the questions with respect to the initiative and referendum, the single presidential term, free canal tolls, a tariff commission, preparedness, etc. Is there any of his contemporaries with so nimble a mind as Mr. Wilson's? Of course there is the Colonel, but it would be unfair to compare the two, since the Oyster Bay politician was a longer time on the job and consequently was blessed with more opportunities than have fallen to the lot of the shifty professor. Perhaps it should be added that there is this difference between them: that whereas the Colonel knew when he was right the professor has always had to depend on conjecture. The professor doesn't know

yet whether it would be well for the country to engage in the shipping business; and he doesn't know exactly why Son-in-law McAdoo is so crazy to buy ships and run them at the expense of the dear people. At first he represented that it was because the war had congested our ports with shipless cargoes and made private capital afraid to go to sea. As a matter of fact private capital was preparing to invest in ships on an enormous scale when the Administration scared it off with the threat to enter the Government as a competitor in the shipping business. In those days the President talked of buying all the ships of belligerents interned in our ports, but when this amazing statesman who has kept us out of war learned that the McAdoo enterprise would plunge us into war he took the matter under advisement. Now the great argument of urgency is no longer urged, but the Administration remains nevertheless intent on floating fleets at public expense. The reason now given is that we ought to have ships for the sake of having auxiliary naval vessels. So while there is a bill to which the President has remained steadfast and true, it is not exactly the same bill, nor are his reasons for recommending it the same that gave him his first spasm of enthusiasm.

#### The Young Man from College

This is the season of the year when young Mr. New College Graduate joins that vast herd of superior people who have acquired what is loosely called an education. He is now ready to acquire experience, and if education has not spoiled him, in time he may accumulate knowledge that will be of some benefit to him. What he has learned from books, to be sure, will do him no harm if his mind has not been enfeebled in the process, as sometimes happens. Book-knowledge has a tendency to make young men shrink from the fatigue of thought and take kindly to second-hand ideas. Hence the preponderance of ready-made men in the world. This is the age of the big store. There is the big store that supplies machine-made clothes to fit men and women of an average length and breadth. There is also the big store called a university where there is a ready-made stock of phrases, attitudes, commonplaces, prejudices and habits of thought. Does anybody want a word or an idea or a line of conduct? Let him go to the university. Hence the popularity of mediocrity, for education is now a fetish. There are people who love mediocrity for its own sake, and most of them have sat at the feet of our Gamaliels, the professors who made it a great virtue to be just ordinary. Consider the popularity of certain novelists who write best-sellers. They are proud of their mediocrity, having found it profitable. If my books are trash, says the resentful novelist, why do they sell? The question is easily answered. They sell because of the large number of ready-made readers who like their own notions to be echoed back and reinforced in print. The really successful author thinks along

the dead level congenial to the ordinary man. He never pens a line that is out of the common. To do so would be to lose popularity. His words must be flat, his ideas sufficiently well-worn to make a hit with the man from Suburbia who has been to college, the man whose staple of conversation is the automobile. Every young college graduate is versed in the mysteries of the automobile. The college graduate nowadays betrays his training by exposing his enthusiasm for conversation on automobiles in their variety. But let us not belittle the evidences of scholarship that are won on Commencement Day. Let us not regard book-knowledge as something to be despised. Even the things we learn and forget are not without benefit to us. They assist in training and developing the mind. Cultivation therefore is consistent with a great deal of ignorance. And after all ignorance of a kind is not so lamentable as some folk fancy. There are great barren tracts in almost everybody's range of information. There are few people who do not betray a blank in some point where we have assumed them to be well informed. The only ignorance to be ashamed of is not conventional ignorance, ignorance of facts; it is ignorance of one's limitations. The wise men are those who know how little they know. The intolerably ignorant are those who presume to discuss matters of which they know nothing.

#### Speaking of Infinity

Once upon a time scientists condescended to be facetious. They tried to lighten the gravity of their dry-as-dust discussions with quips and jests, but now they write for the daily papers and approximate the dulness of a Sunday supplement. Here is one of them talking to us of the infinite with all the solemnity and sobriety of a Woodrow Wilson presiding at a meeting of the Cabinet. Infinity is as far from the mental grasp of a cultured citizen as from the lowest savage. It is a region inhospitable to the mind of man. It evades the most cunning meshes woven by the intellect. It renders meaningless the mathematician's most carefully prepared formula. The difficulty lies in our unfamiliarity with the astronomers' units of measurement. When we pass from our own system to the stars, there is at once need of other units of measurement. The vast distances of the stars have to be measured not in millions of miles or in multiples of the diameter of the solar system, but in "light-years," the space traversed by light in the course of a twelvemonth. The complexity of the cosmos is overwhelming. This we know. However, it is gradually becoming apparent that there is some order in cosmic motion, and therefore it is less bewildering than the President's Mexican policy. But there is nothing to inform our conception of infinity. We know only that it is an appalling reality and that the cosmos in its numerical and spacious relations is as far removed from our capacity of apprehension as Germany is from her coveted place in the sun.



## Varied Types

CCLXXXIII—S. PONTON DE ARCE

By Edward F. O'Day

"One day we found a Harvard graduate sweeping the streets of Buenos Aires. We made up a purse and sent him home."

Thus speaks Stanley Ponton de Arce, a business man of this city who returned recently from the capital of the Argentine.

It is the custom to paint the Argentine in the glowing colors that attract the ambitious American youth. To hear the popular tale told, fortunes may be had for the asking in the Argentine. It is the land where Opportunity does not pause to knock, but walks right in and fills your pocket with gold. A steamer ticket to the Rio de la Plata is an open sesame to wealth.

The Harvard graduate whom Mr. de Arce found wielding a broom in the streets of Buenos Aires had listened to the siren song which makes the Argentine an El Dorado. He was mighty glad to get transportation back to "God's country."

"There are many such cases," continues Mr. de Arce. "Five or six young Americans came to my office asking for help. The awakening from a dream of wealth had been rude. They were broke. They wanted to go home."

"It is pathetic to see the young fellows who arrive in Buenos Aires on every steamer from New York. They leave home with little except the steamer fare. In many cases they have given up good jobs to make a new start in the city of which they have been told such wonderful stories. In nine cases out of ten they speak no Spanish."

"The fact is that in Buenos Aires the competition is as keen as in New York. To get along there you must go with a tangible proposition. You must have good backing. You must have enough money to support yourself while you are biding your time. To disabuse young men of their false ideas about the Argentine is to do them a real service."

"The Argentinos do not like Americans. Our people are not popular in Buenos Aires. American business has a very bad name there. The business men of the Argentine have no confidence in the business men of the United States. And there is a reason for this lack of confidence. Commercially the Argentinos despise us. They think that Americans are unreliable. At least ninety per cent of the business houses where I called said that they had no trust in American business houses, that they had been 'stung' every time they did business with us."

Here I may mention that Mr. de Arce went to Buenos Aires as the representative of leading manufacturers, packers, growers and importers of the United States. Let me name some of the houses he represented: American Sugar Refinery of New York, Borden's Condensed Milk, Griffin-Skelly Co. of San Francisco (fruit packers), Clemens Horst of San Francisco (hops), E. R. Durkee and Co. of New York (spices and condiments), Monterey Packing Co., M. Phillips and Co. of San Fran-

cisco (rice), Pacific Coast Syrup Co., Thos. Kensett and Co. of Baltimore (canned oysters and vegetables), New Bedford Cordage Co., Paul F. Beich and Co. of Bloomington, Ill. (candy) and the Hood River Apple Growers Association.

"Let me give you a typical instance of the manner in which Americans do business with Buenos Aires. The representative of an American firm went there to sell a French sardine which his firm handled. His samples were perfectly satisfactory, and he got many orders. One of these orders was for two thousand cases. The firm he represented insisted on getting its money in advance through a credit established in a New York bank. When the shipment arrived they proved to be, not French sardines but the ordinary American sardines packed in cottonseed oil."

"I know of so many instances of that sort that I do not hesitate to say that over fifty per cent of American houses doing business in the Argentine are guilty of the same sort of dishonesty. This charge must not be made against such concerns as the Standard Oil, the Deere Implement people or in fact any of the big steel concerns, the machinery, barbed wire people et cetera. But it applies to the American firms who have been filling orders for the food products hitherto supplied to the Argentine by English, French and German concerns. The war is giving us the opportunity to get our share of this valuable trade, and this is how we are acting."

"And the American houses which deal honestly with their foreign customers are handicapped by the lack of shipping facilities and the prohibitive freight rates. All the freight from New York to Buenos Aires goes in English bottoms. If some of the ships are under the registry of neutral countries it is a subterfuge. The ships are English, and the freight rates are prohibitive. Perhaps there is method in this, for England is shipping to the Argentine despite the war and does not want the United States to get so good a customer. The freight rates from Europe are seventy-five per cent cheaper than from New York, although the distance is about the same. And even if you are able to give the Argentinos a c.i.f. rate (cost plus insurance and freight) which is satisfactory, it is almost impossible to ship on account of the lack of tonnage."

This, I dare say, is a condition American shippers would not be facing if the threat of the La Follette Bill and the President's shipping bill had not discouraged the building of American ships.

"Business is beginning to be exceedingly dull in the Argentine," continues Mr. de Arce. "There has been a fine wheat crop, but England has managed to force the price of wheat below the cost of production; and as England is Argentine's only outlet for wheat hard times have ensued. There have been several big failures in Buenos Aires."

I asked Mr. de Arce what impression John Barrett makes in the Argentine. Barrett is the Washington bureaucrat who is supposed to be the godfather of American business in the Latin republics.

"Barrett is a big bag of hot air," says Mr. de Arce. "He ought to be suppressed. When Barrett goes to Buenos Aires he is feted, win-

and dined. But he learns nothing about trade conditions. If he went among the merchants to solicit business and got called down for being an American, as has happened to me, he would have a different idea of the situation. American business methods have so disgusted the Argentinos, they have so many instances of bad faith to tell that there were times when I was ashamed to admit that I was an American. John Barrett is not in touch with these conditions. John Barrett is a false alarm."

"The hope of the future insofar as American business with the Argentine is concerned lies in the good work being done by the National City Bank of New York. About two years ago this bank established a branch in Buenos Aires under the management of John H. Allen. This branch acts as a commercial agency for American houses seeking business in the Argentine. It has helped to do away with the policy of payment in advance for merchandise shipped from this country, the shortsighted policy on which American firms sought to insist. From this institution, not from men like John Barrett, American houses will learn the things they must do to hold Argentine trade. And there are many things for them to learn. They must learn to follow shipping instructions. They must learn to accommodate themselves to the conditions of a trade which is different from home trade. But above all they must learn to deal honestly."

Mr. de Arce says that Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo's faux pas at Callao made a very bad impression in Buenos Aires, and throughout South America. It will be recalled that Secretary McAdoo was expected at a fine banquet in one of the clubs of Callao. He did not appear, and at the last minute it was discovered that fear of the bubonic plague had deterred him from landing.

"That slight intensified dislike of Americans throughout South America," says Mr. de Arce.

Mr. de Arce told me many interesting things about Buenos Aires. He told me, for instance, that there is no such thing as a prohibition propaganda there.

"It is a city of 1,800,000 inhabitants," he says, "and it has 6,500 grocery stores, all with saloons attached, and an equal number of saloons and cafes. Yet I never saw a drunkard in Buenos Aires."

"The Argentine produces wines equal to our California wines. Such a liquor agitation as we have here is inconceivable in the Argentine."

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## Perspective Impressions

Humanity is the President's rink, and he is skating on thin ice.

Perhaps we shall need a League to Reënforce the League to Enforce Peace.

Does the President think he can get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas?

Say, Mr. Supervisor, what about your pre-election promise to keep taxes down?

"I did not come here to discuss a programme; I came only to avow a creed." Thus President Wilson in his speech before the League to Enforce Peace. The President believes in the efficacy of faith without works.

"San Francisco is not distinguished for moral worth or devotion to spiritual ends," says the Rev. George Burlingame. We should worry about what Burlingame says! The clever author of "The Outcast at the Christian Door" put Burlingame in his place.

Every day the politicians make the Windy City windier.

"You are an old-timer in San Francisco?"

"You bet I am. I remember when we had the dollar limit."

With his unerring instinct for the dramatic, Colonel Roosevelt is once more in the centre of the stage with a new situation to unfold whenever suspense requires stimulation.

Is there anybody outside the President's little circle who takes Carranza seriously? Yes: Carranza.

"Show me a man of words who knows how to incite noble deeds," said Henry Ward Beecher. Too bad Henry didn't live to meet Woodrow.

The idea of policing the world to prevent war is excellent—in this generation. But the world has a habit of moving on and forgetting the lessons of the past.

What has become of the President's order to take Villa dead or alive?

Spring Valley threatens to raise the price of water, thus supplying another argument against prohibition.

All hands agree that Elihu Root is the fittest man. At the same time it appears to be taken for granted that the electorate of this enlightened Republic is partial to second-rate men.

While worrying about the future of our country wouldn't it be well to reflect that the President of the United States is usually chosen in an orgy of the emotions by several hundred small-fry politicians assembled in an atmosphere of hysteria?

As it was a dull Monday the Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant of New York got on the front page by pronouncing the doom of all women who mind their own business. Percy is a peach.

## The Truth About England and Germany

Effect of the Blockade in One Country and of the Submarine in the Other

"There appears to be no doubt," says a writer in The Nation of London, "that even under present conditions as established—even without fresh reports of advance on any front—Germany is doomed." He adds: "This is not to say that no such efforts should be made; for we need not only to end the war, but to hasten that ending by all means in our power." According to this writer, it is Germany's internal need, and not the intelligence of strategical conceptions, which is driving Germany to litter the slopes of the hills before Verdun with innumerable corpses. He declares that all evidence which is not official or smothered with official misrepresentation shows a nation, after twenty months of war, tormented by bad or insufficient food and filled with a great longing for peace. The Allies undoubtedly believe that famine is fast approaching in Germany. They have great faith in the blockade, but at the same time there is considerable worrying in England, for submarine warfare is having its effect in that country. The situation clearly involves the question, which of the two countries—Germany or England—is better able to stand the strain.

"When Grand Admiral von Tirpitz planned his submarine campaign," says a London journalist, "he saw in prospect a state of things which is gradually beginning to assume capital importance in Germany. The war on our commerce by German ocean raiders had broken down; and seeing that we had in our hands the power to bring great pressure to bear upon Germany, if not, as he suggested, actually to starve her, he initiated the submarine campaign to starve us. Thus crudely stated, the true incidence of both policies is missed. The British 'blockade' aimed at first only at contraband, and only later at foodstuffs. The German blockade always aimed, in the words of von Tirpitz, at cutting 'off the greater part of England's food supply.' Yet each is producing effects far beyond its primary aim."

According to this writer the British blockade is bringing its pressure to bear not only mili-

tarily and economically, but even domestically; and the German campaign of sinking at sight every vessel within range, no matter of what nationality and no matter what function it is fulfilling, is perhaps the gravest factor in the present phase of the war. He declares that the submarine campaign has become a thing to be reckoned with. "With our usual political slowness," he says, "we have chosen to concentrate on the far slighter and less urgent problem of military recruiting at the moment when a much greater emergency is at our doors." Its gravity, he declares, has naturally increased by mere continuance. England could not go on losing vessels which were not replaced without feeling the effects in various ways. But it has become far graver by acceleration. The first three weeks of the new campaign did not show great results. But since then the toll has been heavy. The returns for the week ending April 13th showed a loss of thirty-one vessels with a tonnage of 85,000. This was the largest week's loss since the submarine attacks began, and it is considerably greater than the average monthly loss by mines and submarines for the period up to March 23rd. What is the cause of this acceleration? Before it began there were fantastic accounts of new submarines of wonderful size and armament. They were supposed to carry guns heavy enough to be able to cope with armed merchantmen. Their radius of action was said to be much greater, and their capacity was to be large enough to enable them to take part in active hostilities for an extraordinary period. There is no evidence to bear out any one of these predictions. No vessel since March 1st has been attacked by gunfire, and the sort of rhythm in the action of the submarines suggests that they are not appreciably different in capacity from those described by Rear-Admiral Grant to the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives as in use last year. Their greater success seems to be due to a considerable increase in numbers, to greater skill and daring, and to the casting of all

scruple to the winds. Clearly, if submarines remain no longer above water than to sight their prey, and then attack at once, the problem of coping with them is extremely difficult. In the vast majority of recent cases, no submarine has been seen at all. The dropping of mines is another way in which the submarines have added to their earlier successes.

That the problem they create is serious enough it is impossible to deny. Retail prices have risen 50 per cent, and there is a growing embargo upon imports. So England has a blockade problem of her own to give her deep concern. But all the while Germany is approaching the verge of starvation. The wealthy are getting enough to eat, but scanty are the doles to the poor. The food riots in the cities demonstrate that.

Austria, although less is heard of her, is in a more dolorous plight than Germany. They have forced every man into the army up to fifty-five. And in Turkey, while a bad privation extends over Asia Minor, in Constantinople people are actually dying of starvation in the streets. Read the German papers—except some of the advanced Socialist journals—and all is well, save for the everlasting combat between town and country interests. Read Bethmann-Hollweg's speech, and only a close scrutiny discloses the fact that while pretending to speak on possible terms of peace, he is really pleading with the German masses to keep quiet, and informing them that if the blockade is chastising them with whips, Herr Asquith will chastise them with scorpions. But behind the scenes! What is going on there? We are not without material for conjecture. Occasionally a letter comes through.

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# Hatred Dying Out

By Robert McTavish

Now that Germany has turned Pacifist Americans are winning recognition as a pretty decent people. Already a prediction which I made a year or more ago is coming true. My prediction was that before the end of the war German hatred of us would die out. When I made that prediction we were hearing a lot about German hatred. Hearst was preaching it to us and pointing out to us how important it was for us to be good. When I made light of it, and suggested that it was bad taste on the part of the hyphenated hereabouts to lament our obtuseness and try to frighten us with threats of a terrible thing called German hatred, some very ferocious correspondents wrote to me on the subject. At that time the Teutonic armies were driving the Russians back, and the Allies were having a hard time of it; so hard that Von Papen thought that Americans were fools inasmuch as they could not see the winning horse and put their money on him. Now, apparently, a great change has come over the German spirit. From the sentiments emanating from Germany these days it appears that the fools were not Americans at all. Some of those German professors (there were ninety-three of them) who signed a prevaricating letter in the early days of the war, are now admitting that they were fools. Yet we were told they were the brainiest men in Germany. Their letter exculpating the Kaiser and their Government caused worldwide bewilderment and merriment, but for an American to challenge it was to rouse the indignation of the average German in America. But now here comes Dr. Max Planck of the University of Berlin, permanent secretary of the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences, retracting in a letter to Professor Lorentz of Haarlem the extravagant language with which the Allies were denounced. Professor Planck was one of the signatories. In

his opinion, he says, which is an opinion shared, he adds, by his colleagues Harnack, Nerust, Waldeyer and Williamowitz-Mollendorff, the letter should be attributed to the patriotic exuberance of the first weeks of the war.

The other day Ambassador Von Bernstorff made public the fact that he had issued instructions to all German consuls in this country to advise Germans living on American soil to obey the laws of the country. Now it occurs to me that this eminent diplomat was a fool to delay those instructions so long. More than a year ago I thought that certain hyphenated Americans were fools, to neglect expressing their resentment of the words and conduct of prominent leaders of Germanic societies in this country, and I said so, and my observations were received with disfavor. I called particular attention to a Henry Weissmann who was making himself very conspicuous in July, 1915. Standing on a platform in Utica, on which the American flag was draped beneath the reassuring motto "United and Strong: German to the Marrow" he declared that President Wilson had "violated his oath of office," was a "political bankrupt" and a "dupe of Wall Street pirates." Good taste and knowledge of the law were displayed in about equal proportions by this amiable adviser of neutrals. Among other things Mr. Weissmann said he would be glad to go to Germany "which can afford to be magnanimous in this great war." There were many of us who felt in those days that it would be a happy solution of a number of vexatious problems if all who put "German to the Marrow" above the flag were to speed their departure for the land that absorbed their sympathy, their interest and their high respect.

Now it is not for the purpose of taunting anybody that I am reminding my readers of the

things that shook the faith of Americans in the success of their melting pot. That would be a mean thing to do. Throughout this great war I have insisted that the real friends of Germans of American citizenship were not the Benedict Arnolds of American journalism who encouraged hyphenates to do the things that Von Bernstorff in his belated communication to consuls would dissuade them from doing. I have insisted that their real friends were loyal Americans who warned them of the future and urged them to frown down insulting and boorish propagandists. And I would suggest that as they ought now to be able to distinguish their true friends from their false they ought also to be able to avoid blundering along the same old lines. We hear a great deal these days of the German vote. Formerly Americans were not disturbed or disquieted when they heard about the German vote or the Irish vote or any vote that implied an allegiance that was not American, but during the war they have been doing some thinking on the subject. When they saw hyphenates organizing fake peace societies to oppose American national defense they got badly worried. They wondered whether an attempt was to be made to Kaiserize our Government. To be sure, it was a case of their judgment being befogged by the success with which public men were intimidated in cities where the German element was large and by seeing the efforts made to dictate our foreign policy. Resentment of the activities of foreign-born citizens organized to further foreign interests has been growing steadily, and we have seen this sentiment crystallizing in the new Roosevelt movement. Roosevelt may not succeed in capitalizing this sentiment to the desired extent, but even so the sentiment will wax unless the fuel with which it is fired be withdrawn from the political furnace.

## Guilty

By Bernard Capes

The jury, after many hours' deliberation, filed back into their box; the prisoner was brought up from the subterranean cell in which he had been temporarily lodged; the judge, promptly summoned, resumed his seat, the expression on his features grave but impassive, betokening a foregone conclusion. The clerk of the court stood forward:

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed upon your verdict?"

"We are," the foreman spoke it, a suggestion of nervous defiance in his tone. The judge, arranging papers on his desk, looked up quickly.

"Do you," said the clerk, "find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty."

There was a moment of intense silence. All eyes were turned in amazement on the ex-prisoner. His lordship, scanning the double row of furtive, ineffective faces, uneasily conscious of his scrutiny, shrugged his shoulders scarce perceptibly, and spoke, drily:

"The accused is discharged."

The attendant warder opened the door of the dock.

"Come, clear out," he said, gruffly sotto voce.

But the prisoner did not move.

"D'ye hear—you?" said the warder. "Clear out."

But the prisoner remained motionless.

"Call the next case," said the judge, irritably

beating with his foot on the floor, "and remove that man."

And then the prisoner spoke—or something spoke for him:

"Guilty!"

Just that one word; but its effect on the whole court, lay and official, was electric. The man had been accused of a crime, the abomination of abominations; his guilt had appeared "open, gross, palpable," without one extenuating circumstance; he had stood arraigned, and reasonably convicted, before the world, a world of obscene ferocity. And no one had doubted the issue—not the judge, not the public, not the prisoner, it seemed, himself. That final iniquity of an acquittal had recoiled even upon his head; he was forced, by something higher than himself, to refute it. His counsel had fought a strenuous fight for him against long odds; and his counsel in the end, having heard the verdict, leaned back in his place, an advocate shocked almost to the death. Only the jury, stupid men with theories of pacifism, theories of false humanity, theories of weak indulgence towards unspeakable wrong, remained faithful to their perversities, a shifty, comfortless crew of cranks, but obstinate in their resolve to outrule the heaven to which the multitudinous cry for vengeance had gone up. An ill-chosen lot; and now out of their own lying mouths condemned:

"Guilty!"

He stood up there alone, and did not move—a tall figure; a strong, pallid, evil countenance, with its moustachios pricking upward like a devil's pitchfork. In the falling dusk of the February afternoon only that white face seemed the prominent object, hung ghastly in the air like a suspended death-mask. All the rest was shadow and obscurity.

The eyes of the thing appeared to glare with a living fire; and once more, and for the third time came from its lips the monotonous, self-damning word:

"Guilty!"

The whole court rustled like a hive; here and there a minute irresistible cry broke from its congregated members. Then all was tense silence again, as the voice of the judge, formal, sharp, imperative, took up the tale of order:

"He is discharged; he can leave the dock; why does he not go?"

There was a little flutter of disturbance about the steps leading to the cells below, and a barrister, coming hurriedly across the court, mounted the dais and whispered urgently in the judge's ear.

"Nonsense," said his lordship aloud, and, looking across at the dock, gave a visible start, and was silent. The prisoner in that moment had disappeared.

(Continued on Page 17)



# Poems About San Franciscans

XXVIII—NORA MAY FRENCH

By George Sterling

("The Ashes in the Sea" George Sterling calls this poem to the memory of Nora May French. It is from Sterling's third volume "The House of Orchids." Nora May French was born at Aurora, N. Y., April 26, 1881, lived and wrote in San Francisco, and died by her own hand at Carmel-by-the-Sea, November 14, 1907. Her ashes were scattered in the Pacific Ocean; hence the title of this tribute. Nora May French was a singer of rare powers. Her poems were edited after her death by Henry A. Laffer.)

Whither, with blue and pleading eyes,—

Whither, with cheeks that held the light  
Of winter's dawn on cloudless skies,  
Evadne, was thy flight?

Such as a sister's was thy brow;

Thy hair seemed fallen from the moon—  
Part of its radiance, as now  
Of shifting tide and dune.

Did Autumn's grieving lure thee hence,

Or silence ultimate beguile?  
Ever our things of consequence  
Awakened but thy smile.

Is it with thee that ocean takes

A stranger sorrow to its tone?  
With thee the star of evening wakes  
More beautiful, more lone?

For wave and hill and sky betray

A subtle tinge and touch of thee;  
Thy shadow lingers in the day,  
Thy voice in winds to be.

Beauty—hast thou discovered her

By deeper seas no moons control?  
What stars have magic now to stir  
Thy swift and wilful soul?

Or may thy heart no more forget

The grievous world that once was home,  
That here, where love awaits thee yet,  
Thou seemest yet to roam?

For most, far-wandering, I guess

Thy witchery on the haunted mind,  
In valleys of thy loneliness,  
Made clean with ocean's wind.

And most thy presence here seems told,

A waif of elemental deeps,  
When, at its vigils unconsold,  
Some night of winter weeps.

## The Spectator

### Justice Lawlor's Fifth

Senator Gus Hartman wearing a straw hat, a mauve tie and spats of a premature lemon shade was the apparition that thrilled the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock last Wednesday morning. Using the key as a brace against a wall of the pendulum room the clockwinder gasped. "Gus, you look like the longest day in June," he said. "Why so glad some?"

"I'm celebrating," said the little Senator.

"Celebrating what?"

"Judge Lawlor's fifth opinion."

"Do you mean to say he has written another one?"

"Yep—the fifth. This makes five in twenty months. But he's still about ninety behind."

"Poor fellow! What a tragedy! I'm really sorry for him."

"Sorry?" Senator Hartman ejaculated. "Sorry? You don't need to be sorry for him. It's all right to be sorry for the other judges who on Lawlor's account are nearly half a year behind with their salaries, and who need the money, but don't be sorry for Lawlor. He's as happy as a flock of seals in a salmon run."

"But," said the clockwinder, "he must be as badly off as the other fellows. If they can't draw their salaries, neither can he."

"That may be," said Senator Hartman, "but I haven't heard of him borrowing any money. Evidently he doesn't need any. The little fellow is prosperous. It's a great thing to be the people's judge."

### In His Own Propria Persona

At this moment the door opened, and as so often happens in well-made drama, who should appear but the subject of the conversation himself—the Hon. William Patrick Lawlor.

"Hello, judge," said the clockwinder cordially, "just talking about you, h'm?"

Senator Hartman nodded to the little jurist, and smiled like a gargoyle that had been carved for an undertaker.

"We were just talking about your consecutive fifth," said the clockwinder.

Justice Lawlor smiled.

"But I hear," said the clockwinder, "that you're still about forty behind."

Justice Lawlor frowned. "Let's talk about the weather," he suggested." The water front

scold at once grew stern. "No, judge," he said, "I'll not talk about the weather. I prefer to talk about you. You know I'm interested in you. Besides I feel a certain responsibility, having stood for you in the old days. My friends are horselaughing me. They tell me you're kind of kidding this job."

"Kidding it?" exclaimed Senator Hartman in amazement.

"Pretending that it's easy for him," said the clockwinder.

Senator Hartman guffawed.

"Behave yourself," said the clockwinder, scowling at the cynical statesman. "I'm talking to Judge Lawlor as a friend. I want him to realize his position and get down to hard work."

Senator Hartman roared with laughter till the tower shook from flagstaff to foundation stone.

### Medicine for the Jurist

"What are you laughing at?" the clockwinder demanded.

"At you," said Senator Hartman. "Get down to hard work!" And he guffawed again. "Why, the judge is working himself into the grave. He's under a doctor's care now. The trouble is he doesn't get anywhere. The reason is he doesn't know how."

At this Judge Lawlor, exploding with rage, rose to his feet and strode out of the room banging the door after him. Turning to his friend the statesman the clockwinder reproved him in his best manner. "Now you've spilled the beans," he said. "What do you mean by insulting my most distinguished guest?"

"I didn't mean it," Senator Hartman pleaded. "What I really wanted to do was prescribe for him. He doesn't need a doctor. He needs a lawyer like me."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that if he wants to brace up his constitution he better read the Constitution of the State. I don't practice in the Supreme Court, but I know what ails that little skate. The Constitution is in section—in, let me see—section—"

"Four of the sea wall?"

"Four of—no, no—stop your joshing. Section four of Article VI—it says that whenever

any justice of the Supreme Court is for any reason disqualified or unable to act in a cause pending before it the remaining justices may select one of the justices of a district court of appeal to act for the time being in his place."

As he finished Senator Hartman stood up, apparently well satisfied with himself.

"Well?"

"That's all," said the Senator. "Get your friend to put that up to his associates, and before long they'll all be drawing their salaries and litigation will be moving along. Of course if he wished to do the decent thing he'd resign and quit drawing a salary that he isn't able to earn."

### What Caused the War

According to a story going the rounds, it appears that the great Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California, was responsible for the great European war. As the story runs, the Crown Prince approached his father, the Kaiser, and asked him to reveal the true cause of the war.

"Was it Nicholas?" asked the Prince.

### Economy and convenience in new glasses.

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"No, my son," replied the Kaiser.

"Was it England?" continued the Prince.

"No, my boy. I know, but I don't like to tell you."

"But I insist on knowing," declared the Prince. "Was it the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand?"

"Not that, either," replied the Kaiser. "Do you remember a number of years ago when Benjamin Ide Wheeler visited me in Berlin? Well, at that time I showed Dr. Wheeler my big guns, my ammunition plants, my Zeppelins and all my equipment ready for mobilization. He was impressed, and, slapping me on the back, he said, 'Great! You can lick the world,' and like a darned fool I believed him."

#### Sex Knowledge of the Young

Dorothy Dix is at Waukegan, reporting the trial of twenty-year-old William Orpet for the murder of seventeen-year-old Marion Lambert, the school girl with whom he had had guilty relations and of whom he died. In an article on this trial Dorothy Dix has called attention to the amount of knowledge concerning the "secrets of life" which is possessed by young school children. They not only have this knowledge, she says, but they use it in conversation in the most cynical manner. She also says that there have been other intrigues between Waukegan school children besides that of Orpet and the Lambert girl; and she quotes Orpet as remarking that his sin consisted in being found out. Dorothy Dix places the blame for this appalling condition where it belongs—on the parents who think that their duty is done when they send their children to school and do not take the pains to ascertain how they are conducting themselves during the hours they spend away from home. She might also have pointed out that the condition exposed by the Orpet case slants a queer light upon the activities of those who demand more sex knowledge for the young, demand it indeed in the interest of purity.

#### Young Girls and Birth Control

That the young already possess more sex knowledge than is good for them all sensible people who have eyes to see with and ears to hear with must be aware. But there is one subject of which they know less than of other subjects connected with sex, and that is the subject of birth control. That steps are being taken to provide the young with this knowledge seems clear from what happened in New York recently. At an open air meeting in Union Square the unspeakable Emma Goldman protested against the arrest of her affinity Ben Reitman who was given sixty days on the island for distributing sex control pamphlets. When she had finished Leonard Abbott, Bolton Hall and others who accompanied her distributed three thousand pamphlets entitled "Why and how the poor should not have many children." Speaking of this meeting the

Telegraph said: "There was a riot yesterday afternoon in Union Square—a riot of three thousand men and women, boys and girls, due to the effort of each to obtain one of the pamphlets handed out by Emma Goldman and a band of birth control advocates. . . . Many of the listeners stood about the square reading the pamphlets, and it was noticeable that many of them were young girls who did not appear to be more than 16 or 17 years old. Eagerly they scanned every page, from the beginning to the end, before they left the spot, and this phase of the distribution—the fact that the pamphlets had been put into the hands of young girls—brought some criticism from bystanders." The World also emphasized the fact that many of the pamphlets were given to young girls. When the distribution was concluded, and before she drove away, Emma Goldman said: "I hope to see the day come, and I fully expect to, when methods for birth control will be for sale in every 5 and 10-cent store throughout the country."

#### Others Active Too

There are others besides Emma Goldman and Ben Reitman engaged in this birth control propaganda in New York. One of them is Rose Pastor Stokes, the anarchist who married a millionaire. She made a speech in Carnegie Hall in which she explained the various means of birth control. "It was a gay occasion," said Town Topics, "for the stenographers, chorus girls, shop-women and others who would clothe themselves like Sheba's queen at the expense of their chastity were the chances of embarrassing consequences and responsibilities minimized. . . . It was a pretty sight to see a nice, refined Socialist telling how the oldest profession in the world may be pursued without any more consequences than those that may come hereafter—and they are too hazy and immaterial to be taken into consideration." The writer wonders if Rose Pastor Stokes' wealth saved her from being arrested as Ben Reitman was.

#### The Goldman Pamphlet

The pamphlets which Emma Goldman distributed in Union Square, New York, is not unknown in this city. The notorious anarchist put it in circulation here during her last visit, and made speeches embodying its contents as well. It would be impossible to give here even a syllabus of its contents. It cannot go through the mails. For sending a similar pamphlet through the mails Mrs. Margaret Sanger, another advocate of birth control, came into collision with the Postoffice authorities. This woman is coming here soon to lecture on birth control under the auspices of a birth control society which has been in existence in our midst for some time. There is a hot controversy raging concerning the right of married people to be acquainted with the methods of birth control outlined in these pamphlets. There can be no

controversy as to whether children should be given this information. Yet Emma Goldman placed her pamphlet in the hands of young girls at a meeting in the streets of New York.

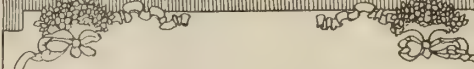
#### Lines Against Birth Control

I have seen the case against birth control stated in many carefully reasoned editorials, but it has remained for a woman who signs herself "Citizeness" to blast its advocates in a withering piece of free verse. "Citizeness" does not mince words; she cannot on such a theme. I shall quote her lines because I think they deserve circulation. I take them from William Marion Reedy's St. Louis Mirror where they are prefaced with the following quotation from Fabre d'Olivet: "There are no innocents other than those who are opposed to crime; those who allow it share it." They run thus:

#### CONTRA-CEPTION

By Citizeness

Sometimes in Philanthropy's garb,  
Sometimes under Charity's mantle  
Or invisibly cloaked in Religion,  
But now in the plain, commonsense,  
Smart, natty and utilitarian  
Strictly tailor-made, right up-to-date  
Costume of Social Service,  
Cometh the Devil to whisper.  
"Why should the rich and the idle  
Alone learn the golden secret  
Of keeping the babies at bay?  
Come ye committees all glowing  
With ardor to lift up the slum-woman!  
Tell her the news—Contra-ception!  
The great modern Social Uplifter  
Who lops off the branches of evil  
And leaves the sweet root all untouched  
For the old, old desired delectation.  
Say! the sensual man, over-sexed,  
Abnormal, degenerate and selfish,  
You can keep in good humor, cajoling  
A fairly good living out of him.  
'Tis a bird of ill-omen—that stork.  
The threat of the babies removed



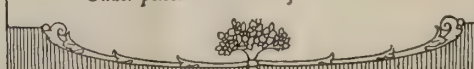
## Tetchau Tavern

### Eddy & Lowell

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Attune to it is the quiet solicitude, the  
friendly concern for your every want  
and mood of the dining hour; such is Cor-  
dial Service at the Tetchau Tavern, a  
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trons are constantly surrounded by an  
air of refinement and respectability. In-  
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Ad horum goes on the sea and  
 You need put no trust upon it.  
 Marriage may be one long day.  
 And Public Opinion will back you.  
 No 'safety first' bother will haunt you.  
 'This is the Life' be your motto!  
 You women are caught in a trap—  
 What must be for men is your bondage.  
 You're in prison, you cannot get out,  
 But we'll give you more up-to-date cells,  
 And a jailer indulgent and smiling.  
 It's nature for women to pay—  
 'Tis world-honored, man-honored custom,  
 Men call it 'the Easiest Way.'  
 But don't pay any more with the babies—  
 Contraception is here—it is Magic!  
 A black art perhaps, but Efficient—  
 Let the Ethic take care of itself.  
 Fools tell you you'll lose a good weapon  
 Against an incessant invasion.  
 A hateful, pernicious invasion  
 Of body and soul and being—  
 That lust and more lust will devour you,  
 Devitalize body and mind,  
 Excess will eat into your spirit  
 And your last state be worse than your first;  
 That the evil unclean once let loose  
 Can never be chained up again;  
 That the woman's ideal of love  
 Will be swamped in a fetid mass  
 Of tainted desires and facts—  
 Half-truths all a-limp on their half-ness.  
 'Tis all hypocritical lying  
 When it's not antiquarian humbug.  
 Puritanic damp-cloud ideality.  
 As for continence, only the Lady  
 Philadelphia would ever suggest it.  
 No genuine male will stand for it  
 To any degree whatsoever.  
 Moderation's a stupid chimera—  
 He wants what he wants when he wants it.  
 Cheat nature—just baffle and blight her,  
 You can fill up her place with devices.  
 Yes, we promise you, slum friends of ours,  
 To overcome evil add evil  
 And plenty of good will follow."

Thus the Devil in solemn conclave  
 With Social Reformers assembled.  
 At some of his recommendations  
 They paled, and sat up and took notice—  
 Even ventured a palpitant protest.  
 But they finally strained out the gnat,  
 (Some gnat, be it freely admitted)  
 And by dint of much gagging and gulping  
 They finally got down the camel.  
 Then Satan a-weary of playing  
 The plain-clothes devil, and acting  
 For respite from caudal restriction  
 In decent, respectable garments,  
 Salaamed himself out of the council.  
 Digging himself in his cheviot ribs  
 He covered his gargoyle grin with a claw,  
 Muttering under his sulphur breath  
 "By the Hell Powers! Ain't they easy!"

Envoi.

The zeal of thine house hath eaten Me up.

#### Casement and the Almighty

The American author Poultney Bigelow has just published in the New York Times a series of letter written to him in 1914 by his old friend Sir Roger Casement. The letters throw a great deal of light on Casement's mental processes. The longest of them, written from New York in August, 1914, contains the following: "If the Almighty has a drop of Protestant blood in his veins he will be on the side of Germany in this war." Aside from the blasphemous character of the utterance it postulates something which must surely give such Irish Catholics as are Sinn Feiners and pro-Germans the material for an unpleasant line of thought.

#### A Dinner to Rucker

Another of the famous Cliff House dinner parties took place last Monday evening when Samuel N. Rucker was the guest of honor at a

roundup, chiefly of members of the Olympic and Family clubs. At this dinner was celebrated a Rucker birthday. Which one nobody knoweth. Sam Rucker doesn't shout his anniversaries from the housetops. But as it is a matter of general knowledge that in the dim past he was Mayor of San Jose the supposition is that he is far from being as young as he looks. The fact is that Mr. Rucker made his appearance on the public stage at a very early age. He was the youngest Mayor the State has ever known; and, as in the case of the infant prodigy, his friends remember principally the time that has elapsed since his debut. This was so at the banquet the other evening, which was a very enjoyable affair. William F. Humphrey was toastmaster. Among the speakers were Willard Bachelder, William H. McCarthy, Major Charles E. Stanton, Theodore Bonnet, John Tait, William A. Lange and Daniel M. Hanlon.

#### The Prophet of the War

Four years ago, in a remarkable prophecy. Romain Rolland, author of "Jean Christophe," predicted the outbreak of the cataclysm. "The fire smouldering in the forest of Europe," he wrote then, "was beginning to burst into flames. In vain did they try to put it out in one place; it only broke out in another." "All Europe—Europe that only yesterday was sceptical and apathetic, like a dead wood—was swept by the flames. The world felt that it was at the mercy of an accident that might let loose the dogs of war. Europe looked like a vast armed vigil." The great writers of Britain, secure in an island sheltered by "triumphant seas," never experienced or even anticipated that sense of inevitable destruction, which was discovered everywhere abroad—the knowledge, almost instinctive of the imminent catastrophe, the approach of the whirlwind and the breaking of the seals, and the "thunder of the trumpets of the night." The other day Romain Rolland issued another work (Above the Battle) which he calls a protest. In this work he hurls reproach and defiance on Germany, and he ascribes the war to "the evil marriage of idealism and German force."

#### "Do Not Break the Bridges"

Rolland expresses in this work the wish that France will fight without hatred and "regard even those against whom she fights as misguided brothers." He hopes for forgiveness and reconciliation. "There must come a day," he says, "when you will stretch out the hand of friendship across the Rhine. You will have to establish supportable and humane relations." "Do not break down all the bridges, since it will ever be necessary to cross the river. Do not destroy the future."

#### Teddy's Mistake

"We regard the hyphen as a bar sinister drawn across our national coat of arms, and we don't intend to permit it to remain there." Thus Colonel Roosevelt in his speech last Saturday at Sagamore Hill. The Colonel's erudition seeks to embrace everything from whiskered birds to Byzantine logothetes, so it is no wonder he makes a slip once in a while. If the Colonel knew a little heraldry he would not speak of the bar sinister. There is no such thing in heraldry as the bar sinister. The term embodies a vulgar error. In heraldry a bar consists of two

parallel lines drawn horizontally across a shield. A bar cannot be sinister (meaning left) or dexter (meaning right). The correct term is bend sinister. A bend is a band drawn aslant the shield. When it is drawn from the left upper corner of the shield to the right lower corner it is called a bend sinister; when it is drawn aslant from right to left it is called a bend dexter. So the Colonel's figure of speech falls to pieces, for a hyphen may be likened to a bar but a bar cannot be sinister.

#### The Convent Singer

Mr. C. E. W. Griffith, the Shakespearian reader, gave one of his audiences at St. Rose's Academy a pleasant surprise when he prefaced his lecture with an original poem "The Bells of Monterey." The poem was written by Sister M. Rosalia, O. S. D., who was present when Mr. Griffith read it. Sister Rosalia is not only a teacher at St. Rose's, but also a graduate of the academy, one of her classmates having been the late Mrs. Hilaire Belloc. Sister Rosalia belongs to a San Francisco family. Her sister is Mother Louis, the superior of the Dominican nuns in California. "The Bells of Monterey" is a beautiful poem which ought to be set to beautiful music. It is a pleasure to be allowed to publish it.

#### THE BELLS OF MONTEREY

Comes to me across the headland,  
 Through the mist of dashing spray,  
 Comes the soft appealing music  
 Of the bells of Monterey:  
 Mission bells of Monterey,  
 Twilight bells of Monterey,  
 Comes the pealing softly stealing  
 Of the bells of Monterey.

In the blaze of sunset's glory,  
 Palm and pine, and hill and bay,  
 Tell again the wondrous story,  
 Of the bells of Monterey:  
 Evening bells of Monterey,  
 Twilight bells of Monterey,  
 All the glory of the story,  
 Of the bells of Monterey.

Senorita, caballero,  
 From the past so far away  
 Last from out the deepening shadows,  
 To the bells of Monterey:  
 Sad sweet bells of Monterey,  
 Mournful bells of Monterey,  
 To the rolling and the tolling  
 Of the bells of Monterey.

Once again comes saintly Serra,  
 Blesses hamlet, grove and bay.  
 And a holy silence hushes,  
 All the bells of Monterey:  
 Vesper bells of Monterey,  
 Holy bells of Monterey,  
 Falls night and peace and starlight,  
 On the bells of Monterey.

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# Among Our Artists

Edited by Edward F. O'Day

## Great French Posters

The exhibition of French war pictures at the Palace Hotel is rich in posters. Famous poster artists like Steinlen, Leandre, Roulbot, Neumon and Willette are represented by posters that deserve to live, and doubtless will live. It is easy to see that the poster artists of Paris are serving their country well. They have dedicated their art to patriotism and charity, and these noble virtues have ennobled their art. They are the champions of the war widow and the war orphan. What tenderness they show when depicting the stricken women and children! One of the Steinlen posters is called "The Belgians Are Hungry." It shows half a dozen pale, emaciated figures. One of the women is in mourning. Her face is drawn; her eyes seem to have been drained of tears. The little children are wan from starvation. This appeal must have been irresistible. A poster by Roulbot shows a bearded soldier leaving home for the front. He turns and waves his handkerchief to his family. His wife with a baby on her shoulder gazes after him. His little boy in a soldier cap, holding a wooden sword, waves to him. His little girl holds up a tiny French flag. This poster is powerful in its simplicity.

## Those Left Behind

Not all the heroes are in the trenches. These poster artists remind us of heroes left behind. Roulbot shows us two pretty children, a boy and a girl, selling badges in the street. They are chubby, black-eyed youngsters. They are raising money for the "permissionnaires," as the soldiers on furlough are called. They hold out their wares with the appeal: "That papa may have a furlough." A poster by Jules Adler is called: "These also do their part." It shows a line of aged peasants at a cashier's window in a bank. They are bringing their little hoards of gold to contribute them to the war fund. A wounded soldier stands guard at the window. The heroism of these old folks is not lost on this veteran. A poster by Forain is called "Do not forget those who are cold." It shows an elderly artist and his wife in a big, bare studio. The hearth is without fuel, and they are shivering. It is a picture of desolate misery. A poster by Redon shows another phase of Paris life. A six-day "permissionnaire" enters a restaurant. Doubtless he is without relatives and penniless. A smiling, white-haired gentleman rises from his seat and invites the "poilu" to sit down. A lady seated at the table smiles her welcome. There is a steaming fowl on the table, and two bottles of wine. That soldier is to have a good meal.

## Gay Posters

Some of these posters are quite gay. One by Willette is called "Alone at Last." The soldier on furlough has come straight from the trenches to the workshop where his pretty, buxom wife or sweetheart is employed at a sewing machine. He clasps her in his great arms, hugs her to his breast and kisses her. Equally vivacious is a poster by Faivre showing a soldier marching along under an immense load of equipment. Despite his burden there is a happy grin on his face. He is saying: "Heavy you say? Why, I've got my kid's picture inside!"

## A Tribute to Raemaekers

Neumon has a poster tribute to the great

Dutch artist Raemaekers who has more than once put Holland's neutrality in jeopardy by his powerful anti-German cartoons. It represents Raemaekers as stepping out of a round Holland cheese. His pencil is poised like a lance, its sharp point menacing the life of Germany, represented ludicrously as an old woman with yellow pigtails and pendulous breasts. She is on her knees, with hands raised in supplication, and there is a look of ridiculous terror on her face. She calls Raemaekers "comrad," but he pays no heed.

## Satire and Sorrow

There are cartoons in this collection which are fine examples of that difficult department of art. One shows the Kaiser in a captured and ruined church. He is looking at a crucifix that is propped against the wall. He is asking himself: "Is it copper?" Another shows the Kaiser on horseback viewing a battlefield strewn with German dead. There is a look of displeasure on his face as he gives the order: "We must try to economize our victories." A cartoon of a more sombre sort is called "At Berlin: the Victory Over the Lusitania." It shows a German couple at a second-story window. Their flag is out, and the balcony is adorned with holiday lanterns. They are smiling broadly as they say: "And we were only twelve against two thousand." There seems to be a reproach for France in one of Steinlen's Serbian cartoons. A woman clad in funeral black stands at the edge of a cliff looking out over the water. Her infant is wrapped in the folds of her black shawl and clasped to her breast. This is the figure of Serbia, and she is saying: "Sister Ann, do you see nothing coming from France or Italy?" Another cartoon shows a mother with her young daughter. They are standing near some soldiers and are looking at the battered ruins of a peasant's cabin. The little girl has her face hidden in her hands. "Why does she cry?" asks a soldier. "She recognizes the house," answers the mother. The poignancy of this lies in the fact that to all but the eyes of love that ruined house would be unrecognizable. Another cartoon shows peasant women with their poor belongings returning to a shattered and burning village. "Why do you return?" asks a soldier; "they are still shelling." "After all," answers one of the peasant women, "there is no place like home."

## The Humor of War

The French newspaper artists have not neglected the humor of war. They remember that folks must be cheered if they are not to succumb to agony and horror. Here are many funny trench scenes. The French soldiers make

souvenir rings from German shells. That fact explains the remark of a "poilu" sitting composedly in a trench watching a shell speeding overhead. "That will be plenty to make rings with," he says. Kind women in Paris make a practice of adopting "godchildren" in the trenches. The "godchildren" are soldiers without relatives who would receive no letters, no dainties and no pin money were it not for these "godmothers" in Paris. One of these pictures shows a jolly soldier who believes that turn-about is fair play. "You are writing?" asks his companion. "Yes," he answers. "To my godchild. I have adopted a civilian." Then there is a soldier in a trench who has gotten hold of a newspaper and has been reading of the high cost of living at home. "The high cost of living," he muses. "And here death is to be had for nothing!" Still another picture shows soldiers standing up to their knees in water in a flooded trench. "What if it should freeze tonight?" says one of them. "So much the better," answers another; "we can sit down." Another picture shows two soldiers chatting in their dug-out. "I hope they hold out," remarks one. "Who?" asks the other. "The civilians," is the reply. Then there is the picture of a "poilu" sitting on the branch of a high tree and making an observation with his field glasses. Below him are four German soldiers taking careful aim and peppering away at him. "Stop shooting," he tells them, "or I'll come down and give you a swift kick." Perhaps one of the most amusing is that which shows three soldiers playing cards in a half-shattered trench. A bombardment is going on, and one of the gamblers turns to look at a shell that bursts almost at his elbow. "Pay attention to the game," says one of the other gamblers; "are you going to play or not?"

## Kiddies Playing War

A charming series of pictures shows French kiddies playing war. In one of these some soldiers address the infant warriors. "So, kids, you're playing war, are you?" "We can't," is the answer. "No one will be the Germans." In another the game of war has been interrupted by a dispute, and one of the baby generals says: "To settle matters, each one will be General Joffre in his turn!"

## On Free Exhibition

These pictures are all on free exhibition. There is no fee of any sort to be paid by those who go to see them at the Palace. The exhibition is open morning, afternoon and evening, and will continue until next Wednesday inclusive. The Harvard Club which has placed them on exhibition deserves warm thanks for giving us this treat.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## The Status of Anasagasti

Last year no visitor was more feted at the public and private entertainments given in honor of Exposition officials than Horacio Anasagasti, the tall, handsome commissioner from the Argentine. Anasagasti was a lion in officialdom, a pet in society. Our World's Fair directors kow-towed to him on account of his official position; our haughtiest hostesses sought him out on account of his muchly heralded wealth and social prominence. As the saying is, he went everywhere. Not to know him argued oneself cut off from society. He was the talk of the tea tables too, for he was held up to admiring view as an eligible bachelor who might perhaps be captured by one of our most exclusive belles. Anasagasti did not seem to talk much about himself. Yet we came to know many things concerning him. We learned that he was enormously wealthy, a manufacturer of automobiles who had made millions in Buenos Aires. We learned that he was as welcome in the aristocratic drawing rooms of Paris as in those of his home city. We heard, and believed, that Horacio Anasagasti was a very great personage indeed. But now I find that we were wrong about his status. Whether we deceived ourselves or were deceived I do not know. Perhaps the former. For we are not merely gullible; we are imaginative, and invent great careers for strangers who would not dream of inventing them for themselves.

## A Garage Owner

Horacio Anasagasti, I learn from one who is familiar with Buenos Aires, was the owner of a garage in that city at the time he left there to assume his official post in San Francisco as commissioner of the Argentine at our World's Fair. It was not one of the biggest garages in Buenos Aires, either. While he was in San Francisco this garage failed, I am told, Anasagasti's liabilities being \$246,000 in Argentine money wherein a dollar equals forty-four cents in our coinage. I am informed that this was the third business failure of the handsome Horacio. I am told also that Anasagasti is not prominent socially in Buenos Aires. But he has political influence, and that accounts for his appointment as commissioner to the Exposition.

## Gladys Sullivan a Graduate Nurse

On Friday of this week Miss Gladys Sullivan, the daughter of Frank J. Sullivan, became a

graduate nurse in New York. She received her certificate after completing the 11-weeks' course at the Y. W. C. A. in minor surgery, the care of children, invalid cooking and first aid nursing. Miss Sullivan is now on her way back to this city, and her plans for making use of her professional knowledge are still unsettled. She has many times expressed a desire to go to France, and it is possible that she may join the band of devoted American women who are tending the wounded and the helpless orphan children in Paris. Miss Sullivan has been deeply interested in medicine and surgery for two years. Every time she made a trip to the East she stopped at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, the Morgan Maternity Hospital in New York or elsewhere for special study. She is a splendid example of the girl born to great wealth and social position who refuses to regard society as in any sense a career. She has mingled in society, but her profound interests were elsewhere.

## Her Charitable Endeavors

Miss Sullivan has known how to direct her charitable endeavors along practical lines. To her efforts is due the maintenance of St. Margaret's Club on California street, a club where working girls live in pleasant surroundings, paying only a nominal sum for their rooms and board. It will be recalled that when Miss Sophie Treadwell of the Bulletin made the series of investigations which resulted in the writing of "The Outcast at the Christian Door" St. Margaret's Club was one of the few places to which she gave unrestricted praise. No matter how carefully a club of this sort is run there is bound to be a deficit, and the deficit at St. Margaret's has always been paid from Miss Gladys Sullivan's purse.

## A Successful Hostess

Last year Miss Sullivan spent four or five months in Washington with her uncle and aunt, Senator Phelan and Miss Mollie Phelan. This was during the brilliant Washington season when Senator Phelan was entertaining lavishly at his magnificent home. Miss Phelan is not strong enough to undertake all the strenuous duties of a hostess, so these fell upon Miss Sullivan. She performed them in a manner which won the greatest admiration from the exacting leaders of Washington society; and had she so desired she might have had one of the gayest winters

of any belle in the capital. But she contented herself with dispensing hospitality at Senator Phelan's home, and rarely accepted the invitations which were showered upon her.

## The Sullivan Children

All the children of Frank J. Sullivan have shown a deep interest in the serious things of life. Miss Ada Sullivan gave up society to become a nun. Mrs. Frederick Murphy (Alyce Sullivan) is continually engaged in quiet charitable work. Noel Sullivan with every opportunity to be a "young man about town" prefers the studious cultivation of music. It is said that he was drawn to the study of music by his desire to engage in choir singing, for like his sisters he is deeply religious. He has a carefully trained voice which has been heard several times in recitals, always for some charitable cause. It is a remarkable family, the sort of family which should not be forgotten when sweeping statements are made about the heartless frivolity of society people.

## The Bostwicks Returning

So the Harry Bostwicks are coming back from the Orient! And Harry is now a millionaire! This is good news to many people hereabouts: not merely the news of the good fortune, but the news that the Bostwicks are returning, for the Bostwicks are people for whom their friends have a genuine affection, and they all knew how sad Mrs. Bostwick felt when she was going away, for she had no idea they would be returning so soon. The probability is that it was on account of his wife's feelings that Mr. Bostwick rushed the deal in hand. An ideal husband is Harry Bostwick, and it would be an easy matter to make a bargain with him if prolonging the deal meant the keeping of his wife from home.

## To Wed an Easterner

Friends of Mrs. John S. Merrill are telling of her engagement to a wealthy Easterner. The handsome widow has lived almost in retirement at her Atherton home since the death of her husband some years ago. The fondest relations exist between her and her husband's people, and they are delighted at the new hap-

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piness which has come into her life. Mrs. Merrill was Miss Olive Snyder of Oakland. She appeared for about a year under the name of Charlotte Beckwith at the Tivoli sixteen years ago. She made a very pleasing impression but gave up her promising career to marry John S. Merrill who fell in love with her when he saw her on the stage. She is a sister of Mrs. Snyder-Johnson who has made a success as a singer in vaudeville and musical comedy, and she has one child, Frances, an attractive little girl of fourteen.

#### Mrs. Mulcahy Returns

Mrs. Richard E. Mulcahy has returned home after having spent the winter with friends in New York and Florida. Mr. and Mrs. Mulcahy have opened their country home at Atherton. Dr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Bailly and Mr. and Mrs. G. Allan Hancock, the latter of Los Angeles, were their week-end guests.

#### Miss Mejia Takes the Veil

Leonore Mejia has followed the example of Ada Sullivan, Pauline Ivancovich and many other society girls; she has renounced the world for the spiritual life. The daughter of Frank J. Sullivan joined the Carmelite order; the daughter of the Ivancovich family is a sister of the Holy Family; Leonore Mejia is to take the veil in the order of the Sacred Heart. Her girl friends were pleasantly fluttered one day last week when they received cards from Miss Mejia which looked like engagement announcements. They read, and learned that their friend was on her way East to answer a spiritual call. Miss Mejia will enter the convent of the Sacred Heart at Kenwood, New York. She was educated by the nuns of the Sacred Heart, at Paris and Menlo, so the choice is natural. There are three Mejia girls: Leonore, Coralina and Elvira. They are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Encarnacion Mejia. Their father is consul for Salvador. Ever since their advent in San Francisco society they have been beloved. Leonore Mejia will be missed.

#### At the Cecil

Bridge is proving one of the chief diversions at the Cecil. Mrs. Lloyd McCormick and Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt, two charming army matrons

who make their home at the hotel, gave a bridge tea Friday. There were five tables in play, and several friends dropped in later for tea. The party took place in the Pompeian room. The management gave a bridge Monday evening, followed by a chafing dish supper. Over a score of guests participated in the affair. Among those present were Colonel and Mrs. Lloyd McCormick, Captain and Mrs. Richard O. Crisp, Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Doyle of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer S. Highley, Mrs. Charles Ryland, Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt, Mrs. J. O. Watson, Mrs. D. R. Keith, Mrs. Eugene Davis, Mrs. C. W. Harter, Miss Blanche Harcourt, Colonel William Hart, U. S. A., and Mr. C. H. Haswell. Among the prominent Easterners at the hotel are Mr. G. H. McKibbin, Miss Mildred McKibbin and Miss S. L. Orton of New York.

#### At the Palace

Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard Jess and A. I. McCormick, Angelenos, were recent arrivals at the Palace Hotel. Jess is vice-president of the First National Bank of Los Angeles. McCormick, an attorney practicing in that city, was retained on behalf of the government in the cases for recovery of oil lands in California. J. L. Williams, assistant cashier of the Irving Bank of New York, is a guest. He has been attending the annual convention of the California Bankers Association at Fresno, and is now touring the State. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson S. Robinson from New York, with much baggage, maid and valet, are at the hotel, traveling for recreation. He is senior partner of Robinson Allen and Hoy which has a large and lucrative practice in corporation law in New York, where its offices are on Wall street in the heart of "big business." The Robinsons' city residence is in Central Park West where homes come high. They have a country place up-state near Canton. Nelson Samuel Robinson is a trustee of St. Lawrence University, member of Harvard Law School Association and of the Bar Association of New York. Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Kenyon are at the hotel. He is an architect at Minneapolis. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Whalen are registered. He is a man of affairs from Vancouver, B. C. Mr. and Mrs. E. V. D. Cox and family from Flushing, N. Y., and Jno.

A. Rice who is interested in silver mining at Cobalt, Ontario, are also guests. V. B. Hodgson, director of the Guatemala Bank, Guatemala, is a guest. W. E. Gerber, banker at Sacramento, who is credited with almost being Armour & Co. in California—he is said to supervise or keep an eye on all the Armour interests in this State—is at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Fordyce from Boston and M. Yasumoto, a Japanese financier who came from New York were among recent arrivals.

#### Kindergarten Party at St. Francis

A delightfully Japanesque character was given the party in the Hotel St. Francis kindergarten in honor of little Mary Louise Boos, just before her departure for Los Angeles. The color scheme and decorations were Nipponese throughout and the favors were umbrellas and dolls. Everything that is done in this school for "poor little rich" girls and boys is a picture. The children entered the kindergarten dancing to music of the old-fashioned minuet. Then very ceremoniously Mary Louise was presented with a flower basket, and assumed her place of honor at a prettily arranged collation. The programme which consisted of a series of folk, fancy and solo dances and graceful gymnastic exhibitions, carried out the distinctive plan of picture poses. Soletta Manassee in solo dancing; Jack Chepard in recitations; Doris Kirschner in readings; and Mary Louise Boos and Gerald Dow in dancing were notably clever. "Sweet Pea Ladies" was sung by the children in chorus and impersonated by Helen Snow, Mamie Blethen, Doris Rogers, Jean Stewart and Patricia Game.

#### At the Tavern

Techau Tavern is the correct place these late days of the spring season. "Cordial Service" is the phrase for the perfection of dining facility and kindly service there. One cannot find a more colorful and interesting center of the city's throbbing life. At noon the Hurry Up Lunch for the business man is maintaining its hold on the merchant and man of affairs. In the evening the dining hour sees a bright and happy spectacle set in perhaps the most fetchingly ornamented cafe interior in the country. There is dancing for the guests, with the Fashion Revue and a whole bevy of pretty, clever girls.

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## "The Unchastened Woman"

By Edward F. O'Day

Hubert Knolys hated his wife Caroline. She did not return the compliment, but concentrated all her hate on Emily Madden with whom Hubert had made the one lapse of his married life. Thorough in everything Caroline Knolys completely succeeded when she set about ruining Emily. She was not punished for the havoc she wrought. She remained "the unchastened woman."

Hubert was a wealthy New Yorker. His fashionable wife was rich in her own right. Had she been dependent on him their married life might have been different. But if there ever had been love between them it was dead beyond all hope of resurrection. He went his way; she went hers. His way led him into an adultery which his wife discovered. Her way led along the ugly path of that unchastity which surrenders everything except the body. She was a heartless, tantalizing coquette.

Marriage was a convenience for Caroline Knolys. The New York courts would readily have given her a divorce on the ground of her husband's infidelity. But she wanted no divorce. It did not suit her purposes; it would have suited her husband's admirably—a very good additional reason for not getting it. Much as her husband desired freedom Caroline gave him no grounds.

Then she met Lawrence Sanbury, a young architect with his way to make in the world. She met him in Italy, and they came home together. She brought him to her house which needed remodelling, and installed him there for the work. When Hubert Knolys saw Lawrence Sanbury he said to Caroline: "Your latest seems to be a lightweight." He was worse than that; he was a damned fool.

This is not harsh language. Lawrence Sanbury was married to an earnest young wife who was working hard to forward her husband's career. Lawrence began to forget his wife Hildegard. He let Caroline insult her. He listened when Caroline told him he was too good for her. He philandered with Caroline. He became her "tame cat." He was a damned fool because all this was not done out of any overmastering passion for Caroline Knolys, but because he thought it was the road to success.

Hubert Knolys let this philandering go on. He had no way of stopping it, wouldn't have stopped it if he had a way. It gave him the opportunity he wanted. Finally he was ready to act. He had a perfect circumstantial case for the divorce court. There had been no guilty act, only a kiss which Lawrence gave Caroline and repented of immediately. But

Hubert Knolys had a perfect case for any court just the same: a week in Italy, the two travelers inseparable on the steamer homeward bound, the married man installed in the Knolys household while Hubert Knolys was out of New York, luncheons and dinners tete-a-tete downtown and finally a meeting at Lawrence Sanbury's apartment.

No wonder Hubert Knolys gloated. Divorce would hurt his wife's social position. The circumstances would make her a subject of ridicule. To this extent it would chasten her. And it would make him free. Not free to marry again—just free, free from a beautiful hell-cat with an irritating golden smile and a maddening silvery laugh.

But complications ensued. Emily Madden who for a short time had been Hubert's mistress, was engaged to marry Michael Krellin. The affair between Hubert Knolys and Emily Madden had been brief. It had been a tender illicit love affair. It had terminated as some such affairs do, with no bitterness and no regrets. Hubert had told Emily that if ever she needed his help she might command it, with no strings attached—just for auld lang syne. And Emily knew he meant it. Theirs had been that kind of affair.

Emily was a friend of Hildegard, the wife of that damned fool Lawrence Sanbury. Lawrence invited Caroline home to lunch one day. That was the sort of man he was. Caroline accepted. That was the kind of woman she was. During the luncheon at which Hildegard submitted to the high-bred insolence of the woman who was stealing her husband, Emily Madden and her husband-to-be, Michael Krellin, came in. Caroline hated Emily, her only rival. This was her opportunity to ruin her. She told the company that she could not sit at table with her husband's mistress. They all thought she lied, and while they were saying so she left, quite satisfied with the situation.

The damned fool Lawrence began to see dimly what sort of woman he was mixed up with, but being a damned fool he did not know what to do. Besides he was still hypnotized. The best he could do was to lie to her over the phone in such bungling fashion that he brought her to his apartment in circumstances which completed Hubert's circumstantial case for divorce.

But now Hubert was tangled in the complications. He had promised to help Emily if she ever needed help. He did not wait for an appeal. He held the threat of divorce over his wife's head—the one threat that terrified her—

and told her she must rehabilitate Emily by confessing that she had lied and making an apology. Seeing that there was nothing else to do she consented, and in the presence of all those before whom she had accused Emily of being her husband's mistress she signed a retraction and apology. It wasn't a pleasant moment for Hubert Knolys: it meant that he was never to be free of his hell-cat, for he had given his promise, and could not sue for divorce now. He's an appealing figure totally without swagger, making no bid for sympathy, as he leaves to call his wife's motor car. His wife lingers a moment. That gives Michael Krellin the opportunity to tell Caroline Knolys that as far as he was concerned the retraction had been unnecessary—he had not doubted Emily's virtue for a moment. "Just so," answered the unchastened Caroline, "and if anybody tells you about the yachting trip on the Chesapeake she made with my husband or the apartment on Fifth avenue they shared, come to me and I shall renew my assurances." Then the unchastened woman left. It was too much for Emily. She confessed to Michael that it was all true. The marriage between Emily and Michael was off immediately, so Caroline had her revenge. She had almost ruined two other lives as well, but Hildegard knew Lawrence was a damned fool—"just a boy" is the way she expressed it—and her love for him survived the ordeal.

That is Louis Anspacher's play—an American's play about Americans which must be bracketed with "The Easiest Way" and "Kindling." Plays like these are the hope of the American stage—they show that our hope for the future of the American stage is not a desperate one.

By all means go to see it, or else confess that you are not interested in the drama. You will see Emily Stevens play "the unchastened woman" with such life-likeness that you will want to take her slender white throat between your fingers and strangle her. Emily Stevens is an artist, and she has rare physical gifts. The company includes Emilie Polini whom we learned to admire during Holbrook Blinn's season of "Princess thrillers" at the Columbia. Emilie divides the honors with Emily. The cast also includes Reeves-Smith, a fine actor we have already seen with Margaret Anglin and Grace George; and our old friend of the Alcazar, Louis Bennison, who gives as fine a performance in this play as he gave in Richard Bennett's production of "Damaged Goods."

## Gossip of the Theatre

### De Cisneros at Orpheum

To Madame de Cisneros who will head the Orpheum bill next week, probably more than to any other American prima donna is due the credit for having compelled recognition for American operatic singers. Madame de Cisneros has been leading prima donna of practically every grand opera organization in the world. In the United States she has been successful with the Metropolitan, Manhattan and the Chicago grand opera companies. In the last she sang for four seasons. It is said that her Amneris in "Aida," her Dalila in "Samson and Dalila," her Ortrud in "Lohengrin" and

her Carmen take rank with the best. For her engagement in this city she has arranged a delightful programme which consists of several of her greatest triumphs. Her accompanist will be A. Bernhard Nierman, a piano soloist of fine reputation. Fay, Two Coleys and Fay will present a novel blackface act "From Uncle Tom to Vaudeville." The men are real comedians and the girls furnish the vivacity and melodic ability necessary to the success of their act. Fay Wallace and Regan Hughston will appear in Everett S. Ruskay's delightful comedy "Forty Winks." Miss Wallace is a clever and engaging ingenue who has succeeded in "Get

Rich Quick Wallingford" and "A Man of Honor," and Mr. Hughston is a sterling and popular actor whose most recent engagement was with the all-star cast of "Trilby" in which he played "Little Billy." Wilbert Embs and Helen Alton who recently created such a favorable impression will return for one week only. They will introduce new songs. Mr. Embs will also show his skill as a violinist and Miss Alton her ability as a pianist. The Orpheum Travelogue will be Industries in Cashmere; Making Wine in Burgundy and Along the French Mediterranean Coast. The Gomez Trio in their Spanish dances; The Statues;



Bonita and Lew Hearn in "Bits of Musical Comedy;" and John L. Golden's Chinese play "The River of Souls" will complete the programme.

#### "The Real Thing" at Alcazar

Next week's offering at the Alcazar will be beautiful Mary Boland and Forrest Stanley, the handsome young matinee idol, supported by the full strength of the Alcazar company in the first production at popular prices of Catherine Chisholm Cushing's sparkling comedy of matrimonial manners "The Real Thing." The story tells of a pretty girl athlete, gay and wholesome, who marries a man fond of athletics and fun. Babies come and the young wife finds that the care of these and the house interfere with the pleasures she and her husband like. It is only when the wife's sister, a widow, arrives on the scene and takes the situation in hand that a serious catastrophe is averted. It is in the role of the widow that Miss Boland will shine brightly next week. Forrest Stanley will be seen in the role of her athletic brother-in-law. Prominent in the supporting cast will be James Gleason, Henry Hall, Joseph Macaulay, Addison Pitt, Helene Sullivan, Marion Dentler, Elizabeth Ross and a number of players specially engaged. The production will be made under the personal direction of Addison Pitt.

#### People's Philharmonic Concert

The People's Philharmonic Orchestra which, under the capable musical direction of Nikolai Sokoloff, is doing so much to stimulate and develop the musical taste of the community,

will give the fifth popular symphony concert of the summer series Sunday afternoon, June 18, at the Cort. Frank W. Healy to whom has been entrusted the management of these concerts, believing that it is for the best interest of good music to do so, moved the concerts to the Cort where they will remain until such time as a suitable hall, with larger seating capacity, can be found. Mr. Healy feels that those music lovers who enjoy the concerts of the People's Philharmonic will be afforded more comfort and convenience in the Cort than in a place not built for concert purposes. As has been the custom at all the concerts of the People's Philharmonic, and notwithstanding the increased expense incurred by moving to the Cort, the greater number of seats will be sold at popular prices. There will be 500 seats at 25 cents; 500 seats at 50 cents; 300 seats at 75 cents. One dollar which is the highest price asked is for the box and loge seats and the first ten rows in the orchestra. Negotiations are in progress which it is hoped will secure for this concert the artistic services of a soloist who has the prestige of having appeared with the greatest organizations in the world. Both as to programme, which will be announced later, and orchestral interpretation, the concert of June 18 will leave nothing to be desired.

#### "The Brat" Coming

On Monday evening, June 12, Oliver Morosco will bring to the Cort his latest comedy success "The Brat," which is just concluding a run of eight weeks in Los Angeles. "The Brat" is generally regarded as one of the cleverest and brightest comedies the stage has seen in a long time and a fit successor to that other big

Morosco success "Peg o' my Heart." "The Brat" is the work of Miss Maude Fulton, who, it will be remembered, left the stage at the height of her popularity two years ago. This comedy is one of the reasons, and judging by its reception, Miss Fulton has been amply repaid. It is a long step from being a favorite in musical comedy and in vaudeville to that of a successful author but it is one Miss Fulton has apparently taken with ease. And not alone is this charming little comedienne the author of a successful comedy but she is also playing the leading part,—the brat, a little East Side waif. Supporting Miss Fulton is a very good company of players. It includes Edmond Lowe, Wyndham Standing, A. Burt Wesner, James Corrigan, Lillian Elliott, Marjorie Davis and others.

#### Second Week of Emily Stevens

Oliver Morosco is presenting Dr. Louis K. Anspacher's comedy "The Unchastened Woman" with Miss Emily Stevens in the stellar role at the Cort. This interesting play goes into the second and last week of its engagement on Sunday. Matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday.

#### Great Animal Act at Pantages

Winston's trained water lions and diving nymphs will be the big feature on the new bill at Pantages Sunday. The sea monsters, ten in numbers, do remarkable stunts in a big tank. Three beautiful and shapely diving girls assist in the production which is one of the greatest animals acts that has ever played the Pantages circuit. Daniel Roach and James McCurdy, original stars of "Way Down East," have a laughing travesty on bucolic justice entitled "Prune Center Cut-Ups." The Six Serenaders



MADAME ELEONORA DE CISNEROS

The famous grand opera prima donna who will be heard next week at the Orpheum



NIKOLAI SOKOLOFF

Conductor of People's Philharmonic Orchestra



offer a de luxe offering from songland. Walter Clinton and dainty Julia Rooney, sister of the famous Pat, will present a frolicsome novelty "What Everybody Likes." The other acts will be Barton and Ashley in their ludicrous skit "Money Talks;" Richard Wally in juggling and billiard shots; and the twelfth episode of "The Iron Claw."

#### Another Hand-Me-Down

Peggy was two years younger than Bessie. As is the way with younger sisters, Bessie's outgrown clothes became Peggy's humiliating heritage. One day Bessie made an exciting discovery.

"My goodness," she said. "I've got a loose tooth. I think I'll pull it out."

"Oh, don't," Peggy implored. "Mother will make me wear it."



MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON  
WINSTON'S WATER LIONS AND DIVING NYMPHS  
The Aquatic Marvel of the 20th Century

ROACH & McCURDY  
"Prune Center Cut-Ups"

THE SI XSERENADERS  
"A De Luxe Offering from Songland"

WALTER CLINTON & JULIA ROONEY  
(Sister of Pat)  
"What Everybody Likes"

12TH CHAPTER OF "THE IRON CLAW" AND  
OTHER PANTAGES FEATURES

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2nd and Last Week Starts Sunday Night,  
June 4

Oliver Morosco Presents

**EMILY STEVENS**

In Louis K. Anspacher's Successful Comedy-Drama

"The Unchastened Woman"

Nights, 50c to \$2.00; Saturday Matinees, 50c to \$1.50  
BEST SEATS \$1.00 AT WEDNESDAY MATINEE  
Not Playing Oakland

Next—June 12—Morosco's "THE BRAT"  
With Maude Fulton

**Orpheum**

Safest and Most  
Magnificent  
Theatre in  
America

Y. FARRELL and STOCKTON E. POWELL  
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day

MME. ELEONORA de CISNEROS, Leading Prima  
Donna Metropolitan and Chicago Grand Opera Companies;  
FAY, TWO COLEYS & FAY, "The Minstrels";  
"FORTY WINKS" with FAY WALLACE & REGAN  
HUGHSTON; WILBERT EMBS & HELEN ALTON  
(Return for One Week Only); GOMEZ TRIO; THE  
STATUES; NEW ORPHEUM TRAVELOGUE. Last  
Week "THE RIVER OF SOULS," and BONITA &  
LEW HEARN.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.  
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

**ALCAZAR THEATRE**

PHONE KEARNY 2

Commencing Monday Night, June 3

Matinees Thursday, Saturday, Sunday

**MARY BOLAND**

**FORREST STANLEY**  
(THEMSELVES)

Supported by the New Alcazar Players

The Sparkling Comedy of National Manners

"THE REAL THING"

By Catherine Chisholm Cushing

(Not a Moving Picture)

PRICES—Evenings: 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees: 25c, 50c

## Guilty

(Continued from Page 7)

How had he gone, and when, and without anybody noticing his departure? True, all eyes had been concentrated for the time being on the little scene enacting on the dais; but—

The report in the papers the next day mentioned the fact that his lordship, feeling indisposed at the conclusion of the trial, had adjourned the court till the morrow. Another report, official this, bruited the welcome news that the arch-criminal had survived his trial by an interval so short as to be measured by the few minutes separating his acquittal from the discovery of his dead body "in the precincts of the court."

Well, that was all right and satisfactory; only what had the barrister been divulging to the judge during that pregnant interview? Why, just this: that, at the moment the prisoner had been brought up into the dock to receive the verdict of the jury, he was lying dead in the cell below to which he had been removed pending the delivery of that verdict. The fact, as presently whispered about, was indisputable; but what, in that case, had come out of the cell when the warder threw open the door to summon forth its inmate? What can we say, indeed, unless to call it God's awful witness to the truth? HE had struck out the life in an instant that the soul might testify. There are some verdicts which, in their enormity, shake the inexorable silence of the stars.

## VACATION 1916

A Handbook of

## SUMMER RESORTS

A volume of information, indispensable to the Vacationists planning their annual outing.

It tells by picture and word of the many delightful places in Marin, Sonoma, Mendocino, Lake and Humboldt Counties in which to spend your Vacation.

Complete list of hotels, resorts, cottages and camping sites in the territory recognized as the playground of California. Copies of this Handbook may be obtained at 874 Market Street (Flood Building), or on application to J. J. Geary, G. P. A., 808 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

## NORTHWESTERN PACIFIC R. R.

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR CHANGE OF CORPORATE NAME

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 74135

In the Matter of the Application of THE WINDERMILL COMPANY, a corporation.

THE WINDERMILL COMPANY, a corporation, having filed in the above entitled Court its petition for a decree of said Court changing its name to that of A. H. WINDER AND SONS.

It is ORDERED that all persons interested in said matter appear before said Court, at the court room of Department No. 16 thereof, in the City Hall, 400 Van Ness Avenue in the Civic Center, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 18th day of July, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause why said petition should not be granted:

And it is further ORDERED that a copy of this order be published in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, once a week for four successive weeks.

Done in Open Court this 31st day of May, 1916.

GEO. H. CABANISS,  
Judge of said Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed May 31, 1916.  
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,  
Attorney for Petitioner,  
1003 Phelan Building,  
San Francisco, California.

"Do you think you can support Ethel in the style to which she is accustomed?"

"No, sir; but I think I can accustom her to the style in which she is to be supported."

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD G. BLACK, deceased.—No. 20814; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of EDWARD G. BLACK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Norman A. Eisner, his attorney, 344-345 Mills Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD G. BLACK, deceased.

P. F. DUNDON,

Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Edward G. Black, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1916.

NORMAN A. EISNER,  
Attorney for Administrator with Will Annexed,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-3-5

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 11996 N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of FREDERICK FRANK MEIER, sometimes called FREDRICK FRANK MEIER, Deceased.

JOHN RALPH WILSON, the Executor of the last will of FREDERICK FRANK MEIER, sometimes called FREDRICK FRANK MEIER, deceased, having on this day presented to the Court and filed in the above entitled matter his petition, duly verified, praying that the Court grant its order authorizing and directing him as such Executor to sell the whole of the real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent, as described in said petition:

And it appearing from said petition to the satisfaction of the Court that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the said estate and those interested therein to sell the whole of said real estate belonging to said estate for the reasons and purposes in said petition set forth;

And it further appearing from said petition to the satisfaction of the Court that it will be necessary for said Executor to sell the whole of said real estate before distribution of their respective shares of said estate can be made to the legatees and devisees named in the last will of said decedent according to the terms of said last will;

And it further appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from said petition that no action has ever been taken by said Executor upon any order of the Court heretofore given or made directing said Executor to sell the real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent and that no part of said real estate or any interest therein has ever been sold by said Executor;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in said estate be and appear before this Court in Department No. 19 thereof on Thursday, the sixth day of July, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Courtroom of said Court and Department in the City Hall at the corner of Polk and McAllister Streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Room No. 452 thereof, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said Executor and petitioner to sell the whole of the real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent at public or private sale as prayed for in said petition.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four (4) successive weeks prior to the hearing of said petition and to the date last above mentioned in Town Talk, a newspaper printer and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 25th day of May, 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge.

Endorsed: Filed May 25, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN RALPH WILSON,  
Attorney at law,  
Petitioner and Executor,  
57 Post Street, San Francisco.

6-3-5

#### NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—NO. 1

SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION (Principal place of business: 1725 Washington Street, City and County of San Francisco).

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION, held on the 26th day of May, 1916, an assessment of Thirty-five (35) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the said corporation, payable immediately in United States Gold Coin to the Secretary of the said Association, at 324 Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the fifth day of July, 1916, will be delinquent and will be advertised for sale at public auction on the twenty-fifth day of July, 1916, at Ten o'clock A. M., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

May 26th, 1916.

FREDERICK H. OLSCHESKI,  
Secretary of the Sequoia Club Hall Association.  
Office: 324 Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

6-3-5



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Peace rumors probably had some influence on the stock market last week. Railroad shares became the leaders to the delight of conservative commission houses that have been afraid of "war stocks." Reading went well above 100, which is equivalent to 200 in the old style of quoting percentages, for the first time in its history. A large Philadelphia house bought it freely early in the week and then out of the air came all sorts of predictions that the company's capitalization would be readjusted and the second preferred stock would be retired. Reading's spectacular advance galvanized the whole railroad list into life, but in only a few cases were the gains large enough to cause comment. Canadian Pacific, Union Pacific and Erie were among the strongest, and their gains surprised those who have been trading on the theory that foreign liquidation will hold such stocks down. All three are largely held in England and have been sold freely by London on every good bulge for more than a year. Apart from this, these stocks and many other rails look cheap on their book values. Pennsylvania was slow, although its earnings exceed all previous records. Canadian Pacific is less likely to be affected by strikes than railroads on this side of the line, because it is now a military road of great strategic importance and the army authorities would keep it running by force of arms. American railroads will face another wage arbitration within a fortnight which will probably end in the usual compromise and another fifty or hundred million dollars will be added to operating costs and finally taken out of the public. The public cannot escape either paying higher transportation rates or having the extra wages taken out of dividends and interest. These endless disputes and concessions will force the railroads to electrify their lines so as to be able to dispense with locomotive drivers. The labor situation is a greater danger to investment than the war or the peace which many have come to dread.

**Wheat**—There was a decline of 4 1/2 to 5% in wheat last week, as compared with its predecessor, and this has something to do with the loss of confidence in the extent of damage claimed in the Southwest. With four or five experts flooding the news bureaus with agricultural inversion, it is not clearly understood by the rank and file why the market should decline. It will have to be conceded that the trade generally are disappointed, but our statistical position has remained bearish because of prohibitive freight and scarcity of room, and the public has been marking time in the hope that the foreigners' holdings here would be distributed and leave this country upon a normal basis of supply and demand. With increasing movement and constant accumulation, combined with a withdrawal of export

inquiry, the crop reports have failed to stimulate prices as formerly, not because they are discredited, but through fear that the incongruous situation in cash wheat would more than offset the immediate effects of a very serious menace in the winter wheat territory. There is too great an unanimity in the reports of the crop experts, however, to leave any doubt that after many years' exemption, we are to have a Hessian fly visitation in 1916. This insect is the worst enemy the wheat plant has to contend with, and with a favorable season for development such as it has had so far, it will be miraculous if we avoid it. We think wheat should be bought on all soft spots.

**Corn**—The irony of the corn-crop slaughter in the Northwest is strongly emphasized in a report from South Dakota which speaks of the large amounts of old corn, some of which has been carried over from 1913, and which will be sold as soon as the planting is done. It was currently believed and emphatically stated that the country mentioned was guiltless of harboring any corn at all, and especially from the last year's production. It is undoubtedly true that bullish predictions of scarcity have induced the manufacture of numberless substitutes during the last two years, which are handicaps to any extravagant rise of values for this grain. Then, there is the additional opposition from Argentina, and the greatly enlarged area planted this year in wheat territory. Deliveries are becoming liberal, and it is thought that the stocks here will change hands before the end of the month. There continues to be a good deal of speculation concerning the test of hot weather on winter shelled grain, and this doubtless has some effect upon the price.

**Cotton**—Cotton, during the week, has shown an easier tone, and a decline of 50 points registered. Chief among the factors contributing to the decline were soaking rains throughout the eastern belt, the drought in the Carolinas and Georgia being completely broken. Southwest Texas received needed moisture and as the rainfall has been followed throughout the belt by clear weather, the crop outlook at the moment appears satisfactory. Complaints of activity of the weevil, however, particularly in Mississippi, are beginning to come in. We still adhere to the opinion that cotton should be bought and believe present levels a good basis on which to make purchases, believing peace rumors and an excellent trade demand will develop.

"What makes you stand there watching me operate this adding machine?" asked the man in the bank.

"We have so much music out home," answered the loiterer, "that it's kind of interesting to see somebody punching a lot of keys around without starting up some kind of a tune."

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DECEMBER 31ST, 1915:

Assets .....	\$61,849,662.02
Deposits .....	58,840,699.38
Capital actually paid up in Cash .....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds .....	2,008,962.64
Employees' Pension Fund .....	211,238.93
Number of Depositors .....	67,406

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For the 6 months ending December 31st, 1915, a dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was declared.

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### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73004; Dept. No. 16.

PRISCILLA ELIZABETH DALES, Plaintiff, vs. IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's wilful neglect of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

S. J. HANKINS & H. J. HANKINS, Attorneys for Plaintiff, 917 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-10

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73543; Dept. No. 10.

SADIE BRADLEY, Plaintiff, vs. LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear on the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON, Attorney for Plaintiff, 423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-10

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ARCHIBALD HENDERSON MCGREGOR, deceased.—No. 20760; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will and Testament of ARCHIBALD HENDERSON MCGREGOR, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Messrs. Jacob Samuels and Oscar Samuels, Room 630 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ARCHIBALD HENDERSON MCGREGOR, deceased.

LAURA MCGREGOR, Executrix of the estate of Archibald Henderson McGregor, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 27th, 1916.

J. SAMUELS, OSCAR SAMUELS, Attorneys for Executrix, 630 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-5

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73611; Dept. No. 10.

KATHLEEN MARY GWILT, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's desertion, under Section 98 of the Civil Code, of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY L. CORSON, Attorney for Plaintiff, 512-514 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-20-10

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 71884; Dept. No. 10.

FRANZISCA AVI, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROBERT D. AVI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23rd day of February, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

F. W. HUBBARD, Attorney for Plaintiff, 1003 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-1-10

### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 59410.

E. SEABERG, Plaintiff, vs. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

LLOYD S. ACKERMAN, Attorney for Plaintiff, Nevada Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-10

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALEXANDER BURROWES, deceased.—No. 20812; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ETHEL BURROWES, Administratrix of the estate of ALEXANDER BURROWES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said ETHEL BURROWES at the office of her attorneys, West, Rafael and Curley, Room 1170 Phelan Building, 760 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ALEXANDER BURROWES, deceased.

ETHEL BURROWES, Administratrix of the estate of Alexander Burrowes, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 20, 1916.

WEST, RAFAEL & CURELY, Attorneys for Administratrix,

1170 Phelan Building, 760 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-20-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY J. GALLAGHER, deceased.—No. 20700; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of HENRY J. GALLAGHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorneys, Alfred B. Lawson and John Prosek, Room 214 Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY J. GALLAGHER, deceased.

CLARISSE O'CONNELL, Administratrix of the estate of Henry J. Gallagher, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 6th, 1916.

ALFRED B. LAWSON and JOHN PROSEK, Attorneys for Administratrix,

214 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-6-5

Wife—Are my doughnuts like those your mother used to make?

Hub—Well—er—the holes are just the same.

Spend Your

# VACATION

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVII. No. 1242

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 10, 1916

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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No. 1242



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# TOWN TALK

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**The North Sea Battle** The great naval battle in the North Sea, though far from satisfactory to the Allies, is bound to inspire confidence wherever there were fears that Germany had "something up her sleeve." Germany has exposed her hand, and we now perceive that there are no surprises to create consternation among her enemies. Vague rumors that fresh proof would be given of the resourcefulness of Teutonic genius have come to naught, and we have seen that even under unfavorable conditions the seafighters of England are still able to hold their own. Behind the scenes in the Kiel Canal nothing has been done to justify uneasiness in England or to induce the Allies to lend an eager ear to peace proposals. Apparently then, in a special sense, the North Sea fight was a great triumph for the Allies; for whatever heartens a nation at war is of the highest importance. The result of the battle will at least in all probability silence the carping critics who have been finding fault with the British Admiralty. These critics were quite numerous. The most powerful of them was Colonel Winston Churchill, a gentleman with an unfailing instinct for publicity. Back from the trenches, in the first week of March, he made something of a sensation in Parliament by a spectacular change of attitude toward Lord Fisher whom he wished to have recalled to the post of First Sea Lord. He intimated that naval affairs were not going as well as they should. Doubtless he expressed the views of the average man who was dissatisfied because he was not getting any news and because the Admiralty under the direction of Lord Fisher's successor, Sir Henry Jackson, was not doing anything "offensive." The layman may always be depended upon for strategic policies in time of war. Evidently in England he had forgotten that Nelson acted on the "defensive" for two and a half years, until the enemy's fleet came out and gave him the opportunity of Trafalgar. Sir John Jellicoe has been waiting for a similar opportunity, and though he has not been fully gratified he has been able to do enough to satisfy Colonel Churchill, who was one of the first prominent Englishmen to congratulate him on his achievement last week.

**Wilson, Brandeis and Hearst** The President having won his long fight for the confirmation of Mr. Brandeis is presumably well satisfied with himself, but you never can tell. The President's emotions are like his

opinions; and he has changed his mind about so many men in the brief course of his political career that one may not unreasonably expect him to alter his views as to the general character of Mr. Brandeis. Yet it is clear that Mr. Brandeis is in many respects a man after the President's own heart. But men of this type do not wear well in their own circle of intimates, being as they are above all things true to themselves; that is to say, true to their own crotchets and prejudices at the expense of whomsoever stands in their way. In the case of Mr. Brandeis, as we have seen, even his clients were not sure of him. Such is the peculiarity of the average professional lover of humanity, the man whose expansive heart is not for Tom, Dick or Harry. A supermanic person, he is never to be guessed accurately. He has his own private code of honor. He makes all rules that govern the intercourse of men conform to his individual views of the best interest of the general. Unfortunately these views are governed by the individual's instincts, which are usually in harmony with his inclinations. We have an example of this ruthless, unprincipled character in the person of the Hon. William Randolph Hearst who, finding it to his interest to practice a species of treason, has at the same time applauded himself for his zeal for the welfare of the white race. Mr. Hearst is the most vehement of all the Brandeis eulogists, the reason being that he is able to appreciate the Brandeis character. He tells us that Mr. Brandeis "showed a contempt for abstract formulas and a reverence for justice." What charming naivete! A reverence for justice indeed! For the kind of justice privately manufactured by the godlike mortal with a contempt for "abstract formulas." It is contempt for "abstract formulas" that enables men of the Hearst type to thrive as reformers rather than outcasts. It was by showing his contempt for the rules and determining what was just according to his whims that Mr. Brandeis got along at the bar, much to the disgust of honest men. The burglar and horsethief and men of the Hearst type get along in the same way. And going along they pat one another on the back as Mr. Hearst has been doing for the man whom Mr. Wilson has converted into a jurist. "He had no other motive for his disinterested labor except public spirit," says Hearst of Brandeis. Fortunately, in view of our gullibility, there is no law, human or divine, requiring us to judge of men according to their motives as described by themselves. We infer men's motives from their deeds. Doubtless we err at times, for we are only human, but if we do the godlike ones injustice it is their own fault for playing the part of supermen and cultivating a

contempt for "abstract formulas." And though we are conscious of our fallibility we shall nevertheless continue to judge men according to their apparent motives, preferring as we do to let God take care of humanity rather than to encourage individuals to take the job off His hands at the expense of principles that the world has learned to respect.

**Where Is the Great Hero?** A member of the British Cabinet speaking of the German military power as the Prussian system describes it as Napoleonism without Napoleon. The implication is that the Prussian system shows us the Napoleonic machine in operation—the care, forethought, detail and organization that Napoleon put into his methods—but with the genius of Napoleon lacking. This is hardly to be gainsaid. There has yet been no sign at the head of the marvelous German machine of any infallible genius for war. We are told that Falkenhayn is the master mind, but in him we catch no scintillation of the star that Napoleon followed. Indeed thus far the war has revealed no military genius of dazzling rank. It is said that what stamps a commander beyond all dispute as supremely great is that a legend should have gathered round him. Well, there is already a Hindenberg legend, but the experts tell us that Hindenberg does not rank with Falkenhayn or Mackensen. There is a legend regarding Joffre and one or two of his officers, but their genius is yet to be recognized alike by friends and enemies. The war has developed men with specialized gifts as tacticians and strategists, but the soldier with the highest daring in attack and the most heroic stubbornness in defense, the radiant, confident captain with the gift of magnetism and the specific genius for war,—where is he to be found? Maybe he is at the front. Perhaps it is because the war correspondent is obsolete that no military genius has yet appealed to the world's imagination. The barring of the old-time correspondent from the front makes it difficult to become intimately acquainted with the heroes of this war. Perhaps when the history of it is written we shall recognize the great man of action in the Russian Grand Duke who conducted the retreat through Poland and who has been smashing the Turks in all directions from Erzerum to Bagdad.

**Our Fast Age** Considering the wonders of scientific efficiency whereof one hears so much these tragic and turbulent days, one sometimes feels it might be no bad thing for the world if science, having enjoyed a protracted and fruitful inning, retired for a brief space and let other human activities have their turn. It would take us a long time to become familiar with all the toys that science has given us in the past hundred years, and it might do us good to give familiarity time to breed indifference. We are living in a touch-the-button age, going, coming and receiving with vertiginous rapidity, and we find that like the wages of sin the



wages of hurry is death. After all it is hardly to be said that science has fulfilled its obligations. It promised in Tyndall's day to invent a new world, to correct the old theology, to bring the solace of assurance to wavering minds. These things it has failed to do. It has done little more than disturb peace of mind and shatter countless nerves. It has uncovered some secrets of nature, deciphered a good deal of history written in mountains and valleys and conquered some diseases, but it has made a lot of unpleasantness in the world, it has put us all in a tremendous hurry and has fostered a passion for perfunctory progress with the result that we have lost some of our powers of improvement. Science gave some of us the impression that we had received the universe in charge on the Eden principle of tenure but with freedom to eat our fill of knowledge, and in our conceit we have been muddling the whole business. There is almost universal scientific mismanagement, and life, as H. G. Wells says, is full of "the confusion and wreckage of premature realization." True we have phonographs, telephones, incandescent lights and aeroplanes, but what are these compared with those ancient marvels—the boat in which men crossed the sea, the plough with which they scratched the immortal earth, the nets wherewith they caught birds and fishes, the cart in which they pioneered the business of transportation and the instruments by which they depicted their inmost thoughts? Oh, to be sure we can kill at ten miles, but Napoleon could do the same thing at four hundred yards. In recent years science has been creating a nostalgia in certain temperaments, a longing for beauty and for other things that are not supplied by a mechanical age. Surely it will do us no harm to let science take a back seat for awhile.

Everything is grist that comes to the prohibitionists' mill, and it goes straight from the mill to some newspaper or magazine at something above the usual rates. The prohibitionist propaganda has an overflowing treasury, and the captains of the great American industry are good spenders. Somebody discovered the other day that women live longer than men. At once the prohibitionists discovered that the Demon Rum was responsible for shortening the lives of men. It appears that the Demon lops off just four years, the average life of man being that many years shorter than the average life of woman. We had no idea there was so small a difference. For many years we have been observing the tribe of widows. We have seen them accumulate years for so long a time after the departure of the "late lamented" as to survive not only himself but his memory. The town is today full of widows, real sod widows some of whom must have an extraordinarily long memory if they can still visualize their husbands. We are inclined to the opinion that the statistics

showing that women have an average tenure of life of only four years longer than that of men were manufactured, as is usually the case with statistics intended for proof. It has been said that you can prove anything with statistics. But if these statistics happen to be correct we would advise women to cultivate the cocktail habit more assiduously. Surely it must be liquor that enables men to approximate so closely the length of women's lives. For what is there to shorten the life of the average woman who doesn't bear any more than the current burden of children? The most dreadful of all the ailments of him who is born of woman is trouble, and his life is full of it "as the sparks fly upward." Woman's portion is pain, man's is worry. Worry is what kills. Women have little to bother about beyond the next season's fashion. The life of man is a continuous struggle for existence. He spends most of his time trying to ensure the happiness of his wife. If he didn't take a drink occasionally to ensure himself relaxation he would die years before his allotted time. The idea that men take liquor as a stimulant is of course wildly absurd. They drink to abate the seriousness of life. Otherwise we should never hear of an octogenarian, for there are men who do not drink at all and their limit is something under three score. The prohibitionist who goes beyond sixty is a freak of nature. Now, it would be instructive to learn how much the average widow drinks, and what her favorite tippie is.

#### The Philosophy of Race Supremacy

Since the outbreak of the war we have heard a great deal of the pernicious literary suggestions of the Pan-German school of race-theorists. We have been told that Prussian ambitions were inflamed by feeding on these suggestions, and that if it had not been for Nietzsche German philosophy might never have misdirected Prussian policy. The supposition is that from reading German philosophers William II came to regard Germanic culture as "sanctifying grace." As a matter of fact the seeds of Pan-Germanism are to be found not in German philosophy but in French philosophy. Its earliest exponent was a Frenchman of the eighteenth century, Count de Boulainvilliers, who justified feudalism by arguing recognition of race supremacy. He argued that France owed all her achievements to the non-Latin elements of her people. He traced her genius to a German aristocracy. Something of the same view was held by another Frenchman, the Count de Gobineau, who wrote the *Inequality of Human Races*. According to this work, which appeared in 1852, there were originally upon this globe three fundamental races—white, black and yellow—from the mixture of which results all that we call history. The white race of course was what we call the Aryan, and Gobineau proved to his own satisfaction that the Germans repre-

sented the "last reserve of Aryan power and energy." Now Gobineau made many friends in Germany, especially after the Franco-Prussian war. Richard Wagner said that Gobineau was wise in his generation, and there were other learned Germans who were impressed by his views. Some of them were in favor of masculine polygamy for Teutons of pure blood and segregation of half-breeds. So let us not blame German philosophers for fantastic theories about the supremacy of the "blond beast" as he is called by English writers. The Frenchman Gobineau started the trouble. He was so sure of his premises that he dogmatized to the effect that too much adulteration of German blood would result in the destruction of human civilization.

#### The Demon of Noise

Considering all the futile and fatuous "movements" for minding other people's business now flourishing in a world of unrest it is strange that we have never had a society for the suppression of senseless noises. How is it that our busybodies have never thought of this reform? Perhaps it is because they can see nothing worth mending but our morals. Yet the makers of dreadful and terrifying noises do us a great deal more harm than some of the so-called enemies of society who lead us into pleasant temptation. The man who operates a faro "layout," let us say, is immeasurably less deserving of our disesteem than the brute who goes about deliberately adding to the noise shocks of traffic. We have in mind especially the motorist who sneaks up to you at a street crossing and blows a horn in your ear. If an automobile horn must be tooted as a signal surely there is no necessity of making it shriek like the whistle of a locomotive. Why should motorists be allowed to make any kind of noise, employ any kind of metallic monster they please? A little while ago we effected a change in fog horns on the bay by protesting to Washington against the horrible ear-splitting wail of a new instrument of torture, but we have permitted ourselves to grow tolerant of the motorist's horn in its damnable iteration and variety. How long is this pandemonium to be endured? We shall hail him a great public benefactor who comes to the front to insist on the adoption of a regulation horn for automobiles, one that will soften shock like the padded cell to which the demon of noise is driving us.

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## Varied Types

CCLXXXIV—JUDGE THOMAS F. GRAHAM

By Edward F. O'Day

Though a judge of the Superior bench "Tom" Graham actually has appellate jurisdiction. He reviews the decisions of the court of matrimony presided over by Judge Dan Cupid. Sometimes he upholds these decisions; sometimes he reverses them. In other words, Judge Graham grants and refuses divorce.

Judge Graham's court room is a theatre for the staging of domestic drama. Most of this drama is tragedy, but the comic relief creeps in from time to time, giving Judge Graham a chance to smile. Were it otherwise he might die of melancholy, for divorce is one of the saddest phenomena of life. It is perhaps saddest when the principals regard it as a joke. Fortunately, Judge Graham is of a sunny and buoyant disposition. His mind is resilient and rebounds from bloom. Fifteen years of experience as a divorce judge have not robbed him of his optimism.

Fifteen years hearing divorce actions! He says that during that time he has averaged one divorce a day. Yet Judge Graham still believes in love and romance. Decidedly, he is a stalwart champion of our human nature.

Thirteen years ago Judge Graham affected his first reconciliation between warring spouses. The trouble was over a stepdaughter, and it led to a suit for divorce. When trouble over a stepdaughter goes that far it means that the marital partners are embittered with a bitterness thrice distilled. Yet Judge Graham saw a way out, and drew it to the attention of the husband and wife. They finally consented to see it as he saw it. There was no divorce. That couple are still living together, and in happiness. Since then Judge Graham has reconciled countless couples. So it has come about that many of the divorce dramas he stages are tragi-comedies with happy endings. And Judge Graham has earned the nickname of "The Reconciler." I take it he is proud of the nickname. He should be.

"Seven out of ten reconciliations are permanent," says The Reconciler. "I have learned by experience that it is useless to attempt a reconciliation unless there are children. Where there is no child the parties reconciled rarely stick together. It is the children that bring man and wife together after they have sought the divorce court. One consents to give the other another chance for the sake of the children. The wife is usually harder to handle than the husband. She vows that she will never, never go back—her wrongs are too great. I have learned not to be discouraged by this sort of talk, if there are children.

"Sometimes the reconciliation is a rather simple matter. I recall the case of a husband who had a mania for fishing. Every Saturday he kissed his wife goodbye and was off to whip the trout streams. He returned Sunday with a string of fish for her to clean, thus adding toil to neglect, insult to injury. The wife longed for a little pleasure herself. She liked the Orpheum of a Saturday night. She liked an outing on Sunday. But her husband was not in town to accompany her. She stood this for some time, and then sued for divorce. I saw a way out of the trouble. I suggested that perhaps the wife might like to go fishing with her husband. The suggestion appealed

to her. It was a new idea to the husband; he had never thought of that. They agreed to try it. It has succeeded. I saw her mentioned in the paper one day as one of our most expert fisherwomen.

"Another case was more amusing. They were an old couple who had married rather late in life when their ideas on things in general had become somewhat ossified. They lived out at the southern end of the city, and raised ducks and chickens in their back-yard. The old woman had her own theories as to how and when to feed the poultry, the best remedy for pip and so on. The old man had his ideas on these subjects; they did not agree in the least with his wife's. Continual arguments turned the love of Darby and Joan to hate. I suggested that they divide the yard in two with a wire fence and engage in friendly competition. This gave them a new interest in life. They never came back to the divorce court. A few posts and a few yards of wire saved two old people from a cheerless and friendless old age."

"What kind of marriage lasts best?" I asked.

"The church marriage," was the answer. "The marriage that is a religious ceremony. The marriage performed by a judge or justice of the peace is lacking in solemnity. Too often it is contracted on the impulse of the moment. It is often a runaway marriage. Nine out of ten runaway marriages do not last.

"The impulsive marriages of young people usually go to smash during the first year. The first year is the time of trial. If a young couple complete the first year of married life without trouble they are apt to get along all right. Danger threatens when the young couple put off the characters they have falsely assumed during courtship. If they weather that ordeal companionship takes the place of romance and they are comparatively safe. Especially if a baby comes to them. When the baby comes it makes all the difference in the world.

"Among working people who are busy earning a living for large families there are few divorces. Such people are too busy to think of divorce. If they have troubles they forget them. If their troubles are too great to be forgotten they seek the assistance of the parish priest or minister

"The people who apply for divorce are mostly people with no children. Divorce is rare when there are two or three children. Such people will suffer all sorts of domestic torture rather than seek the divorce court. And if the children are old enough they will fight to the last ditch to hold their parents together.

"Strange as it may seem, divorces for infidelity are comparatively few. I am speaking of the cases in which infidelity is named in the complaint. The divorce is usually sought for wilful neglect or desertion. Infidelity may be the real cause of the trouble, but this is carefully hidden. A good divorce lawyer 'primes' his clients so well that the judge often finds it impossible to get to the bottom of the trouble.

"The judge is most helpless of all in default cases, the cases where only one side appears in court. There is no chance for a reconcili-

ation. On a showing of desertion there is nothing to do but grant the divorce. I make it a point in such cases to try and make sure that there is no collusion. When it is possible I hale the defendant into court. If collusion appears to exist I withhold the decree. Some States have a proctor who gathers evidence in these cases. Undoubtedly the proctor sometimes uncovers collusion. There is collusion in at least two per cent of divorce cases.

"The bringing of both parties into court, when possible, is a reform that should be incorporated in the divorce laws. If the law required both parties to appear provided the defaulting one be in the court's jurisdiction, there would also be greater opportunities to effect reconciliations, or at least to compel parents to do their duty when there are children to be cared for. Fuller evidence should be required so that it may become impossible to hear and decide a divorce in a few minutes, as may be done now. Painless divorce is not for the country's good.

"In the average divorce case where there is no child the couple are better off separated. The law can't compel them to love each other. This is particularly true where the root of the trouble is sexual.

"The interlocutory decree is a good thing. It has done something to decrease the divorce evil. Couples are frequently reconciled while they are waiting for the final decree. Still, the interlocutory decree works an injury in some cases."

"Judge, you must get tired of trying divorce cases?"

"Well, the strain is terrible when you take your work seriously. But at least there is no monotony. No two divorce cases are alike. They are all little tragedies, but the plots are all different."

"What is your remedy for the divorce evil?"

"What remedy can there be except religious training? People must be taught that marriage is a solemn obligation, and the only way that truth can be impressed upon them is by religious teaching. Divorce destroys the family; religion is the bulwark of the family."

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## Perspective Impressions

Now we know where Skagerrack is.

The essence of optimism is the will to succeed.

Both sides seem to forget that communiques won't win the war.

The trouble with most people is that they do their "light summer reading" all the year round.

A Berkeley seer says Noah's Ark was built in California. First thing we know the Prohibitionists will try to prove that Noah got drunk on California wine.

"Skirts will be fuller this Fall." And stockings also?

If all women were bow-legged the boulevardier would never strain his eyesight.

A tramp steamer is said to have precipitated the great naval battle. Its name? The Nsfjord. Let's just call it a tramp steamer.

If it is imagination that causes some men to take their pleasure cautiously it is probably the same dread that enables others to take their troubles lightly.

Why is it that preachers' affinities are always homely?

Politically, Augustine Birrell has been ruined by Sinn Fein; but "Obiter Dicta" remains delightful reading.

"What," a curious editor asks, "what has become of the woman who used to boast that she could 'get through her week's wash faster and have her clothes whiter than any other in the village?' We're not sure, but we think she is reading erudite papers in the Maeterlinck Club.

## Spring Among The Ruins

By Maurice Barrès of the French Academy

I come back to Gerbéviller, which I had seen in such tragic guise a few months ago, immediately after the terrible drama. What a wintry silence reigned then throughout the district, from Lunéville to Baccarat and on the lofty plateau of Moyon, where we held the funeral service for those who had fallen in the battle.

Today, Nature calmly resumes her intensive creation of flowers, sun, perfume and singing birds. The inhabitants are returning, eager at all hazards to work their fields, though these are strewn with shells that explode at the touch of the ploughshare. With friendly wives they enlist the services of the soldiers fresh from the trenches, who are billeted among them for three days. They commandeer the horses of the regiment too. "Poor beasts!" said one tiller of the soil to me, "they are so pleased; they think peace has come back again." And the military authorities, touched by this Lorraine pastoral, agree more or less willingly to stop the firing practice behind the lines.

I look on with amazement at this rural transformation, which extends even up to the blackened stones of Gerbéviller. Last November the martyred town breathed all the horror of a morrow of battle. Her ruins reeked of corpses. She lay prostrate, her features ravaged, her brow covered with ashes. Now, her pear trees are spreading their white blossoms against her shattered walls. How did they contrive to escape the fire? And the river runs and sparkles joyously in the sunshine.

Here, near the bridge, a washerwoman, the first living creature we have encountered in this desert of ruins, answers our greeting, stops beating her linen, and begins to tell us of the battle, of the courage of our people. She speaks well, and no doubt has a reputation for eloquence, for the village boys make their appearance here and there, and listen, as to the accredited chronicler of the ruins. She saw everything, and she calls upon the houses, the fields and the woods to confirm her story; then suddenly, as her voice breaks in tears, we slip the offering of our little society into her hand.

Further on, when we stand in the narrow strip of shadow cast by a wall to contemplate the long and silent line of this Lorraine Pompeii, we notice that a newly-arrived caravan of Americans has also halted in front of the poor washerwoman. Seen from a distance, as she kneels there, this peasant might be the model of one of the old ymagiers, who carved

figures for the Stabat Mater. She is talking rapidly, they are shaking their heads compassionately. Now they are consulting together. That's right; their hands go into their pockets. Bravo! my countrywoman!

Who is it she is like? Ah! I know; I have met her again and again in the pages of rustic novels. It was she—or, at any rate, her brother—who arranged the famous otter-hunt in the first pages of Balzac's Paysans; it was she too who pronounced the eulogy on the watering-place in some novel of Maupassant's. But here this humble gleaner among the ruins offers an important lesson to the passer-by. She teaches her hearers of every age that we must either accept martyrdom or make ourselves stronger than the race beyond the Rhine.

But now we hear loud clamors. The boys are crowding round us. How merry they are! I talk to them of the Boches, evoking their laughter. The images of the heroic days will be with them for ever. As I follow the road that leads to Sister Julie's house, I listen to their chatter, and rejoice that the events of August and September, 1914, now constitute the very foundations of their being. The fires of their burning houses have become a flame of life to them.

We arrive at the house of the nun who was mentioned in a general's despatches.

"Good day, Sister."

"Ah! M. Barrès; have you been thinking about our church? Come and let me show it to you. With 5,000 francs we could patch it up till the Government is able to rebuild it. But if nothing is done it will just fall to pieces in the first storm."

She leads me into the lofty ruin, beneath the shell-pierced vault, and there, before the shrine which they riddled with bullets, and the Christ whose feet had been broken off with rifle-butts, amongst the shattered benches and the splintered glass from the stained glass windows, the noble woman told the tale of her hospital at the request of my friends. I wish you could have heard her making her statement in very precise terms, upright as a soldier of Heaven and of France, without a trace of sentimentality. Her talk was as clear as a law report, instinct with truth and simplicity. Suddenly she paused.

What was the matter? An urchin had approached, and stood with his hands in his pockets listening open-mouthed as he had listened to the washerwoman.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Sister, "what manners,

to come and listen without being called! Be off with you!"

I took him by the hand.

"Sister, he is a dear boy who loves to hear how you treated the Boches."

"Yes, a dear boy; and so he must be taught to behave. A French boy must have better manners than the Prussians."

This was unanswerable. Here was a child without a home or daily bread, but thanks to Sister Julie his education would not be neglected. She carries on her civilizing mission among the ruins. Ah! Sister, you ask our help to rebuild your church, but all Gerbéviller has become a holy school, and when the vault collapsed the whole town was transformed into an open-air sanctuary.

Nothing could be more beautiful than these June days, when Nature, stretching her green arms over the ruins, seems to say "They are mine," and to meet the two arms of the cross raised by women—I mean the lessons of suffering given by these women of Gerbéviller. They cannot go forth trowel in hand to rebuild their town; they must wait for the return of husbands, sons and brothers, but they labor indefatigably, gathering together spiritual materials, the fruitful memories of crimes and noble deeds.

What kind of a new Gerbéviller will rise from the depths of disaster? Life is not extinct in our ruined villages. The fruit has fallen to the ground, but the soul rises again from the earth. The elements which were scattered reunite, and prepare to blossom more abundantly.

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## A Night in Limehouse

By Thomas Burke

The grey towers were tolling three o'clock, and the thick darkness of the waterside covered the night like a blanket. Captain Chudder slept, breathing stertorously, mouth open, limbs heavy and nerveless. His room was deeply dark, and so little light shone on the back reaches of the Gill street cottages that the soft raising of the window made no visible aperture. Into this blank space something rose from below, and soon it took the shape of a flat yellow face which hung motionless, peering into the room. Then a yellow hand came through, the aperture was widened, and swiftly and silently a lithe yellow body hauled itself up and slipped over the sill.

The Chinaman glided from the window with outstretched hand; the feeling fingers searched the bed calmly, methodically, until they found that which they sought; then from some hiding-place withdrew a krese and held it poised. It was long, keen and beautifully curved, but not a ray of light was in the room to fall upon it, and the yellow finger had to feel the bright blade to find whether the curve ran from or toward the bed.

Then, with terrific force and speed, it came down: one—two—three. The last breath rushed from the open lips. Captain Chudder was out.

The strong yellow hand withdrew the krese for the last time, wiped it on the coverlet of the bed, replaced it in its home and the Chinaman turned for the window. He found, in a moment of panic, that he knew not which way to turn. Stretching a hand to the wall, Sung Dee began to creep and to feel his way along. Dark as the room was, he had found his way in. Why could he not find his way out? What was he afraid of?

Blank wall was all he found at first. Then his hand touched what seemed to be a picture frame. It swung and clicked, and the noise seemed to echo through the still house. He moved farther, and a sharp rattle told him that he had struck the loose handle of the door. But that was of little help. He could not use the door; he knew not what perils lay behind it. It was the window he wanted—the window. . .

The middle of the room he judged, and took another step forward, a step which landed his chin sharply against the jutting edge of the mantelshelf over the fireplace. He jumped like a cat, and his limbs shook, for now he had lost the door and the bed as well as the window, and had made terrible noises which might bring disaster. All sense of direction was gone. He knew not whether to go forward or backward, to right or left. He heard the tinkle of the shunting trains, and he heard a rich voice crying something in his own tongue. But he was lapped around by darkness and terror, and a cruel fancy came to him that he was imprisoned here forever and forever and that he would never escape from this enveloping, suffocating room. He began to think that—

And then a hot iron of agony rushed down his back as, sharp and clear at his elbow, came the Captain's voice:

"Get forrard, you damn Chink—get forrard! Lively there! Get out of my room!"

He sprang madly aside from the voice that had been the terror of his life for so many weeks and collided with the door, and dashed away from it and crashed across the bed, fell across it and across the warm, wet body that lay there. Every nerve in every limb of him was seared with horror at the contact, and he leapt off, kicking, biting, writhing. He leapt off and fell against a table, which tottered and at last fell with a stupendous crash into the fender.

"Lively, you damn Chink!" said the Captain. "Lively, I tell yeh. Dance, d'yeh hear? I'll have yeh for this. I'll learn you something. I'll give you something with a sharp knife and a bit of hot iron, my cocky. I'll make yer yellow skin crackle, yeh damn, lousy chopstick. I'll have yeh in a minute. And when I get yeh! Orf with yeh clothes. I'll cut yeh to pieces, I will."

Sung Dee shrieked. He ran round and round, beating the wall with his hands, laughing, crying, jumping, lit by the grey light of fear. He realized that it was all up now. He cared not how much noise he made. He hadn't killed the

old man; only wounded him. And now all he desired was to find the door and any human creatures who might save him from the captain. He met the bed again, suddenly, and the tormentor who lay there. He met the upturned table and fell upon it, and he met the fireplace and the blank wall; but never, never the window or the door. They had vanished. There was no way out. He was caught in that dark room, and the Captain would do as he liked with him. . . . He heard footsteps in the passage, and sounds of menace and alarm below. But to him they were friendly sounds, and he screamed loudly toward them.

He cried to the Captain in his pidgin for mercy.

"Oh, Captain—no burn me today, Captain. Sung Dee be heap good sailor, heap good servant, all same slave. Sung Dee heap plenty solly hurt Captain. Sung Dee be good boy. No do feller bad lings no feller more. Oh, Captain. Let Sung Dee go lis time. Let Sung Dee go. Oh, Captain!"

And now those below came upstairs; and they listened in the passage, and for the space of a minute they were hesitant. For they heard many terrible noises, and by the noises there might have been half a dozen men in the Captain's room. But very soon the screaming and the pattering feet were still, and they heard nothing but low moans; and at last the bravest of them, the Captain's brother, swung the door open and flashed a large lantern.

And those who were with him fell back in dumb horror, while the brother cried harshly: "Oh! . . . my. . . God!" For the lantern shone on a Chinaman seated on the edge of the bed. Across his knees lay the dead body of the Captain, and the Chink was fondling his damp dead face, talking baby talk to him, dancing him on his knee, and now and then making idiot moans. But what sent the crowd back in horror was that a great death-white parrot was flapping about the yellow face of the Chink, cackling: "I'll learn yeh; I'll learn yeh!" and dragging strips of flesh away with every movement of the beak.

## French Leave

He is always a hero, the permissionaire, the man home on leave.

Sometimes he wears the Croix de Guerre, sometimes he cannot even boast a corporal's stripe, but he is none the less a hero to the women who call him husband, son or brother. He is also a great military authority among his acquaintances and is plied with questions that would puzzle even General Joffre. Occasionally he is garrulous, after a good meal perhaps, but more often he is a silent man, with something a little inscrutable in his eyes as he listens and looks about him. The things in life which were once familiar to him are now strange, and subjects which once interested him no longer compel his attention.

"Tu sais," says his wife with pride, "I have been able to run the business at a profit and my economies amount to . . ." "Oh, bother your economies," says the tired man wearily. "Let me sleep. That is all I care about." And his wife stares at him in amazement. Not to care about the economies seems to her extraordinary, unbelievable. And even when he is

rested, when he has forgotten a little about la-bas in the trenches, it is more often to his children that he turns than to his economies. You see "Monsieur" in a trench helmet, "Madame" in a brand new hat for the occasion, and "Bébé" in her father's arms, her little nose rubbing against the stained tunic and her small fingers pulling hard at his beard. They are on their way to pay a family visit, or they are going to a cinema and "Madame" is very proud of her permissionaire, very anxious to interest him, though at the same time a little bewildered at his lack of enthusiasm in everything.

"You see how dark Paris is at night. It is to protect us against Zeppelins." To which he merely answers: "Ah!" "What," she cries, "you do not care any more about your beloved Paris?" There is a note of distress in her voice, and he says reassuringly: "But, of course. I do, only you see, la-bas . . ." He can explain no more and the look in his eyes grows more inscrutable than ever to the practical, busy woman at his side. His thoughts have

gone back to the trench life which has become a daily habit and he feels himself a stranger in the old life of before the war.

With the younger men, the unmarried men, the tale is rather different, although they, too, have steadier, sterner eyes than when they went away, even as they have stronger, healthier bodies. With the buoyancy that only youth can know, they leap from the life of the trenches to that of the town and enjoy both. With a very proud mother or a pretty companion of their own age they fly from one distraction to another, making the most of every moment. "Take care, chéri," says a bright-eyed maiden to a young Alpine chasseur as the train leaves the Métro station with its doors unclosed. And he laughs gaily at her womanish fears. His medals speak for his prowess on the battlefield and his vigorous person looks capable of defying death and danger.

At the next station a young Parisian of the upper classes gets in and is surprised to meet so many of his own world on the underground

(Continued on Page 17)



# Poems About San Franciscans

XXIX—BRET HARTE

By Ina Coolbrith

("The sweetest note in California literature," Bret Harte called his friend Ina Coolbrith. Miss Coolbrith is one of "the old guard" of letters in California, one of the coterie of writers which included Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller and Charles Warren Stoddard. The following tribute to Bret Harte was written by Miss Coolbrith as a dedication poem for a volume of "Stories and Poems and Other Uncollected Writings by Bret Harte" published by Houghton Mifflin and Company in 1914.)

The magic of his wizard pen  
Still holds the world in thrall;  
From lordly laurels won of men  
No leaf may fade or fall.

In ways he trod, and treads no more,  
His footprints linger still,  
Alike on England's mother-shore,  
The New World's sunset hill.

But ah! the scenes the Boy first saw,  
The sea Balboa named,  
The bay which stout old Portola  
For sweet St. Francis claimed,

The great Sierras piercing blue  
Of sky with snowy crest,  
He knew and loved them best; they knew,  
They know, and love him best.

They speak of him, the forest trees,  
Redwood, madrono, pine,—  
The Mission Bells,—all these, and these  
His memory's sacred shrine.

## The Spectator

### Elysium, 1916

Jack Churchill is the first to greet the brine-drenched giant in khaki.

Then the Iron Duke, with the smile of Waterloo upon his face, grips his dripping hand.

"Sirdar!" cries a little soldier, and the new-comer salutes his old commander.

But his eyes are intent on another.

Marlborough, Wellington and "Bobs" step aside, and the hero of Omdurman is clasped in the arms of "Chinese" Gordon.

### The "Commercial Surveyor"

The gates of our city have opened wide to admit Dr. B. N. Rastall who comes at the request of the Chamber of Commerce to make a "commercial survey" of San Francisco. It seems that Dr. Rastall is an expert in "commercial surveys." Take a chair, doctor. And that Dr. Rastall recently instituted a commission form of government in Duluth. Doctor, take two chairs! Doubtless we need a "commercial surveyor." We need so many things that a "commercial surveyor" may well be one of them. Just how a "commercial survey" is made I am profoundly ignorant, but I am far from being averse to enlightenment. I hope the "commercial survey" has something to do with keeping taxes down. That is what we need here more than anything else. That, and less voracity of appetite among our tax eaters. What happens after the "commercial survey" is completed is something about which I am particularly interested. I suppose the "commercial surveyor" makes a report. But what becomes of the report? Is it filed away like a volume of the proceedings of the Commonwealth Club? Or is some use made of it? Perhaps this is being too curious. But I cannot help having misgivings. Last year a voluntary association of public-spirited men known as the California Tax Association published a valuable report entitled "The Problem of High Taxes in San Francisco." This report showed the crying evils of budget making as that pastime is practiced in our careless city. It was based on what might be called, I suppose, a "City Hall survey." I wonder if the Chamber of Commerce ever took cognizance of this important

report? Or is it negligible because it happens to be the work of home talent?

### Are We to Follow Duluth?

The item of news concerning Dr. Rastall which interests me most is to the effect that he has just instituted a commission form of government in Duluth. Happy zenith city by the unsalted sea! If only Proctor Knott were alive to hear the joyous tidings. At the same time I desire to go on record as hoping that Dr. Rastall will not find our condition to be similar to Duluth's. I do not know what Duluth's troubles are. I pray that ours may be found to be entirely different. My reason? I should not like Dr. Rastall to apply to us the remedy which he applied to Duluth. From the bottom of my heart I yearn to see our city spared the commission form of government. The commission form of government is a panacea, and I loathe panaceas.

### Denver's Experience

Denver tried the commission form of government for four years. Last month it repudiated the system and went back to mayoral administration. The reversion was taken to demonstrate that the voters considered municipal government primarily a business, not a political problem to be handled by politicians, dreamers and reformers. The economic problem was the basic reason for Denver's return. The test of four years under commission government showed a constant annual increase in the cost of administration, with little or no money going for permanent improvements. The headless commission form with five different departments, caused too much divided authority and divided interest. It was like five horses pulling in different directions, or like the stockholders of a company electing a board of five directors and neglecting to pick a chairman. The commission form in Denver came as a protest against "bossism." Mayor Speer was defeated for reelection by a reformer, Henry Arnold who went into office on the greatest wave of popularity Denver ever saw. Arnold carried every precinct in the city except one. Ten months later he lost every precinct in the city by a

larger majority than he had previously carried it by, and the city swung to the commission form. Now Denver has discovered that "bossism" wasn't so bad. They have made Speer mayor again. The sentiment in Denver is that you get more for your taxes with "bossism" and a mayor than with reformers and the commission form of panacea. All of which is respectfully referred to the Chamber of Commerce and its "commercial surveyor" Dr. Rastall.

### Prohibition in Portland

I have before me the copy of a letter written by a citizen of Portland, Oregon, to a San

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Franciscan of prohibitionist proclivities. It strikes me that it is a good document to place before Californians, now that we are approaching the heat of another campaign to make the State dry. I quote:

"Touching your inquiry as to the representation that prohibition in the form that we have it in Oregon has been an advantageous thing to this State, please take it from one who has spent thirty-four years here that such information is totally incorrect and a reprehensible wrong. There are more vacant properties and greater reductions and losses in rents in the city of Portland than ever before. In the last year, partly in anticipation of the dry movement, and during the months that have followed since the law has been in force, statistics compiled from the gas company, from the electric light company and from the telephone company show that 49,353 people have absented themselves from this community and that there are 9,523 vacant houses and stores. Portland was said to have 215,000 people. If this be the case, she has less than 175,000 now. There are some interested in the dry movement who attribute this condition to the war, but the facts are that there is more debauchery, a greater degree of intemperance and a more hypocritical attitude among our people than ever before—all due, in the opinion of observers, to the new situation."

#### Liquor Brought In

"Under the law of prohibition," continues this Portland man, "which provides that intoxicating liquors shall not be manufactured and sold in this State, our own sources of supply are shut off absolutely, while thousands of dollars are sent out of the State in order to bring liquor in. The amount allowed is two quarts of whiskey and twenty-four quarts of beer. The ordinary man or woman heretofore never had in his or her possession two quarts of whiskey and quite rarely, if ever, did the ordinary family have as much as twenty-four quarts of beer. They have them now. Sales outside the State are constantly increasing to the prejudice of a home producing market which is not allowed to run. Our brewing plants over the State are business wrecks. Now if you can tell me what harm there is in inviting your friend, male or female, to luncheon or dinner, or taking your wife or family to luncheon or dinner and there having your wine in your ordinary manner as you do at your house, and thus allow the hotel or restaurant to obtain the benefit of that business, I would like you people who seem to be interested in prohibition to point it out."

#### The Spread of Sin

"Prohibition," the letter continues, "has killed the morale of our citizenship, for the reason that the spirit of fun and good fellowship has been replaced by immorality in dark places. That is to say, young men and women will buy their respective quarts of this or that and house themselves in quarters unknown where it takes unusual restraint to prevent the party from winding up in a drunken debauch. My lady of respectability or the girl who wants to have a good time has her bottle in her bag or suit case or grip. She leaves her flat or apartment or home and goes to some obscure

place with other girl friends or other companions, and has her party. This brings a condition of affairs that is unnatural. You and I know that it is perfectly natural for men and women who like each other's company to get together; and if they cannot do it openly and decently, why then they will do it in the dark, and no law or any other kind of political poltroonery will prevent them."

#### Tempting the Young

"We find that liquor is now taken into homes where it never was before," continues the writer. "And in offices and stores and quiet places here and there you can find more liquor in the original package than can be consumed in twelve months. What is worse, the young and inexperienced who do not understand its use nor what comes about through its abuse, are brought in contact with it. The result is that there is more of an opportunity for the designing rascal to ply his nefarious trade with young and innocent girls than there ever was before. A moral uplift in the name of prohibition presents here a situation of falsity. It is not only a denial of American citizenship, but an invitation to vice and immorality for which there was no open opportunity before."

#### Business Ruined

"The restaurant, grill and hotel business is busted, broken, done," the letter continues. "The Multnomah Hotel has closed its doors, and there are several others that are about to do the same thing. On top of it all taxes are higher. The amount formerly contributed by license payers must now be raised by additional taxes. In fact, the commercial situation in this city is a wreck brought about by the conditions I have set forth. California is noted for its metropolitan communities, also for its hospitality to strangers. How would you like to have conditions like these I have been describing? I take it there is no difference between a man or woman in California and a man or woman in Oregon. They are made the same, and they have the same appetites, the same passions and temperaments. If you people in California become misguided enough to believe that you will reform human nature by introducing what is provided for us in the name of prohibition, you will simply debauch your State."

#### A Rather Sad Appeal

"If you will let men and women be natural," the letter concludes, "as it was ordained they should be, they will select their own ways and methods of eating, drinking and other things; and when all is done they will be a pretty good average bunch of men and women. At least they will not be prudes, they will not be hypocrites. They will laugh, they will smile—indeed they will love and hate, but they will do it naturally, and they will not be hypocrites and they will not distrust each other. It is an actual fact that here in Oregon people do not think naturally any more because everybody is looking for some way to avoid the other fellow so that the other fellow may not know what he is doing. The system begets distrust. You will be singularly unfortunate if you submit yourself to the system from which we are now suffering." This last quotation from the Portland letter seems to me a rather sad appeal. It is too bad that there should be any good

reason for making such an appeal to Californians.

#### The Jitney Hearing

Curiosity drew me to the City Hall last Wednesday for the committee hearing in the jitney matter. The business men of Market street presented a petition to the supervisors asking that the jitneys be ruled off our main thoroughfare as they are a menace to life and are seriously affecting business. Roy Bishop of the Palace Hotel, and other Market street business men were on hand with their attorney Tom O'Connor. The Civic League of Improvement Clubs which is also fighting the jitney menace, was represented by its secretary George W. Gerhard. I have said that curiosity drew me to the City Hall. I wanted to hear what sort of argument the jitney drivers could possibly make for their irritating invasion. I found that the jitney drivers were represented by one Alexander Horr who has descended to the status of a jitney driver from the eminence of acting as business manager for the notorious Emma Goldman. Horr is a cocky little man who talks our language with a painfully foreign accent. He has a pert wit about him, and every time he exercised it the jitney drivers who were present to back him up emitted loud guffaws. Roy Bishop told the committee that two elderly guests of the Palace had been killed by jitneys while trying to cross Market street. Horr replied that he could cross Market street in safety at any hour, and that such people as Bishop spoke of were afraid of shadows! Another argument advanced in favor of the jitney was to the effect that one of the shareholders of the Palace was not an American citizen! The interminable E. P. E. Troy was on hand to speak for the jitneys and against the United Railroads. He pointed out that Rudolph Spreckels had not signed the petition against the jitneys.

"We intend to bring Mr. Spreckels here as an argument for the jitneys," he declared.

"Mr. Spreckels will not be an argument; he will be an exhibit," retorted Attorney O'Connor.

#### The Menace of Excessive Rents

Not long ago the Sutter Hotel which was a credit to the city, had to shut down because its proprietor found that he was operating for the benefit of the landlord, and of the landlord alone. The other day the Golden West Hotel on Powell street went out of business for the same reason. The manager found his rent too heavy a burden to carry, and closed the hotel rather than allow the landlord to get a mortgage on the furniture. Only a few days before it had been announced that the Santa Fe had refused to renew its lease in a Market street office building because the officials of the Santa Fe considered the terms excessive. Several apartment houses have come to grief lately, and the explanation in all cases is the same: the landlord demanded too much. To what extent excessive rents have injured San Francisco it is impossible to say. But it is possible that landlords will discover before long that the asking of excessive rent is not good business; that it is better to accept a lower rent rather than pay taxes and insurance on a vacant property. When some of our landlords make this discovery San Francisco will enjoy more of the benefits of prosperity than it is enjoying today.

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**The Murderer's Accomplice**

Less than a month ago a bus boy with an imaginary grievance shot and killed William B. Martlin of Tait's as he was dining with his wife at the Odeon. This bus boy was a lad of twenty-one. He had never used a pistol before. He admits that he bought the pistol and some cartridges in a Kearny street store, and that the dealer showed him how to load the weapon. We are all familiar with incidents of this kind. They occur with terrible frequency. They point to the dealer in fire arms as the murderer's ordinary accomplice. There is no sort of restriction in this city or State on the sale of revolvers. Nothing stands in the way of a man bent on shooting except the price of a gun, and guns are cheap. To purchase poison you must have a doctor's prescription, and you must register your name and address in the druggist's poison book. Why should there not be a similar regulation concerning the purchase of fire arms? Why should there not be necessary a permit from the Chief of Police? In New York it is a felony to carry a concealed weapon. We need this "Sullivan law" in California. They have a similar law in Illinois. But we need more. We need stringent regulation to prevent the sale of fire arms to persons bent on murder. The gun storekeepers should be prevented by law from becoming accessory before the fact, and they should be held to the strictest accountability in such cases as this of the bus boy. The matter is being agitated. Chief White has expressed himself in favor of this necessary regulation; so has Police Commissioner Woods. The matter should not be allowed to drop until it has been made impossible for an irresponsible person to buy a weapon, and until the gun dealers have ceased to be the accomplices of murderers.

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This was made evident by the talk of Henry Mansfield, the crazy clairvoyant, the day he appeared before the district attorney to get a warrant for the arrest of Henry Stafford, his lawyer. The unbalanced seer charged his lawyer with sequestrating \$20,000 of his money. It did not take District Attorney Fickert long to see that the charge was the offspring of a disordered brain, and he ordered the seer out of his office. When Mansfield made his accusation Stafford retained Tom O'Connor to represent him. O'Connor found Stafford looking at the evening paper. Across the top of the first page was an eight-column screamer in red ink, "Attorney Stafford Accused by Seer."

"Does that worry you?" asked O'Connor.

"Worry me!" said Stafford. "Let me tell you, Tom, it takes a pretty good man to crowd the Kaiser off the front page!"

To return to the argot of the clairvoyants, here are some of the expressions used by Mansfield before the district attorney:

A three, meaning a detective.

A five, meaning a policeman.

Jack, leaves or straw, meaning money.

A telephone circuit, meaning a person who talks too much.

Little tin shop, meaning the county jail.

A thirty-eight, meaning a person "trimmed" by a clairvoyant.

To bless a five, meaning to bribe a policeman.

Giving it to the archbishop, meaning to hide money which is in danger of being attached.

None of these expressions, so far as I know, is used by any other class of crooks.

**Gregg Under Surveillance**

Roy Bishop of the Palace Hotel and Wellington Gregg of the Crocker National were returning from a business trip to Bakersfield. Bishop lingered over his black coffee to chat with a friend, and Gregg left the dining car for the Pullman. He seated himself and prepared for a leisurely hour with the evening paper. But he was allowed no peace. The Pullman porter hovered about him, moving when he moved, edging close to him every time he turned a page, keeping two bright eyes constantly upon him, brushing awkwardly against him now and then, narrowly missing his toes. Gregg who is the best-natured man in our county almost lost his temper. But the porter was an elderly colored man and Gregg could not bring himself to the cruelty of a spoken rebuke. He took it out in glaring, and he is not a very successful glarer. Finally Roy Bishop came to sit with Gregg. Immediately the Pullman porter lost all interest in Gregg and went about his bedmaking business. Wellington Gregg could not help noticing that the arrival of Bishop was coincident with his own release from surveillance. Quietly he beckoned the porter to the other end of the car.

"What's the idea?" he demanded sternly.

The porter showed confusion, but Gregg's eye was fixed upon him in its full glaring intensity and the porter saw no escape.

"Well, you see, sah," he explained, "dat gen'leman done show me his star, sah."

"His star?" said Gregg.

"Yes, sah," the porter answered, "his policeman's star, sah."

Which served to remind Gregg that Roy Bishop had some time ago been sworn in as a special policeman.

"Yes, yes, of course, his special policeman's star," said Gregg hastily. "But what of it?"

"Well, sah," said the porter, "he done tole me, sah, that you was under arrest, and for me not to take ma eyes off you, sah, while you was out of his sight, sah."

Gregg said nothing. He started down the car toward Bishop. He was halted by a look of interest in the porter's eye.

"Ah beg yo' pardon, sah," said the porter, "but if it ain't presuming, sah, Ah would like to inquire what they landed you for?"

"The charge will probably be murder," said Gregg, but Bishop had sought safety in the buffet.

**St. Francis Persiflage**

Raleigh Kelly, one of our rising lawyers, was bending over the glass counter of the flower

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stand in the St. Francis Hotel. Miss Riley, the goddess of the flowers, was adjusting a corn flower in his buttonhole. There happened along none other than Kelly's particular pal Leo Carew who bears the additional distinction of being Tom Carew's son.

"Have a flower with me," said Kelly, and Leo didn't mind if he did.

Miss Riley looked for a buttonhole on the Carew lapel, but there was none. She had to pin the flower to his coat.

"Next time you order a suit, Mr. Carew," she said, "you must tell your tailor to provide you with a lapel buttonhole."

"Indeed I shall," said Carew. "I'll tell both of them."

Raleigh Kelly looked inquiringly, but Miss Riley showed her habitual politeness.

"Oh," she said, "you have more than one tailor?"

"Yes," was Carew's reply, "Leon and Bob Roos."

#### Reed and Marye

John Reed, the clever journalist who made the country laugh about three weeks ago with his article "Bryan on Tour" has just published a war book "The War in Eastern Europe" with illustrations by Boardman Robinson. It is an interesting book. The general orders that no correspondent should be allowed near the front constantly hampered Reed in his work, but as it was he managed to arrive repeatedly where he was not allowed to be. Coming up from the south, where the authorities did not know what to do with him, he was sent north; he traveled behind the Russian front through Bukovina, Galicia and Poland. Finally he went to Petrograd, as he says, out of the frying pan into the fire. "It seems," he writes, "that by this time the powers-that-be had made up their minds to shoot us. The American Embassy washed its hands of me; but Robinson, a Canadian by birth, went to the British Embassy, and the British Embassy finally freed us both and got us out of Russia." This point is interesting because so many travelers complain of the detachment and inefficiency of the American representatives abroad, whereas the English ambassadors and consuls seem perfectly able to protect their fellow citizens. At the time of this incident George T. Marye of San Francisco was American Ambassador at Petrograd.

#### The Argentine—Another Warning

Several correspondents have written to thank Town Talk for the wholesome warning given by S. Ponton De Arce in a "Varied Type" interview last week. Mr. De Arce warned ambitious young Americans against regarding the Argentine Republic as an El Dorado where fortune was to be had for the asking. One correspondent enclosed a clipping from the New York Sun of May 28 last, and as it bears

out what Mr. De Arce said I think it will serve a good purpose to quote it here. It is a letter with the heading: "Going South? Job Seekers in the Argentine Must Be Thoroughly Prepared." It reads thus:

To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: Many young men throughout the United States are trying to prepare themselves for positions in South America. As a matter of policy, numbers of schools offering courses in modern languages and salesmanship have encouraged American youths in the belief that all a Yankee has to do to get a good job in any South American country is to master a few words of Spanish and absorb a few of the rudimentary principles of salesmanship and buy a ticket on a line going south. A few statements from a pamphlet prepared by the Department of Education of Argentina may awaken some of these young men to the actual conditions in that country at least. That the future citizen of Argentina will be able to converse intelligently in English can be seen by the statement that "all languages are taught in their own tongue for the sake of practice." A little further we read that "one kind (of school) provides technical training for young men in the various trades, while a second type serves to train the young men for positions as foremen and superintendents." There are eight large schools of these two types. The national Government also controls "commercial schools for men and women, which provide adequate modern instruction in salesmanship and bookkeeping." Nine thousand students attended the large universities of Argentina in 1914. There is an excellent opportunity for young Americans all through South America, but let them go well prepared!

New York, May 27.

—D. P.

#### Sothorn as a Poet

Julia Marlowe retired from the stage some months ago, much to the regret of her admirers throughout the country. However, there is always the possibility that the retirement may not be permanent: retirements from the stage so seldom are. The great Mrs. Siddons had any number of retirements, and actresses ever since have followed her example. More recently Julia Marlowe's husband E. H. Sothorn made his farewell appearance in "If I Were King." On this occasion Julia Marlowe appeared before the audience and read some beautiful verses concerning herself. They were written by Sothorn, and show him to be the possessor of a graceful facility in versification. They run as follows:

I, dreaming, walked in Arden's wood,  
Where, Dream of Dreams, roamed Rosaline.  
Demure Viola thoughtful stood  
Beneath the scented eglantine.  
Lo! saucy Beatrice! who, long syne,  
Hath learned of scornful pride the cost.  
Her eyes from leafy ambush shine—  
Sweet ladies, I have loved and lost!

The fair Ophelia, from the flood,  
Waves a pale hand in parting sign.  
Flaunts Kate the Curst in rebel mood:  
Weeps Cawdor's Queen incarnadine.  
Sad Juliet sighs—her love divine  
By cruel stars forever cross'd.  
Here Imogene flees Cymbeline.  
Sweet ladies, I have loved and lost!

Portia who, from the bond of blood,  
Diverted Shylock's fierce design.  
Great Egypt's Queen, whom Caesar woo'd,  
Strays here from fields of Proserpine.  
Deep drank I of your wisdom's wine,  
Quaffed I your wit, ye radiant host!  
Farewell! your service I resign;  
Sweet ladies, I have loved and lost!

Your hands! your lips! Yea, thine and thine,  
Hearts debonnaire souls tempest-toss'd.  
Your constant shrine, this heart of mine,  
Sweet ladies, I have loved and lost!

#### A Diplomat

Once a very shrewd and diplomatic culprit was brought before a judge in Oakland.

"You are charged," said the judge, "with having registered illegally."

"Well, your honor," responded the man, "maybe I did, but they were trying so hard to beat your honor that I just got desperate."

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## When Eleonora Rebelled

Mme. Eleonora de Cisneros, the prima donna now singing at the Orpheum, was a soloist of the Symphony Orchestra during the last year of Henry Hadley's conductorship. Hadley noticed on more than one occasion that people came to the concerts solely to hear this or that famous soloist. As soon as the soloist completed his or her offering there were always a number of people who got up and left the theatre. To defeat these people Hadley conceived the idea of having the soloist appear last on the programme. Mme. de Cisneros was the first symphony soloist to whom Hadley broached this idea. She received it with the reverse of enthusiasm.

"Hadley," she said coldly, "I wouldn't close a programme for the Lord Almighty, let alone you."

She was permitted to choose her own place on the concert programme.

## Coffee Dan's

The amazing popularity of this basement lair of the hot cake and the ham sandwich can only be attributed to a whim of our pleasure-loving night birds. The vogue of Coffee Dan's came without notice. One night Coffee Dan's was given over to chauffeurs, night watchmen and other representatives of the polloi. The next it was suddenly adopted by society. Perhaps the vogue of Coffee Dan's may be traced to a clever article which appeared in The Mainsheet, the organ of the Indoor Yacht Club. The writer of this article was a philosopher who moralized on the juxtaposition of Tait's and Coffee Dan's. He preached a sermon on the ups and downs of the night life. Perhaps that article called attention to Coffee Dan's. At any rate our diners-out and dancers suddenly discovered that Coffee Dan's was the proper place to go for a little plain food when the music stopped at Tait's, the Tavern, the Palace and the St. Francis. The bare tables and the thick cups of this basement coffee house did not repel them. They made the adventure more piquant. Some nights

it is impossible to get a seat in Coffee Dan's. The tables are crowded with women in elegant gowns and men in evening dress. Entertainers from the big cafes are in evidence. Parties from masquerade balls appear in fantastic costumes. Actresses come from their dressing rooms. It is a strange assemblage, and the newcomer descending the stairs for the first time is startled at the noisy welcome. For already Coffee Dan's has its peculiar ritual. When a party enters the throngs already seated greet the arrivals by pounding on the long tables with salt cellars, spoons and sugar bowls. There are other distinctions about Coffee Dan's. There is Coffee Dan himself, second of that name. His father came to San Francisco in '49 and founded Coffee Dan's shortly afterwards. And there is the cashier who looks like a clergyman. He presides over the cash register in wonderful solemnity. But I shall not say too much about Coffee Dan's. I might spoil San Francisco's latest and strangest midnight playground.

## Ho for Santa Cruz!

Summoning his trusty lieutenants "Jim" McCullough and "Tom" Pearce, Mine Host "Jim" Woods of the St. Francis spoke as follows:

"We all know 'Bill' Jacobs, do we not?"

"We do," said McCullough and Pearce together.

"And we like 'Bill,' is it not so?" continued Woods.

"Aye, verily, it is so," responded the two assistant managers.

"Very well, then," said Woods. "You are aware that 'Bill' has left the service of Mr. De Young in order to put Santa Cruz back where it belongs on the amusement map. Let's help him. What do you say?"

"By all means let's help 'Bill,' he's a good scout," said McCullough.

"He's one of the best ever," said Pearce. "Let's help him."

"Here is what I propose," said Woods. "The Casa del Rey opens on Saturday night, June seventeen. Let's give a party. Let's give a swell party. Let's give a bang-up party. Let's get the good fellows interested, with their wives. If they haven't wives they have sisters. If they haven't sisters they have sweethearts. Or if they haven't any of these, we'll invite them anyway, provided they are good fellows. Let's get a special train, and go down to Santa Cruz in style. Let's get some good music, some good dance music. Let's have a big dinner at Santa Cruz, and a dance, and on Sunday we'll all go in the surf and have fun on the Board Walk, and all that sort of thing. What do you say? Let's do this in compliment to our friend 'Bill.'"

"Let's!" cried McCullough and "Let's!" cried Pearce.

## "The St. Francis Special"

That's how the "St. Francis Special" came into being. The result of that conversation is that some two hundred San Franciscans are going to Santa Cruz for the grand opening of the Casa del Rey June 17 and 18. The friends of Woods and the friends of Jacobs in the Bohemian, The Family, the Olympic and the Newspapermen's Club have taken to the idea with enthusiasm. They will go by the afore-said St. Francis Special on Saturday. A fine dance orchestra will go with them. They will

put up at the Casa del Rey, dine at the Casino and dance the night away. It will be the most brilliant opening the Casa del Rey has ever had. Sunday will have its appropriate gayeties too. It looks as though there will be difficulty accommodating all who want to join the party. It is all a big compliment to William Jacobs, and he appreciates it.

## Strange Case of Miss De Wolfe

The strange disappearance of Winifred de Wolfe has caused much anxiety among her friends in this city. The young girl was raised here, and left many friends behind when she went to New York with her mother. She was one of our most talented young dancers, and appeared at various charitable entertainments, always winning first honors by her skill. Shortly before leaving this city she was a pupil of Quentin Tod, the young Englishman who danced in Tait's Pavo Real with Louise La Gai and gave lessons in dancing to society girls. Winifred de Wolfe is of a flower-like beauty, and has the brains which distinguish all the de Wolfes. Her friends will not be relieved until they hear that she has come to no harm.

## The Next Metropolitan Season

"Geraldine Farrar as Thais will doubtless be the sensation of the next opera season at the Metropolitan," writes a correspondent. "That season, as announced by the manager, Mr. Gatti-

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Casazza, will comprise twenty-three weeks, beginning November 13. Besides Massenet's 'Thais,' which will of course be sung in French, several other operas are to be added to the repertory, among them Gluck's 'Iphigenia in Tauris' (in German), Zandonai's 'Francesca da Rimini' (in Italian), Bizet's 'Les Pecheurs de Perles' (in French), and 'The Canterbury Bells,' by Reginald De Koven. This opera will be sung in English, for the first time anywhere. The libretto is by Percy MacKaye. An interesting revival will be Donizetti's 'Elixir of Love,' in which Caruso is at his best. Delibes's 'Lakme' and Mozart's 'Figaro' will also be restored. The chief conductors will again be Polacco and Bodanzky, with Paul Eisler as assistant. Among the singers newly engaged are Alice Eversman, American soprano of the Karlsruhe Opera House; Odette Le Fontenoy, French-American soprano of the Opera-Comique, Paris; Marie Sundelius, Swedish-American soprano; Kathleen Howard, American contralto of the Covent Garden Theatre, London; Paul Bender, bass-baritone of the Royal Theatre in Munich."

#### The Singers

The following singers have been reëngaged: Sopranos, Frances Alda, Maria Barrientos, Lucrezia Bori, Anna Case, Vera Curtis, Emmy Destinn, Minnie Egener, Geraldine Farrar, Rita Fornia, Johanna Gadske, Mabel Garrison, Frieda Hempel, Melanie Kurt, Edith Mason, Alice Nielsen, Marie Rappold, Lenora Sparkes and Rosina van Lyck; mezzo-sopranos, Mariska Aldrich, Emma Horniggia, Sophie Braslau, Raymond Delaunois, Louise Homer, Marie Mattfeld, Margarete Ober, Flora Perini, Lila Robeson and Ernestine Schumann-Heink; tenors, Paul Althouse, Pietro Audisio, Angelo Bada, Julius Bayer, May Bloch, Luca Botta, Enrico Caruso, Riccardo Martin, Giovanni Martinelli, Albert Reiss, Johannes Sembach and Jacques Urlus; baritones, Pasquale Amato, Bernard Bégué, Giuseppe de Luca, Otto Goritz, Mario Laurenti, Robert Leonhardt, Vincenzo Reschiglian, Carl Schlegel, Antonio Scotti, Riccardo Tegan, Hermann Weil and Clarence Whitehill; basses, Carl Braun, Adamo Didur, Pompilio Malatesta, Arthur Middleton, Giulio Rossi, Leon Rothier, Basil Ruysdael, Andrea de Seguro and Henri Scott.

#### Miss Abercrombie Capitulates

That much sought after beauty Miss Margaret Abercrombie capitulated to Cupid when Dr. Sherman Crawford acted as the little god's spokesman. One of the most popular of our belles, she has been showered with good wishes, and the navy surgeon who is in charge of the Marine Hospital has been busy acknowledging the congratulations of his friends. The daughter of Mrs. George McGowan and the sister of the Baroness von Brincken, Dr. Crawford's bride is of distinguished lineage. She was born in Houston, Texas, the daughter of Gustav Milo Abercrombie and Irma Ellis Abercrombie who is now Mrs. McGowan. Her parents were first cousins. She is the granddaughter of Colonel W. A. Ellis, formerly of Tennessee but now a retired capitalist living in New York. She is the cousin of Mrs. Robert S. Lovett, the wife of the chairman of the Southern Pacific board, and of John W. Abercrombie, formerly president of the University of Alabama and now a congressman from that State. Another cousin is the Federal Judge Milo Bolling Abercrombie of Tuskegee, so there is a relationship with Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. The American founder of the Abercrombie family was Major Charles Abercrombie, the son of Lord Abercrombie of Scotland. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary Army, and a member of the Georgia convention which ratified the Constitution.

#### At the St. Francis

The passing show at the Hotel St. Francis has this week introduced us to many interesting personalities. Among them are nine noted hotel managers; Henry Evans, president of the Continental Fire Insurance Company and the Fidelity-Phoenix Fire Insurance Company; Count del Buena Esperanza, the Spanish judicial head of the New Hebrides Islands; Edwin W. Mills and J. F. Manning of Seoul who operate the mines of a large British syndicate that works in South Africa and South America as well as China and Korea; George Askvig of Moss, Norway, who has made enormous purchases of grain and now wonders whether he will ever be able to deliver them; Garrett King of El Paso, general passenger agent of the El Paso and South Western Railroad; Henry F. Brizard, who comes from the

north for his marriage with Miss Kate Bennett; Mrs. M. S. Hellman of the famous banking family, who is here with Mrs. A. Harris; Madame Marie Rappold, the famous singer, and Miss Emily Stevens, leading lady at the Cort; and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Evans of New York.

#### Events at Hotel Oakland

Amongst the prominent arrivals last week were Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bastian of Los Angeles; Chas. F. Dencklan of Chicago; Mrs. Cora S. Stowell of Coronado; W. Y. Loaiza and family of San Anselmo; Dr. J. A. Simpson and family of the U. S. navy; Floyd F. Brower of Portland, Ore.; Mrs. E. G. and Mrs. H. R. Crosby of Milwaukee; Mrs. Drysart and party of Pacific Grove; Mrs. Bunting of Pacific Grove; Mr. and Mrs. Jno. D. Isaacs and Miss Lillian Isaacs of New York. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Longley of Chicago and Bishop, Cal., have taken apartments. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Julian of Reno have also taken apartments. The Choral Society of the Glenview Club gave a luncheon to its members on Tuesday.

#### At the Cecil

Mrs. Dora Ahlborn of Honolulu gave an elaborate dinner Tuesday. It took place in the private dining room, and covers were arranged for ten. The dinner was in compliment to a coterie of Honolulu friends who came to San Francisco on one of the island steamers this week. Mrs. Ahlborn accompanied by her son George arrived in California last month. Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Doyle of Los Angeles will spend the summer at the Cecil. They have a host of friends in this city who are planning to make their stay a pleasant one. Captain and Mrs. Richard O. Crisp have returned to their apartment after a delightful motor trip with Lieutenant and Mrs. C. C. McMillan. Mrs. L. F. Marshall of Honolulu is visiting Miss L. K. Ward at the Cecil. The guests and their friends enjoyed the "movies" at the hotel Tuesday evening.

Church—Did you see that picture of still life? Gotham—What was it?

Church—A couple of Philadelphians playing chess.

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## Gossip of the Theatre

### Patriotism at the Orpheum

An old song was sung at the Orpheum this week, a song older than Tosti's "Goodbye" or Carrie Jacobs Bond's "Perfect Day" which were also in this bill. This old song was the hit of the show. Its announcement was cheered lustily; the audience heard it standing; and at its conclusion there were more cheers. This old song was "The Star Spangled Banner." It was sung beautifully by Mme. Eleonora de Cisneros. This statuesque and gracious prima donna came down to the footlights at the conclusion of her formal programme of song, and chatted with her audience. She said she had been to war-torn Europe, and that there she had heard the men of various nationalities singing their national anthems. She said that we should sing our national anthem, that we do not sing it as frequently as we should. She might have added that we sing it, or hear it sung, so seldom that many of us are under the impression that another, an inferior song—"America"—is our national anthem. And Mme. de Cisneros concluded her chat by saying that she would like to sing "The Star Spangled Banner" for her audience. She spoke with sincerity, and the audience warmed to her patriotism. The Orpheum audience is a patriotic audience. Its heart is in the right place. It always responds readily to a patriotic appeal. It rose and stood in respectful silence while the fine singer gave "The Star Spangled Banner." Mme. de Cisneros sang it not only with vocal art but also with fine fervor. She made the audience proud of our national anthem. Her example is one which ought to be followed by other singers. Heaven knows that we need to have our patriotism stimulated these trying days, and the Orpheum is a splendid place to do this. The Orpheum presents a good show this week, but for me the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" was the event of the evening.

—E. F. O'Day.

### A 20th Century Wonder at Pantages

Something never before seen on a vaudeville stage or at a circus—trained water lions performing in water! What makes this a marvel is the fact known by experts that once a sea-lion gets off land and reaches water he defies mankind. But H. W. Winston has proved that he can master the animals on either. The act is intended to show that a water-lion can do whatever a human can in the water. So Winston carries two of the best sea-nymphs procurable in this country. The lions have outdone the girls in whatever they attempt and offer stunts that the nymphs are incapable of achieving. They perform as well on the stage as in water. Daniel Roach and James McCurdy, the "Prune Center Cut-ups," are a pair of comedians who imitate country hoosiers returning home from the fair and trying to repeat tricks that they have seen. They delight and amuse the audience. The Six Serenaders sing their way to favor. "Money Talk" by Barton and Ashley is a no-sense comedy that makes you laugh. Walter Clinton and Julia Rooney have "What Everybody Likes" in the way of singing and dancing with lively music.

—The Second Nighter.

### Philharmonic Symphony Concert

With Tina Lerner, the beautiful Russian pianist, playing the brilliant G minor concerto of the illustrious Saint-Saens; with the best orchestra and one of the most attractive programmes ever offered in San Francisco, the

People's Philharmonic Orchestra, Nikolai Sokoloff, conductor, will give his fifth popular symphony concert Sunday afternoon, June 18, at the Cort. In addition to Miss Lerner's number, the programme will contain the beautiful overture to "Mignon" of Ambrose Thomas. "Knowest Thou the Land" and the dashing "Polonaise," a number that did much to make Tetrassini and Marcella Sembrich popular, are included in this overture. Two movements of the Symphony No. 2 of Brahms will follow. Part two of the programme will include the famous overture to "Sakuntala" of Carl Goldmark, a composition the orchestration of which is rich with oriental coloring. The "Caucasian Sketches" of Jppolotow-Ivanow, the sensation of the most recent concert of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra, with the beautiful solo passages for viola played by Bernaut Jaulus, and the English horn played by A. Naisino, will bring the programme to a close. Seats will be on sale at the Cort after Monday, and the concert will be under the business direction of Frank W. Healy. Mail orders with funds and self-addressed and stamped envelope sent to Mr. Healy care of the Cort will be honored in the order of their receipt.

### Last Nights of "Oh, I Say"

The musical comedy "Oh, I Say" which has made quite a substantial success at the Columbia, will be seen for the last times this Saturday afternoon, Saturday and Sunday nights. Robert Pitkin, Arthur Cunningham, Eleanor Henry, Dorothy Webb, Maude Beatty and all the other clever people of the company, and the big chorus as well, do excellent work in this lively musical farce from Paris. The Columbia

will be dark during the week commencing with Monday, reopening Sunday June 18th, with the big photoplay sensation "The Argonauts of California."

### Our Own Dan Casey at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week a bill of headliners. Grace La Rue is known as the "international star of song" from the fact that she is as popular in England as in this country. She is one of the best singing comediennes in vaudeville and one of the most successful of the musical comedy stars on Broadway. She sings half a dozen songs and acts them in a manner that is inimitable. Maude Fealy who is conceded to be one of the best actresses of the legitimate stage and who while still in her teens had the distinction of being leading woman for the late Sir Henry Irving, will be a special feature. Her contribution will consist of a comedy playlet by Hugh Herbert called "When the Tide Turned." Anita Peters Wright's Classical Dancers, consisting of fourteen attractive San Francisco girls who created a sensation at the German Bazaar, will be seen in "The Shepherds' Dance," "The Dance of the Archer," "Egyptian Frieze," "Anitra's Dance" and "The Dance of the Hours." They are Lenore Peters, Erna Helmer, Rebecca Hillis, May Garcia, Genevieve Cox, Vivienne Tweedie, Grace Stewart, Ruth Stewart, Margaret Arnold, Regina Roth, Helen Manning, Hazel Gowan, Ida Escamilla and Mabel Lawrence. Daniel Patrick Casey, erstwhile of County Cork but for many years past of San Francisco, returns from a tour of the East where he thoroughly established himself in the front row of vaudeville monologists. Mr. Casey styles his offering "A Little Killarney Blarney." The



MAUDE FULTON

Who will play the leading role in her own play "The Brat" at the Cort beginning Monday, June 12



Werner and Amoras Company juggle, also play several musical instruments. Madame Eleonora de Cisneros, the famous prima donna, will enter on the last week of her engagement and will present an entirely new programme of song. The other acts will be Fay, Two Coleys and Fay, and Fay Wallace and Regan Hughston in "Forty Winks." "Rube" Goldberg's Boob Weekly, a series of animated cartoons which are funny beyond description, will be the finale.

#### "The Brat" at the Cort

Miss Maude Fulton who is pleasantly remembered by local theatregoers for her work in musical comedy and vaudeville, is to come to the Cort, presented by Oliver Morosco in a play of her own writing "The Brat" next Monday night. Miss Fulton wrote this comedy during her temporary retirement from the stage. It was produced eight weeks ago by Morosco at one of his Los Angeles theaters and has been playing to capacity audiences ever since, being generally looked upon as the legitimate successor to "Peg o' My Heart," one of the most successful comedies the stage in this country has ever seen. The story of "The Brat" is said to be more than ordinarily interesting, and its characters, particularly well drawn. The name part is a slangy, good-hearted, pathetic and lovable child of the New York East Side upon whom fortune has obstinately refused to smile. It is of her struggles to keep good and her ultimate success and happiness that Miss Fulton has written, telling her story in three acts of bright lines and brilliant situations. The supporting com-

pany is made up in the main of local favorites. The leading male part is played by Edmund Lowe; the heavy by Wyndham Standing; and others in the cast are A. Burt Wesner, Lillian Elliott, James Corrigan, Marjorie Davis, Gertrude Maitland and Mary Baker. Tonight will witness the last performance of Dr. Louis K. Ansbacher's successful and unconventional comedy drama "The Unchastened Woman," in which Miss Emily Stevens has won such golden opinions.

#### Chrystal Herne Next at Alcazar

Chrystal Herne is next in line as stock-star at the Alcazar. Like her predecessors Florence Reed and Mary Boland, she is coming over the circuit arranged by Belasco and Mayer, O. D. Woodward and W. J. Flynn. She has had tremendous success in St. Louis and Denver, two of the other cities on the circuit, and her San Francisco debut next Monday night, June 12, is being looked forward to eagerly by the patrons of the popular theatre. Chrystal Herne is one of the foremost of the younger actresses on the American stage. That she comes by her delightful comedy talents and splendid emotional qualities by birth cannot be denied, for she is the daughter of the late James A. Herne, one of America's most beloved actors. Her sister is Julie Herne, another very clever young actress. It was as a little girl that Chrystal Herne made her debut on the stage. The play was her father's greatest success "Shore Acres" and Miss Chrystal played one of the children that figure so conspicuously in the story. She has been seen in

a number of the recent New York successes and in every one she was a distinct hit. Her Alcazar debut will be made in the first stock production of Somerset Maugham's smart comedy "Lady Frederick" which was originally written by the brilliant English playwright for Ethel Barrymore. "Lady Frederick" is a comedy in every sense of the word and the title role will furnish Miss Herne with great opportunities. Her co-star will be Forrest Stanley, one of the youngest and handsomest matinee idols to grace the local stage in a long time.

#### "Queen of the Cabaret" at Pantages

Patricola and her violin will have headline honors on the new show at Pantages. For the past year Patricola has been entertaining the elite of Chicago, and the scribes bestowed upon her the title of "Queen of the Cabaret." "At Ocean Beach," J. J. Brazee's musical tabloid with a flock of pretty girls and Billy Batchelor in the principal comedy role, is one of the special features of the new show. The Doris Wilson trio, three swagger young girls, have a decided novelty styled "Through a Looking Glass." The other acts will comprise McRea and Clegg as the "Intruder and the Queen of the Wheel," Kiet and De Mont in "College Pastimes," Browne and Jackson as the "Clubman and the Suffragette," and the thirteenth chapter of the engrossing picture serial "The Iron Claw."

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"AT OCEAN BEACH"

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"Through a Looking Glass"

JOHN KEIT AND FRAN DE MONT

"College Frolics"

BROWNE AND JACKSON

"The Clubman and the Suffragette"

McCREA AND CLEGG

"The Intruder and the Queen of the Wheel"

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

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The Delightful Comedy of Youth

By Maude Fulton. With

Maude Fulton

SPECIAL \$1.04 MOROSCO PRICES  
Not Playing Oakland



CHRYSTAL HERNE

Coming to the Alcazar Theatre next week



## French Leave

(Continued from Page 8)

railway, not realizing that in war time people are doing many things to which they have been hitherto unaccustomed. "Tiens! I did not know you were back," says someone he knows. "How are things going la-bas?" A shrug of the shoulders, or a curt "Très bien," is the only answer vouchsafed, and then they talk of anything else but the war, except as it touches them and their friends personally.

At the Gare de l'Est you can see the permissionaire come in by hundreds. They are of every age and grade. There are clean ones and very dirty ones. They slouch and they strut, or they walk with that peculiar trench walk, with the feet close together. They hang about the station entrance to buy post cards and aluminium rings, which they give away to their friends as presents from the trenches. Little family groups are waiting there for some of them or it may be just one woman with a baby in her arms, or a woman in mourning



TINA LERNER

The beautiful Russian pianist who will be the soloist at the fifth concert of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra, Cort Theatre, on Sunday, June 18

for the son who will not come home any more. With a fine contempt for such things as dust and mud and the public eye, the permissionaire is embraced warmly by his relations and they carry him off in triumph on the tram or in a taxi, according to their means.

But not a few of the men who arrive at the Gare de l'Est to pass their six days' leave in Paris have no friends waiting for them, have no friends to come and wait. Their homes are in the invaded districts from which no news comes. Most of these men are penniless, or almost so, and they are all shy, provincial, and lost-looking. They glance at the canteens from the outside, but hesitate to go in. They walk slowly past the cafe terraces and look longingly at the little marble tables with their bright brass rims, at the comfortable middle-aged man who sits reading his newspaper over a glass of coffee, and they wonder in a dull sort of

way what they are going to do with themselves in this immense, crowded, indifferent city.

There are so many of this kind in these days that they are no longer of much interest to the civilian, and they think of their homes in the now forbidden land. They have not heard of the newspaper offices which have organizations for looking after friendless men on leave. They know nothing of the many places where they could find lodging for nothing. They have no friendly, unknown "godmother" to whom they have been writing for months and from whom they have been receiving weekly packages. Something in the face or gait of one of them may, here and there, attract the attention of a kindly, elderly man sitting at a cafe, and he will ask him where he comes from and, having learned his story, he will end by taking him home with him.

### Summer Longing

With the greening and the shining comes a longing and a pining

For the lilt of rustic melodies where wind and ripple play.

In my head's a kind of jingling, all my fishing arm is tingling,

And my thoughts are cloudland galleons, sailing free—and far away.

Now it isn't just the fishing that's the cause of all this wishing,

It's a burning for the Beauty that here is never seen;

For the sunlit, flower-strewn meadow, sloping down to meet the shadow

On the face of quiet water o'er which blossomed branches lean;

For the river reach, far-ending, and the blue sky's ample bending;

For the foam-filled, racing rapids, for the big pools still and brown

For the lovely day's long dying, 'mid the last, late winds' faint sighing,

And the homage hush of Evening, as Night dons her jewelled crown.

For the runlet's murmur'd story, for the sunset's golden glory,

For the blurring of the treetops and the bright'ning of the stars;

For the rest and for the rapture, for the peace no words can capture—

Oh, the town is but a prison! Up, my heart, and burst the bars!

—Robert Stodart.

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Investors and outside speculators are waiting for the Republican National Convention and the Railway Wage Conference and trading became dull toward the end of the week. Professional operators had the market in their own hands and it sagged without displaying much real weakness. Commitments on both sides of the market were reduced last week to such small proportions that the stock market is free to respond quickly and decisively to any important development. It is no longer a heavy, long or short interest that makes it technically weak or strong. The dominant technical factors are the number of bargain hunters, including well known capitalists and corporations, who are waiting for a lower level, and on the other hand the foreign holders who may be tempted to sell more stocks and bonds at higher levels. The market has been able to absorb all foreign offerings without trouble, though the steady liquidation has undoubtedly checked advances in the railroad and industrial shares that are included in the International List. The British Government has decided to impose an extra income tax of two shillings in the pound, or ten per cent, on income from American and other foreign securities not deposited with the British Treasury. This will bring out such securities held by private investors. English bankers, insurance companies, brokers and other large holders have already complied with the request to sell to or deposit with the Treasury. There is no escape because no person can cash a foreign dividend check at any bank in the United Kingdom without having it reported to the Treasury. The British Government is paying a large part of the cost of the war out of current taxes and this maintains its credit and keeps the country on a gold basis while all the other belligerents are on a paper currency basis, with gold payments suspended. British investors must have great confidence in the future of the United States to retain our securities under such conditions. Railway shares are strong and higher, especially the Coalers, led by Reading and Norfolk. Railroad earnings that are published from time to time show an increase over last year and this means that the railroads are in a prosperous condition. Mining shares have been heavy for several weeks, and the break in the London metal market added to their depression. Holders of mining shares who do not belong to the inner circle that handles the companies' finances rebel against the accumulation of enormous cash surpluses instead of the payment of larger dividends out of current profits.

**Wheat**—On April 30th, May wheat was selling about 118 and on June 5th it is selling below 104. There would be nothing unusual in an occurrence of that kind had it not been for the fact that during this interim some of the most

sensational damage reports ever received, came up from the Southwest, threatening the annihilation of the entire soft wheat acreage. The trade has been more or less exercised over the failure of the market to reflect the seriousness of the situation, but has at last expressed the charitable conclusion that apprehension concerning the first bearish effects of peace rumors has been the restraining factor in the accumulation of wheat. This decline has by no means been a continuous one. It has been opposed vigorously all the way down, and at times scoring some sharp and snappy reactions. It may gain fresh force and lower levels may be reached than were made during the last decline, but the wheat has seemingly gone into strong hands, the damage reports are persistent and well authenticated, the Northwest will soon be under the scrutiny of the crop experts, there are already mutterings in that territory, and we are apt to hear worse reports than were sent from the soft States. We should, under the circumstances, rather favor from now on, the purchase of wheat on all the good breaks, avoiding bulges for initial operations.

**Corn**—The selling of corn has been almost continuous, a leading house liquidating the July and buying September. The weather was reported as being somewhat improved, but still too wet in various portions of the belt to permit of cultivation, and, in some instances making it necessary for replanting. The Government report on May rainfall shows irregular distribution, with considerable excess in some localities. There was a better cash demand for corn. The Government report in the corn and wheat regions says that warm weather in the central portions has caused marked improvement in the condition of this grain. The report also calls attention to the fact that there has been more replanting than usual, but the work is progressing quite favorably. On the whole there is not very much to complain of.

**Cotton**—The cotton market has shown very little activity the past week. Prices showed a further decline on liquidation of the July contract and a general feeling that peace talk was a little premature. A good many in the trade who bought cotton above thirteen cents on peace rumors became tired and let go. The Government figure showing a condition of 77.5 was construed as quite bullish in as much as it was below the ten year average and below the figures given out by private statisticians. The market on the publication of this report advanced about a dollar a bale, but the advance was met by heavy realizing sales and prices sold off as quickly as they had advanced. Weather conditions since the report was filed have been ideal in all parts of the belt, and private reports from the Eastern part of the belt reported the crop as making wonderful

progress. There is a disposition, however, to accumulate cotton on every decline by those who are willing to wait, believing in much higher prices later. There are very few of the local traders bearish, and those of the public now interested are playing the bull side. Exports were very large. Spot cotton in the South is not for sale on declines. The outlook favors a scalping market for the present.

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Capital actually paid up in Cash .....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds .....	2,008,962.64
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dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was  
declared.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD G. BLACK, deceased.—No. 20814;  
Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of EDWARD G. BLACK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Norman A. Eisner, his attorney, 344-345 Mills Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD G. BLACK, deceased.

P. F. DUNDON,

Administrator with the will annexed of the  
estate of Edward G. Black, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1916.

NORMAN A. EISNER,

Attorney for Administrator with Will Annexed,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-3-5

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#### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73004; Dept. No. 16.

PRISCILLA ELIZABETH DALES, Plaintiff, vs. IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's wilful neglect of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
S. J. HANKINS & H. J. HANKINS,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
917 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-10

#### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73543; Dept. No. 10.

SADIE BRADLEY, Plaintiff, vs. LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear on the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.  
SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-10

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ARCHIBALD HENDERSON MCGREGOR, deceased.—No. 20760; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will and Testament of ARCHIBALD HENDERSON MCGREGOR, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Messrs. Jacob Samuels and Oscar Samuels, Room 630 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ARCHIBALD HENDERSON MCGREGOR, deceased.

LAURA MCGREGOR,  
Executrix of the estate of Archibald Henderson MCGREGOR, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 27th, 1916.  
J. SAMUELS,  
OSCAR SAMUELS,  
Attorneys for Executrix,  
630 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-5

#### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 11996 N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of FREDERICK FRANK MEIER, sometimes called FREDERICK FRANK MEIER, Deceased.

JOHN RALPH WILSON, the Executor of the last will of FREDERICK FRANK MEIER, sometimes called FREDERICK FRANK MEIER, deceased, having on this day presented to the Court and filed in the above entitled matter his petition, duly verified, praying that the Court grant its order authorizing and directing him as such Executor to sell the whole of the real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent, as described in said petition:

And it appearing from said petition to the satisfaction of the Court that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the said estate and those interested therein to sell the whole of said real estate belonging to said estate for the reasons and purposes in said petition set forth;

And it further appearing from said petition to the satisfaction of the Court that it will be necessary for said Executor to sell the whole of said real estate before distribution of their respective shares of said estate can be made to the legatees and devisees named in the last will of said decedent according to the terms of said last will;

And it further appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from said petition that no action has ever been taken by said Executor upon any order of the Court heretofore given or made directing said Executor to sell the real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent and that no part of said real estate or any interest therein has ever been sold by said Executor;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in said estate be and appear before this Court in Department No. 10 thereof on Thursday, the sixth day of July, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Courtroom of said Court and Department in the City Hall at the corner of Polk and McAllister Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Room No. 432 thereof, then and there to show cause, if any they have why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said Executor and petitioner to sell the whole of the real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent at public or private sale as prayed for in said petition.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four (4) successive weeks prior to the hearing of said petition and to the date last above mentioned in Town Talk a newspaper printer and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State afore-said.

Done in open Court this 25th day of May, 1916.  
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed May 25, 1916.  
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN RALPH WILSON,  
Attorney at law,  
Petitioner and Executor,  
57 Post Street, San Francisco. 6-3-5

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of NELLIE S. FLOURNOY, deceased.—No. 20957, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executors of the Will of NELLIE S. FLOURNOY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of F. B. Clarke, Esq., Attorney for said Executors, Room No. 1033 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said NELLIE S. FLOURNOY, deceased.

GEORGE S. McMURTRY,  
BELE S. McMURTRY,  
Executors of the Will of Nellie S. Flournoy, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1916.  
F. B. CLARKE, ESQ.,  
Attorney for Executors,  
1033 Mills Building,  
San Francisco, Cal. 6-10-5

#### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 59410.

E. SEABERG, Plaintiff, vs. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1914.  
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

LLOYD S. ACKERMAN,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Nevada Bank Building,  
San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-10

#### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR CHANGE OF CORPORATE NAME

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 74135

In the Matter of the Application of THE WINDER-MUNTER COMPANY, a corporation.

THE WINDER-MUNTER COMPANY, a corporation, having filed in the above entitled Court its petition for a decree of said Court changing its name to that of A. H. WINDER AND SONS.

It is ORDERED that all persons interested in said matter appear before said Court, at the Courtroom of Department No. 16 thereof, in the City Hall, 400 Van Ness Avenue in the Civic Center, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 18th day of July, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause why said petition should not be granted;

And it is further ORDERED that a copy of this order be published in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, once a week for four successive weeks.

Done in Open Court this 31st day of May, 1916.  
GEO. H. CABANISS,  
Judge of said Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed May 31, 1916.  
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By H. L. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,  
Attorney for Petitioner,  
1003 Phelan Building,  
San Francisco, California. 6-3-5

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALEXANDER BURROWES, deceased.—No. 20812; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ETHEL BURROWES, Administratrix of the estate of ALEXANDER BURROWES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said ETHEL BURROWES at the office of her attorneys, West, Rafael and Curley, Room 1170 Phelan Building, 760 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ALEXANDER BURROWES, deceased.

ETHEL BURROWES,  
Administratrix of the estate of Alexander Burrowes, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 20, 1916.  
WEST, RAFAEL & CURLEY,  
Attorneys for Administratrix,  
1170 Phelan Building, 760 Market St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 5-20-5

#### NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—NO. 1

SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION—Principal place of business: 1725 Washington Street, City and County of San Francisco.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION, held on the 26th day of May, 1916, an assessment of Thirty-five (35) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the said corporation, payable immediately in United States Gold Coin to the Secretary of the said Association, at 324 Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the fifth day of July, 1916, will be delinquent and will be advertised for sale at public auction on the twenty-fifth day of July, 1916, at Ten o'clock A. M., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.  
May 26th, 1916.

FREDERICK H. OLSCHESKI,  
Secretary of the Sequoia Club Hall Association.  
Office: 324 Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-3-5

#### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73611; Dept. No. 10.

KATHLEEN MARY GWILT, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's desertion, under Section 98 of the Civil Code, of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY L. CORSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
512-514 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 5-20-10



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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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*Read The Lantern*



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### FOR THE OLD FREEDOM

FOR PRESIDENT

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

"How fortunate it will be if the qualities and capacities by which Justice Charles Evans Hughes has impressed himself upon the enlightened judgment of this country are found in the next President of the United States." We are not quoting from anything anybody has said since the adjournment of the Republican Convention at Chicago. The words quoted were printed in these columns in the issue of *Town Talk* dated December 4, 1915. We do not pretend to any particular aptitude for vaticination, but it is clear that when speaking of Justice Hughes in December we had an eye on the seeds of time and suffered from no defect of vision. At that time there was no sign of any Hughes sentiment crystallizing in California. *Town Talk* was the first paper in California to suggest Justice Hughes as a Presidential possibility, and what was said then is perhaps worth saying again—

We permit ourselves to reflect on the possibility of electing to the Presidency a man of Justice Hughes's temperament, talents and attainments. At first blush it strikes us as reactionary, the thought of electing a Hughes. We mean reactionary in the sense of reverting from the ideals of the times to the ideals of other days. The ideal statesman of this era of simple democracy, we are told, is one who flatters the people and who is ever ready to bend a servile knee to the prevailing popular will. Pessimists are telling us that when a people is sunk in a slough of mediocrity it looks with a haunting fear upon intellect and strength of character. And we are told by way of convincing us that the people are like dumb, driven cattle, that notwithstanding all that has been done to them by the asininities at Washington; in despite the tariff, the seamen's bill, the Mexican policy and all the salient characteristics of a comic opera spirit it was not till they received evidence of susceptibility in high office to a very human passion that their affections showed signs of cooling. We are told, indeed, that the people, despite ruinous stupidities and disastrous ineptitudes, never woke to a realization of the kind of government they were getting until something happened of a personal and private nature that concerned them not at all. All of which may be true enough. Nevertheless we are of the opinion that the people are always ready to acclaim a great man and never so well capable of recognizing one as after a

protracted, harrowing experience of meddlesome and mischievous mediocrities.

In view of what happened at Chicago and of what has been happening elsewhere we have been led to believe that the qualities peculiar to Charles Evans Hughes will appeal to the people now more potently than ever.

White  
House  
Types

We have had a taste of the two extremes of political administration—administration according to the big stick and administration according to the momentary whim of the "folks at home;" and the indications are that the dear people are longing for a return to the orderly processes of the pre-Rooseveltian era. How remote it seems, that halycon period when American politics was on a level with human nature and dreams of perfectibility were indulged in only by writers for the magazines! Not so remote, however, that we cannot remember, but so remote that we have had time to reflect on our follies and to recover somewhat from the stupefying influences that encouraged a state of mind in which we repudiated or underestimated our infinite debt to the past. The sooner we return to the elemental the better. All legislation and administration goes on, said Edmund Burke, to bring twelve impartial men into a jury-box. Such was his idea of the soul of government. Scornful of the elemental, we have been acting on the paternal theory of government. We have had a protracted spasm of Uplift. Four years ago the Progressives were boasting a superior brand of righteousness and singing "Onward Christian Soldiers." Uplift was the word of the hour. It was the inspiration of the "social centre," it ran riot in summer schools and swept a convention off its feet, adding a touch of idealism to practical politics. Uplift was the spring of good government everywhere. It was the essence of all the new cults of the day, reminding us that man does not live by dollars alone and that in a world of blatant materialism he should contrive to hold aloft the banner of the ideal. Uplift and Roosevelt (what an incongruous combination!) constituted the creative force of the Progressive party, the Colonel merely standing for Uplift for political expediency. But along came President Wilson who took it seriously and endowed it as a personality to be applauded and evoked. Though Uplift has never been amenable to exact definition, President Wilson has enabled us to apprehend it by making himself its living symbol. Thus was the Colonel enabled to envisage the thing, and when he saw what it looked like he bolted as far as possible in the opposite direction. Now when Roosevelt was President his idea of administration was that

after getting the twelve men in the box they should be coerced with a big stick. But the namby-pamby Wilson notion, grounded in the hark-to-the-folk-at-home theory of government, is that the twelve should impanel themselves and instead of receiving instructions they should instruct the judge. Thus we have experienced the two extremes of democracy—the Rooseveltian and Wilsonian—and apparently we want no more of either. Roosevelt may shine by contrast, but we cannot forget that the contrast is his own masterpiece. Because he is the antithesis of the weakling responsible for our present discontent would hardly be sufficient reason for embracing him. What we should be satisfied with for President is a man of proved ability; not the Ableman spoken of by Carlyle, a Hero after the Roosevelt type, to be obeyed in all that he wills, but a man of first-rate mind and heart with reverence for the institutions of his country, sensible of the fact that while ideals must never lie a great way off they must never be completely embodied in practice. We have had enough of the heroic type of President, the man who charms our imagination and bosses Congress with a big stick; but equally abhorrent to us is the "folks-at-home" type with his ear to the ground and none of the qualities of leadership. In a democracy it is proper for the people to govern, but they are expected to govern through the processes provided by their institutions, and they must depend for guidance on one who has not only the will to guide but also the "room to guide according to his faculty of doing it."

The  
Price  
of  
Gasoline

As the price of gasoline is not what it was before the war several very solemn gentlemen in Washington are making an inquiry to learn the cause. The cause is not hard to find. It is as accessible to the common intelligence as the reason why the several very solemn gentleman are brooding and inquiring in Washington. These gentlemen are members of one of many federal bureaus that contribute to the high cost of government—the bureau called the Federal Trade Commission—and they deem it advisable to give some sign occasionally that they are earning their salary. In this instance they summoned witnesses who blamed the Standard Oil Companies for the rise in the price of gasoline. It appears that the Standard is to blame because the so-called independents could not replenish their stock of oil. The independents tried to buy oil from the Standard, but the Standard had none to sell to them. Therefore, it is argued, the Standard is to blame. But it is admitted that if some phenomenally productive well should begin to flow again



the price of gasoline would drop. Thus far nobody has charged the Standard with plugging a well. Nor has anybody intimated that Mr. John D. Rockefeller was in a conspiracy with the Kaiser to start a war for the purpose of exhausting the stock of the independents.

**Murdock and His Associates** "Honor is a mere scutcheon," said Falstaff at the close of his catechism on Shrewsbury Hill. Somewhat similar is Victor Murdock's conception, judging from his address to the Progressives last Saturday when he proposed to switch from Roosevelt and Preparedness to Ford and Bryan. For the Kansas statesman was for Roosevelt and the Progressive platform on principle. He was for defeating the Republican party again in the interest of his country, and though professing to believe that the interest of his country can best be promoted by the blood-and-iron Americanism of Theodore Roosevelt he was ready to substitute the poltroonery of a Bryan and a Ford. The matter is of interest only for the reason that this pot-house politician of Kansas is one of the holiest rollers of the Prohibition cause. He is a spokesman of the Westerville sanhedrim, and like Hearst he goes about making converts by means of misrepresentation and general tommyrot. Now is it not a curious phenomenon that the cause of total abstinence should be promoted chiefly by men of the mental and moral calibre of Victor Murdock, William R. Hearst, William J. Bryan and Richard Pearson Hobson? Surely there is something to give us pause in the circumstance that the most conspicuous advocates of total abstinence are to be found in Long Beach or among men notoriously defective of character. Almost invariably when the pulpit is disgraced by a pervert or by the pig-stye morality of a minister's immediate circle we find that the delinquents are prohibitionists. Why is this so? Psychologists have studied the question, and they have written on the subject, but the truth is not generally known. Incessantly the agitation for prohibition goes on, the while men intellectually dishonest preach the very thing responsible for most of their vices; and without scruple they preach untruths to deter others from avoiding their own characteristic frailty.

**The Frock Coat in Art** A writer in *The Examiner* (of all papers!) protests "against the idea that statues ever should be made of men in frock coats and long trousers." This is a protest against ugliness in art, and therefore it is undemocratic. Years ago Ambrose Bierce used to voice this same protest, but Bierce was not a democrat. He despised democracy and cherished contempt for its prophet the Hon. William Randolph Hearst. In a democracy art is not attar of life, nor is beauty in art less than caviare to the general. If we were so cultured that Art existed here for its own sake yellow journals would go to smash

even though financed by heirs to mines in Colorado and ranches in Mexico. Let the American artist be a high priest of ideals if he will, but his ideals should be democratic and ethical. He should avoid estheticism, for this is a country where Puritanism prevails. Art should be regarded at best as a social factor in the life of the commonweal. These are times in which a studied plainness is the essence of style and form. The highest ideal of prose is the ideal of easy conversation, and so the difference between talk and literature is merely a matter of medium, and Flaubert was not an artist but a fool. Consequently it would appear that the American sculptor realizes the ideal of every humble unit of the plain people when he sculptures an effigy in a frock coat and trousers. The frock coat is the legitimate ambition of every democrat in the ranks of toil. As soon as a worker becomes a walking delegate he attains the mould of fashion and the glass of form by means of a frock coat, the undeniable token of democratic royalty in a country where every voter is a king. To be sure, the art of Phidias flourished in democratic Athens but the Athenian workers were slaves and had nothing to say about it, though there were some that accused the sculptor of sacrilege. It should be remembered that in our democracy we are progressing to socialism and that according to socialists statues are purchased with ill-spent money, since they are not made for the immediate profit of the proletariat. The hope of the socialist will be realized when we shall all be living in hygienic prisons, fed, clothed, taught and doctored at the public expense. There will be no need then of the things that embellish life. Hence we are in a measure justifying statues when we make them merely to commemorate some leading citizen, thus to remind posterity how lives may be made sublime in a materialistic republic. In pursuance of this rule San Francisco may some day have the courage shown by Cordova when she resolved some years ago to set up a monument in honor of her greatest son. Cordova was somewhat perplexed by an embarrassment of genius. In Cordova was Seneca born, and Lucan; likewise Hernandez, the great captain, and Gongora, the rhetorician. All of these were considered, but Cordova refused to fashion any of them in immortal bronze. To all she preferred the famous Legartijo, a matador, conqueror of five thousand fighting bulls.

#### Sex Propagandists

So Margaret Sanger, touring the country in the interest of the birth control movement, has paid San Francisco the tribute of her presence! Well, as this is a city where social science flourishes, where ladies are wont to congregate and lay hold of deep truths that escape the clutch of the ordinary intelligence Margaret might well have felt assured of a hearty welcome. Margaret is a lady with a message, and hence wherever there is an intellectual

debauch of dulness there is room for her in the centre of the platform. Almost as soon as she came to town Miss Sanger announced that she had been endorsed by several of the giants of the intellectual world, among them being Edward Carpenter and Havelock Ellis. How easy it would have been to guess that these distinguished authorities on the vagaries of sex had welcomed Margaret to their circle! It is only for want of greater circulation that Margaret has not more endorsements to offer. Brieux, for instance, had he ever heard of her would have endorsed her. The gospel that Margaret preaches Brieux has had the effrontery to put into his extremely dull plays. Edward Carpenter has put it into his books, along with messages on kindred topics, and his books are read only by persons who take an interest in the preachments of such women as Margaret Sanger and Emma Goldman and such men as Otto Weininger and Iwan Bloch. There is a curious affinity between all these prophets of sexology. There may be well-meaning persons among them, like Havelock Ellis, who is recognized as a scientist, but on close inspection you will find that after all they are interested in sex questions not on account of humanity but because the matter is profoundly personal. When Havelock Ellis tells us, for example, that he lived some distance from his wife lest they should become surfeited with each other's society we are at once inclined to suspect the reason why the distinguished psychologist spends more time thinking of sex than of anything else. Thus also we readily understand why Edward Carpenter endorses Margaret Sanger. We presume that Margaret heartily approves Carpenter's book *Love's Coming-of-Age*, though it is a volume which, according to Carpenter himself, no respectable publisher would touch when it first came out because that was the time of Oscar Wilde's trial. Also we presume that Carpenter would not only endorse Margaret's plea for sex control but also Iwan Bloch's plea for the repeal of the law in Germany against unnatural vices. Bloch, who is a physician, insists that there is no such thing as an "unnatural vice," that homosexuality is perfectly natural, that 56,000 of the population of Berlin are homosexual, and that it is an outrage to brand as infamous and make unhappy men who are not at all vicious. Now Iwan Bloch would certainly join with Scott Nearing and other American professors in endorsing Margaret Sanger's gospel of lust, for it is evident that he is heartily in favor of greater freedom to sex impulse and less restraint in handling a very live topic. Reticence is the thing all these folks dislike. With sex on the brain, they wish to talk about it and exchange views and familiarize themselves with the manifestations of an instinct they call love. All pretend to be idealists, but their idea of idealizing love is to divest it of all suggestion of delicacy and consider it as a refined hobby to be cultivated and developed in the market place.



## Varied Types

CCLXXXV—MARGARET SANGER

By Edward F. O'Day

It is the interviewer's lot to meet many female reformers. It is part of his day's work. Being as a general thing a pretty good natured fellow who recognizes that the daily grind must have its drawbacks as well as its privileges he doesn't complain about his enforced encounter with the terrible uplifter in skirts. He listens to her, quotes her and forgets her. But after he has interviewed a dozen or so he finds himself formulating some general opinions on the subject of the female reformer. In the case of the present interviewer one of these opinions is that female reformers would be doing more good in the world if they stayed home to wash dishes, iron clothes, ply the vacuum cleaner and cook three meals a day. Another of these opinions is that the female reformer is lacking in those things which go to make up what we call the "feminine appeal." Sometimes the female reformer is a masculine sort of person; sometimes she impresses one as a sexless individual; at no time is she distinctively feminine. The physical charm of femininity is lacking; and those little touches in dress that womanly women love and men delight to notice are conspicuous by their absence. To illustrate: The woman who is truly, instinctively feminine, loves pretty footwear. She has a weakness (if you wish to call it so) for silk stockings and smart shoes. Well, Margaret Sanger wears the homeliest shoes in the world. They are perfectly good shoes to walk in, no doubt, but they are exceedingly uninteresting to look at. They are the plainest of plain black ties with ordinary shoestrings, not laces. I could not help thinking as my eyes rested on those shoes that they were an excellent symbol of the female reformer.

Am I too personal in these remarks? I beg pardon. I have been trying to keep away as long as possible from Margaret Sanger's favorite subject of birth control. It isn't a nice subject. It is in fact as unpretty as Margaret Sanger's shoes. Perhaps its unpretiness contributes to its popularity, for this is a day when ugliness gets a good deal of favor.

"What sort of reception are you getting here?" I asked Margaret Sanger when I found her in her apartment at the Palace.

"A wonderful reception," she answered. "I find great interest in birth control out here in the West. I have received many letters, especially from the poor."

"How does the interest here compare with the interest shown in the East?"

"I shall be able to tell more about 'Frisco after my public meetings. Among the Eastern States Ohio has shown particular interest. My meetings in all the cities of Ohio were crowded. And Chicago was thrilled, positively thrilled."

"How much of this interest is mere curiosity?"

"Not a very large part. I give no information about methods of birth control in my lectures. When the merely curious find that out they do not come again."

"What steps do you take to keep the information contained in your book away from young girls?"

"I am not worried about the young girl. If this information were placed before her she would not know what it meant. Besides, I am not in sympathy with those who confuse ignorance with purity."

"But let us suppose that some young women are deterred from doing wrong through fear of the consequences. Would not this information release them from their fear?"

"I think that opinion is an insult to the purity of American women," answered Mrs. Sanger warmly. "I do not admit that American women remain pure through fear."

"I think you mistake me," I said. "I do not speak of all American women, or even of the majority of American women. I refer to such young women as are deterred from wrongdoing through fear. Surely there are such."

"I do not think that fear deters them. If women are going wrong they will go wrong anyway. Besides, we cannot give up a great racial reform out of consideration for a few. Should we keep matches out of the hands of all simply because a few may use them carelessly and cause fires?"

"Are you in sympathy with the birth control activities of Emma Goldman?"

"The question should be turned around. Miss Goldman took up this subject after I had started my work. She became interested in it when I was arrested. She lectures on it just as she lectures on the Irish rebellion—because it is a matter of current interest."

"What do you think of Emma Goldman's remark that a day is coming when birth control contrivances will be sold in every five and ten cent store in the country?"

"I think it is vulgar," said Mrs. Sanger with a return of warmth. "It was an unfortunate remark, if she really said it. It is like some other remarks of hers on the subject which I have seen quoted. This is a racial reform—it is bigger than the mere sale of certain contrivances. It should not be vulgarized."

"What are the forces from which you expect the most opposition to your propaganda?"

"Old fashioned puritanical prejudices, and the laws which have been made as a result of these prejudices."

"How about religious opposition?"

"The Catholic church is opposed to us. I am not a Catholic, although I am Irish and was brought up in the church. The Catholics misunderstand birth control. They think that birth control is infanticide, that it means abortion. When I explain to them just what it does mean they are surprised and say that of course there can be no objection to birth control. The French, Italian and Spanish Catholics are the easiest to convince; the Polish and Irish Catholics are the hardest. In this matter the Catholic church will do as it has done in so many instances in the past. When it finds that it is powerless to stop the spread of birth control it will withdraw its opposition and give its blessing. That has always been the secret of the strength of the Catholic church."

"But does the Catholic church confuse birth control with abortion? Does it not oppose it on other grounds?"

"Yes, the right of a soul to come into the world. I believe that point is sometimes made by Catholic writers. The Catholic Church also teaches that birth control is against nature. That argument is easily met. All our civilization is opposed to nature. If we did not oppose nature we should be going on all-fours, we should wear no clothes, we should build no bridges or dams. But as I have said, the

Catholic church will change its attitude when it finds it cannot prevent the practice. It will withdraw its opposition and give its blessing. Rich Catholics practice birth control already. It is the poor who are told not to. There should not be one rule for the rich, and another for the poor. I have been told of a rich Catholic who went to confession and confessed to abortion, and was told by the priest that some other way must be found. So you see, the Catholic church is not as opposed to this practice as is generally thought."

"What do you think of self-restraint, of continence, as a means of birth control?"

"I am not opposed to it. If it was practiced there would be no need of advocating other methods. The Catholics are not opposed to it. And yet the Catholics have large families, especially the Irish Catholics."

"But I do not refer to people who are willing to have large families. I refer to the practice of continence in order not to have children."

"It is a failure. The experience of two thousand years has shown it to be a failure. Religion has failed to enforce it."

"Do you advocate it in your lectures?"

"No, I do not. It would be useless to do so."

"But suppose there was a propaganda of continence, would you approve of it?"

"We could not expect to make any headway among married people whose habits are fixed."

"But among the young?"

"Among the young much is being accomplished by the teaching of sex hygiene."

"In speaking of religious opposition you mention the Catholics only. Do no other religions oppose birth control?"

"There is no other religious opposition."

"Do you oppose Christianity?"

"That is a question for the individual. Our message is for all, whether Christians or Jews."

Margaret Sanger impresses me as a woman of very ordinary intelligence. To the questions she

(Continued on Page 17)

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## Perspective Impressions

So the Colonel was really four-flushing!

The slaughter at Armageddon was awful.

Apparently Theodore neglected to take our dear Hiram into his confidence.

From the columns of the Examiner it appears that Judge Gary has quit giving dinners to Bill Hearst.

Nobody but a mere taxpayer would object to a raise in wages for the carmen employed by the city.

A diet to reduce on is the strongest evidence that a woman gives of her sensibility to advancing years.

The salutary lesson has been learned that a man may be nominated for President without joining the Grand Order of the Open Mouth.

The Christian soldiers are full of most unchristian thoughts.

Having declined the third "cup of coffee," the Colonel will sleep better.

What will the Progressives do with the hymns Colonel Roosevelt taught them to sing?

Since the happenings in Chicago last Saturday we are not so worried about the future of the country.

The Standard dictionary defines blackmail thus: "Extortion by intimidation." But the Colonel failed to extort because the Republican Convention preferred to call his bluff.

"If any word of mine or any blood of mine will stop the liquor traffic, I am ready," says the Rev. George Burlingame. A safe offer, for Burlingame is verbose and bloodless.

The Colonel finds that the River of Doubt flows into Salt River.

A man must eat—and sometimes the provender is humble pie.

In more ways than one the Supreme Bench has brought President Wilson bad luck.

Hiram insisted that the time had come for Teddy to go up against the guns, but when Hiram's own turn came he sent an alternate.

Of course Deacon Clarke of the Church of the Living God was a prohibitionist. Isn't it about time to have a law prohibiting total abstinence in the interest of minors?

There is something of a joke on the smart correspondents who perceived the finesse of Frank Hitchcock's management after he had packed his grip and was on his way home.

## One Remaining German Colony

By Robert McTavish

Preoccupied with the war in Europe and in Asia we have heard very little of the fighting in Africa; hardly anything but the suppression of the Boer rebellion by converted British Boers. There has been a lot of fighting in German East Africa, a huge territory of nearly 400,000 square miles which lies between Lakes Nyasa, Tanganyika, Kiou and Victoria and the Indian Ocean. This territory has not been left to have its fate decided by the issue of the war in Europe. Early in the war naval actions in the Indian Ocean precipitated a conflict between German and British East Africa. The Germans commenced an attack on the southeast frontiers of British East Africa and raided the Uganda frontier and that of the Belgian Congo. The British got first blood in Nyasaland by seizing a German war steamer on the lake. Then the British began blundering at home. The Colonial Secretary sent out men in command who knew nothing of East Africa, nothing of East African ethnology and languages; no native intelligence department was formed at Zanzibar (which from first to last was the only possible headquarters for any campaign against German East Africa), the naval men made one or two foolish mistakes, and there followed from these causes the disaster at Tanga, the occupation of Taveita and Kisigao by the Germans, and frequent raids on the Uganda Railway. The Germans also made determined efforts to invade, harry and conquer the northern part of Nyasaland and the Rhodesian districts of the Nyasa-Tanganyika plateau.

Whatever fault from a military point of view might be found in the action or inaction of General officers in British East Africa, high praise, on the other hand, is due to the much less ambitiously organized troops in Nyasaland and Rhodesia, who repeatedly met German forces superior in number and artillery, defeated them, and drove them back. Credit must also be given to the Colonial Office for having quickly appreciated the dangerous position of British and Belgian rule in Central Africa by the Germans' naval predominance on Lake Tanganyika. Small gunboats in sections

were despatched with great rapidity by railway, wagon and human portage, were put together at the south end of Lake Tanganyika, and actually surprised and captured the principal German armed steamer on that lake, putting an end to German predominance there. The Belgian forces of the Congo also beat off successfully all German attempts to invade Congolese territory.

But practically at the present moment the position is stale-mate. The British hold the German island of Mafia on the Zangian coast, and intermittently occupy Lukoba on the coast of the Victoria Nyanza. But the Germans hold very strongly Taveita, though they are reported to have abandoned Kisigao (in the neighboring country of Taito). Virtually, German territory is intact, and the Germans have made no headway in occupying vantage points on Belgian or British territory, and have not been able continuously to interrupt the service on the Uganda Railway. They have put to the severest possible test the validity of British and Belgian rule in East and Central Africa. From the first they attempted to induce this and that nation or tribe to revolt. But sixteen or seventeen years of wise and kindly administration in Uganda and East Africa had attached all the tribes without exception to the British régime. Foremost in their loyalty and remarkable for the excellent soldiers they furnished in the really terrible encounters that took place with the highly-armed Germans, were the Baganda, whose young King not long before the outbreak of the war had been on a visit to the United Kingdom. The transference of the Congo from the heartless Leopoldian régime to that of the Belgian Government had produced all the good effects that had been anticipated. The native Congolese soldiers have fought splendidly under their Belgian officers both in Central Africa and in the southern part of Kamerun.

But still German East Africa remains a very hard nut to crack. As regards population, it differs considerably from any of the other German possessions in Africa. It is peopled by at least

ten millions of particularly vigorous, warlike and semi-civilized negroes and negroids, who for nearly a hundred years have been increasingly under the influence of the East Coast Arabs, an influence which has given them much that goes to make a nation, the semi-civilization to which I refer, acquaintance with firearms, a remarkable predisposition to become valiant soldiers, the self-respect that Muhammadanism confers, and a certain tenacity for their rights and privileges which not even the tremendous thrashing they received from the Germans in earlier days could overcome. Once this thrashing had been administered the Germans may be said to have got on well with their East African subjects. So far from dispossessing the great and small native chiefs they made them into autocrats, gave them uniforms and titles, assured them of a reasonable revenue, and did not unduly take their land or exploit their country's wealth. They were not overtaxed, and they were prompt to appreciate the amenities which German industry brought into their lives—the good roads, the railways, the ice-making machines, the well-furnished shops and bazaars, the—in some directions—brilliantly successful agriculture and horticulture. The Arabs, above all, who had once fought with exceeding bitterness against the enthusiastic anti-slave-trader Von Wissmann, turned round in the opposite direction and threw in their lot whole-heartedly with the Germans. Without verbally rescinding edicts against slavery and the slave trade, the Germans, by installing this and that wealthy Arab merchant as a local chieftain, practically made him master over the life and labor of his subject people. Once again he became a slave holder on a grander scale. He hired out his laborers to the German planters, and derived all the former pecuniary advantages of the slave trade without the need for any deeds of cruelty.

Yet there remained native tribes and chieftains in the regions nearer the coast that had a strong leaning towards Great Britain and British rule. The important Wanyamwezi people of

(Continued on Page 17)



## The Irish at Gallipoli

*Being a chapter from Michael MacDonagh's book "The Irish at the Front," an authoritative work designed to let Irishmen know what their countrymen have been doing, for which John Redmond wrote an introduction.*

At the dawn of Saturday morning, August 7th, 1915, the Aegean Sea and the Gulf of Saros, to the northwest of Gallipoli, were swarming with the most variegated collection of shipping, of all sorts and conditions—transports, cruisers, torpedo-boat destroyers, trawlers, barges, ocean liners, steam pinnaces, rowing boats and tramp steamers. A fresh landing, at Suvla Bay, had been in progress all through the night. The first great landing, on April 25th, at Sedd-el-Bahr, at the toe of the peninsula—in which the first battalions of the Dublin and Munster Fusiliers won imperishable renown—had secured a foothold in Gallipoli, but the hills and forts which guarded the passage up the Dardanelles to Constantinople, on the east, were still held by the Turks. Now a new and stupendous effort was about to be made to break the enemy's grip on the peninsula.

The date, August 7th, 1915, should be ever memorable in the history of Ireland, and also in that of the whole United Kingdom. On that day a division of the new armies raised for the war—"Kitchener's Armies," as they are popularly called—was brought under fire for the first time, and collectively engaged in battle. These citizen soldiers were Irish. Irish professional soldiers have always fought most gallantly for England in all her wars. But on that day, for the first time in the long and embittered relations between England and Ireland, a distinctively Irish division (the 10th), voluntarily raised in Ireland and composed of 20,000 young men of fine character and high purpose, representative particularly of the Nationalist and Catholic sections of the community, were found on the side of England.

The 10th Irish division was formed in the autumn and winter months of 1914. They left Ireland at the end of April, 1915, to complete their training in the great camp of Aldershot. At the end of June they embarked from England as part of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. On Friday evening, August 6th, they parted from the olive groves and vineyards of beautiful islands in the Aegean, off the coast of Asia Minor, where they had been stationed a couple of weeks, and were brought up to Gallipoli.

Gallipoli, as it looked from the decks of the troop-ships, even in the wonderful dawn of that August Saturday morning, had a mysterious and sinister appearance. The men saw yellow clayey cliffs, rising almost sheer from intensely blue water, and beyond these a huddle of pointed and desolate hills, to which no access seemed visible. To their right they could see Achi Baba—a head and shoulders, with two arms extending on each side to the sea—dominating the end of the peninsula, like a Chinese idol, inscrutable, and disdainful of the shells from the battleships.

Two Irish brigades—the 30th—consisting of the 6th and 7th Dublin Fusiliers, 6th and 7th Munster Fusiliers and the 31st consisting of the 5th and 6th Inniskilling Fusiliers and the 5th and 6th Irish Fusiliers, had orders to clear the Turks out of the heights of Karakol Dag, a long ridge fronting the Gulf of Saros, to the north; and to take a particular hill a few miles inland from Suvla Bay. This hill is known to the Turks as Yilghin Burnu. It was called Chocolate Hill by the invading army as

part of its surface had been burnt a dull brown by shell fire. The division was under the command of General Sir Bryan Mahon, a Galway man, who saw much service in Egypt and the Sudan, and in the South African War led the column which relieved Mafeking.

The disembarkation was carried out under fire from the Turkish batteries on the hills. The men were taken from the transports in steam-driven barges, and though the barges had sheltering sides of steel, several men were killed and wounded by exploding shells even before they reached the shore. Half of the 30th brigade, consisting of the two battalions of the Munsters, to whom was allotted the task of capturing Karakol Dag, were landed to the north of Suvla Bay, just under the ridge. "How I wish that their fathers and mothers could know more of how these brave fellows fought and died!" writes the commanding officer of one of the Munster battalions in a letter to his relatives. "They, alas! for the most part just see the names of their dear ones in a casualty list, and can learn nothing further. The beach on which we landed was sown with contact mines, and as we crossed it to form under cover of a small hill, many a poor chap was blown to bits—not very encouraging for those approaching in other boats. But they never wavered, but landed, and formed up as quietly and steadily as they used to do on the parade ground at the Curragh."

The landing place of the other half of the 30th brigade, the 6th and 7th Dublin Fusiliers, with the Inniskillings and the Irish Fusiliers, was to the south of Suvla Bay, at Niebruniessi Point, under the hill, Lala Baba. The men climbed the cliffs to the sand dunes. Leaving their packs behind them, they carried nothing but what was absolutely necessary—a rifle and 200 rounds of ammunition per man, a water bottle, and rations for two days in a bag, consisting of two tins of bully beef, tea, sugar, biscuits and tablets of compressed meat. Thus equipped, with loosened girths and wearing their big brown sun-helmets, the troops advanced in eight or ten long lines, with two paces between each man. The 7th Dublins, the famous "Pals," flower of the youth of Dublin, were in the van. Colonel Geoffrey Downing, in command of the 7th Dublins, as the senior colonel of the battalions in the attacking line, got a message from headquarters that it was imperative that Chocolate Hill should be taken before sunset. His reply was: "It shall be done."

As the crow flies Chocolate Hill is no more than four miles from the sea line. But to reach it the Irish troops had to make a wide enveloping movement, so that the ground actually covered in the advance was from ten to twelve miles. To the north of the point where the landing took place is a long and broad but shallow lagoon, called Salt Lake. The intense summer heat had dried it up and turned its bottom into a flat stretch of sand and dust, covered with a slight crust of salt which glistened in the sun. The Irish troops first proceeded a considerable distance ahead between the sea and Salt Lake, moving thereby parallel to Chocolate Hill, which lies east of the lake. At one point they had to pass over a long spit of sand, not twenty yards wide, that divided the sea and Salt Lake. The enemy had its exact range. Many a man was brought down

as he attempted to cross it at a run. Then Colonel Downing, of the 7th Dublins, came upon the scene. He paused, lit a cigarette, and walked over the narrow ridge as coolly as if he were doing Grafton street, Dublin. After this experience the troops wheeled to the right, and marching southeast across Salt Lake faced the rear flank of the objective.

Crossing Salt Lake in the open, they presented a clear target to the enemy, and were raked with machine-gun fire, shrapnel and high-explosive shells. It is an ordeal that strains to the uttermost all the physical and mental qualities. One of the most common experiences of men who go through it for the first time is a distracting indecision whether to advance, halt or retreat. But the successive lines went steadily on in short rushes, the men falling on their stomachs between each rush. There was no shelter. The expanse was unbroken even by a rock. The men sank almost to their knees in the soft sand. Very heavy, slow and tiring was the going. All the time Turkish explosives were bursting on every side, and comrades were dropping out of the ranks killed or disabled. One instance will show the steadiness and resolution of the troops. A shell burst in the middle of a platoon that was marching in rather close formation. Five men were blown to pieces. The platoon opened out and continued their advance. High over their heads the shells from the British cruisers and monitors out at sea went shrieking on their way to find the Turks. The land seemed to tremble with the din and vibration caused by this long-range artillery duel. The men were badly shaken. But they were also greatly heartened to see, now and then, clouds of earth thrown into the air, telling how the explosive shells from the ships were rending the entrenchments behind which the enemy lay concealed.

After this ordeal in the open sandy plain, the Irish reached a totally different kind of country—an inextricable jumble of hills and gullies, strewn with boulders, overgrown with a thick prickly scrub, and wholly trackless. Here some shelter was afforded from the high explosives of the Turks, but not from their machine-guns and rifles, and the progress was still more slow and difficult. The nature of the country gave a tremendous superiority to the enemy, on the defensive behind their entrenchments. What a hopeless, heart-breaking task it seemed

(Continued on Page 17)

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# Poems About San Franciscans

XXX—APOTHEOSIS OF HORACE MOORE

By Edward McGrath

(There are still many San Franciscans who remember the second-hand book store of Horace H. Moore on California street below Kearny. For many years it was the rendezvous of a coterie of book-lovers which included Captain Lees, A. P. Hotaling, "Bob" Thompson of Santa Rosa, Judge Thornton and the writer of the following verses. These are all dead, but others who foregathered there still live, among them "Bob" Cowan and "Joe" Slye. Horace Moore was born in New York in 1815, and died in San Francisco in 1904. He was a book-seller from his fifteenth year. In addition to the two Clarks, Halleck, Morris, Paulding and Morris he numbered Emerson, Longfellow and Curtis among the acquaintances of the youthful days he spent in New York book shops. He came here in 1853, and was the first librarian of the Mercantile Library. He was a member of the Vigilance Committee of 1856; one of the organizers and first president of the Olympic Club; a member of the Bohemian Club, of the Academy of Sciences and of the Art Association. The following verses were written some twelve years before Moore's death, and he was very fond of quoting them. The author of them, Edward McGrath, was an amateur of poetry who wrote much but never collected his efforts into a book.)

He was a bibliopole of fame  
Who bore the classic Roman name  
Of Horace.  
Knew authors well: oft had a lark  
With poor crack-brained McDonald Clark;  
Hobnobbed with Morris;  
Was hand in glove with Halleck, too;  
And Cullen Bryant, poet true,  
Was his warm friend;  
And Clark who wrote the Ollapod—  
Till death consigned him 'neath the sod,  
His to the end;  
And Paulding often has confessed  
That Moore's critiques of all were best  
Next to Macaulay.  
At broadswords, foil or manly art

He long excelled in every part—  
A modern Raleigh!  
Was quite conversant with each style  
Of authorship—Kant, Locke and Boyle  
He much admired.  
But most of all he loved to quote  
Those glorious thoughts that Shakespeare wrote;  
His spirit fired,  
Jack Falstaff, witty, wanton knight—  
Could Hackett hear him but recite  
That Gadshill scene,  
The sock and buskin he'd throw by,  
Resign the stage, and sadly die  
Of envy green.  
Pope, Byron and his namesake Moore,  
With all the classic bards of yore

From Homer's time  
Were his companions many a year  
Till Jove cried: "We must have him here  
In realms divine.  
Earth is not worthy his renown,  
So, Hermes, please to just drop down  
And fetch him up.  
And when he enters through our portals  
We'll place him 'mongst the great immortals,  
Nectar to sup  
With Avon's bard, or try with Jack  
Some ancient Burgundy or sack  
From Bacchus' still."  
The trembling Heavens felt Jove's nod,  
And Hermes fled the imperious god  
To do his will.

## The Spectator

### Strikers' Bad Faith

On December 23, 1915, an agreement was entered into by the Water Front Employers' Union and the International Longshoremen's Association, to which Rowland B. Mahany, commissioner of conciliation in the United States Department of Labor, was a witness. Part of this agreement read as follows:

"This agreement to remain in full force and effect from December 31, 1915, and to continue in effect thereafter until either party hereto shall give notice to the other party, in writing, of the desire to have the same changed.

"Such notice must be given at least 60 days prior to said change going into effect."

On May 19 the workers notified the employers that the agreement would terminate June 1. In other words, the workers gave the employers thirteen days' notice instead of sixty. This bad faith on the part of the workers has added greatly to the bitterness of the strike. It weakens trust in the efficacy of any settlement, since the employers cannot but wonder how long the workers will respect any agreement which may be arrived at.

### Secretary Wilson's Bomb Shell

The strikers boasted when they walked out on the waterfront of this city that Secretary Wilson, head of the Department of Labor in the Wilson Cabinet, would champion their cause. But instead of giving them assistance Secretary Wilson dropped a bomb shell in their midst. The Secretary addressed a telegram to Secretary Madsen of the Longshoremen's Association denouncing the strike and accusing the strikers of bad faith and breach of contract. There have been references to this telegram, but for some reason or other none of the daily papers of this city has published the text. Secretary Wilson in this telegram called attention to the agreement concerning a sixty days' notice, and continued as follows:

"The statement that you are not proposing to change the agreement, but to cancel it, deceives no one. You cannot cancel such an agreement without changing it to something else.

"The American labor movement has built up an enviable reputation for living up to its contracts, even where it has had to forego temporary advantage in order to do so. No union can long exert an influence for good which deliberately violates its contract for temporary gain. Where the honor and integrity of any union can be justly assailed on the grounds of bad faith, a serious injury is done to the future welfare of the wage workers everywhere, either union or non-union. The average workingman has little else to lose than his honor and integrity. When that is gone he is in a sorry plight indeed. May I not, therefore, earnestly urge you, and through you, the members of your union to return to work under the terms of the contract of December 23, 1915, and pending the notice provided for in the contract allow the Department of Labor to use its good offices in bringing about an adjustment of any just grounds for dispute."

### The Clockwinder Quotes

"I see that Friend Richardson didn't lose any time," said Senator Hartman, who was discussing politics in the pendulum room with the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock.

"The State Printer is a practical man," said the clockwinder. "You'll find that there's a lot of practical men among the Progressives."

"Richardson might have waited till the Governor got back," suggested the Senator.

"Not at all," said the clockwinder. "He was afraid that Rowell might beat him to it. You'll find the rats deserting the ship all along the line. You'll find them all taking the Governor's tip."

"What tip is that?" Hartman inquired.

"Don't you remember the Governor's famous epigram—'A man must eat?'"

### All Dressed Up

Senator Hartman remarked that he felt sorry for the Governor. "That was a horrible throw down," he said. "The Governor is dished—all dressed up and doesn't know where to go."

"Oh, it's not so bad as that," said the clockwinder, "the Governor is a resourceful man."



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Of course he was terribly disappointed. He thought the Colonel would suggest him to the Republicans for Vice-President, but he has no kick coming. He's a politician, and he knows the game—every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. True, he met with a little misfortune, but he'll come back wearing the scornful nostril just the same as ever. He didn't get it any worse than Hearst got it. And there's my friend Rudie—think of him! Rudie is all dressed up too. Nobody is paying any attention to regenerators these days. The Old Guard is coming back strong. It wouldn't surprise me to see reformers going to jail before long. The dear peep are doing the Rip Van Winkle act."

Taft Coming Back

The whirligig of time is not only bringing in its revenges; it is also bringing considerable satisfaction to a gentleman who is very deserving of the sympathies of the people. I mean of course one William Howard Taft. The chief reason of Colonel Roosevelt's antipathy to Charles Evans Hughes is to be found embodied in the personality of the fat man from Ohio. It will be remembered that when William Howard Taft was President he appointed the former Governor of New York to the Supreme Court of the United States. Undoubtedly it will be remembered by Theodore Roosevelt. Among the notable qualities of the mean mind that conceived a deep hatred of Mr. Taft is a tenacious memory. We may be sure that the little Colonel was thinking of Taft when he was trying to jockey the Republican convention in a way favorable to himself. Naturally he was sensible of the probabilities in the event of Mr. Hughes's nomination. For what more likely in the event of

the triumph of Hughes than recognition of the availability and fitness of the former jurist? So, while speculation along this line is somewhat premature surely it is not a far cry from Hughes and the White House to Taft and the goal of his ambition. That there is strong likelihood of a vacancy occurring within four years from March 4, 1917, all informed persons are well aware. It is not that anybody is expected to die, but that a resignation is expected to occur on account of ill health.

Our Governor's Future

"What will Governor Johnson do now?" This is a question one hears every little while. Left high and dry by his one best bet, the Governor will return to California somewhat subdued of spirit. His friends say that like the Colonel "Our Hiram" will get out of politics and return to the practice of the law which he is likely to find more profitable than politics. Of course there is some talk of his running for the Senate, but some of his wise friends are saying that the sooner he gets back into the Republican party the better, and I have observed that in every instance these wise friends are

Progressives who have become supporters of Willis Booth. They think it would be a fine idea for the Governor to get into the Booth campaign. Apparently Booth is a man on whom Progressives and Republicans in California will find it easy to unite.

Booth of Los Angeles

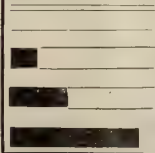
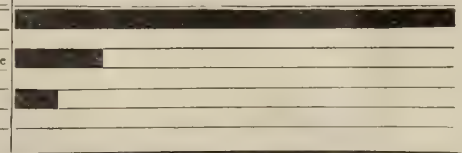
Now that the Chicago conventions are no more we shall presently be in the midst of the senatorial campaign. It will not be long before we shall all be better acquainted with Willis Booth of Los Angeles. Willis Booth, from all accounts, is of Los Angeles but not like it; that is to say, there is nothing in the Booth personality that savors of the Middle West. In manner and appearance this popular banker is more like former Senator Frank Flint than anybody that ever came out of Los Angeles. He has the knack of adjusting himself to his environment, and he is as much at home in San Francisco as in the metropolis of the southland. Though not a politician he is a pretty good "mixer," and he will make a very breezy campaign. Thus far no dangerous competitor has threatened to enter the race

Budweiser—  
and Other Foods

There's food value in beer—as well as beverage enjoyment. A bottle of Budweiser may not be offered as a complete meal—but it has its place in the meal comparable to bread, milk or any other of the dishes or drinks that are part of the well-balanced lunch or dinner.

The alcohol in beer (a small percentage) has its tonic value and its use as an appetizer. The hops have a nerve-soothing value. The malt not only has food value, but is, of all foods, one of the most quickly and easily turned by digestion into nourishment. By its very nature beer is especially thirst-satisfying.

Here are Two Little Charts  
that show graphically and in figures comparisons between beer and other beverages and beer and other foods:

Comparative Nutritious Extract Content		Comparative Alcohol Content	
	Whisky Rhine Wine Beer Milk		

Average Composition of	Bread	Milk	Beer	Rhine Wine	Whisky
Carbohydrates - - - -	52.0%	4.8%	5.0%	2.25%	none
Protein - - - - -	7.0%	3.5%	0.5%	none	none
Fat - - - - -	0.40%	3.7%	none	none	none
Mineral Substances - -	1.0%	0.7%	0.2%	0.2%	none
Alcohol by weight - -	none	none	3.75%	8.0%	40.0%

When you think of beer for your table, of course you'll settle on Budweiser.

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against Booth. A little while ago it was rumored that Samuel M. Shortridge might be induced to try again this year, and notwithstanding geographical considerations likely to deter him, his admirers all over the State were urging him to go in and win, but he has decided to possess himself in patience, and once more he will be found lifting his voice for the G. O. P. I hear that he has received a call from the National Committee to stomp the big Eastern cities for Hughes and Fairbanks.

#### Hearst and De Young, Reporters

Two of the most prominent newspaper correspondents at the Chicago convention were William Randolph Hearst and M. H. De Young. Reporter Hearst wrote long pieces which were published in all the Hearst newspapers in preferred positions, while Reporter De Young wrote shorter pieces and contributed them exclusively to the Chronicle. Reporter Hearst has had more experience in news gathering than Reporter De Young. In fact, Reporter De Young is almost a cub reporter. Truth compels me to say, however, that Reporter De Young is a better reporter than Reporter Hearst. Reading Reporter Hearst's news stories I learned a great deal concerning what Reporter Hearst thought about the convention, but not much about what was actually happening there. But from Reporter De Young's articles I was able to gather a clear idea of what was going on. Reporter De Young told the news and did not "editorialize" about it. Reporter Hearst was "editorializing" all the time. That he must keep editorial opinions out of a news story is one of the first rules impressed upon the cub reporter by his city editor. Reporter De Young adhered to this rule, while Reporter Hearst paid no attention to it. Editor De Young has measured ability with Editor Hearst any number of times, and has not come off second best. But Reporter De Young "puts it all over" Reporter Hearst.

#### The Riggs' Case Verdict

With the Russians taking a fresh start in Galicia and the political pot boiling in the Middle West our newspapers are too full for utterance, and so the news of the Riggs National Bank case is scrapped by the economical dailies of San Francisco. President Wilson has reason therefore to be grateful alike to the dogs of war and the jobchasers of politics. For the news of the Riggs National Bank case has a significance all its own. As a commentary on the Administration it is tougher than anything in the Republican platform. The news I refer to is that of the acquittal of President Charles G. Glover and Vice-President William H. Flather and ex-Cashier H. H. Flather of the Riggs National Bank. These men were prosecuted on a charge of perjury by our great Federal Government. The prosecution was conducted in Washington, D. C. It is generally understood that the prosecution was inspired by malice that foamed at the mouth of the President's darling son-in-law, William G. McAdoo, and discolored the brow of his factotum, Controller Williams. These two worthies have been openly accused of trying to wreck the bank to gratify their personal spite. However that may be, at least they employed all the forces at their powerful command to send the officers of the bank to jail and indicated that they would not renew

the charter of any national bank whose officers were under charges affecting their integrity. As the Riggs' charter will expire June 27th the defendants insisted on an early trial. In nine minutes, on the first ballot, the jury found a verdict of not guilty, and immediately all Washington celebrated the occurrence.

#### Washington Shows Its Delight

History records few more remarkable demonstrations than the one that took place in Washington when the Riggs bank officials were acquitted. Here is the story as told in a despatch to the newspapers of the East:

"The announcement of the acquittal was received with a remarkable demonstration of approval by crowds in different parts of the city. When the foreman of the jury announced the verdict the bailiffs could not prevent a rush of spectators to the three defendants. The jury also crowded around the bankers and shook their hands. When Mr. Glover emerged from the court room he was greeted by a roar of applause from the crowd that had been waiting since court convened and it was with difficulty that he made his way accompanied by the Flathers to an automobile. The most interesting part of this drama of politics and finance took place in another part of the city, the scene being in front of the Riggs National Bank, directly across from the United States Treasury Department.

"Customers, depositors and friends of the bank had been told that if the verdict was acquittal a new American flag would be run up on the flagstaff of the bank. Soon after eleven o'clock the crowd began to gather for news and by noon it was necessary for additional policemen to be called to keep traffic moving. A little later it was announced that a verdict had been reached and intense quiet prevailed. The base of the flagstaff is obscured by a triangular cornice and suddenly there shot up the pole the new American flag and it was greeted with cheers that could be heard for blocks. The north or main front of the Treasury Building faces the Riggs National Bank and every window was occupied, and oddly enough their occupants contributed to the demonstration of approval when Mr. Glover and the Messrs. Flather reached the bank from the court house. As they stepped from the automobile to grasp the hundreds of hands that were extended to them the occupants of the Treasury windows frantically waved handkerchiefs and cheered. The crowd before the bank answered and it was fully an hour before the windows were vacated and the crowds left the street in front of the bank. The demonstration of approval given by the Treasury employees and officials is said to have displeased Comptroller Williams."

#### A Case of Nation-Wide Interest

The Riggs bank case has been a matter of national interest on account of the important forces involved. Bankers all over the country have followed every development and financial circles have watched it for its possible disclosure of the attitude of the Controller's office toward banking institutions. Accusations between Secretary McAdoo and Controller Williams and the bank's officials have gone back and forth, the bank claiming that the Controller was actuated by reasons of personal

malice, and the Controller, backed by Mr. McAdoo, charging that the bank had been violating the national banking act by engaging in stock transactions. The bank officials went to the courts to get an injunction against the treasury officials, but with the Administration against them it was hard to make any headway. The criminal case grew out of the civil case, the officers of the bank having been charged with swearing falsely to an affidavit denying that they had been engaged in stock transactions. The bank officials complained bitterly of the holding up of their application for an injunction, but in vain. Meanwhile the Administration depended on the criminal case to vindicate its course, and therefore in a sense the verdict is more than a vindication of the bank officials; it is a vindication also of the system of justice which demagogic politicians have been trying to break down. The jury was locked up throughout the trial which lasted from May 8 to May 31, and which was attended by the leading citizens of Washington.

#### Ham Lewis, Classicist

The other day when Senator J. Ham Lewis of Illinois was asked to make a political forecast he stroked his beauteous pink whiskers and allowed as how: "It is the events of October that will decide the ides of November, not the declarations of June." This oracular pronouncement shows Ham Lewis in his favorite posture—that of tipping his hat to the classics. Ham Lewis has infinite respect for the classics, but salutes them very awkwardly. I am reminded of a story told of the days when he was breaking into politics in Oregon. He was making a political speech and in the course of it he declared that the opposition had better look out because "the sword of Damascus" was hanging over their heads. A friend scribbled a correction and passed the paper furtively to the orator. Lewis read it, and said:

"My friend here on the platform reminds me that I should say the sword of Damocles instead of the sword of Damascus. But, ladies and gentlemen, what is the difference? They make swords in both places!"

#### A Debtless Club

Indebtedness is usually taken for granted as the financial condition of a newspapermen's club. In the old days when the Press Club was less solidly established it was usually saddled with debt. Nowadays it is more carefully administered and is pretty prosperous. But its place as a haunt of the reporter and editor has been taken by the Newspapermen's Club which has pleasant quarters over a coffee parlor on the first block of Grant avenue. The Newspapermen's Club has just completed the first six months of its existence, and announces through its officers that it is out of debt. Indeed there is a surplus which the house committee is going to spend in additional furnishings. This is a splendid showing, and all the newspapermen are delighted. "Wally" Young of the Chronicle is president of this club; Frank Francouer of the Bulletin is secretary; and Ed Hurlbut of the Call is treasurer.

#### Rich at the Clift

Undoubtedly Obadiah Rich is one of the best known hotel men in the country. He was with

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the Palace for so many years and enjoyed so much of the confidence of the late Colonel Kirkpatrick that he met thousands of distinguished people from all over the world. A quiet, not to say reserved man, Obadiah Rich has nevertheless the knack of attracting people and holding them. His personality makes a deep impression. That he is now managing the beautiful Clift on Geary street means that the Clift is to enjoy an era of prosperity. It is a very attractive hotel, and its drawing power has been increased by the choice of Obadiah Rich as manager.

#### The Laureate on Kitchiner

"Temporary poems" was the apt phrase used by old Sam Johnson when speaking of poems written to order for this or that occasion—the fugitive pieces without inspiration which celebrate an anniversary or memorialize a great dead man. Robert Bridges, the British poet laureate, has just produced one of these temporary poems in honor of Lord Kitchener. In doing so he is following a laureate tradition more honored in the breach than the observance. Alfred Austin, it will be recalled, used to produce these temporary poems, and was so much ridiculed on their account that few people thought him capable of any really fine work—a great injustice. The sonnet to Kitchener's memory will not add anything to Dr. Bridges' reputation. Here it is:

Unflinching hero, watchful to foresee  
And face thy country's peril wheresoe'er,  
Directing war and peace with equal care  
Till, by long toil ennobled, thou wert he  
Whom England called and bade "set my arm free  
To obey my will and save my honor fair,"  
What day the foe presumed on her despair  
And she herself had trust in none but thee.  
Among Herculean deeds the miracle  
That mass'd the labor of ten years in one  
Shall be thy monument. Thy work is done  
'Ere we could thank thee, and the high sea swell  
Surgeth unheeding where thy proud ship fell  
By the lone Orkneys ere the set of sun.

It is easy to pick this sonnet to pieces. Such locutions as "thou were he," "none but thee," "thy monument," "thy work," "thy proud ship" and "surgeth unheeding" are obsolete. They are not being used this poetical season. "Face thy country's peril wheresoe'er" is a vile phrase; so is "what day the foe presumed." "Proud ship" is exceedingly commonplace. The sonnet shows in every line the effort of a writer whose

heart was not in his work. You read it with a yawn, and never want to read it again. Contrast with this sonnet a little tribute which appeared on the editorial page of the New York Sun, an unpretentious thing, but with the breath of sincerity vitalizing it. It was written by M. E. Buhler of whom I know nothing:

#### TO WARRIOR SOULS

Search ye the seas for Kitchener,  
And search the foam blown shore,  
But all earth holds of Kitchener  
Shall walk with men no more!

A light fades out across the sea,  
And out across the land,  
But a breath of wind goes blowing free  
From clinging mist and sand.

Deep calls to deep through sun and shade  
A-down the ways of men,  
And ye who fought with Kitchener  
Shall fight with him again!

#### The Grand Duke's Task

What is happening to the Grand Duke? I am rather curious about the great Russian who took Trebizond and threatened Bagdad. When last heard from one of his columns was going in the direction of Constantinople, and the Turks in the direction of Persia had been isolated. Though no military expert I am of the opinion that the Grand Duke's big task was the taking of Constantinople, where from all accounts there is much starvation and rioting and no longer any kindly feeling to the folks who plunged Turkey into the war. I should not be astonished to hear of something decisive happening in the neighborhood of Constantinople, the city that Napoleon called "the most precious of keys." He added: "He who has it may rule the world." The importance of Constantinople has long been recognized in Germany. Long before the war Germany was burrowing and preparing in the East with tools of every grade from the "King of Albania" (Wilhelm of Wied) to Karl Neufeld, formerly keeper of a boarding-house at the Second Cataract of the Nile. Neufeld has been a very successful German agent in the East ever since he was employed by Count Bernstorff in Cairo in 1908. The Kaiser was known in Turkey as the leading Prince of Christianity, and long ago he had it impressed on the 300,000,000 Moslems of the East who revere the Sultan or Khaliph

that they might always regard him as their friend.

#### Germany's Siren Song

Just after the outbreak of the war the first notes of Germany's siren song were heard in Turkey. News of the Kaiser's power and friendship was spread from Tangier to Teheran, from Cairo to Cabul. It spread like the German propaganda in this country. German agents in Syria were as busy as bird dogs at a country club. All Islam whether Sunni or Shiah was honeycombed with Prusso-Moslem agents. In Aleppo uniforms were ordered for bogus Anglo-Indian troops who were said to have rallied to the Pan-Islamic dream. It was about this time that Enver Pasha was dazzled and won over. So were most of the politicians, and at the last moment Talaat Bey—the most powerful civilian in the Cabinet—threw in his lot with Germany. All would be well, it was said, the timely alliance would avert the perpetual Russian menace and gild the House of Othman with the gorgeousness of a greatness undreamed of by classic princes of old Abbasid or Ommazad lines. From Mostar to Madras, the Stambouli Kaliph should rule, Morocco, Tunisia and Algeria were to be wrested from the French, Libya from Italy, Egypt and India from Britain. It was a big job of course, but it was a cinch. Of late the Turks have had reason to be sceptical.

#### Importance of the Key City

The reason of the tremendous efforts of German propagandists in Turkey become crystal clear in the light of Dr. Bethmann-Holweg's early caveat to Gustav Schweppendic, who represented the Hearst service in Berlin. "We must safeguard our food and other supplies," said the Chancellor. "We must be independent of all oversea trade controlled by Great Britain. . . . Fortunately the road has been opened to the Orient by our victorious army." So German eyes are fastened on Constantinople, the key city, which seethes with riot from the Grand Rue out to Shishi. No wonder it was suspected that Von der Goltz was poisoned. It was Von der Goltz who was steering the Ottoman Empire into the abyss.

#### Introducing Mrs. Jordan

Did you ever hear of the actress Mrs. Jordan?

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***"Safe-Tea First"***

In the Household  
Your troubles  
will be over  
when you buy

***Ridgways Tea***

Awarded Gold Medal—Highest Honor  
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Perhaps you recall her name if you are one of those devoted followers of "Saint Charles" who read the Essays of Elia over and over again. For Mrs. Jordan is immortalized in the delightful essay "On Some of the Old Actors." Mrs. Jordan was a great actress: we know this on Lamb's authority. But she was an unusual woman otherwise. Herself born out of wedlock she had four lovers and fourteen children. One of the four lovers was the Duke of Clarence, afterwards King William IV of England. This royal lover treated Mrs. Jordan shamefully; he drew her salary at the theatre, spent it, and cast her aside. He left her, said a London newspaper, "to perish like a dog in the streets and to be buried as a pauper at the public charge." According to Theodore F. Bonnet who has fashioned Mrs. Jordan's career into an essay that is both sparkling and sympathetic, she was "a woman to shed a tear for." This essay is called "Women of Courage and Weakness," and it has the place of honor in the June number of The Lantern.

#### Something about Interviewing

The other editor of The Lantern, Edward F. O'Day, contributes "Notes on Interviewing." This essay is in the nature of a personal outpouring, for the writer tells many racy things about the great and the near-great whom he has interviewed in the course of his newspaper career. What the writer has to say about Ashton Stevens and Walter Anthony, two of our foremost interviewers, will interest all ad-

mirers of these fine writers. An extract will indicate the nature of the article:

"It was never the wont of Ashton Stevens," O'Day writes, "to humor these people. He had an appointment to interview a spoiled darling of musical comedy. He was punctual, as usual. She was half an hour late. Where she should have been apologetic she was bad-humored.

"I've been all afternoon with one of your stupid dentists," she pouted, 'and now I must be bored with an interview.'

"Dear Miss Dolly Varden," replied Ashton Stevens, 'none of my dentists is stupid, and it will give me great pleasure not to interview you.'

"Whereupon he left, very much to the spoiled darling's chagrin. Like a dentist, Ashton Stevens hurts sometimes, but always for his patient's good."

The June Lantern contains a poem by George Sterling, the fine fruit of his latest inspiration. There is a most amusing story from the Russian, and other matter of an excellence readers of The Lantern have come to expect.

#### Truth About the Vina Vineyard

Confronted with the fact that prohibition would destroy California's \$150,000,000 viticultural industry, the "drys" are seeking refuge in a series of downright misstatements, by which they are endeavoring to justify their campaign. One of these is the story that the great Vina vineyard in Tehama county which was bequeathed by the late Senator Stanford to Leland Stan-

ford Jr. University has been dug up because the vineyard was unprofitable; that grape growing, especially wine grape growing, does not pay. As a matter of fact, the Vine vineyard was dug up because it became infested with a vegetable pest that could not be eradicated without taking out the vines. The situation, and the exact reason for the digging up of the vines, are stated briefly by Vanderlyn Stow, treasurer and business manager of the Board of Trustees of Leland Stanford Jr. University, in the following letter, dated June 7th, 1916:

"Having heard of various statements having been made regarding the reasons for taking up the vineyard at the Vina ranch, and knowing how vitally interested you are in the matter, I write so that if any inquiries are made of you, you may have a statement of facts from me as a representative of the Board of Trustees of the Leland Stanford Jr. University.

"The vineyard did pay. It, however, had become very foul with Johnson grass. Just how the Johnson grass got onto the ranch has never been determined but it was all through the vineyard. It became apparent that it could not be eliminated as long as the vines were left in place and that in order to get rid of the Johnson grass it would be necessary to take the vines up and make a fight against it. Besides this, the vines were old and if the vineyard industry had been continued it would have been necessary to replace a good many of them, which would have entailed a very considerable expense and did not seem proper practice considering the foulness of the ground.

"When the Johnson grass has been eliminated from the land, and we are at work on this now that the vineyard has been entirely removed, it is not at all improbable that the trustees may see fit to plant another vineyard, although no determination of this kind has been reached. As stated above, the main reason for removing the vineyard was on account of the Johnson grass."

This official statement by the business manager of the Board of Trustees of Stanford University absolutely refutes the story circulated by the California Campaign Federation, which evidently made no attempt to get at the truth.

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPHINE NIGLIS, Deceased.—No. 20,973; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of JOSEPHINE NIGLIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPHINE NIGLIS, deceased.

EUGENE NIGLIS,

Executor of the last will and testament of Josephine Niglis, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, June 17th, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Executor,  
No. 333 Kearny Street,  
San Francisco, Cal.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## An Awful Slam

Fred Thompson, Bohemian clubman and one of the tomato kings of the Mexican coast (the others being Bush Finnell, Joe Murphy and Herbert Schmidt), came across volume one, number one of a little magazine edited by his brother-in-law William Rose Benét. The table of contents listed a poem by Benét, another poem by his wife who was Teresa Thompson, a story by Mrs. Charles Norris who used to be Kathleen Thompson and a sketch by Charlie Norris. Fred showed the magazine to his brother Joe.

"We're quite a literary family," commented Joe Thompson. "Brother Jim is trying his hand at fiction too."

"Jim too!" exclaimed Fred. "Then I want to say that our family is doing more to cheapen literature than any other family in the country!"

Fred Thompson reserves the right to deny this remark if it reaches the ears of Sister Teresa or Sister Kathleen. But he hopes Brother Jim will take it to heart.

## The Dosches Leave for Paris

Arno Dosch, a newspaperman of this city who has made his mark as a war correspondent, spent a few days in this city and is off again for the front. He came here to meet his wife Elsie Sperry Dosch and his two children, and to take them to Paris where he has leased and furnished an apartment. Dosch has been writing for the New York World. He has just made a new contract by the terms of which he will supply the World with war articles as long as the war lasts and will also represent the paper at the peace conference, wherever and whenever it is held. The Dosches like Paris and are not displeased that they must live there for the next year or so—probably longer—but at the same time they regret the necessity of leaving their New York home untenanted. It is one of the show places of the artists' and writers' quarter of New York. It is a very old and very queer mansion in Waverley Place which was so dilapidated when the Dosches took it that they obtained a ten-years' lease at a low rental. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Dosch's aunt, the Princess Poniatowski, sent one of the best interior decorators of Paris to plan the renovation and furnishing of this home. When this artist had finished his work the place was one of the most attractive and unusual in lower Manhattan. All this work was a testimonial of the affection in which the Princess Poniatowski holds her clever niece and her niece's clever husband.

## Uses His Mother's Name

Dosch's articles from the various seats of

war have appeared in the New York World under the signature of Arno Dosch Fleurot. Fleurot is the maiden name of Arno Dosch's mother who is of French extraction. He adopted it for newspaper purposes owing to the difficulties which the German name of Dosch involved him in. With the exception of the outset of his career as a war correspondent when in company with Irvin Cobb, John T. McCutcheon and Will Irwin he blundered into the German advanced lines at Louvain. Dosch has always been on the Allied side of the various battle fronts. So he found it expedient to adopt the French name of Fleurot. This despite the fact that his father is anti-Prussian in his sympathies. The elder Dosch was in the German revolution of 1848 on the anti-Prussian side. Coming to this country he fought through the Civil War on the Union side, entering the army as a private and leaving it with a colonel's commission. During the present war Dosch has had thirty-two relatives fighting for France. Seventeen of these have been killed, the last two falling at Verdun. So he has fifteen relatives still fighting in the armies of France. His wife's family is represented in the armies of France by Prince Poniatowski and the prince's two sons Stanislaus and Casimir.

## Writing a Book

Arno Dosch is perhaps the only war correspondent who has not yet published a war book. But he is engaged in writing one. It will be a book with a purpose, for it will be used as testimony by the French and Belgians as to what occurred in Belgium at the beginning of the war. As Dosch saw the burning of Louvain his testimony is regarded as important. Dosch came home after a lengthy sojourn in Egypt. He intended to sail to Egypt on the ill-fated Persia, but the train on which he was traveling to Marseilles was stalled en route and the Persia had left that port when he arrived there. He is very thankful that circumstances thus cancelled his booking on the Persia. The Dosches will not risk a passage to France by way of the English Channel; they will take a steamer to Bordeaux.

## Our Clever Newspaperwomen

Is the newspaperwoman more clever than the society woman? It is a question I have not the hardihood to answer. However, there is a bit of testimony before me, and it may help others to form an opinion. There were two newspaperwomen enrolled in the National Red Cross Training School of the Women's Navy League at the Presidio. These were Mrs. Martin of the Examiner and Miss Alma Sullivan of the Call. When the oral and written examinations in hygiene, surgical work, etc., were held these two newspaperwomen received the highest marks in the camp. They showed such superiority to the other students of the camp that Colonel Edie made the remark that they possessed perfectly disciplined minds. It is rumored that some society girls are thinking of taking up newspaper work.

## Miss De Pue's Success

Meanwhile at least one society girl has shown that she can hold her own in a literary competition. I refer to Miss Elva De Pue, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar De Pue who won a prize in a contest conducted by

the Bulletin. The prizes were awarded for the best criticisms of Booth Tarkington's latest book "Seventeen." Miss De Pue acquitted herself in a fashion that proved her the possessor of a keen mind and a happy gift of expression. We must not say harsh things about society girls while there are belles like Miss De Pue among them.

## Off to Canada

Mr. and Mrs. Garret McEnerney are leaving this Saturday for a pleasure trip through Canada. Before the war the McEnerneys were making annual trips to Europe, and when the war broke out they were in Germany, having arrived there just in time to have a motor car interned. That was the end of the tour on which they had only started. They are going to Canada by way of New York and will return in six or seven weeks.

## The Cleve-Roncovieri Wedding

A romance which was made known during the last Christmas season was crowned with happiness this Wednesday when Miss Florence Marie Cleve became the bride of Dr. Louis D. Roncovieri. Rev. Father Henry I. Starke of the order of Paulist fathers performed the ceremony at the home of Miss Cleve's aunt, Mrs. Mathias R. Fleischman, 739 Lake street. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mathias R. Fleischman, owing to the absence of her father, who is now in Germany. Miss Gene-

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vieve Fleischman was the bridesmaid and Dr. I. Newton Ratchford, classmate of Dr. Roncovieri at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, from which institution the groom graduated with the highest honors, was the best man. Mrs. M. Oppenheimer was the matron of honor. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Cleve of 325 Maple street. She has many accomplishments and is a musician of rare talent. Dr. Roncovieri is the youngest son of Alfred Roncovieri, superintendent of public schools, and a brother of Dr. Alfred Roncovieri Jr.

### The Cranes' Fantastic Fête

There will be a revival of the real old San Francisco good fellowship at the Cubist-Futurist Fête Champetre at which Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane will be hosts at the St. Francis Hotel a week from Monday night, June 26. People are expected from all over the State to take part in the affair which will really be a big ball with everyone in some fantastic costume suggestive of a Cubist or Futurist picture. The function does not aim at exclusiveness in spite of the fact that many of the "exclusive" will be present in costume. As a spectacle the ball room will be well worth seeing. Albert Farr the architect is building a false wall with which to transform the original ball room into a "neo-archaic" dwelling which alone will cost over \$1000. All the revelers are of course expected to come in Cubist or Futurist dress, which will give an opportunity for a display of daring and originality. Mrs. Christian de Guigne and Mrs. Robin Hayne are already planning their costumes. Mrs. Louis Mullgardt expects to attend in something striking, and Miss Inez Pischel is one of the younger girls who is putting her ingenuity to the task of devising a costume. Mr. and Mrs. Crane have secured a number of popular beaux on the floor committee including Edward M. Greenway, Thornwell Mullally, Robert Eyre, William Lange and William F. Humphrey. Besides the ball there is to be a Cubist-Futurist poster contest. The Cranes are offering a \$25 prize for the best poster submitted to them at the St. Francis Hotel on or before Friday, June 23. The judges of the contest are: Louis Mullgardt, Willis Polk, George Howard, Gordon Coutts and Leo Lentelli. A great deal of fun is expected from the contest and the best posters will be shown the night of the ball. Several artists of reputation are to compete. Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld, Mrs.

Stautr Haldorn, Mrs. Alanson Weeks, Mrs. Christian de Guigne, Mrs. Robin Hayne, Mrs. Melville Schweitzer, Mrs. Daulton Mann, Mrs. Alexander Wilson, Mrs. Max Sloss, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. Frederick Burnham, Mrs. Garard How and a number of other well known women are taking an active interest in the success of the affair.

### The I. Y. C. Dansant

Is the Indoor Yacht Club breaking into society? The members strenuously deny the allegation, and the pilots of the club retort that so far from breaking into society, society for some time past has been breaking into the Indoor Yacht Club. However this may be, the I. Y. C. gave a big hotel function Thursday night this week, and a most brilliant affair it was. It took the form of a dansant at the St. Francis, and there were so many guests that both the Colonial and Italian rooms were needed to accommodate them. The best music procurable, the best spirit of gayety and the best of good fellowship made this dansant memorable. Like all clubmen the Indoor tars sometimes have accounts to square at home, for the Indoor club rooms are very attractive (more so than ever since they were newly decorated) and the best intentioned husband sometimes lingers there a little longer than he should. All such sins were forgiven by the ladies who attended the dansant; but they threaten another access of severity unless the delightful function of Thursday night becomes a yearly, or better, a semi-annual affair.

### An Hour of Music

At an Hour of Music given last Saturday afternoon by pupils of the Beringer Conservatory of Music at Kohler and Chase Hall, the following participated in an excellent programme of piano and vocal selections: Miss Emily Muller, Miss Selma Gelfeld, Miss Dorothy Mayer, Miss Flora Flynn, Miss Dorothy Tierman, Miss Lillian Lerche Smith, Miss Vernita Pellow, Miss Eleanor Alberti, Miss Monica Heffernan, Miss Charlotte Ibscher and Miss Zdenka Buben.

### Presenting Art Hickman

It has been left to San Francisco to provide an orchestra leader who has achieved national fame largely through a total unfamiliarity with the canons of music. He is to be seen nightly in the rose room of the St. Francis, leading his band of musicians with a drum! "Art" Hickman whose dance music is known from one coast to the other, and has recently been "canned" by the leading phonograph company for the benefit of future generations, was discovered in Boyes Springs. James Woods who was up there on a trip, lays claim to no knowledge of music, but he professes to be an infallible judge in the matter of dancing time. Hickman's terpsichorean rhythm made an immediate hit with the manager of the St. Francis, and he engaged Art on the spot. The result has been to give the rose room the greatest dancing vogue San Francisco has ever known. When Joan Sawyer was giving her exhibitions in the St. Francis her manager protested that Art's inability to read music made it impossible for him to do justice to Joan's new pieces. But Art tried them over once by ear and after that Joan would stand for nothing else but his seductive barbaric measures. Efforts have been made to emulate Art's success, but they always degenerate into mere music. "How does he do it?" a popular musician was asked. "How does he do it?" he countered. "He doesn't do it. He gets away with it."

### At the Palace

Secondo Guasti, well known wine producer of Los Angeles, is a guest. So are U. M. Slater, a Reno banker; Percy T. Morgan of Los Altos and Mrs. Morgan and Professor N. D. Harris of Northwestern University and Mrs. Harris who are en route home after a tour of the Orient. Others registered recently are D. S. Ewing, a Fresno banker; J. L. Stern and Julius Wallbruner of Denver and Margaret Sanger of New York. E. F. Brittingham of New Haven, W. A. Becker of New York; J. B. Clarkson of Christchurch, N. Z., a manufacturer of automobiles and bicycles who is known as "The New Zealand Ford;" L. L. Barkhausen of New York; H. H. Gould, a wealthy land owner of Hollister; Chas. P. McCollm, a business man of Reno; Roy C. Seeley, a Los Angeles merchant; A. B. Hill, a promoter of Vancouver; Alfred Stern, a Los Angeles capitalist; Jno. G. Kirchen, a banker and merchant of Tonopah; Louis Wilde, a San Diego banker and a director of the exposition; W. W. Watterson, a mining man of Bishop; S. E. Vermilyea, a Los Angeles capitalist; and C. P. Heaton of Los Angeles.

### Bunker Hill Celebration

The 141st anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill will be celebrated this year at Golden Gate Park. Prof. Chas. W. Cassasa, leader of the Golden Gate Park Band, will, under the auspices of the Park Commissioners, arrange a special patriotic programme beginning at 2 o'clock on Saturday, June 17th. All citizens are respectfully invited to attend the exercises. For over sixty years the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill has been appropriately commemorated by the Bunker Hill Association in California. The association took its growth from the Sanitation Committee which organized during the Civil War and which corresponds to our Red Cross Committee at the present time. The leaders and members of that society organized the Bunker Hill Association. Mr. Wm. C. Badger was its president for over forty years until his death in 1904, since which time S. M. Holladay has acted as president. He has been succeeded by his son Burke Holladay. Many prominent Californians have taken part in the exercises, Hon. W. L. Barnes and his son Wm. S. Barnes, Samuel M. Shortridge, Senator Geo. C. Perkins, Walter Leman, veteran actor, Joaquin Miller, Professor Knowlton of the school department and Alfred Wilkie.

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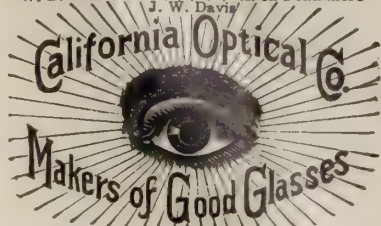
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## Gossip of the Theatre

### Dan Casey's Triumph

It is nothing less. His appearance is the signal for prolonged applause. His monologue is punctuated with laughter. When he finishes the house "comes down," and keeps "coming down" until he makes a speech. And then he needs the assistance of two stage hands to carry away the flowers sent by admiring friends. It is a gratifying homecoming for Dan Casey. It is the reward bestowed upon merit. This young man is very well known in San Francisco. For years his songs and stories have been told in lodge rooms, at club entertainments and at charity benefits. Now he is reaping the harvest of good will which he sowed so plentifully. And he scores no mere success of esteem. His friends in the audience do not have to make allowances for him. The applause is bestowed not only on Dan Casey, the San Francisco favorite, but also upon Dan Casey, the Orpheum monologist. The reception which has been accorded Dan Casey at every performance this week would make an old stager nervous. It takes Dan Casey a minute or two to get over the effect of the preliminary outburst, and then he is master of himself and of his audience. His songs and stories are pointed with pathos and humor, particularly humor. His humorous anecdotes are short and go straight to the point. They are irresistible compellers of laughter. There is not the least doubt in the world that Dan Casey has arrived. Were it not for Dan Casey, Grace La Rue would demand first mention in a review of this week's excellent bill. That is a big tribute to Dan Casey, for Grace La Rue is one of the greatest artists we have seen in a very long time. Fortunately we are to have both Grace La Rue and Dan Casey with us again next week.

—Edward F. O'Day.

### Tina Lerner, Philharmonic Soloist.

Tina Lerner, unquestionably one of the greatest women pianists, will make her first appearance as soloist with the Philharmonic Orchestra, Nikolai Sokoloff conductor, at the Cort Sunday afternoon at three o'clock sharp. Miss Lerner's contribution to the programme, the Concerto for Pianoforte No. 2, G minor, Opus 22 of Camille Saint-Saens, is the most brilliant of the five great concertos written by the illustrious Frenchman who was here for the Exposition last year. In addition to the beautiful overture to "Mignon" of Ambroise Thomas; two movements of the Symphony No. 2, D major, of Brahms (the first and the third); two of the Caucasian Sketches of Ippolitow-Ivanow, Mr. Sokoloff has also programmed the overture to "Sakuntala" of Goldmark. Seats and programmes at the box offices of Sherman Clay, Kohler and Chase and the Cort.

### Festival of Music

A great yearly Festival of Music is promised San Francisco. Frank W. Healy who acted as business manager of the great Beethoven Festival of Music given last August at the Civic Center Auditorium and who has had lots of experience handling the business affairs of Music Festivals in the Eastern cities, announces that arrangements are being perfected. Socially, commercially and educationally the yearly Music Festival means much to any community. Nothing can so stimulate interest in music. It was Mr. Healy's intention to give a great Music Festival this year, and Conductor Arthur Bodanzky of the Metropolitan Opera House

and a number of great singers had been invited to appear. The task was such a big one, however, that it was determined to postpone it until next year. Arrangements are now being made that will guarantee for next year the greatest Music Festival that this city has ever heard.

### Argonaut Film at Columbia

It was quite natural that Edward L. Grafton, producer of "The Argonauts of California," should have selected San Francisco as the place for his premiere, the story told in this great ten-reel cinema being essentially that of early San Francisco. The romantic period of '49 lends itself admirably to the films. No more fascinating chapter has ever been written into the life story of the race than that of the gold discovery at Sutter's Mill and the tremendous migration of adventurers which followed. As an outgrowth of the wild spirit of the time lawlessness reigned for a considerable period and it was only with the organization of the famous Vigilantes that order was restored. But before that there were no less than a dozen summary executions. "The Argonauts of California" is one of the most pretentious film dramas ever screened. In the mob scenes which are declared to be the greatest ever cameraized, seven thousand people were used and the whole production is on the same elaborate scale. The opening performance at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon, June 18, should command the widest attention.

### "Raffles" at Alcazar

"Raffles," the most engaging of all stage crooks, will be next week's offering at the Alcazar, with Forrest Stanley in the title role and Chrystal Herne in the role of Gwendoline Connon. For those who have never read E. W. Hornung's tales of the amateur cracksman nor witnessed Eugene W. Presbrey's dramatization

it may not be amiss to state that "Raffles" is a thief no less from choice than from necessity, for he is the youngest son of a fine old English family and moves in the best London society. Mr. Stanley has played "Raffles" a great many times and excels in the fascinating role. Miss Herne will have splendid opportunities as the girl in the case, and besides James A. Gleason, Henry Hall, Joseph Macaulay, Addison Pitt, Helene Sullivan, Marion Dentler and Elizabeth Ross there will be a number of specially engaged players. The production, under the direction of Addison Pitt, will be up to the Alcazar standard which means that it will be well worth seeing.

### Nat Wills at Orpheum

Nat M. Wills who has made countless thousands roar with laughter will present his comedy classic "The Happy Tramp" at the Orpheum next week. His monologue and songs are all new this season and as timely and bright as ever. There is but one Nat Wills, and the only complaint audiences can urge against him is that his visits are far between. Wilfred Clarke ranks among the few farceurs who have a thorough and delicate appreciation of the true spirit of comedy. His contribution will consist of a farce by Lawrence Grattan entitled "Who Owns the Flat," rich in humor and surprising complications. The American Grand Opera Singers, Miss Claude Albright and Mario Rodolfi, will be heard in a programme which includes their greatest successes. The Gladiators, two men of superb physique, will give a remarkable exhibition of strength and gymnastic ability. "Her Decision," a dramatic sketch by Marion Fields of which eastern report speaks glowingly, will be presented by Maude Fealy and company. Grace La Rue, the "International Star of Song" who has made one of the greatest hits in the history of vaudeville, will enter on the last week of her en-



NAT M. WILLS

"The Happy Tramp" next week at the Orpheum



gement and will sing new songs. The Werner and Amoros Company and the popular Dan P. Casey will also close their engagements with this bill. An entirely new motion picture entitled "Seeing Yosemite via the Desmond Service" in which are presented the crags, domes, cascades and the Mariposa big trees will be shown.

#### "The Brat" with Maude Fulton

Maude Fulton's very successful comedy "The Brat," presented by Oliver Morosco, was unavoidably prevented from opening its engagement last Monday night at the Cort owing to unforeseen circumstances, but it will have its local premier at the Cort next Monday night. When a player is remembered vividly by the theatregoer from season to season and her coming looked forward to, that player can be said to have achieved distinct success. No one who has ever seen Maude Fulton is likely to forget her. The theatregoers of San Francisco remember her as being particularly dainty, charming and clever and as one whose singing and dancing placed her among the foremost in vaudeville and musical comedy. "The Brat" is Miss Fulton's first effort at playwriting and it is generally conceded to be the biggest success this part of the country has seen in a number of years. There is a laugh in almost every line, and there is also the little pathetic touch so necessary in well written plays of this character. The story is said to be one appealing directly to the better instincts. Supporting Miss Fulton Morosco has provided a most excellent company. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

#### Three Headliners at Pantages

"The Six Stylish Steppers," one of the fastest dancing acts in vaudeville; the Empire Comedy Four, one of the standard harmony quartets, and "The New Leader," a comedy playlet with Jack Delmon and his players, will be a strong trio of attractions which will top the new eight-act show opening at Pantages Sunday. General Pisano, an ex-army officer in the Italian army, and his company of sharpshooters will offer a genuine novelty. Morris and Sherwood, "those Southern folks," Stephens, Bordeau and Bennett, in a comedy skit "The Boy from Home," with the fourteenth chapter of "The Iron Claw" round out one of the best balanced bills of the season.

#### Events at Hotel Oakland

On Monday, June 12, a wedding breakfast was served to Mr. and Mrs. A. D. N. Lehe and seventy-five guests. Mrs. Lehe before her marriage was Miss Ruth Irvin. Tuesday, June 13, the California Music Teachers Association met. On Saturday, June 17, there will be a piano recital by the pupils of Miss Gertrude House. Among the prominent arrivals last week were: Mrs. Frank L. Wildes of Carson; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Pollard, Alameda; Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Gallagher, New York; Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Carpenter, St. Louis; August H. Kruesi, Schenectady; A. E. Havens, Chicago; Miss Catherine L. Walker and Miss Jean Walker and C. G. Johnson of Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Zombro and son of Los An-

geles; H. E. Lathrop and wife of Coronado; Joseph Scott of Los Angeles; W. J. Linnett of Oxnard; H. H. Atkinson and wife of Tonopah; J. Aaronson and wife of Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Eaton of Berkeley.

#### At the Cecil

Brigadier General John P. Wisser and Mrs. Wisser are guests. They arrived Tuesday on the transport from Honolulu. Mrs. J. B. Hillhouse who has been at Klamath Falls for the past fortnight has joined her daughter Mrs. Newton Ford. Miss Ida Broome, a charming California girl, is a close friend of Mrs. Ford's and is being chaperoned by her during her stay at the Cecil. Colonel and Mrs. J. B. McDonald and their little daughter arrived on the last transport. Major A. F. Conklin of the United States army is also a guest. Mrs. John Charles Doyle of Los Angeles who is spending the summer at the Cecil entertained informally at luncheon Monday. More than a score of friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Charles Ryland at a bridge tea Tuesday. It was given in the Pompeian room. Among the guests were Mrs. Lloyd McCormick, Mrs. John Norris, Mrs. Richard O. Crisp, Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt, Mrs. Eugene Davis, Mrs. Albert Edward Gillespie, Mrs. John Gardner, Mrs. Doyle of Nashville, Tenn., Mrs. John Boerger, Mrs. Charles Seiler, Mrs. Frances Ballard White, Mrs. Leslie Symmes, Mrs. Fisher Ames, Mrs. C. Gerald Buckley Jr., Mrs. Belknap, Mrs. George J. Henry Sr., Mrs. B. R. Keith, Mrs. L. N. Clapp, Mrs. Charles G. Kenyon, Mrs. B. N. Rowley, Mrs. William Franklin Morris, Miss Elizabeth Whittle, Dr. H. Damkreuger.

#### At the Tavern

It is a jolly hour or so one spends dining at Techau Tavern. There is a superb dancing floor, and the music is unsurpassed. During the dinner you enjoy a series of concert numbers contributed by pretty girls in the latest frocks. After the theatre when enjoying a bite of supper at the Tavern, dancing and the concert series, styled the "Revue du Fashion," are again in evidence. This week the ladies are receiving handsome perfume sabots and the men library sized boxes of Pall Mall cigarettes. The Dansant Club is maintaining its Sunday night dinner and hop in the Bronze Room upstairs. Here the dinner is \$1.50 a cover with entertainment and dancing incidental to the evening. The "hurry up" luncheon for business men continues to serve its purpose.

Mrs. Flatbush—I understand the Eskimos are very keen domino players, and sometimes bet heavily, even putting up their wives and losing them.

Mr. Flatbush—Well, I'll bet there are a lot of good losers among the Eskimos.

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## One Remaining German Colony

(Continued from Page 6)

central German East Africa had been accustomed for many years to hire themselves as free laborers to British employers at Zanzibar and in British East Africa, where they did most of the portage. They would work in such regions for a year and then return home with their earnings. The Uganda Railway brought great wealth to people such as these, whose comings and goings in earlier days were not easily controlled by the German authorities. And there were mountain tribes that had received their education and impressions of the world from British missionaries of a particularly ingratiating type—those of the Universities' Mission of Oxford and Cambridge. Such tribes as these, when war broke out, were in heart with the British and might have proved most powerful auxiliaries in any well organized invasion of German territory from the direction of British East Africa.

But, unfortunately for the British, at the very outset of the war they allowed two ideas to spread from the London and South African press, without attempting to contradict them. One particularly idiotic suggestion was that they should either conquer German East Africa and hand it over to Japan as a future colony, or invite Japan when she had finished with Kiau-chau to send a large force across the Indian Ocean and conquer it for herself. The second notion was aired in the press of Natal. A large Anglo-Afrikaner force was to be raised in South Africa and sent to conquer German East Africa by way of Nyasaland. Having conquered it, the 10,000 or so white men of this invading army were to have the greater part of German East Africa allotted to them as farms and properties.

Both intimations, which probably passed quite unperceived by the Colonial Office, were eagerly taken hold of by Germany, who to this day keeps herself minutely informed as to all that appears in the British and South African press. The purport of these suggestions was translated into both Swahili and Arabic and disseminated widely amongst all the peoples, and, above all, the chiefs of German East Africa who could read either the Roman or the Arabic letters. The idea circulated amongst them that British victory meant the handing over of their country to an Asiatic people such as they had occasionally seen when visiting Zanzibar, or to the much-dreaded "Mabuno" (Boers) of South Africa, sufficed, together with the small disasters which had checked the British invasion, to turn all their former friends in German East Africa into active enemies.

Even now with the forces at their disposal this remains for the British the most difficult part of Africa out of which to drive the German power. It has wide areas of desert (valuable though they may be for their mineral products) and heart-breaking stretches of waterless steppe, embarrassing marshes, contorted, thickly-forested hills and mountains, unfordable rivers and natural strongholds, only to be reduced by heavy artillery. The conquest of German West Africa might be a comparatively easy matter if the British could win over the bulk of the natives by a plain-spoken reassurance as to their future under any other flag than the German.

But this continual defensive warfare along enormous stretches of frontier is very difficult and very expensive, and even as it is, German emissaries slip through and find their way into the Sudan, into Congoland, or Rhodesia; in-

triguing, persuading to revolt ambitious chiefs impatient of the white man's rule; stirring up disaffection amongst turbulent Muhammadans; promising anything, everything, if only they will rise against Britain, France or Belgium—restoration of slavery and the slave trade, banishment of Christian missionaries, anything which will appeal to their fanaticism, their natural dislike to outside domination, and their eagerness to oppress their fellow negroes. Of course one thing that makes the Germans so powerful a factor is their application to the business of learning the knowledge which counts today. They have not neglected the study of African languages as the British have done. Their government has not overtly offered tepid encouragement for the establishment of great teaching institutes for African and Oriental languages and covertly through its home officials snubbed and choked such schemes so that they were brought to futility. The Germans have found that it paid them well in the long run to master African idioms, and gave them enormous influence over the African peoples, an influence not lessened even by their occasional acts of oppression or cruelty—signs of strength which, unhappily, still impress the negro mind.

## The Irish at Gallipoli

(Continued from Page 7)

to get free of this entanglement of rocks and scrub, which tore the clothes and lacerated the flesh, and force a way up these still hills, on hands and feet to the Turkish positions. Men were falling on all sides. How soon would the end of the fiery furnace be reached? Would anyone get safely through? Such were the thoughts that occupied the mind of many a man, expecting that the next bullet or shell would strike him down.

The evening was well advanced before the end came in sight. Major Harrison gallantly led the 7th Dublins and men of other units in the final attack. "Fix bayonets, Dublins, and let's make a name for ourselves," was his cry. The hill had not only natural advantages for defense in rocks, scrub and trees. It was also a network of trenches. From behind this double cover the Turks threw hand grenades at the Irish, now approaching with a rush and yelling fiercely. Soon they got a taste of bayonet and clubbed rifle administered by Irish hands. The Turks are brave fighters, but they quailed before the Irish onslaught and sought safety from it in precipitate flight. At half-

past seven o'clock, just as it was growing dark, Chocolate Hill was taken.

There is some dispute, I understand, between the Dublins and Inniskillings and Irish Fusiliers as to which battalion the men first in the Turkish trenches belonged. But does it really matter? Are they not all Irish? Probably men of all the battalions were in the last overwhelming rush. There is no doubt that the Dublins get most of the credit for the feat. The battalion was specially complimented by headquarters for their heroism and endurance. And well they deserved it. What a baptism of fire it was for those inexperienced Irish lads! And what a confirmation of suffering. Over ten hours of continuous open fighting against machine-guns and artillery, and on a day of scorching heat! "We have gained a great name for the capture, and for the splendid regiment which I have the honor to command," says Colonel Downing. The general of the division, Sir Bryan Mahon, speaking of all the battalions, said he had never seen better work by infantry. The fact that the hill was widely known afterwards among the troops in Gallipoli as "Dublin Hill" tells its own tale.

## Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

expects to be asked she has pat answers. It will be noticed that she gave me one of these pat answers twice, almost in the same words—that about the Catholic church withdrawing its opposition and blessing birth control. To questions a little off the beaten path her answers are vague. She is not a clear thinker, and not well informed. She admits that the principal religious opposition comes from the Catholic church. Yet she has not informed herself concerning that church's teaching on the subject. She thinks that the Catholic church confounds birth control with abortion. She objects to Emma Goldman's vulgarity, failing to see that Emma Goldman in her vulgar remark was at least logical, which Margaret Sanger is not. The value of Margaret Sanger's mentality may be appraised from two sentences which I think it is worth while quoting. They are not from an interview, but from an article she wrote with her own hand for the Call. In one place she writes: "Education is her (woman's) only and principal weapon for defense against downfall." I call attention to "only and principal." Again she writes: "We have been proud of erecting schools for the education of our children; we have erected lofty and magnificent churches for their religious instruction; but for their moral instruction upon which depends their happiness and their welfare, we have erected nothing but the streets and the gutter." I call attention to the distinction she makes between religious and moral instruction. I have said Margaret Sanger is of very ordinary intelligence; perhaps I should say, of less than ordinary intelligence.

As for her propaganda, let me only quote here what a woman said to me when I asked her what she thought of a member of her sex who went about the country advocating birth control:

"Perhaps she doesn't believe in God. If she did, I should think she'd be afraid of His wrath."

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The Republican convention is now out of the way, and while Wall Street was inclined to favor the nomination of Col. Roosevelt, believing that he would be the best man to beat Pres. Wilson, nevertheless they are well satisfied with the nomination of Justice Hughes, endorsed by Roosevelt. Hughes' letter of acceptance was a clean cut American article, and he overlooked nothing that any Republican might complain of, and the feeling in Wall Street is that Hughes will be the next President. The market showed this in the first dealings after the nomination had been made, and prices were higher in all issues, with Steel as a leader. Some of the best judges on Wall Street expressed the opinion that we are in a bull market, but that the public are not aware of it. They do not base their opinion on anything in the way of speculative sentiment, but on the low prices at which many stocks are selling, compared with their asset value and earning power. A good many of the low priced stocks, selling around \$20, could easily advance to \$40 or higher, and still be below their calculated value. The same thing could be said about dividend paying stock generally including both railroads and industrials. The chief bull factor in the market is the scant supply of stocks, which is far more pronounced than most people understand. It has long been said that Union Pacific was hard either to buy or borrow, and the same can be applied to stocks like Baltimore & Ohio, St. Paul and the Hill stocks. What happened to Norfolk and Western when they increased their dividend, might easily happen to any of the other railroad stocks referred to. There has been quite a change in money rates recently, with time money and call money offered in reduced volume, but this is due to the fact that those in control of available funds are now disposed to invest their money in securities themselves instead of desiring to lend on them as collateral. Crop conditions, on the whole, are satisfactory, and while the wheat crop will be below last year in the number of bushels, all other cereal crops, as well as cotton, promise a good yield. With the underlying conditions so favorable, we see nothing to stop a healthy advance in all securities.

**Wheat**—It is always to be expected that speculative prices will ultimately adjust themselves to the cash situation in any cereal market, and that is at present the leading influence in wheat. In strong contrast to last year at this time, the offerings are heavily in excess of the demand, with the cutting of the new crop already begun, and the prospective yield not discouraging when comparisons are made with a five years' average. These influences have counteracted the serious deterioration apparent in the winter wheat territory, upon the assumption that the lessened exportation and the congested

flour situation will insure an abnormal carry-over, which will compensate fully for the losses sustained through the impairment of the winter wheat crop, and beyond this have been the frequent references to peace, which have aided in keeping the market in an extremely nervous and unsettled condition. We can plainly see where over-confidence in a temporary one-sided situation will be disastrous to the bear, as has happened many times before. There is no chance for argument against a plowed-up acreage or an infestation of Hessian fly. Both are pernicious as well as destructive, and in this country this year are clearly defined. We see more profit to the buyer than the seller, and advise loyalty to the long side on all breaks.

**Corn**—With but a slight public interest, this market has lagged perceptibly, the range of last week being less than 2 cents, and showing losses of  $2\frac{3}{4}$  @  $4\frac{1}{4}$  cents on near futures and  $\frac{5}{8}$  cents on December. Argentine offerings are large, and the foreign markets have been, on the whole, weak. The news from the interior is quite favorable, there being less replanting than usual, notwithstanding the reports from some sections of the belt that the seed was rotting on account of the cold weather. It is an old story but a true one that the acreage has been increased largely, and from the present viewpoint, a very confident feeling exists that the next crop will be a bumper. An opinion now is worth but little, and the most that can be said on this point is that it has gone into the ground very favorably, that it has come up very nicely in various parts of the belt, looking green and sturdy, and that generally speaking, it is far ahead of the outlook last year. Feedstuffs of all kinds are plentiful, the pastures are excellent, and without a better cash demand, prices must, of necessity, go lower.

**Cotton**—The market has acted strong and weak at times, and the final figures for the week showed very little change as compared with the previous week's closing prices. There was a better demand for export, although the total sales were not large. The feeling prevailed, however, that owing to the decline in freight rates, there would be further export sales. Still there was no aggressive demand, and the market was left to take care of itself. There evidently is more freight room for cotton than has been the case in the last few months. This is shown by the larger movement of cotton, and the reactionary trend of the freight market. England is in need of American cotton. Statistics are the best proof of that condition. Liverpool has only about one-third as much cotton as she had a year ago, while Manchester advices indicate that the textile trade is in a healthy condition. With freight rates easier and rates cheaper, it is to be expected that English importers will be more active than they have been recently. Weather conditions

are ideal over the entire belt, and crop reports are encouraging. However, quite a number of complaints of the boll weevil are coming in from time to time, but as yet this has not become a market factor. The market is holding strong around the 13 cent level, and we believe the next move will be upward.

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Capital actually paid up in Cash .....	1,000,000.00
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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD G. BLACK, deceased.—No. 20814;  
Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of EDWARD G. BLACK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Norman A. Eisner, his attorney, 344-345 Mills Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD G. BLACK, deceased.

P. F. DUNDON,  
Administrator with the will annexed of the  
estate of Edward G. Black, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1916.  
NORMAN A. EISNER,  
Attorney for Administrator with Will Annexed,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-3-5

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### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73004; Dept. No. 16.

PRISCILLA ELIZABETH DALES, Plaintiff, vs. IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's wilful neglect of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
S. J. HANKINS & H. J. HANKINS,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
917 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-10

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73543; Dept. No. 10.

SADIE BRADLEY, Plaintiff, vs. LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear on the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.  
SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-10

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ARCHIBALD HENDERSON MCGREGOR, deceased.—No. 20760; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will and Testament of ARCHIBALD HENDERSON MCGREGOR, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Messrs. Jacob Samuels and Oscar Samuels, Room 630 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ARCHIBALD HENDERSON MCGREGOR, deceased.

LAURA MCGREGOR,  
Executrix of the estate of Archibald Henderson McGregor, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, May 27th, 1916.

J. SAMUELS,  
OSCAR SAMUELS,  
Attorneys for Executrix,  
630 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-5

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 11996 N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of FREDERICK FRANK MEIER, sometimes called FREDRICK FRANK MEIER, Deceased.

JOHN RALPH WILSON, the Executor of the last will of FREDERICK FRANK MEIER, sometimes called FREDRICK FRANK MEIER, deceased, having on this day presented to the Court and filed in the above entitled matter his petition, duly verified, praying that the Court grant its order authorizing and directing him as such Executor to sell the whole of the real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent, as described in said petition:

And it appearing from said petition to the satisfaction of the Court that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the said estate and those interested therein to sell the whole of said real estate belonging to said estate for the reasons and purposes in said petition set forth;

And it further appearing from said petition to the satisfaction of the Court that it will be necessary for said Executor to sell the whole of said real estate before distribution of their respective shares of said estate can be made to the legatees and devisees named in the last will of said decedent according to the terms of said last will;

And it further appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from said petition that no action has ever been taken by said Executor upon any order of the Court heretofore given or made directing said Executor to sell the real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent and that no part of said real estate or any interest therein has ever been sold by said Executor;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in said estate be and appear before this Court in Department No. 10 thereof on Thursday, the sixth day of July, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Courtroom of said Court and Department in the City Hall at the corner of Polk and McAllister Streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Room No. 452 thereof, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said Executor and petitioner to sell the whole of the real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent at public or private sale as prayed for in said petition.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four (4) successive weeks prior to the hearing of said petition and to the date last above mentioned in Town Talk a newspaper printer and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State afore-said.

Done in open Court this 25th day of May, 1916.  
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed May 25, 1916.  
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN RALPH WILSON,  
Attorney at law,  
Petitioner and Executor,  
57 Post Street, San Francisco. 6-3-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of NELLIE S. FLOURNOY, deceased.—No. 20957, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executors of the Will of NELLIE S. FLOURNOY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of F. B. Clarke, Esq., Attorney for said Executors, Room No. 1033 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said NELLIE S. FLOURNOY, deceased.

GEORGE S. MCMURTRY,  
NELLIE S. MCMURTRY,  
Executors of the Will of Nellie S. Flournoy, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1916.  
F. B. CLARKE, ESQ.,  
Attorney for Executors,  
1033 Mills Building,  
San Francisco, Cal. 6-10-5

### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 59410.

E. SEABERG, Plaintiff, vs. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.  
LLOYD S. ACKERMAN,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Nevada Bank Building,  
San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-10

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR CHANGE OF CORPORATE NAME

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 74135

In the Matter of the Application of THE WINDER-MUNTER COMPANY, a corporation.

THE WINDER-MUNTER COMPANY, a corporation, having filed in the above entitled Court its petition for a decree of said Court changing its name to that of A. H. WINDER AND SONS.

It is ORDERED that all persons interested in said matter appear before said Court, at the court room of Department No. 16 thereof, in the City Hall, 400 Van Ness Avenue in the Civic Center, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 18th day of July, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause why said petition should not be granted;

And it is further ORDERED that a copy of this order be published in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, once a week for four successive weeks.

Done in Open Court this 31st day of May, 1916.  
GEO. H. CABANISS,  
Judge of said Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed May 31, 1916.  
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.  
T. W. HUBBARD,  
Attorney for Petitioner,  
1003 Phelan Building,  
San Francisco, California. 6-3-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALEXANDER BURROWES, deceased.—No. 20812; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ETHEL BURROWES, Administratrix of the estate of ALEXANDER BURROWES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said ETHEL BURROWES at the office of her attorneys, West, Rafael and Curley, Room 1170 Phelan Building, 760 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ALEXANDER BURROWES, deceased.

ETHEL BURROWES,  
Administratrix of the estate of Alexander Burrowes, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, May 20, 1916.

WEST, RAFAEL & CURLEY,  
Attorneys for Administratrix,  
1170 Phelan Building, 760 Market St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 5-20-5

### NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—NO. 1

SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION—Principal place of business: 1725 Washington Street, City and County of San Francisco.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION, held on the 26th day of May, 1916, an assessment of Thirty-five (35) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the said corporation, payable immediately in United States Gold Coin to the Secretary of the said Association, at 324 Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the fifth day of July, 1916, will be delinquent and will be advertised for sale at public auction on the twenty-fifth day of July, 1916, at Ten o'clock A. M., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.  
May 26th, 1916.

FREDERICK H. OLSCHESKI,  
Secretary of the Sequoia Club Hall Association.  
Office: 324 Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-3-5

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73611; Dept. No. 10.

KATHLEEN MARY GWILT, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's desertion, under Section 98 of the Civil Code, of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
HENRY L. CORSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
512-514 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 5-20-10





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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVII. No. 1244

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 24, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

## *IN THIS ISSUE:*

A Nation In Waiting  
Poisoning the Dear People  
The Merry, "Wet" and Efficient  
How Pacifism Makes "Welchers"  
The Human Replenishing of France  
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Maude Fealy Tells Stories of Henry Irving  
The Administration Note of Self-Indictment  
Margaret Sanger's Pamphlet on Birth Control

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### FOR THE OLD FREEDOM

FOR PRESIDENT:

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

### A Note of Self- Indictment

In the Lansing note informing Carranza that our troops will not be withdrawn from Mexico it is made clear that our President is a man of almost divine restraint. Toward Mexico he has behaved in consonance with the finest Tolstoyan precepts. He has not only refrained from resisting evil, he has rewarded evil with ammunition; for, as the records show, we have shipped nearly three million dollars worth of cartridges and firearms into Mexico in the seven or eight months preceding the receipt of the Carranza note. Nor was the President so blind as we thought. According to the Lansing note he was aware months ago of what was going on in Mexico. That note is at once a narrative of bloody outrages against American citizens and a summing up of evidences of duplicity and treachery on the part of Carranza and his officers. So while in the note we find a spirited rebuke, between the lines we read an indictment of many counts—an indictment drawn by the Administration against itself. Surely President Wilson is never to be reproached with having plunged us incontinently into war. On the contrary he has shown us how a President, trying to serve mankind instead of concentrating on his official duties to his country, may do his worst to keep that country from ensuring peace and tranquillity.

### How Pacifism Makes "Welchers"

Agitation against militarism in this country has not yet ceased. Substantially encouraged by Carnegie propagandists hired by the day, even with war in sight certain newspapers affect to be shocked at the whole scheme of preparedness, and it appears to be in accordance with their instructions to pretend they believe that all the leaders of the defense movement are actuated by greed. What a poor opinion of human nature their words imply! These folks are persistent and not to be discouraged, but they are no longer dangerously mischievous. No proselytes are flocking to the Carnegie standard, and even as a joke Ford is incapable of raising a laugh. In despite

the efforts of alarmists and pacifists people generally are perceiving that it is preposterous for a country to maintain a policy which it is not able to defend. To persevere in a policy like the Monroe Doctrine with armaments insufficient to sustain it is to court humiliation, to run the risk of disaster and to follow a career of inexcusable bounce. It should be the axiom of any well-governed State that armaments must be in proportion to treaty obligations. How absurd, for example, to join with European countries to keep an open door in China, or even to give China any assurances if we are not able to live up to our word. The agitator against preparedness is the sort of individual who would join in a promissory note with the intention of letting his friend settle the obligation. The Carnegies and Fords and Bryans would be quite willing to convert us into a nation of "welchers."

### Glynn's Keynote Speech

That was a very good keynote speech made by former Governor Glynn before the National Democratic Convention. Doubtless it thrilled every Democrat holding a job as well as many citizens who are of the opinion that it required nothing short of genius to keep us out of the European war. Former Governor Glynn is a good political talker, persuasive in a convention of friends, and like most successful political talkers he has greater regard for emphasis than for close reasoning. According to Mr. Glynn our President is unsurpassed for statesmanship in all American history. To convince us that Mr. Wilson has been true to high precedent he reminds us that when Lincoln was President our rights were violated by England, Russia, France and Spain without involving us in war. From this we are to infer that Mr. Lincoln was just as mild-mannered a man as Mr. Wilson and quite as indifferent to humiliation. Evidently in Mr. Glynn's opinion it required supreme patience on the part of Mr. Lincoln, at a time when he had troubles of his own (which he never shirked) to keep from rushing into war with all the powerful nations of the earth. Now we are of the opinion that at so embarrassing a time as that mentioned by Glynn the rashest of Presidents (not excepting a Roosevelt) might have taken even the wrecking of a Lusitania under advisement. Surely the rashest of Executives in Lincoln's position would not have gone so far as merely to threaten any Power with a "strict accountability." But the fact is there are no analogies in our history to serve us in estimating the peculiar qualities of the present Executive. The only President that ever made anything like a threat of "strict accountability" was Grover Cleveland, and as he was heeded we should not be justified in assuming

that he was only bluffing. As to Mr. Wilson's neutrality, in that he followed good precedent, but he was not so fortunate as was Grover Cleveland in maintaining the dignity of his country. Wilson was especially unfortunate, since he might have resented the murdering of Americans and saved many lives without plunging the country into war except in Mexico, where war was inevitable from the beginning, or, at least, from the moment we barred Huerta. Had Germany been held to strict accountability we should have done no more than sever diplomatic relations, and the result would have been a different status for traitors and practitioners of treason on American soil, which was certainly a consummation devoutly to be wished. There are folk of feeble mind who are able to apprehend nothing but the major fact that we have kept out of the great war, and from them a speech like Mr. Glynn's will win applause, but for them no speech was needed. Surely the average American is able to perceive that an Executive with ordinary common sense might have kept us out of war with much less dishonor and humiliation, not to mention note paper, if not also with fewer American lives lost and with much less irritation and venality at home.

Defoe says there were a hundred thousand stout yokels in his time ready to fight to the death against popery without knowing whether popery was a man or a horse. Equally bellicose in their ignorance were hundreds of thousands of American citizens who, until recently, regarded every man opposed to Colonel Roosevelt as an ass or a knave. From what they are saying about the Colonel now it is clear they used to regard him not as a man but as a god, for there has not been a scintilla of alteration in the make-up of our former President. He is today the same individual who captured our imagination at Kettle Hill, the same hero who posed for a portrait of himself leading a charge up the eminence called San Juan. Through the seams of this buckram hero the sawdust has been visible ever since the death of William McKinley. Only by the sapheads of journalism has he ever been mistaken for an idealist. Always a practical man, without the courage to look himself in the face, what he did to Boss Johnson of California was precisely what he did to Boss Platt of New York. What he did to the Progressives was what he did to the Republicans; only it was not half so mean or contemptible; for he owed to the party that went down to defeat under William Howard Taft all he ever had that was worth having. Theodore Roosevelt was never anything but a politician, the kind of poli-



tion that Shakespeare defines as "one that would circumvent God." Some persons never know a man fully until they have seen him stripped naked; and the masses, who have no intuitive wisdom, were never permitted to see the Colonel save on parade. The really great man is one with wide visions and far horizons, one to whom the end is clear even when the beginning is veiled to other men's eyes. A great man might have guessed the end at Chicago four years ago. At any rate he would not have manoeuvred himself into the humiliating position that Roosevelt found himself in when Mr. Hughes was nominated for President.

Again the Hon. William Randolph Hearst has been caught lying like a pick-pocket. This time a gentleman of some prominence has taken the pains to call public attention to Mr. Hearst's odious performance. The gentleman is Frank Trumbull, chairman of the Chesapeake & Ohio board of directors. He has written a letter calling attention to an editorial in *The New York American* of May 26 entitled "Shortest Road to Honest Government is by Way of Public Ownership." From this editorial it is to be inferred that public ownership of railroads has been a great success in Canada. It happens that the truth is quite to the contrary, as Mr. Trumbull has shown. This of course is not at all singular. The great Borgia of journalism never scruples at misrepresentation in furtherance of his darling scheme to extend his power by increasing the power of servile politicians. There is nothing singular except the circumstance that Hearst has received attention from a man of some consequence in the financial world. Seldom does anybody take the trouble to hold the systematic poisoner of public opinion up to infamy. Apparently most of our big financiers regard the Hearst newspapers with something of the contempt expressed by *The Wall Street Journal* in commenting on the Trumbull letter. *The Journal* regards "the opinion of Mr. Hearst, expressed in his precious newspapers, as not worth much serious attention." This may be the sensible view to take of Mr. Hearst's opinion, but Hearst's poison is not always administered in the form of an opinion. His deadly work is done by suggestionizing readers with falsehood, as in the case of his dishonest agitation for public ownership; and as a result of the indifference through the years shown by men informed like Trumbull, and of lack of self-respect in men like Judge Gary, Hearst has become so bold that he no longer discriminates to avoid detection. Thus we find him going no farther away than Canada to vindicate public ownership of railroads. More than any other country, as shown by the Trumbull letter, Canada furnishes proof of the folly of public ownership. Compared with the United States, Canada is a pretty well governed country, but the Government of Canada has made a ter-

rrible failure of the business of managing railroads. The Intercolonial, owned and operated by the Government for forty-seven years, has an operating deficit of \$11,500,000. Another road operated by the Government is the Prince Edward Island, which has had a net loss every one of the forty-three years of its existence. The taxpayers of Canada are now called upon to liquidate the immense indebtedness of both roads. Neither of the roads, by the way, pays any taxes, but last year the privately owned roads paid taxes amounting to \$3,049,728. This is not the whole story from which Mr. Hearst deduces an argument in favor of public ownership. What the honesty of public ownership costs we learn from the history of the National Transcontinental Railway. The estimated cost of that road was \$34,083 a mile. A Government commission appointed to investigate the matter reported a year ago that \$40,000,000 was needlessly wasted." The commission pronounces the whole enterprise a colossal blunder and says that the road is capitalized at from one-half to two-thirds more than the privately owned roads. It was ascertained that contracts were not let to the lowest bidders, that contractors were paid twice for one handling of material, that one man was paid \$7,950 on a fictitious damage claim for election activity and that even a statute was violated in order to pile up the cost of building. In Canada apparently "the shortest road to honest government" is precisely the same beaten path that is pursued in San Francisco, where Hearst has given us municipal ownership under which the cost of government has become more than twice what it was before he put the blight upon us.

#### The Merry, Wet and Efficient

One more argument has been advanced for enacting national prohibition. The argument is that James J. Hill, the great railroad builder, was on the point of declaring himself for prohibition when Death seized him by the heels. That Mr. Hill became a convert to prohibition we learn from not very reliable authority—a college professor. College professors are inexhaustible fountains of wisdom, as we have learnt from David Starr Jordan, who once knew that a general European conflagration was impossible; and from Benjamin Ide Wheeler who knew that the Kaiser "didn't do it." But when a college professor quotes a dead man, beware!—especially if the professor is a prohibitionist. We don't know whether it was a professor, but at least it was a prohibitionist, who first quoted elaborately from Lincoln to the effect that he was for total abstinence. On investigation it was found that Abe was not for prohibition but for the cause that prohibitionists have well nigh ruined—the cause of temperance. However, let us not dispute the professor who knows what Hill was about to do when his Maker called him hence. Hill was not in the habit of reducing his thoughts to writing, and we have no affirmative proof that the pro-

fessor is a liar. Nor anyway is it at all incredible that Hill was for total abstinence. Though he was not a slave driver, like so many of our employers of labor, he was for getting as much work out of his employees as possible. Now it is not to be denied that some big industrial corporations favor total abstinence among workers. It is their theory that where there is no drinking there is greater efficiency, and they are probably right, for where there is not total abstinence there is occasional excessive drinking. So total abstinence among workers may be for the benefit of employers, but what about their employees, those who do not drink to excess? This is a matter of little concern to some employers. They get what relaxation they need at their clubs. They do not shorten their lives by concentrated effort and unflagging toil, not any more so than the general nature of the beast compels. They will at least get the benefit of an occasional stimulant or the usual means of reducing the seriousness of life. The employer who requires total abstinence among his workmen is the sort of person who might be expected to employ none but celibates, since more men are rendered inefficient by their love affairs than by what they drink. The answer to all men who argue that total abstinence is essential to efficiency is to be found in figures published shortly before the war by our National Department of Commerce and Labor. We mean the comparative statistics showing the per capita consumption of beer, wine and spirits in eight countries. These figures show that the greatest drinkers in the world are the Belgians. Now Belgium was the thriftiest and most industrious country in the world. Densely populated, it had no paupers, nor did the people emigrate. In Belgium there was thrift of the individual, thrift of the family, cooperative thrift, national thrift, and withal prosperity in despite of the keen competition of such powerful neighbors as England, France and Germany. Glance at the table of statistics furnished by our Government, and you will find that while the Belgians drink, per head, three times as much beer as we drink they also drink more than twice as much wine and even slightly more spirits. But the most astonishing fact is that they are also greater beer drinkers than the Germans. Here are the figures per capita for a few of the countries listed:

Countries	Spirits Gallons	Beer Gallons	Wine Gallons
United Kingdom .....	1.38	35.42	0.39
France .....	2.51	7.48	34.73
Germany .....	2.11	30.77	1.93
United States .....	1.33	18.04	.48
Belgium .....	1.42	56.59	1.28

Not the least significant of the things learnt from the foregoing table is the showing of wine-drinking, spirit-drinking France. It helps us to understand why the French are so merry. Does it explain also why their behavior in the war has won the admiration of the world? To the industrial captains of this country, the ones who are crazy about efficiency and who believe in total abstinence, it will explain nothing, for they are a dull lot.



## Varied Types

CCLXXXVI—MAUDE FEALY

By Edward F. O'Day

"The second week of my first season with Sir Henry Irving we played Glasgow. I got it into my head that the play Saturday night would be 'The Merchant of Venice,' the only play of the repertoire in which I did not appear. So Saturday night I dined leisurely and started out at ten minutes after eight to attend one of the other theatres. I was just leaving the hotel when Charlie the call boy appeared on the scene in a cab, breathless and greatly excited.

"Oh, Miss Fealy," he said, 'the prologue of "Becket" has started, and if you don't hurry you'll be late for the first act.'

"It dawned on me that the bill was not 'The Merchant of Venice' but 'Becket' and that I had to play Fair Rosamunde. I was so excited that I lost my hat as I jumped into the cab. I remember that I arrived at the theatre clutching a hat pin. There was great excitement at the stage door, for everybody except myself was afraid of Sir Henry.

"I'll sneak you in another way," said the door keeper, 'and if you hurry Sir Henry won't know you're late.'

"And the wardrobe mistress has your clothes all laid out for you," said Charlie, 'but you've got to hurry.'

"So they sneaked me in, and I had almost reached my dressing room when a door opened and Sir Henry stood there in the robes of Becket. He took in the situation at once.

"Don't hurry, my child," he said very kindly. 'Don't hurry. Everything will be all right. America was never left yet!'

\* \* \*

"That tour was like a triumphal progress of royalty. There were luncheons and banquets everywhere, with lord mayors and all sorts of notables vying to do Sir Henry honor. There was a grand banquet at Dundee at which Sir Henry told of a former visit to the city. Dundee, you know, is famous for its marmalade. It seems that Sir Henry was playing 'Hamlet' and at the last moment it was discovered that the cup for the poison in the last act had been lost. It was too late to replace it, and the best the property man could do was to find one of those little stone jars that the marmalade comes in. When Sir Henry lifted the poison cup there were the words of the label in plain view, 'Dundee Marmalade,' with the name of the maker. The maker was a very prominent man, and he gained admittance to Sir Henry immediately after the performance.

"It was splendid, Sir Henry," he exclaimed. 'Marvelous! In all my life I have never had such a wonderful advertisement!'

\* \* \*

"In 'Waterloo,' a beautiful play, I had the part of the country girl Nora. There is a scene where I visit my great uncle, a soldier of Waterloo. A young sergeant follows me, and there is a love scene. My great uncle who is very old, falls asleep in his chair, and I warn the sergeant not to disturb him. I stand with my hand on the shoulder of the old veteran, and the sergeant says to me: 'He isn't long for this world, is he, miss?' Every time we came to that line Sir Henry would mutter 'That's true! That's true!' I was too young to think much of death, and I did not realize that Sir Henry was not long for this

world, but after a time that mutter got on my nerves, and I couldn't help starting when he said it. Sir Henry never mentioned the matter to me, but he stopped saying 'That's true!'

\* \* \*

"My contract with Sir Henry provided that in case the season was interrupted by illness I was to receive no salary. He was taken ill while we were playing in London and the theatre was closed. I received a note from Sir Henry in which he said: 'I have arranged that you shall be paid one-half of your salary during my illness. I know that you are a stranger in London, and I do not care to have you get homesick, for then you might leave me.'"

\* \* \*

These are some of the stories that Maude Fealy tells of the great English actor. I have repeated them in vain unless they convey something of the sweet and tender kindness which he showed for the slip of a girl who succeeded Ellen Terry as his leading lady. There is a very soft spot in Maude Fealy's heart for the immortal Sir Henry Irving. She pronounces his name with reverence. When he died she lost a very dear friend.

Maude Fealy was with William Gillette, playing Alice in the eighteen-months' London engagement of "Sherlock Holmes," when she first met Irving.

"What a wonderful Marguerite she would make!" he said, referring to "Faust."

She met him again in Buffalo where she was leading lady with Robert Hilliard. He asked for her permanent address, and wrote her a letter, requesting that she make no plans until she heard from him again.

"That meant waiting, and I am not patient," she says; she waited nevertheless, and received the offer which no American actress would reject. Irving had just parted company with Ellen Terry, and it was an extraordinary honor he conferred on this girl in her teens. Just how coolly she took it may be inferred from her answer when I asked her what great men impressed her most in London.

"None of them impressed me," she said, interpreting the word literally. "I felt that they were no better than I. You had better not publish that because it will sound dreadfully egotistical. But I do not think I am egotistical. I simply have a large share of American nerve. I was not self-conscious, and I do not think I ever shall be. I have always taken things as a matter of course. Perhaps that is why I have gotten along so well. At school I was not bright, but I bluffed my way through, and managed to do very well. I had no awe of Sir Henry. There was no reason why I should have. He always treated me like a child that was entitled to consideration and protection."

Maude Fealy played two seasons with Irving, and was to have been his leading lady for a third, but his death cancelled that arrangement. During her first season there were five plays in the repertoire. She played the Fair Rosamunde in Tennyson's "Becket," Julie in "The Lyons Mail," Marie in "Louis XI" and Nora in "Waterloo." The fifth play was "The Merchant of Venice." Maude Fealy would have played Jessica gladly, but Irving explained that as

she was too young to play Portia he would not ask her to play a part of secondary importance. On the evenings when "The Merchant" was played Miss Fealy had a holiday. This arrangement was one of the kindnesses of Irving which endeared him to the young actress. Edith Wynne Matheson made the tour just to play Portia.

"Yes, I met Ellen Terry," said Miss Fealy in answer to a question, "and I found her charming. She came to see 'Becket' in London. I had a letter from her in which she said my Fair Rosamunde was a beautiful performance. Coming from the original Rosamunde I thought this very sweet. She suggested that I would improve one of my scenes if I got down on both knees to pray instead of kneeling on one only. This of course was true, and I had knelt on one knee simply because I was lazy and it was easier to get up again.

"I met Ellen Terry when Barrie sent for me in London. He is a little man with a wrinkled face and a kind smile, very humorous and quizzical. He wanted me to play the daughter Amy in 'Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire' in which Terry was about to appear. But of course I could not, as I was under contract with Sir Henry.

"When I was with Gillette in London Conan Doyle came one day to take the Americanisms out of 'Sherlock Holmes.' We had to change 'hall' to 'passage-way,' and so on. I expected the author of 'Sherlock Holmes' to be a bony man, of quick nervous temperament, with something almost preternatural about him. I was surprised to find a man who weighed more than two hundred, with a broad face, plump rosy cheeks and baby blue eyes."

"I love him," says Maude Fealy of Gillette. "That is the only word that expresses my feeling. I owe him so much."

She was in pigtails and short dresses when he first sent for her. She had been on the stage more or less since her fourth year—her mother was a leading lady—but this was to be her first real engagement. Fearful of losing the chance she bought her first long skirt without consulting her mother, and put up her hair. When the engagement with Gillette was a certainty she went back to the clothes of a little girl.

Maude Fealy has been leading lady with E. S. Willard and Willie Collier as well as with Irving, Gillette and Hilliard. She has been starred by John Cort. Her name has been in the electric lights at our Alcazar for ten weeks at a time. She has been in the movies. And now she is on the Orpheum circuit.

"Behold me in vaudeville, and loving it," she said. "At the most, two hours' work a day, and an attractive salary. Is it any wonder I love it? I never weighed more than a hundred and nine in my life till I entered vaudeville. Now I weigh a hundred and twenty-five."

She might have added that she looks the picture of health—a very charming picture of peaches-and-cream girlishness.

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## Perspective Impressions

The shorter the skirt the longer the look.

Hearst has not forgotten that Hughes beat him for the governorship of New York.

No doubt Hearst will apply for a commission and go to the front.

A month ago President Wilson was flirting with Humanity; now a new charmer named Americanism engages his roving eye.

Quite brazenly we confess that we did not read the convention articles of the two female correspondents: to-wit, young lady Rinehart and old woman Bryan.

What has become of a certain Big Stick?

History is repeating itself—in the Carpathians.

Senator Ashurst's article in *The Examiner* on "How the People Won a Free Press" reminds us that one of the results of a free press is this ass Hearst put in the Senate and uses on the slightest provocation.

Carranza's peremptory and insolent note was received on May 31st. It called for a prompt reply, but it was announced in Washington that it would not be answered until the convention at St. Louis adjourned. Would it be too inquisitive to ask why?

Pretty soon the bull moose will be as extinct as the dodo.

According to former Governor Glynn the principles enunciated at St. Louis will live in the lives of generations yet unborn. An amazing prophecy, remembering as we do the principle of the single term enunciated at Baltimore, subscribed to by an eminent statesman and already forgotten.

"Russia has made her contribution to the war," said Lloyd George a year ago. And Lloyd is one of England's bright politicians. It was a literary man (G. K. Chesterton) by the way, who laughed at him for his absurd comment.

## The Human Replenishing of France

By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes

In France, quite as much as in Germany, the question of how to increase the numbers of children born after the war is arousing very acute anxiety on the part not only of the Government but of every thoughtful man and woman in the country. More than one society or association has already been formed to deal with the matter, and as a beginning, every effort is being made to encourage even now the marriage of the *poilu*, of the man, that is, who, still unmarried, is actually in the fighting forces of France. Not only is there a return to that picturesque wedding by proxy, which played so great a part in the mediaeval life of Christendom, but for the first time in the memory of French men or women, all the strict, highly artificial barriers, which Gallic prudence, thrift and jealous parental love erected against imprudent, thriftless and passion-inspired marriage have been broken down and utterly swept away.

A French wit—and in the circumstances it was both witty and brave—in the midst of an animated discussion concerning this very important and somewhat delicate question—observed, in an audible aside, to his neighbor—"As to this matter of our future babies, we should surely adopt Gambetta's advice as to La Revanche, 'N'en parlons jamais. Pensons y toujours!'" But such advice is easier to tender than to follow.

One of the societies which has formed itself to deal with the repopulation question is tackling its task in a thoroughly French, and, therefore, logical and practical spirit. Thus, from this June onwards, there will be awarded prizes of 500 to 1,000 francs each to the mother (even if she be in the enjoyment of the worst possible character!) who has provided the State with from five to seven living grown-up children, and a preference will be exercised in favor of the woman who has several sons now with the Colors.

It is quite certain that French bachelors will be heavily taxed—bachelors that is between the ages of, say, twenty-five and forty, for, according to French sentiment, a man of thirty who is still unmarried, if not exactly yet a "fruit sec" is of little value as a citizen. If this was so before the war, how much stronger will be the feeling after the war.

Some time ago there arose in England a rather futile discussion concerning the possible,

probable, desirable or undesirable marriage of men broken in the war. In France, the matter very early engaged the serious attention of the Government, for there are, alas! said to be already close on a million French *mutilés*. It should perhaps be explained that the word *mutilé* does not carry with it such a terrible significance as does the English word "mutilated." The *mutilé* must have lost a limb or an eye, but he is none the less likely and able for that, to serve his country in various useful ways. Every village and town in France has been asked to adopt one or more *mutilés*, and also, if it be in any way possible, to provide its newly adopted sons with suitable helpmates.

Before going off to his adopted town or village, and before he is allowed to enter upon the joys of matrimony, each *mutilé* is taught the various arts of what we in England call by the excellent name of handy-man. Most French villages and even towns are curiously lacking in the type of workman who can turn his hand to anything, and who will come in and do a little job for a moderate sum. Whatever may be the state of the case in the future, provincial France, in pre-war days, was too prosperous to breed that type of worker. Each *mutilé* will, therefore, fulfil a real national want, and manage to make quite a good living, not only for himself, but for his wife, and family, too.

In the upper classes the French girl of today, as was the case in 1870, actually prefers a bridegroom who can show the scars of war to one who is unheroically sound in wind and limb, and the marriage of wounded heroes is being arranged with extraordinary ease and celerity.

It may be objected that in the past the fact that France has always been essentially a marrying country has not caused France to increase her population. But in this connection one striking fact may be recalled, namely, that since the dawn of the new century, that is in only sixteen years, Germany, in the matter of a falling birth-rate, has accomplished what it took France seventy years to do. Also, it must be remembered that France, before the war, was marvelously prosperous, and over-prosperity always brings in its train the restriction of families. It is at least fifty years since Augier in one of his wonderful social satires

spoke of his well-to-do bourgeois couple offering themselves "*le luxe d'un garçon*."

Another great contributory cause to a dwindling population, and perhaps the greatest of all, before the great divide of the war, was the increasing prevalence of divorce. There is now serious talk of making divorce less easy, for, as Mr. H. G. Wells very shrewdly pointed out, in his curious, thoughtful paper on divorce in that stimulating book, "*An Englishman Looks At the World*," it is the family and the family only, which in a non-Christian State is the justification of marriage. It is this fact—for of course it is a fact, however untasteful it may be to the high-minded non-Christian—which makes many Frenchmen who regard the matter merely from the patriotic and national point of view determined objectors to divorce. The one district of France where the birth-rate not only keeps up, but rises year by year, is Brittany, where divorce among the poorer and working classes is unknown.

It must be admitted that the whole question of population and of repopulation rests in the heart, the conscience and the will power of the French woman. It is she who will decide whether her race is to become slowly extinguished, or whether it is to have a great renaissance, and to play an even finer part in the future of Europe than it has played in the past.

Now, the French woman is not as articulate as the English woman, or rather, while more articulate in her own family and social circle, she keeps curiously silent in public. Take the question of religion. The French woman rarely speaks of her beliefs or lack of beliefs, but even in the dearest, most materialistic days of the present republic—say in the 'nineties—the great churches of Paris and of provincial France never lacked crowds of women worshippers. What was true then is still more true now, and that being so, the French Government, in its natural anxiety as regards the future, will probably be ready to make some kind of terms with the Catholic Church. For the Catholic Church, alone of the great social forces of modern days, has always been strongly on the side of large and increasing populations. That is the true reason why little Catholic Ireland has so largely peopled America, and provided so remarkable a proportion of the fighting forces of the British crown.



# A Nation In Waiting

By John N. Raphael

During a recent visit to London every English friend I met began conversation with the same question: "Life in France must be terribly depressing now?" It isn't. Do you get up early? If you do, you know the wondrously invigorating quality of an early morning anywhere. There is an atmosphere of hope about, which fades, becomes less poignantly insistent, as the morning gets older. France gets up to her daily work, after a year of war, with exactly that spirit of hope and of confidence in the day. She sets about her daily task with the vigor of a man who springs from bed into his tub, and who comes out of it hungry for breakfast and ready for everything. The unimaginative view of France is summarized by the expression which advertisements of patent medicines have made too familiar to us: "that tired feeling." "That tired feeling" is, I believe, beginning to be felt in Germany. It exists among civilians who are doing no war-work in England. It is quite non-existent in France, for, in France, everybody is working to end the war as the war must be ended—in victory for the Allies.

There is no greater contrast imaginable than the streets of London and the streets of Paris at the present time. There are soldiers in both, there are busy civilians in both. But in Paris there is one thought only—the war. A Frenchman will tell you, "It is hard to imagine that the enemy is so near." He will laugh cheerily as he says it. He will not ask you when you think the war will be over. He knows. The war will be over when the Germans are conquered. He has no doubts whatever on the subject. He is perfectly prepared to wait for conquest, and he is not waiting passively. He is doing everything he can, be he old or be he young, be he soldier or civilian, to bring conquest of the Germans to the realm of the future to that of the present. He has developed the gift of energetic patience, and, like all active workers, he is happy. No Englishman who has traveled recently from London to Paris, who has traversed a part of the war zone in France, who has been within sound of the guns about midday and arrived at the Gare du Nord in the late afternoon, can have failed to receive an extraordinary impression of hope. He has left London in the morning with an armful of newspapers containing news and columns of more or less pessimistic prophecy. He has been harassed on the journey by innumerable necessary precautions which have increased the flaws in his perspective, trifles which have made him uncomfortable, and he arrives in Paris to find that trifling discomforts are things which don't matter. There are very rarely sufficient porters at the Gare du Nord in Paris when the train from Boulogne steams in. The French travelers (who in pre-war days had a great gift for grumbling) treat the inconvenience as a joke. All the grumbling is done by the English travelers, or by neutrals, who are paying their first visit to France. There is an atmosphere, immediately on arrival, of mutual help and make-the-best-of-it. Cabs are very scarce. Nobody grumbles at having to wait for them. Cabmen refuse the wealthy stranger and carry off soldiers, who will pay what fare they can pay or pay nothing. After a few minutes of Paris one forgets to feel surprised at the readiness of civilians to make things easy for men who have been wounded in their service. The salute

of a civilian to a wounded soldier, and the nod and smile with which it is returned, very soon cease to give cause for wonderment. They are such a matter of course. The emptiness of the streets surprises, but one gets used to it so quickly. The closed shops make one unhappy at first. But after an hour or two one realizes that every man who can fight is fighting, that every man who can work is working, and that the shops which are closed will be opened again when the victory is won, and that, in the meanwhile, everybody is doing the best he can to help everybody else. When evening comes Paris is dark as London is. But the darkness is more cheerful, because Parisians have ceased to hunt round for amusement. It is, I think, curiously significant of the mentality of the French that the Paris police has found it necessary to cancel the order under which Parisians used to be warned, a few months ago, of a possible Zeppelin raid. When the first raids occurred, the firemen of Paris careered about the streets blowing a bugle, warning the inhabitants to remain indoors, and to keep their lights low. The result of the warning was, in every case, to bring huge crowds out into the streets to see the raid. The Zeppelins' bombs did comparatively little damage, but the crowds were a danger to themselves. People got knocked down and hurt in the darkened streets. The police no longer give us warning of a Zeppelin raid in Paris, because the Zeppelins are less dangerous than is the anxiety of Parisians to see them.

If you walk along any street in Paris between eight and half-past eight in the morning (Paris is an earlier riser than London) you will meet women with open letters. You will probably read some of them for mothers who cannot read. The arrival of the morning post in Paris is the great event of the day. In London every morning we rush to our newspapers. The Parisian reads his letters first and glances at his newspaper (or rather at the communiqué in his newspaper) afterwards. For the Parisian wants his news of the war from the men who are fighting. The newspaper news is of secondary importance. The Paris posts are infrequent and irregular, but there is always a delivery of "mothers' letters" every morning. "He" is all right. The business of the day may continue. "He" is wounded. "Eh bien, c'est la guerre, and we will go and see him as soon as we may." There is no letter. There will be one tomorrow. The letter is from a comrade and the news is bad. "Madame Une Telle" lost her third son in the Argonne yesterday. But the day's work must be done. And the letters from the front are nearly always cheery letters, for the soldier who is fighting for France knows, as the soldier who is fighting for England knows, that his duty in the intervals of fighting is to cheer up the folk who can do nothing but wait and work. Their job is an easier one in France, I think, than the job of those who wait and wonder at home in England. French civilians know how to wait and to work simultaneously. They have learned the real lesson of war. But I don't want to make comparisons, which, as we know, are odious things to make. I want you to see France as she is.

I was leaning over the parapet of one of the quays in Paris watching an idle string of barges. I was intimate with that quayside. A dog-clipper used to make his head-

quarters on the towpath below it, and I was (three years ago, alas!) the owner of a brown poodle who needed his attentions once a month. A soldier—a French soldier in tattered and faded sky-blue—sat on a heap of gravel below me looking at the water. An old lady in mourning, a perfectly dressed, obviously wealthy old lady, picked her way carefully down the wet descent and spoke to him. The number on his collar was the number of the one regiment in France which had tugged at her heart-strings. She brought out a worn letter. The soldier shook his head. "No," he said, "I didn't know him. We were not in the same company." "He was my only son," the woman said. I could not hear what followed, but the man was evidently stammering words of consolation. "And you?" the bereaved mother said presently. "I'm home on four days' leave," her new friend said. "I am feeling a bit lonely. I am staying with my sergeant's people, but I don't really know anyone in Paris." They came slowly up the steep pathway together. He gave her his hand to help her up. When they got to the top she clung to it still. "Have you no friends of your own at all?" she asked. "Your mother?" He laughed shortly. "Je suis de l'Assistance Publique, moi, madame," he said. He was an orphan whom the State had educated. She let go his hand suddenly, and fumbled in her bag, producing a visiting card, which he took. "Yes; I'll come and see you," he said. This is absolutely all I heard and saw, but I know that the motherless soldier has found a mother, and that the poor rich sonless woman will deceive herself into the belief that her son is still alive. This is no made-up story, and it is no isolated instance of what happens in Paris. Such things as this are always happening.

On the Place Pigalle one morning where, before the war, models used to congregate and painters went to look for them, I saw three girls whose faces were familiar to me. I could not place them till one of them came up and spoke to me. Even then I found it hard to believe that she was the impudent hussy who had made me laugh a year ago, at two o'clock one morning, by rumpling the hair of a distinguished and extremely bashful British novelist, whose wife the rumpling of her husband's hair annoyed considerably. All three girls had been dancers chez Albert. Of course there's no night life now. "C'est loin, tout cela," she said, and nodded across the road to the closed doors of the Abbaye. She and the other girls were dressed in very little except ulsters. They wore no hats, their faces and hands were pathetically thin. "Oh, we manage," said the "hussy." "We've had a bad time lately, though, because four of us have been living on one 'allocation,' and that's a tight fit." There's no need for any other comment than the explanation that an "allocation" is the daily shilling allotted to all women who apply for it because their male support (whether

(Continued on Page 17)

**BEST DRUGS**  
**SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES**  
**SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS**  
**14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14**  
**OPERATING**  
**UNITED CHEMISTS STORES**



# Poems About San Franciscans

XXXI—TO AMBROSE BIERCE

By George Sterling

("Several years ago Ambrose Bierce, a Californian by adoption, hailed George Sterling as the great American poet." This sentence is quoted, not because it tells something unknown before, but because it was found in a Boston Transcript of recent date and shows that Boston is following the lead of San Francisco, London and New York which (in the order named) have already discovered and acclaimed Sterling. George Sterling has never forgotten his debt to Ambrose Bierce. He delights to celebrate him in print and out of print. The following is not the first Bierce poem of Sterling's to appear in this series. It is taken from his volume "The House of Orchids.")

I saw a statue in the market-place—  
The guerdon of a life of noble toil.  
Austerely shone the marble that should foil  
Oblivion, tho' the desecrated base,  
Round which the sullen huckster trod, bore trace  
Of dogs' defilement—transitory moil  
That expiating rains would soon assoil;  
But oh, the sunlight on that tranquil face!  
What to the Titan were the mindless deed,  
Mire-born, and swiftly with the mire made one?  
No more than could the marble couldst thou heed  
The mongrel, and the hate of souls uncouth—  
Thou eagle who hast gazed upon the sun  
And canst endure the light which is the truth!

## The Spectator

### In the Pendulum Room

"What are you trying to do to my friend Rudolph?"

The question was asked by the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. The visitor to whom he addressed the question was Mr. R. A. Crothers of the Bulletin. Mr. Crothers took his favorite chair in the pendulum room, the arm chair, and in characteristic fashion unburdened his teeth with sweeping gesture, holding the cigar at arm's length and then blowing out the smoke with a ruminative air.

"You allude, I suppose," he said, "to my esteemed friend Mr. Rudolph Spreckels?"

"That used to be his name," said the clockwinder, "but since Tom O'Connor referred to him in public as Emperor Norton the Second I seem to visualize him as an old gentleman in soldier clothes with epaulets. That was a happy thought of O'Connor's."

"I abhor nicknames," said Mr. Crothers, "they are portable tools that simplify the process of mischief. They are venomous words of reproach. They—"

"Oh, Dick—I mean Richard—say not so. Nicknames get you through the job with the least time and trouble. Take Emperor Norton, for instance. It's an inspiration. When you hear it applied to Rudie, 'nuff said. When you go to the bank to make a touch, as doubtless you did before running that speech you call him Mr. Spreckels, but when my friend Senator Hartman reads the speech he merely says, 'Norton has been taking himself seriously again,' and you're on at once."

Mr. Crothers was ruminating again with the cigar as his cud.

### When Crothers Smiles

Once more the Colonel Moberly gesture, and a moment later the pendulum room was fuliginous with tobacco fumes.

"What did you mean," queried Mr. Crothers, "what did you mean by asking me what I was trying to do to my esteemed friend?"

"I noticed that Norton refused to sign the protest against the jitneys and then I saw an editorial in The Bulletin knocking the jitneys. From that I would infer that you had gone back on Rudie."

Mr. Crothers smiled enigmatically.

"That's the first time you ever knocked organized labor," the clockwinder observed.

Again the inscrutable smile and the gesture, whereupon the clockwinder threw open two windows. Mr. Crothers merely smiled. He said nothing.

"Oh," said the clockwinder, "I forgot. There are some advertisers along Market street. It's just as I've always said. If our damphool merchants would put the screws on The Bulletin and on The Examiner we'd not have much trouble with union labor."

Again Mr. Crothers smiled and played the sphinx.

### The Great Speech

"Oh," said the clockwinder, "you were speaking about your friend Norton. It just occurs to me now that you squared yourself with him when you ran his speech to the Commonwealthers against preparedness. That offset the jitney knock, I suppose. But say, Dick, Norton was good on preparedness, wasn't he?"

Mr. Crothers winked at Dick, but continued to sphinx himself.

"It's funny to see Rudie worrying his head off about the country," continued the clockwinder. "Gee, but he's patriotic considering that according to his own confession in the graft prosecution he never took the trouble to vote until he got sore on the United Railroads. I see he's against preparedness but for a system of defense that will not destroy our ideals. Rudie's ideals are something you can transport on the Western Pacific provided you pack them in cotton. But isn't it singular, the reason Rudie gives for opposing preparedness?"

"What's singular about it?" Mr. Crothers asked, having stopped smoking.

"Well, he's against it because all the politicians from the President down to poundkeeper are crooked. Yet he's for government ownership of everything but sugar plantations, and sugar is high."

### Sanger Literature

Having read Margaret Sanger I am curious to know whether she has become the favorite author of any of the ladies of the San Fran-

cisco Centre of the California Civic League. The piece of Sanger literature which I have read is in the form of a pamphlet entitled "Family Limitation." It was sold out of hand at the St. Francis where Margaret addressed the San Francisco Centre, and, I am told, so eager was the demand for it at twenty-five cents a copy that five hundred copies were sold like hot cakes. Now that I have read it I am sure that all the ladies who bought it were shocked. Even though all the purchasers were advocates of birth control nevertheless they were, in my opinion, revolted by the outpourings of Mrs. Sanger. This is my opinion because of the effect of the pamphlet on myself. Now

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I am not at all squeamish. In my time I have read some pretty tough things without suffering from nausea. I have perfect control of my emotions. Even such trash as Dr. Jordan's Museum used to publish leaves me cold. Appeals to the prurient do not make me blush. Obscenity in its variety only rouses in me a scientific interest. But Margaret Sanger! When I read Margaret Sanger I felt the need of a glass of brandy.

#### Is She a Drummer?

Having read Margaret Sanger I have become sceptical. Is her propaganda inspired with motives of philanthropy? I doubt it. Nay, I do not believe it. One may be in favor of birth control and give instruction in birth control without writing a filthy book. This Sanger pamphlet is not to be justified on the ground that it was written for women by a woman. Nor does the fact that the author is a nurse in anywise persuade one that there is a viewpoint from which her pamphlet may be regarded as tolerable. The pamphlet reads to me like an advertising medium. It might have been written to promote the sale of certain patent medicines and certain goods, and it would not astonish me to learn that Margaret Sanger is in business not for the good of her sex but for the money to be made out of her propaganda.

#### Here's the Proper Spirit

I copy from the birth notices in The Bulletin of June 20:

AMES—In the wee small hours of June 20, 1916, a little daughter gladdened the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Brewster F. Ames, formerly residing in San Francisco, and now residing in Melrose. This is the second girl and fifth child.

One might suppose that the birth of the fifth

child would fail to stir the sentimental feeling which is apparent in these lines and which would be more or less natural in effusive parents following the advent of their firstborn. But perhaps the Brewster Ameses have read of Margaret Sanger's birth control propaganda, and have taken this means of showing how decent Californians feel on the subject.

#### Humor at the Commonwealth Club

The Commonwealth Club being a very serious body, one does not look for any humor in its proceedings. I am speaking of conscious humor. Of that unconscious humor which is engendered by ultra-seriousness the proceedings of the Commonwealth Club give considerable evidence. But while this unconscious humor is apparent to rank outsiders the members of the Commonwealth don't know it is there. If they did they would not be Commonwealthers. Conscious humor is rather resented at the Commonwealth Club. You remember what a lot of trouble the president of the Commonwealth Club, Beverly L. Hodghead, got himself into when he tried to exercise his humor on Judge Coffey. Once in a while, however, conscious humor is tolerated at the Commonwealth, provided it is very innocuous. Reading the transactions of the Commonwealth Club (as I do, not without profit), you come across, from time to time, the word Laughter, just as you come across it in the Congressional Record. Then you pause, to see what the good Commonwealthers consent to laugh at. Reading the latest publication of the Commonwealth Club on the subject of "Appellate Courts," I find that there was laughter ten times in the course of the transactions. Applause is indicated a round dozen times. I infer from this that the Commonwealthers are better applauders than laughers; that their sense of politeness is better developed than their sense of humor. This helps to explain why they are Commonwealthers.

#### What They Laugh At

Let us see what the members of the Commonwealth Club laugh at. The subject of discussion was the creation of additional appellate courts to relieve the burden now resting upon the Supreme Court. The Commonwealthers were hit on the funny bone when President Hodghead said: "I think it may be said that one branch of our government is not behind in its work, and that is the Legislature." I don't blame the Commonwealthers for laughing at that remark. And yet the Legislature is one of those huge jokes which has to be taken seriously. The second laughter of the evening was occasioned by Chief Justice Angellotti's remark: "A few days ago a gentleman who was arguing a case before the Supreme Court stated to us that our court was the tribunal of ultimate conjecture, so far as the State of California was concerned." That is a good joke, well seasoned by age. The Common-

wealthers laughed again when the Chief Justice repeated the remark of a lawyer who was criticizing the amendment to the State Constitution proposed by the Chief Justice and others for the purpose of relieving the congestion of the courts. "It is apparent to me," said this lawyer, "that this has been very carelessly and hastily prepared, and it evidences the evils of the initiative method." Here the Chief Justice was telling a joke at his own expense and at the expense of some of our foremost lawyers who collaborated on the amendment in question. Again the Commonwealthers laughed when the Chief Justice remarked that it is sometimes said that "the Supreme Court has a rubber stamp with the words 'Rehearing Denied,' which they stamp on every petition presented without very much investigation." They laughed again when Justice Shaw told a little of his experience on the Supreme Bench. "I became a member of the bench in January, 1903," he said. "At that time the court was three years and a little over behind the work, so that I found myself deciding cases that were filed in the court during the previous century." It was a witty point. But Justice Shaw knew his audience: he diagrammed it. "That sounds a little worse than it really is," he cautiously explained, "because that was in 1903, so that three years took it back into the previous century." No doubt Justice Shaw has discovered that you can't leave too much to the humor of the Commonwealthers.

#### What They Don't Laugh At

Attorney R. S. Gray took part in these proceedings, and told a story which he considered a very good story, for he said he had heard it within the week and didn't think he'd ever forget it. "Some section men," he narrated, "without any machinery to help them replace a wreck upon the track, undertook, upon the summons of an experienced old Irishman who had had many responsibilities thrust upon him under unexpected circumstances, with their bare hands to lift it back upon the track, but they trod on each other's toes and they got in each other's way, until finally the superintendent says: 'Half of yez come away.' And when a half of them came away the other half of them easily replaced the wreck on the track." The Commonwealthers may or may not have intended to laugh at this story of Gray's. But before they made up their minds he added: "Perhaps there is no point in that story." That decided the matter, of course. If the storyteller was in doubt it was not necessary for them to make up their minds. So the Commonwealthers did not laugh. You see, they are thrifty fellows when it comes to laughing.

#### Adams Tells One

Edward F. Adams who is a very prominent Commonwealther, also told a story which did not evoke laughter. And yet it is a good story.

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I won't say that I myself laughed at it, but certainly I enjoyed it. It gave me pleasure because it shed light on the methods of the text book salesmen, gentry who have many times claimed my attention in these columns. Adams told of an experience he had with the law's delays.

"I was at the time the western representative of a large publishing house. The Alameda board of education some time in July voted to put out my school geographies which were in use and put in some other fellow's. Naturally I was annoyed and grieved. Now, the Legislature only a few months before had enacted a new school law in which school boards were expressly forbidden to change school books except in May or June in each year. This board, as stated, had voted in July. The law was new, and it was highly probable that the Alameda school board knew nothing about this prohibition. But I did, for I had written the paragraph and got it inserted in the law. Besides being an excellent law per se, it was extremely convenient for me, for it gave me ten free months in the year to look after my fences in other States."

I have never heard a text book salesman talk so frankly about his methods before. This incident happened years ago, but the methods of the text book salesmen have not changed. Yet if you charged one of them with lobbying as Adams confesses he lobbied, you would call down upon your head a deluge of righteous indignation. Adams went on to tell how the matter got into the courts, was taken to the Supreme Court where the decision was against him, and how further litigation ensued. He concluded his story thus:

"I don't remember whether the second suit ever reached the Supreme Court or not, but it doubtless might have done so, although the law was perfectly clear. I know that our books stayed in for that year, but presumably, if it was the same board and they had any red blood in them, they dumped them out as soon as they could legally do so, to teach us fellows to know our place. But for the time being it was a glorious victory, but cost us and the taxpayers a lot of money."

There was no laughter over this story. Perhaps the Commonwealthers were too interested in the insight into the text book game which it afforded to think of laughing. Some day, perhaps, the Commonwealth Club will investigate the text book salesmen of today. Mr. Adams might conduct the investigation. There might not be much laughter in the investigation, but it would show up some good jokes at the expense of the taxpayers.

#### Bringing Back the Past

Sutter-and-Montgomery has moved to Sutter-and-Kearny. This is no puzzle of the weird sisters, like Birnam Wood moving to Dunsinane; it is a way of saying that the spirit of the old Occidental Hotel has been summoned from the past to animate the reopened Hotel Sutter one block west. If one of the old-timers could return from the grave and visit the Hotel Sutter today, he would rub his eyes in amazement. Entering the beautiful lobby he would find George W. Hooper, the former manager of the Occidental, presiding there with the old genial smile and the old warm handclasp. Entering the buffet he would find "Bill" Heathcote, for fourteen years premier mixologist of the

Occidental, officiating behind the mahogany. Part of the old charm of Montgomery street has come back, but it has come back to Kearny. The fact that a noted boniface of before-the-fire times has taken over the Sutter has caused quite a stir about town; it has awakened dormant memories, stimulated the flow of reminiscence and evoked many a sigh for what has gone away, never to return. Just when we San Franciscans are in danger of losing our grip on sentiment something of this sort happens to keep us in touch with our fading traditions.

#### Memories Revived

The Occidental was part of our early history, just as the Palace was. It had its individual coteries, just as the St. Francis and the Palace have today. Rich visitors from the Hawaiian Islands always put up there; and it was favored by army and navy people. Sam Parker of Honolulu and his brother Ernest were familiar figures in the lobby and bar; so was Prince David who married Abbie Campbell, and C. A. B. Brown, the island capitalist who was called "Cabby" for short. Admiral Whiting who married one of the Afong girls put up at the Occidental, and so did Admiral Tom Phelps. Commander Lucien Young's muffled roar was frequently heard there. Captain Tuttle of the revenue cutter service—he's retired and living in Seattle—never greeted Mine Host George Hooper with anything but his famous "Heave ahead and save the tide." There too you would find Captain Ward, the youngest commander in the Pacific Mail service; he went down with the Rio just inside the Golden Gate. Indeed the lobby was full of men with "handles" to their names: Colonel Mason Kinne, Colonel Smedberg, sometimes known as "old Smed," and General Brown of the Fireman's Fund and General Dickinson of the National Guard and ever so many others.

#### In Heathcote's Department

To mention the names of the departed hail-fellows who took their "quencher" from the skillful hands of "Bill" Heathcote would be to call a long roll. H. S. Crocker used to drop in from his big establishment around the corner on Bush street, and as like as not would take his soft toddy with Adam Grant and "Lip" Sachs whose big places of business were at Bush and Sansome. There too you would find Sands Forman, as true a Bohemian as ever lived, and Tom Walkington, the warehouseman. Also William Hamilton, known as "Baldy," one of the old-time stage drivers. He was a pal of Collis P. Huntington, and owned many stage lines at the time of his death. There also you would run across Edmund Blackburn Ryan who is still very much alive and who has never been quite reconciled to the popular shortening of his middle name from Blackburn to Black. Every evening at nine Dr. Keeney and J. O'B. Gunn would stroll down from the Pacific-Union Club, and would always say the same words to the popular mixologist: "Bill, a pint of cold wine and three glasses." The third glass was for "Bill" Heathcote. Those were the days when men started their drinking with a gin cocktail or two before breakfast. During the day whiskey punches, soft toddies, gin fizzes and imperial punches were favored—the highball was not yet in favor. Do you recall the imperial punch? It was made with brandy and contained wine instead of water; it remained a

two-bit drink after the price of other beverages was lowered. Great old days! Some of the old-timers who survive are recalling them as they give their orders to old "Bill" Heathcote. Some even look around the buffet for the famous yellow-striped cat that retrieved olives—but pussy has died nine times and is gone for good.

#### When Our City Was Dry

What an alert and busy lot the prohibitionists are! They never overlook a trick. What I mean is well illustrated in the London weekly *The Spectator* of May 20, 1916. Reading that journal the other day I came across a letter from Los Angeles dated April 16 and signed M. E. C. The anonymous writer compliments the editor of *The Spectator* for his "patriotic attitude on the liquor question." The *Spectator*, by the way, is a prohibition paper, very much dissatisfied with the Government for not adopting prohibition during the war. M. E. C. is an alert prohibitionist ready to lie for the cause wherever it is agitated. He tells the editor of *The Spectator* that "just a decade ago a startling arraignment against drink was furnished by historical events in this State" when, after the earthquake and fire, "all importation and sale of liquor was absolutely prohibited in San Francisco." You see it does not take much to furnish ammunition for a prohibitionist. With him fabrication is an art, and he does not regard downright lying as a vice to be shunned, like alcohol. His imagination is what he consults, not his conscience, and so because a few surviving saloons were closed San Francisco was a prohibition town to which it was a crime to import liquor and in which the sale of liquor was forbidden. Further: "during this 'dry' period the city was 'crimeless,' San Francisco formed one big kind family, men were brothers and women sisters;" and as soon as liquor restrictions were removed "an orgy of crime broke out." In other words, dry San Francisco was chemically pure like Los Angeles and its suburb Long Beach. Prohibitionists are strong for reciprocity. A year ago the prohibitionists of England were telling us that England was dry and that it was liquor that kept down the supply of ammunition.

#### Murray Crane and the Governor

When select committees from the Republican and Progressive conventions met at the Chicago Club to talk over the possibilities of political peace, Governor Hiram Johnson found himself sitting beside Murray Crane of Massachusetts. The two had never met. When the committees were getting down to business Crane turned to Governor Johnson and said:

"I recognize Perkins and Murdock, but I don't know Johnson of California. Is that he over there?"

And he pointed to John Parker, the Progressive candidate for Vice-President.

"No, that is Parker," replied the Governor. "I am Johnson."

"You!" exclaimed Crane. "I expected to see a man with long hair and a broad-brimmed statesman's hat!"

When the meeting was over, Johnson and Crane left the club arm in arm.

#### A Convention Argument

Roy Carruthers is back after a business trip in the interests of the Palace Hotel, a trip

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which took him to so many cities that I haven't room for their names. Suffice it to remark that Roy was so busy that he had time for only two games of golf, one at Kansas City and one at Garden City. To those who know him that is proof positive that the trip was no pleasure jaunt, but a journey devoted to serious business. So well did Carruthers apply himself to the advertisement of the Palace that the solid results of his activity reached San Francisco before him, in the gratifying shape of guests, guests and more guests for the Palace. Of course Roy was in Chicago for the conventions. Returning from the first session of the Republican gathering with Frank Berry, the manager of the Sherman House, Roy noticed a knot of delegates at one end of the lobby. They could not be mistaken for anything but delegates, for their fronts were plastered with all sorts of political badges, buttons and ribbons. Their talk was earnest, not to say heated, and there was much pounding of fists in palms to emphasize argument.

"Here is a chance to get a line on what is going to happen in the convention," said Carruthers to Berry. "Those delegates look as if they know something. Let's stroll over. Maybe we'll overhear something worth while."

So the two bonifaces approached the group. This was the first remark that came to their ears:

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars right here and now that you can't make it in five with a mashie!"

#### Honor for Woods

Some men have honors thrust upon them. One of these is James Woods, the genial proprietor of the St. Francis. In his absence, with no solicitation on his part, he was made the president of the American Hotel Protective Association. This signal honor was conferred upon Woods by the great hotel men of the country who met in annual convention at Cleveland last week. It is the first time a western hotel proprietor has received this dignity, and the first time a man not present at the convention was chosen. Another man might "swell himself" a little over such a distinction, but the modesty of James Woods holds firm against the strain.

#### Crocker and Gunst, Opponents

Two of the men most active in raising funds for the Young Women's Christian Association building were William H. Crocker and Otto Irving Wise. They were making up a list of likely contributors one day and Wise suggested the name of Mose Gunst. Gunst had just been defeated as a Roosevelt delegate to the Republican convention, and Crocker had been elected. Crocker did not hesitate to ask a defeated political opponent for a contribution: he knows Mose Gunst too well. But he said: "Gunst is not here. He is in the East."

"If you'll sign a telegram I write I'm sure Gunst will give us a contribution," said Wise.

Crocker agreed, and Wise wrote an insinuating appeal to his friend Mose. Crocker signed it with his own and Wise's name, and despatched it to New York. Next day the answer came:

"Congratulations to the new firm of Crocker and Wise. The campaign was so expensive that I can't afford much of a contribution, but you may put me down for a thousand."

All of which is pleasant to chronicle, as it shows that men may differ in politics without losing track of the amenities of generous good fellowship.

#### Massachusetts Discovers Sterling

George Sterling is soon to bring out through his publisher-friend "Aleck" Robertson another volume of poems. Meanwhile the world is catching up on Sterling's previous volumes. Here is the conservative old Commonwealth of Massachusetts actually indulging a rare enthusiasm for the farthest-western singer! Cape Cod signals its approval to the Golden Gate! Old Atlantic flings a watery crest in air out of compliment to the poet of the Pacific! This is a phenomenon to give us pause. Praise from Sir Hubert! Acclaim from the severe critics of New England is not to be despised. The Boston Transcript which speaks with authority on all literary subjects, devotes a column to Sterling's two Exposition volumes and his Yosemite Ode. The writer of the critique makes no secret of his entire subjection to the spell of Sterling's verse. "On the triumphal arches of the Panama-Pacific Exposition George Sterling was the only living poet whose words were inscribed in company with the great artists and thinkers and philosophers of history, such

as Shakespeare and Goethe and Confucius," he writes. "As California has been loyal to George Sterling, he in his art has been loyal to her. That art happens to be in the 'grand manner,' the only manner fittingly endowed to pay adequate tribute to the sublimity of her natural scenery. Awe and solemnity with the light of a mysterious imagination gleaming in the moods are the finest substance of this poetry; it is a poetry that still cares jealously for the aloof and noble sentiments of humanity, the high seriousness of making poetry a full criticism of life." The three volumes show "the exaltation of the poet as a Californian and a humanist," the critic continues. The noblest of the three, he says, is the Yosemite Ode. "All the fine imaginative qualities which made his ode on Brown- ing so notable, are here repeated." Also: "The scale of Mr. Sterling's mood and the reverberation of his thought are commensurate with the august and mighty theme of the Yosemite."

#### Springfield Too

Springfield is not a step behind Boston in this admiring march of the Massachusetts critics. The Springfield Union reviews the latest books, but seizes the occasion to say something also about the last volume of collected poems—"Beyond the Breakers." The Springfield critic is even more enthusiastic than his Bostonian confrere. He wonders why more attention has not been bestowed on a poet so "amazingly worth while." "Perhaps," he conjectures, "it is because he has not been led astray by the isms of the moment that he has been ignored by many critics." Whereupon this critic goes out of his way to warm the cockles of our hearts by swatting most unmercifully that ponderous preacher and practitioner of vers libre, Amy Lowell. Poor Amy! it is not all adulation for her these days. A Massachusetts critic bangs her about to make a Sterling holiday, and down by the bay Coronado sailed Ned Clough has been calling her "the Big Casino of imagism!" But to return: "There is a virility about Mr. Sterling's poetry that is unmistakable," writes the Springfield critic. He singles out for special praise the "unforgettable swing" of "Tidal, King of Nations," a poem first given to the world by Town Talk. "Here," he says, "is a beauty and a majesty of phraseology that stands boldly out in the midst of so much prettiness in poetry

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today. This poem alone should make the art of George Sterling a thing to be seriously considered." Of the volume "Beyond the Breakers" as a whole he says that it "possesses more satisfying poetry than is generally manifest in a single volume." And of the Exposition poems and the Yosemite Ode he writes in a vein no less generously, no less justly laudatory.

#### Hermann Schussler's Monograph

"Printed for distribution by the Historic Landmarks Committee of the Native Sons of the Golden West." I quote this from the title page of an attractive brochure just published: "The Locality of the Broderick-Terry Duel" by Hermann Schussler. More power to the N. S. G. W.! May its Historic Landmarks Committee do more of this excellent work. The San Francisco parlor of our most inclusive organization will deserve well of their city if they devote themselves to this valuable historic investigation. There has been a great deal of this work done by individuals—witness the researches of Zoeth Eldridge—but plenty remains, and it cannot be done under better auspices than by the Native Sons. The doing of it will earn for them kudos they can get in no other way. The

able engineer of Spring Valley was incited to his interesting task by Judge John F. Davis, grand president of the N. S. G. W. That is not surprising, for Judge Davis is himself a contributor to this sort of local lore—witness his "California Romantic and Resourceful" published by A. M. Robertson two years ago. That book is in part a plea for the prosecution of California research. It should be read by every native son, no matter whether he capitalizes "native son" or not. Its appeal should be answered by men like Hermann Schussler who possess that equipment of special knowledge without which historical investigation is too often abortive. Hermann Schussler has been perfecting his knowledge of the Lake Merced terrain ever since 1877. He knows the locality better than any man in California. He was therefore the one man to settle once and for all the moot question of the exact spot where our most important duel—that between Broderick and Terry—took place. How he pursued his researches is told with the precision of a scientist in this brochure. The conclusion he reached independently—that the fatal encounter took place "in the lower or westerly end of the first small ravine, which connects with the easterly shore of Lake Merced, just south of the county line between San Francisco and San Mateo"—agreed entirely with the best traditional testimony extant, that of George Green whose father kept the "old Lake House" where the Broderick party passed the night before the duel. Hermann Schussler has done a splendid piece of research work. May his example and the urging of Judge Davis fire others to make similar contributions to our fascinating history!

#### Is This True?

Convict 65368 has written an interesting article on thievery and thieves' slang for The Star of Hope, the organ of Sing Sing. Among other great men he mentions "Foley the Goat" who was a "lone star," that is, a thief who works without aids. "Foley the Goat" shot Cal Crimm, a Cincinnati detective, and is in "the shade" for twenty years. Convict 65368 has this to say about him:

"In time past it was not strange or unusual for some big politician or police captain to lease out street car lines or ferry stations to 'gun mobs,' and for long 'Foley the Goat' held the Market street concession in San Francisco, where the ferries go over the bay to Oakland. Came the day when an Eastern 'mob' bid a higher price and Foley was 'pinched' and 'settled' in San Quentin, much to his amazement; and when he was searched a 'plant' was found in his cuff lining, consisting of a folded \$10,000 bill and another of smaller denomination; an evidence of forethought and carefully secreted 'fall money.'"

Is it true that such concessions were ever sold in this city by politicians or policemen? It would be interesting to know when "Foley the Goat" went to San Quentin.

#### Our Story

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On this 17th day of June in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen, before me, J. J. KERRIGAN, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned, and sworn, personally appeared F. J. GHISELLI and G. A. GHISELLI, known to me to be the same persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal in the City and County of San Francisco, in the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal)

J. J. KERRIGAN,  
Notary Public in and for the City and County  
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Endorsed: Filed June 17, 1916.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## A Sad Awakening

The two beautiful Abercrombie girls have a healthy love for the joy of life, but they have not been permitted to indulge it overmuch during the past year. An adverse fate seems determined that they shall have only fleeting glimpses of the silver lining of the cloud. Milo Abercrombie was still a bride in the first flush of her happiness when her husband was drawn into the hurlyburly of war intrigue by means of a federal indictment. This sorrow the young and lovely Baroness von Brincken bore with a bravery beyond her years. And now the shadow of a darker tragedy enshrouds her winsome sister Margaret. The honeymoon set to leave her in the blackness of love betrayed. One does not have to know her to sympathize, for the drama of which she is the innocent victim is instant in its appeal to tender feeling. It wrings the heart strings of strangers; what a poignant and searching agony it must be for her, and for her mother and sister. The heart of San Francisco goes out to this poor girl.

## A Great Beauty

Margaret Abercrombie is one of our famous beauties. Artists and other connoisseurs of beauty have acclaimed her as they formerly acclaimed Ethel Cook Postley, now Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran. She has been painted many times, and our wizards of the camera have gone into ecstasies over her. San Francisco has always taken high pride in its queens of loveliness. It is a weakness for which we offer no apology. And so we all rejoiced in Margaret Abercrombie. She was a personage in our midst. This only adds to the pathos of her present position. She is a victim of the impartial cruelty of life, overwhelmed by one of those blows which make truth seem stranger than fiction. Here is work indeed for the healing ministrations of Time!

## A Note from Eleonora

Recently I told an amusing story about the defiance Madame Eleonora de Cisneros hurled at Henry Hadley two years ago when the con-

ductor of the symphony suggested to the prima donna that she sing her solo at the conclusion of a concert.

"Hadley," said the statuesque Eleonora, "I wouldn't close a programme for the Lord Almighty, let alone you!"

It seems that I have not heard the whole story, for Madame de Cisneros writes me this note which piques my curiosity:

"My Dear Tantalus: Just today have I seen your account of my Rebellion. There is just enough truth in the affair to make me sympathize with the war correspondents. The Censor has cut the main facts! Pity!

Cordially, Eleonora de Cisneros."

## "Tommy" in the Trenches

All the patrons of the Cliff House remember "Tommy," the quiet, pleasant, efficient blond young fellow who was Roy Carruthers' right bower before Roy moved downtown from the Seal Rocks to the Palace Hotel. The members of that delightful club the Dolce Far Niente remember "Tommy" particularly well, for he was in charge of the dancing room at the Cliff House and helped to make the parties enjoyable. "Tommy's" more dignified designation is T. C. Thomas. He's an Englishman, and when the captains of Europe turned half the world into a Field of the Cloth of Blood (I borrow that from Yorick of the San Diego Union), "Tommy" bade his San Francisco friends farewell and went to answer his country's call. "Tommy" is a Tommy Atkins now, and his address is: Somewhere in France. Thence he has written a very interesting letter to his old boss Roy Carruthers, and I have Roy's permission to publish it so that all of "Tommy's" friends may have tidings from him.

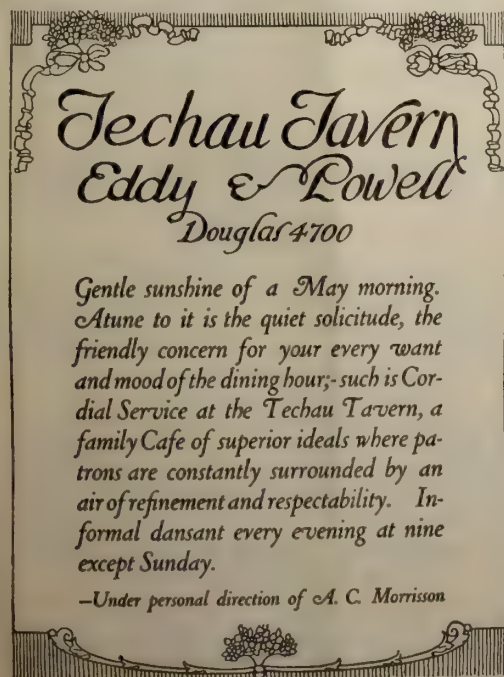
## A Letter from Somewhere

"I am pleased to say," he writes, "that I am in tiptop shape, feeling A1, and have not been knocked out yet. After four months of rough going I am still able to stand up to the game. It has not been a picnic however. In that time I have seen some hard fighting and been through three poison gas attacks, so I suppose I can almost call myself a veteran soldier now. I have been promoted since coming out. I am not allowed to tell you in just what part of the line we are, but I can say that it is one of the warm spots, where there is always something doing. The Germans do not believe in letting us rest. The number of big shells they waste on us is enormous, and it seems to me they fire just for the sake of shooting. The "weeping gas" shells they send over are the only things that bother me, for when they explode it is like having pepper thrown in your eyes. Whenever there is anything on they paste us poor artillerymen with these nasty things in an endeavor to blind us so that we cannot work the guns, but we always manage to keep going. Their poison gas is terrible stuff, and I have been in it when it was as thick as the fog at the Cliff House, but if you can get your gas helmet on in time you are pretty safe. Just the same I would prefer to see the Germans confine themselves to legitimate weapons of warfare. They try almost everything under the sun, and you can never tell what they will use next. We are strange looking objects with our masks and goggles, steel helmets and tins of oxygen, etc. You would smile if you saw me, but everything has a pur-

pose and is necessary. There seems to be no end to this trench warfare and the worst part of it is the digging. It is nothing but pick and shovel work day after day. In fact we do about nine-tenths digging and one-tenth fighting. We are forever putting the soil of France into sand bags, and one of our chaps claimed, the other day, that the war will not end until the whole of France has been wrapped up in sackcloth. I hope he is wrong, for it will be a long job. At that I believe the war has lasted longer than most people thought it would. Just now we are hearing all sorts of peace rumors, but I imagine they are a bit premature. There is a lot of hard fighting to be done yet, but we have the upper hand now and something will surely happen in the next few months. I for one will not be sorry to see the finish, for I dread the idea of another winter out here. I cannot stand cold weather like I used to, and I am anxious to get back to the milder climate of California again. I am sorry I missed the Fair, but I suppose it is an even bigger show I am seeing. Plenty of aeroplane flights, all sorts of exciting spectacles, and as for fireworks, we have them every night. All this on a free pass too. But the show is too long. I am just going to dive into my hole in the ground and have some tea and bread and jam, so I will close."

## The Alexander-Pickering Wedding

Being a newspaperman, purveying publicity for others and not for himself, Loring Pickering kept very quiet about his romance. Time and time again he was charged with being serious in his attentions to charming Harriett Alexander, but he always found some way to evade a direct answer. And when this twain finally decided on a license and a wedding ring they slipped away to Hemet in Riverside county, and the wedding was over almost as soon as we learned that it was in contemplation. The only witnesses were Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Kaufman, the stepfather and mother of the dainty bride, and Douglas Alexander, her brother. Felicitations will pour in upon the young couple when they return from their motor honeymoon in the south. Since her marriage to Mr. Kaufman the former Mrs. Charles O. Alexander has made her home at Hemet; that



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accounts for the choice of that faraway spot as the scene of the wedding of her daughter. Miss Alexander is one of the best liked girls in San Francisco society. Since her debut she has received attentions which might have turned her head were she not gifted with unusual good sense as well as with beauty and charm of personality. The prominent position of her mother and of her aunt Mrs. Mountford Wilson brought her into the midst of the social whirl, and she won scores of friends. In the charitable entertainments arranged by society amateurs she has won well-merited applause for her acting and dancing. Loring Pickering is a young man for whom a brilliant future is confidently prophesied. He is one of the proprietors of The Bulletin, and when he decided to devote his life to newspaper work he fitted himself for it by hard study not only in this country but also in London and Paris. He is a friend of Lord Northcliffe, the proprietor of the London Times, and plans to adapt some of that successful journalist's methods to the conduct of The Bulletin. Meanwhile he is learning "the game" thoroughly, having started at the bottom of the ladder.

#### A Musical Event at St. Dominic's

Now that Dr. Maurice O'Connell is at the organ at St. Dominic's this is one of the few churches in San Francisco where the music is a matter of some concern. Dr. O'Connell is always striving for improvement in his choir work, and he has imparted some of his enthusiasm to his friends among musicians. Occasionally they visit the choir and contribute solos. Last Sunday, one of them, Mrs. Theodore Bonnet, sang the Percy Kahn Ave Maria to Dr. O'Connell's beautiful accompaniment on the organ; also Bizet's Agnus Dei. This was the first time the Kahn composition was rendered in San Francisco. This is the composition of which copies were sold with the papal sanction for the benefit of Italian earthquake sufferers a few years ago. Mrs. Bonnet will shortly be heard in the Ave Maria with the violin obligato composed for Mischa Elman.

#### The Opening at Santa Cruz

Last Saturday night brought the formal opening of the season at Santa Cruz. The hospitable Casa del Rey threw wide its doors, the Casino musicians tuned up and the board walk made ready for the summer crowd. Never was there so brilliant a beginning of the season at the favorite watering place. The visitors were numbered by the thousands, and the preparations for their entertainment resulted in

a night of the most satisfying gayety. The Casino presented a brilliant spectacle during dinner and the dancing hours. Prominent among the visitors were the members of the party that went to Santa Cruz on the "St. Francis Special" under the chaperonage of James Woods. This consisted of San Francisco clubmen with their womenfolk, most of them personal friends of "Bill" Jacobs, the publicity genius engaged by Santa Cruz to ensure a successful season. The "St. Francis Special" was a compliment paid to Jacobs by the manager of the St. Francis.

#### A New Dance Orchestra

When Roy Carruthers returned from his eastern trip he decided that the dance orchestra at the Palace should have more "zip" and "pep," so it has been reorganized by Herman Heller the leader, and will contain ten men henceforth instead of six. The new augmented orchestra will respond to Heller's baton for the first time this Saturday night. The dancing is from seven to one, so it is engaged in by both dinner and supper guests.

#### Palace Banquets

Four hundred and fifty Pacific Gas and Electric men sat down to a banquet at the Palace Tuesday night. For this occasion "Palace service" became "Pacific service." Fred Myrtle was toastmaster, and John A. Britton, George Holberton and Frederick J. Koster, president of the Chamber of Commerce, made the addresses of the evening. A glee club added to the entertainment. On Wednesday evening the Northern California Hotel Association held its monthly dinner. John P. Irish was the lion of the occasion, speaking against prohibition in his masterly way. On Thursday the Real Estate Board had its business luncheon, and listened to Messrs. Driscoll and Sands, the efficiency experts who are looking us over.

#### Clever Kindergarten Children

Mrs. Richards has developed in her kindergarten at the St. Francis a surprising amount of juvenile talent. The youngsters of the wealthy families of San Francisco have exhibited such a mastery of folk dancing and the like that they have been invited to produce outdoor plays.

#### Events at Hotel Oakland

A wedding breakfast was served on Monday for Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Swift who were married at St. Francis de Sales, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bell, parents of the bride, Mrs. A. E. Swift, the groom's mother, Harold Swift, F. A. Connolly, Miss E. A. Swift, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Stapleton and Mrs. F. M. Davis. On Tuesday Miss Vivian Armstrong entertained fourteen intimate friends at a pretty luncheon, announcing her engagement to Mr. Eustace Bell. Among the prominent arrivals of the past week are: W. T. Shaler and wife of Niagara Falls; William Oochaut of Reno; Jno. D. Isaacs and wife and Miss Lillian Isaacs of New York; Mrs. E. Mendenhall of Seattle and Masters Lloyd and Rodney Pantages of Seattle; Ray Green of Grass Valley; H. L. Call of Minneapolis; Thos. M. Potter of Peabody, Kansas; Isaac A. Hodges and family of Boston; Rev. C. T. Russell of Brooklyn; J. W. Jenner and wife of New Rochelle; W. J. Gross and wife of San Jose; Raymond I. Bontz of Sacramento; R. A. Bowden of Grass Valley, and J. M. Watanaba of Los Angeles. Mrs. Geo. C. Kaufman of New York has taken apartments.

#### At the Cecil

Lieutenant and Mrs. Harry Gantz of the United States army came up last week from San Diego and are stopping at the Cecil. They entertained informally at dinner Thursday. Miss S. H. Keith and Miss E. B. Congdon are recent arrivals. They will not return to their home in Watch Hill, R. I., until August. Mrs. William Franklin Morris entertained a number of the guests at a week-end party at her handsome home at Menlo. A score of her friends at the peninsula enjoyed her hospitality at luncheon Sunday. Mrs. E. Claire Mahlum, a society woman of Honolulu, is a guest. Lieutenant and Mrs. C. W. Jenkins of the U. S. army are the motif for much entertaining among their friends in the service. Mrs. John Charles Doyle of Los Angeles gave a luncheon Wednesday in the private dining room. Messrs. Benjamin A. W. Willebrands, Stuart Amsden, L. H. Boydston and A. E. Carmichael motored from Los Angeles Monday. They will be at the Cecil for ten days. Mrs. A. L. Finlaw of Santa Rosa is enjoying her visit to San Francisco. She will be at the Cecil for the next fortnight. Miss Broom entertained informally at dinner Sunday.

#### The "Perfume Dance"

And now it is the Perfume Dance. It is the latest novelty for bored society in its effort to make the late days of June pleasantly exciting. The late afternoon matinee throngs and the crowds from the Ice Palace mingle at the Perfume Dance given by Techau Tavern at five o'clock each afternoon. At that hour three large jardinières of La Bohème perfume are given to the women in the cafe. The business men's hurry-up luncheon is a feature which cannot be duplicated. In the evening dancing begins at seven. The Revue du Modes is a most spectacular display of girlish comeliness and modish artistry. Next Tuesday night the Caledonian and the Indoor Yacht clubs will have a hockey dinner and concert. At 8:30 at the Ice Palace there will be a hockey game between the two teams.

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## Maude Fulton's "Brat"

By Edward F. O'Day

Mac Forrester's a novelist

Whose books are quite the vogue;

But Mac's a heartless, cold machine,

A hypocrite and rogue.

He's one of those polished rascals that clothe their villainy in suits ordered from the very best tailors. His first name is Macmillan (showing that he was born to be bookish), but they call him "Mac" for short. Wyndham Standing plays this part, and plays it so well that he makes you hate Mac.

Steve Forrester's a ne'er-do-well,

Himself his own worst foe;

His heart's all right, but Stephen loves

That pass-word, "Here's a go!"

In other words, Steve hits the booze. I for one should like to see him hit his brother instead, for Mac nags Steve beyond endurance—actually drives him to drink. Mac must take after his mother, for Mrs. Forrester has a tongue that would send a saint to the flowing bowl. Steve is Ed Lowe's part. Ed has gone a long way in his work since Martin Merle took him in hand at Santa Clara University and made an actor of him. In this play he shares honors "fifty-fifty" with the star.

To write a book Mac needs a "type,"

And finds one in the street;

"The Brat" he calls this little girl,

A child unkempt but sweet.

Maude Fulton is the brat who poses as a literary model for Mac. Maude wrote the play for herself, but she did not make the usual mistake of actor-authors: she wrote good parts for the other characters too. You ought to see

the part she wrote for our old friend Burt Wesner! He plays the bishop to the life. And you ought to see the part our old friend Jim Corrigan has! He's the Irish butler who likes "a drop of the crayther." His tipsy scene is immense.

A wide-eyed, queer, precocious child,

A slangy child and bold;

A little girl unspoiled by life,

But in her wisdom, old.

The brat—by the way, we never discover her name—has been wandering the streets of New York penniless and hungry, but she has done nothing naughty. However, as she has been a "pony" at the Hippodrome she knows a thing or two.

Mac took her in and studied her

To put her in his book;

Of course the child misunderstood

The interest he took.

He was her hero, and she thought he loved her. She had it all fixed in her mind that some day they'd be married. Such a chance! Mac is engaged to a girl in his own set. ("Does your kind come in sets?" the brats asks her, and in San Francisco that is one of the most telling lines in the play, though I am told it didn't "get over" in Los Angeles.) Of course Mac doesn't love this society girl; he only loves his own selfish self.

The brat was all good to Steve—

She helped instead of naggin';

And touched his better side until

He climbed upon the wagon.

He stuck there too, and in gratitude he fell

violently in love with his "little sister," as he calls the brat. Steve drunk or Steve sober—it's all one to Edmond Lowe: he plays the character throughout with a finish that we may as well hurry up and salute, for it will be saluted on Broadway before long.

The brat loved Steve unconsciously,

And to his "Goodbye, sis!"

She answered with a fond farewell

That ended in a kiss.

Steve was going to Wyoming to manage his ranch. He'd have asked the brat to go as his wife, only she had told him she loved Mac. But that kiss made everything different. The brat discovered immediately that she had loved Steve all along. "Ain't I a nut?" she exclaimed. The way Maude Fulton shows the change in her feeling toward Steve is a very clever bit of facial expression.

Then Mac the cad insulted her

And ordered her to go:

But Steve said: "She shall go with me

To Primrose Ranch, Wyo.!"

So everything ended happily, and to add to our satisfaction Mac's "romance" with the society girl came an awful cropper. It's a thoroughly human play, and there's something wrong with you if you don't enjoy every minute of it. Congratulations to Maude Fulton! And to her company, particularly to Ed Lowe! And, by the way, all records for floral tributes were broken at the Cort Monday night. The stage looked like a flower shop. Maude Fulton had to make two curtain speeches and at least a hundred bows.

## Gossip of the Theatre

### The Philharmonic Concert

Not even the lure of an ideal late spring day could keep music lovers away from the Philharmonic concert on Sunday. That was as it should be, too, for Tina Lerner played, and she is more rare than a day in June. June days come regularly every year, but we know not how long Tina Lerner will linger with us. The charming artist, in summer mood, played with the gaiety and buoyancy which the sparkling Saint-Saëns Concerto (G minor) demands. At the piano this little Russian lady radiates the magnetism that is generated wherever there is imparted a sense of mastery. She has a mastery of the capacities of a piano, and what she evokes is as though it came out of a profound meditation. The orchestra played with her with sympathy and spirit. Besides Miss Lerner the numbers of strongest appeal were the Sakuntala Overture and Caucasian Sketches. The orchestra was admirable in its interpretation of the Goldmark composition, full of vigor and splendid barbaric color. And in the Caucasian Sketches of Ivanow they achieved distinction under the baton of their young Russian conductor. By the way, "The March of the Sardan" played under the leadership of Nikolai Sokoloff is music to compel volunteers with. There are thrills in the manner of the Philharmonic's spirited leader. This Russian musician exercises something of a spell when directing an orchestra. He has individuality of a kind that goes a long way toward the success of a leader, other things being equal. I hear that ours is the first symphony orchestra he has directed. It will be a pleasure to watch the

development of the interpretative genius which he seems to possess. His reading of the two movements from the D major symphony of Brahms had not the distinction or clarity it would perhaps have had if there had been more rehearsals. Brahms requires in a leader the power to subdue the tendency to model in high relief, and the ability to draw in flawless mosaic. The "Mignon" overture was on the programme, but not, I hope, without protest from Mr. Sokoloff.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

### Reflections in Vaudeville

Illusoriness is one of the things that count in vaudeville as one may learn at the Orpheum this week. It is the illusoriness of the act called "A European Novelty" that makes it tolerable to people who abominate female impersonators. The female impersonator in this act is so good that he is taken for what he seems until it is time for him to quit. Consequently you are able to enjoy what is good in the performance, being insensible of that which is offensive. Illusoriness counts very much in the performance of two strong men who call themselves gladiators. They have strength and grace, but what they do is more a matter of technique than muscle. There are tricks even in lifting, tricks which these gladiators perform with such finesse that one of them appears to have strength preternatural. Wonderful is their technique, more wonderful than their brawn. Technique, by the way, covers a multitude of deficiencies, which is a reflection inspired by one of the acts at the

Orpheum this week—a vocal act. Technique, however, is hardly less important than taste. Good taste is the only thing lacking in Nat Wills' monologue. One of the best of the new things is a farce—"Who Owns the Flat"—by means of which Wilfred Clarke rocks the audience. By no means the least of the new offerings is the film trip through the Yosemite with Joe Desmond, the new magnate of the valley. If Maude Fealy fails to score it is more on account of her dramatic sketch than of herself and company. "Her Decision" is the kind of drama that one does not care to see.

—T. F. B.

### Sudermann's Sensation at Alcazar

The most sensational play of the decade is scheduled for production at the Alcazar beginning Monday night, when Edward Sheldon's dramatization of Hermann Sudermann's famous novel "The Song of Songs" will receive its first production west of Chicago. This play has aroused varied discussion. And few heroines of fiction or the drama have interested so much as Lily Kardos, the role to be played by Miss Chrystal Herne. It is by no means an ordinary play but a sensation in every sense of the word. All five acts excite unusual emotions, for they have more thrills than half a dozen ordinary plays. The scene in the French restaurant where every glass and dish and all the furniture is smashed to atoms is one of the biggest sensations ever seen in a play. Chrystal Herne will have the biggest role of her career. Forrest Stanley will have the leading male role,



and Louis Bennison, the old Alcazar favorite, has been especially engaged. A number of other artists have been especially engaged for the cast. "The Song of Songs" seems destined to make history for the Alcazar.

#### George MacFarlane at the Orpheum

George MacFarlane, one of the most popular baritones in light opera, will make his first vaudeville appearance in this city at the Orpheum next week. He is also a brilliant comedian. He was one of the stars of the Gilbert and Sullivan all-star company that recently met with such favor. He has also been the stellar feature of "The Heart of Heather" and other successes. Harry Tighe, styled "the you-all-know-him comedian," with the assistance of the dainty ingenue Sylvia Jasen will present a sparkling and enjoyable act. It gives Tighe scope for the exhibition of his humor. Miss Jasen is a vivacious actress with ability and good looks. Bert Clark and Mabel Hamilton, the favorite English comedians, will present a piano-playing, singing, dancing and talking novelty entitled "A Wayward Conceit." Libonita, the ragtime xylophonist, is a thorough master of his instrument. Grace La Rue, the "international star of song" who has scored one of the greatest hits in the history of the Orpheum, will introduce new songs. Wilfred Clarke and company will appear in "Who Owns the Flat." The Gladiators will exhibit their prowess. Next week will be the last of Nat M. Wills, "the happy tramp" who will introduce new witticisms.

#### The Next Philharmonic

For the next Philharmonic concert on July 2 Conductor Nikolai Sokoloff has selected Kajetan Attl, the celebrated Bohemian harpist, first cousin of Jan Kubelik, as the soloist. Last Sunday's audience arrived in time to be seated before 3 p. m. and no one was disturbed by late comers. It is hoped that the same happy state of affairs will prevail for the next concert. This excellent programme has been prepared: Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Op. 67, Beethoven; Prelude, "The Afternoon of a Faun," Debussy; Harp Solo, "Vltava" (Symphonic Poem), Smetana (arranged for harp by Kajetan Attl); "March Slav," Tchaikowsky. Seats will be on sale as usual commencing Monday at the Cort, and at Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase, beginning Thursday.

#### Second Week of "The Brat"

At the Cort Maude Fulton's comedy "The Brat," presented by Oliver Morosco, bids fair to achieve the same success here as in Los Angeles. It continues next week. Opposite Maude Fulton plays Edmond Lowe. Others in the cast are Wyndham Standing, James Corrigan, A. Burt Wesner, Mary Edgett Baker, Lillian Elliott, Gertrude Maitland and Marjorie Davis. Matinees are given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

#### A Rodeo at Pantages

Pantages will have a miniature rodeo of its own next Sunday afternoon and continuing for a matinee and two shows every night. "Arizona Joe," a genuine puncher of short-horned steers from the ranges of Cheyenne and thereabouts, and a

crowd of ten yelping stalwarts from adjacent ranches have an act which they title "Pastimes of the Plains." There is one lone female in the vest pocket wild west show, Adele von Ohl by name, and she does some marvelous riding on a couple of untamable bronchos. Back again, but always welcome, comes Gus Edwards' "School Days" with the irresistible Teuton schoolmaster and his unruly tykes. Chester is the trainer of a collection of snow-white canines which he values at \$10,000 and the dogs have a posing specialty which is said to be a few notches above the average. Knapp and Cornalla mildly assert that they do almost everything that any vaudeville performer is expected to show to get regular money. Lillian Watson is a demure song bird. Press and Scanlon, late with Valeska Suratt, have new dancing steps. The fifteenth chapter of "The Iron Claw" will disclose the identity of the "laughing mask." Rube Goldberg's "Boob Weekly" will be funnier than ever this week.

#### Healthy Region

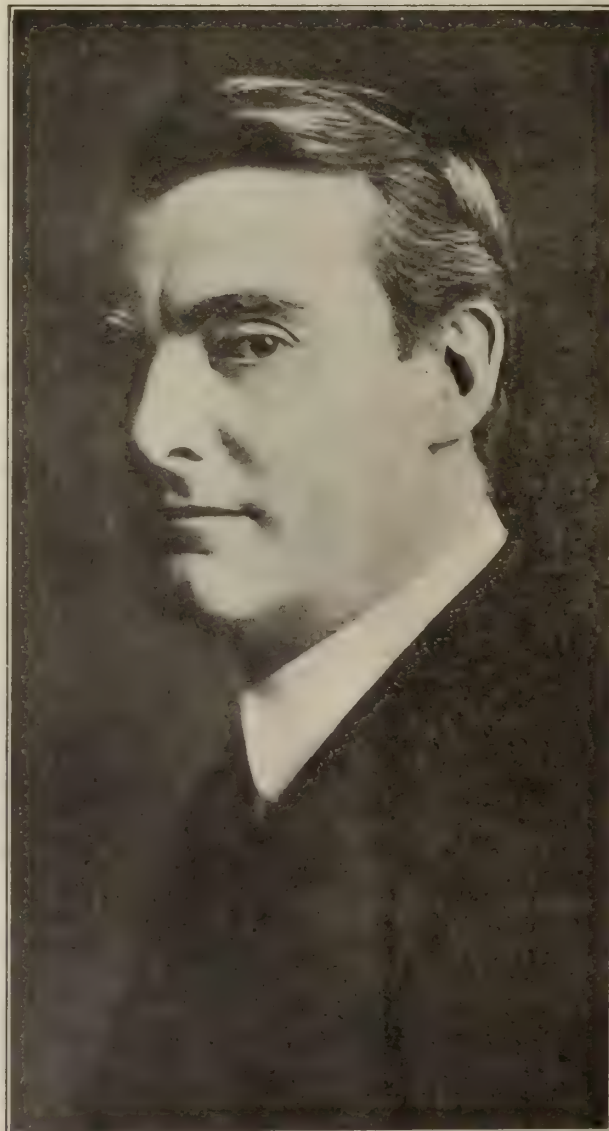
"Healthy place? I should say so! We'd have a perfect record of no deaths, if it were not for the doctors."

"So it's the doctors, not the place, that are the cause of mortality?"

"Nope—place."

"But you said—"

"Yes—place does it. It's the doctors that die off—starve to death."



GEORGE MACFARLANE  
The favorite baritone next week at the Orpheum

## AT THE THEATRES

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#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD G. BLACK, deceased.—No. 20814; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of EDWARD G. BLACK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Norman A. Eisner, his attorney, 344-345 Mills Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD G. BLACK, deceased.

P. F. DUNDON,  
Administrator with the will annexed of the  
estate of Edward G. Black, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1916.  
NORMAN A. EISNER,  
Attorney for Administrator with Will Annexed,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.



## A Nation In Waiting

(Continued from Page 7)

married or not) is fighting. Of course in Paris, as elsewhere, there are people who are trading on the war. The State does not inquire too closely into the means of applicants for the daily shilling. I know one mother who draws her shilling regularly. She owns two houses the tenants of which pay their rent, and she has just returned from a month's holiday in Spain. One day somebody will get angry with her and go to the Mairie. Then the concierge of the house where she lives will get a reprimand.

I can imagine a question which must leap to the lips of any newspaper-reading Englishman: "The politicians? How is it that we hear so little of the men who are hungry for reform in France, about whom we always used to hear so much?" In France, as elsewhere, the war has changed the conditions of life. Many are finding it hard to live, others are making money. Many trades have shut down, many others have more work than they can do. The price of living has increased, some wages must be high; and yet we hear of no trade discontent, we hear of no strikes. We hear nothing of the Bourse du Travail, we hear nothing of labor leaders.

Do you see those dirty men in nondescript clothes in the trench down there? Three of them used to be labor leaders. One was a politician. The other is the son of a millionaire employer. They haven't time to talk or strike. Employment is mobilized, too. The German Emperor has done what the highest hopes of Socialist labor leaders failed to realize. France is a community working for France's good. Selfishness has become a crime. There can be no strike where the only master is France. And France has become more than a master. She is the Frenchman's mistress too at last, and it is in human nature to give to the mistress willingly service which might be irksome if it had to be given to the wife.

No German has ever understood the French. The Germans base their ignorance of the French character on 1870. They hardly realize yet the lesson which France learned forty-five years ago. But France has learned that lesson. Frenchmen know that unity of purpose, and nothing else, will win this war. The French politicians know it too. At the beginning of the war, before they learned it, party politicians made one or two grave errors. There were mistakes, there was graft, there were crimes. But the politicians, the men of party who lived on the proletariat in pre-war days, have found their masters in the stern-faced boys in shabby uniforms who have seen their comrades die because of pre-war mistakes, and of worse than mistakes. France has learned the lesson of the narrow escape which Paris had from invasion barely a year ago. The politicians who went to Bordeaux, and who remained there for their country's good until the north and nearer east of France were safe again, have had the fact impressed on them that not they, but the men who work and do not talk are France's real masters. The whole secret of France's magnificent steadfastness of purpose is the victory which she has already won over her own party politicians. Her victory over them has had, and will have, widespread effect. France has shown her common sense; Germany will realize soon, if she does not realize already, that the much-talked-of decadence of Frenchmen was very largely on the surface. Decadence has vanished with the vanishing of too much ease and not too honestly earned prosperity.

But many Englishmen have said to me: "Is it absolutely necessary that Paris should live in half-mourning as Paris is now living? Is it absolutely necessary that Parisians should do without theatres, or very nearly do without them; that there should be no music in the restaurants, that life in the capital should be so severe?" The answer to this is quite simple. There is no gaiety in Paris, there is no night life, there is very little frivolity, because you

cannot burn the candle at both ends. The whole of France is working to defeat the Germans. Paris is living with one object, living for one consummation—the expulsion of the Hun. Gaiety in Paris now would impress the Parisians as painfully as a dance on the second floor flat where somebody lay dead. And the people in the flat above would never have the bad taste to be frivolous, knowing of the mourning in the flat below them. But if you go to any of the larger towns within the army zone, you will find plenty of gaiety. For the gaiety there is legitimate. The soldiers have brought it from the front. You will hear loud laughter and the popping of champagne corks in Amiens because, when the town is quiet at night, you can hear also the booming of cannon a few miles away. But even in Amiens, of which Albert is almost a suburb; even in Compiègne, where you wonder what is lacking when the sound of artillery is still; even in Soissons or St. Ménéhould, the real fighting men look askance at too much gaiety on the part of civilians or of soldiers whose work does not lead them into danger. The only possible explanation of the gaiety of London which I have ever found to satisfy a Frenchman was the explanation that every man in the British army who is fighting at the front looks to London as the men in the trenches look to Amiens or the other towns immediately behind the lines.

I am trying, and you will help me to succeed, to present to your minds a true picture of France as France really is after a year of war and with an unknown, and unknowable, stretch of war before her. If I have done what I set out to do your mind will see the picture of a noble nation fighting, straining every nerve for victory, and using the finest tempered weapon for the purpose—cheerfulness. Paris has forgotten her former need of noise, frivolity and lurid gaiety. Just as the women of Paris nowadays prefer to dress quietly, just as Frenchmen want no music with their meals, so does Paris dispense with the unnecessary. There will be plenty of time for amusement when the business of the war is finished. You will remember the stories which you read at school of French aristocrats in the Revolution who went to the scaffold with a smile and a jest on their lips. France is not going to the scaffold now; but every man and woman, almost every child in France, has realized the need for smiling courage. Everywhere in France, in well-sheltered villages, in munition factories, in rich homes, in tiny shops, where old people find difficulty (their sons being absent) to keep the flag flying and to make both ends meet, you will find charity, unselfishness, courage, unsparing effort. The refugees flock back to build their homes again on the ruins the Germans have left. The peasants till the ground before the enemy has stopped the storm of shell. The farmers help the peasants, and the townsfolk help them both. The soldier, when not fighting, helps all round. The merchant helps his business rival. The mother whose son has been killed mothers the orphan. The man with one arm helps the comrade who has only one leg. The Paris cabman, even, forgets self-interest when his fare is a soldier. If he doesn't a crowd will collect and teach him his duty. There is more real politeness, there is more real gentleness abroad in France now than I have ever seen in the twenty years I have lived in the country. You must imagine that incredible thing—a nation of Frenchmen which has ceased—almost—to find fault with the Government. France is living beautifully. She is a nation in waiting.



MAUDE FULTON

who has scored a big hit  
in her own play  
"THE BRAT"  
at the Cort Theatre



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Business conditions throughout the United States continue to show improvement, which is reflected in railroad statements issued from time to time. Crop conditions are favorable, and are showing an improvement, especially the winter wheat, and the crop promise is now being increased. General rains throughout the entire country have put the ground in shape to withstand the hot, dry weather that we usually get in July and August, and this year's crops generally should be well above the average. This is the fundamental condition on which values should be determined speculatively, and it will ultimately make for a sound basis on which to start a bull market. At the present time, however, the Mexican situation has the call, and why stocks should go down, even with a war on with Mexico, is hard to understand. War with Mexico, or, rather, it will mean intervention, because it will not be a real war, is very bullish. In former years, before the mind had been accustomed to the shocks it now receives with equanimity, it might have had a day's sentimental effect. We believe now it will pass without any. The most unfavorable feature is the labor situation. The railroad employees are attempting to antagonize the whole United States. They will fail. Last week's heaviness was more from neglect than aggression. Railroad stocks got a little overbought. Selling by Europe on the bulge was rather heavy. At the lower levels considerable buying developed. Smelters should be up because of the Mexican situation. So should Southern Pacific. Rock Island was strong on short covering. The man who buys this stock buys into a heavy assessment, in our judgment. There is a strong element in U. S. Steel which, in view of the large earnings, are in favor of distributing the 3¼ per cent dividend which has passed on the common stock.

**Wheat**—It will have to be acknowledged that neither the intensely discouraging crop reports circulated during the past six weeks, nor the disquieting perspective of the last Government record, has failed to counteract the influences of an interrupted local and foreign demand for cash wheat. It is claimed by the bearish element now in control that the immensity of the Canadian surplus and the doubled primary receipts in our own country, and within thirty days of a general harvest, are stubborn facts against which are placed only the theory of a greatly reduced crop which is not clearly defined even after accepting the official figures of 615,000,000 bushels to which must be added a carry-over of 150,000,000, a visible of 44,203,000 and a not unimportant stock of flour representing considerable wheat. The total would approximate 850,000,000 bushels which could not be, even in times of war, adjudged seriously inadequate. But the bear

arguments do not embrace the future possibilities of the Northwest, from which territory we expect the most important deterioration in years. The weather did not permit the proper preparation of the ground, and the crop was stubbled, requiring absolutely the most perfect conditions for final results, which we all know cannot be expected. With an over-sold market, and a precarious pre-harvest situation, we cannot but feel that purchases can be safely made on further reaction.

**Corn** closed the week higher on bullish news from the Southwest, where it was claimed that the stocks were well sold out and that only a small quantity remained to be marketed. The news from Iowa was very unfavorable for farm work, the corn being reported as being washed out in several low sections, with replanting necessary. There is, however, every indication of a large yield on the increased acreage, and the pastures and meadows were never in a more excellent condition than now. The news from the South was also encouraging while the crop was growing slowly but doing remarkably well.

**Cotton**—There was very little activity in the cotton market the past week, and prices held in a narrow range. Liverpool was a good buyer in the way of undoing straddles, which was caused by the decline in freight rates. While they were buying in our market, they were doing just the opposite in their market, and this had a tendency to bring both markets together. The general news was not of enough importance to cause any trend to the market. Crop news was in the main favorable, as timely rains were had in both the Southwest and the Eastern belt, and the general opinion is that the crop on the whole is doing well. There were some complaints of insect damage, but as yet this has not become a factor. The market seems to be well supported around this level, and holders of actual cotton are confident of higher prices. Money is cheap, and the Southern banks shows their confidence in cotton at this level by lending money freely. The market is in a waiting attitude, and while there may be some recession in a price when the next Government report is published, as it is generally believed it will show an improvement, we believe cotton should be bought, as July is really the month of crop scares.

A New York lawyer tells of a man who had been convicted of stealing by a certain "Down East" judge, well known for his tenderheartedness.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" asked the judge, not unkindly.

"Never!" exclaimed the prisoner, suddenly bursting into tears.

"Well, well, don't cry, my man," said his honor, consolingly, "you're going to be now."

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Deposits .....	58,840,699.38
Capital actually paid up in Cash .....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds .....	2,008,962.64
Employees' Pension Fund .....	211,238.93
Number of Depositors .....	67,406

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P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M., and  
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### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73004; Dept. No. 16.

PRISCILLA ELIZABETH DALES, Plaintiff, vs. IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's wilful neglect of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

S. J. HANKINS & H. J. HANKINS,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
917 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-10

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73543; Dept. No. 10.

SADIE BRADLEY, Plaintiff, vs. LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear on the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-10

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ARCHIBALD HENDERSON McGREGOR, deceased.—No. 20760; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will and Testament of ARCHIBALD HENDERSON McGREGOR, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Messrs. Jacob Samuels and Oscar Samuels, Room 630 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ARCHIBALD HENDERSON McGREGOR, deceased.

LAURA McGREGOR,  
Executrix of the estate of Archibald Henderson  
McGregor, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 27th, 1916.

J. SAMUELS,  
OSCAR SAMUELS,  
Attorneys for Executrix,  
630 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-5

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 11996 N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of FREDERICK FRANK MEIER, sometimes called FREDRICK FRANK MEIER, Deceased.

JOHN RALPH WILSON, the Executor of the last will of FREDERICK FRANK MEIER, sometimes called FREDRICK FRANK MEIER, deceased, having on this day presented to the Court and filed in the above entitled matter his petition, duly verified, praying that the Court grant its order authorizing and directing him as such Executor to sell the whole of the real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent, as described in said petition:

And it appearing from said petition to the satisfaction of the Court that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the said estate and those interested therein to sell the whole of said real estate belonging to said estate for the reasons and purposes in said petition set forth;

And it further appearing from said petition to the satisfaction of the Court that it will be necessary for said Executor to sell the whole of said real estate before distribution of their respective shares of said estate can be made to the legatees and devisees named in the last will of said decedent according to the terms of said last will;

And it further appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from said petition that no action has ever been taken by said Executor upon any order of the Court heretofore given or made directing said Executor to sell the real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent and that no part of said real estate or any interest therein has ever been sold by said Executor;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in said estate be and appear before this Court in Department No. 10 thereof on Thursday, the sixth day of July, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Courtroom of said Court and Department in the City Hall at the corner of Polk and McAllister Streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Room No. 452 thereof, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said Executor and petitioner to sell the whole of the real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent at public or private sale as prayed for in said petition.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four (4) successive weeks prior to the hearing of said petition and to the date last above mentioned in Town Talk a newspaper printer and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State aforesaid.

Done in open Court this 25th day of May, 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed May 25, 1916.  
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN RALPH WILSON,  
Attorney at law,  
Petitioner and Executor,  
57 Post Street, San Francisco. 6-3-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of NELLIE S. FLOURNOY, deceased.—No. 20957, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executors of the Will of NELLIE S. FLOURNOY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of F. B. CLARKE, Esq., Attorney for said Executors, Room No. 1033 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said NELLIE S. FLOURNOY, deceased.

GEORGE S. McMURTRY,  
BELLE S. McMURTRY,

Executors of the Will of Nellie S. Flournoy,  
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1916.

F. B. CLARKE, ESQ.,  
Attorney for Executors,  
1033 Mills Building,  
San Francisco, Cal. 6-10-5

### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 59410, E. SEABERG, Plaintiff, vs. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

LLOYD S. ACKERMAN,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Nevada Bank Building,  
San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-10

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR CHANGE OF CORPORATE NAME

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 74135

In the Matter of the Application of THE WINDER-MUNTER COMPANY, a corporation.

THE WINDER-MUNTER COMPANY, a corporation, having filed in the above entitled Court its petition for a decree of said Court changing its name to that of A. H. WINDER AND SONS.

It is ORDERED that all persons interested in said matter appear before said Court, at the court room of Department No. 16 thereof, in the City Hall, 400 Van Ness Avenue in the Civic Center, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 18th day of July, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause why said petition should not be granted;

And it is further ORDERED that a copy of this order be published in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, once a week for four successive weeks.

Done in Open Court this 31st day of May, 1916.

GEORGE H. CABANISS,  
Judge of said Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed May 31, 1916.  
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,  
Attorney for Petitioner,  
1003 Phelan Building,  
San Francisco, California. 6-3-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPHINE NIGLIS, Deceased.—No. 20,973; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of JOSEPHINE NIGLIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPHINE NIGLIS, deceased.

EUGENE NIGLIS,  
Executor of the last will and testament of  
Josephine Niglis, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, June 17th, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Executor,  
No. 333 Kearny Street,  
San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-5

### NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—NO. 1

SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION—Principal place of business: 1725 Washington Street, City and County of San Francisco.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION, held on the 26th day of May, 1916, an assessment of Thirty-five (35) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the said corporation, payable immediately in United States Gold Coin to the Secretary of the said Association, at 324 Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the fifth day of July, 1916, will be delinquent and will be advertised for sale at public auction on the twenty-fifth day of July, 1916, at Ten o'clock A. M., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

May 26th, 1916.

FREDERICK H. OLSCHESWSKI,  
Secretary of the Sequoia Club Hall Association.

Office: 324 Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-3-5

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73611; Dept. No. 10.

KATHLEEN MARY GWILT, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's desertion, under Section 98 of the Civil Code, of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY L. CORSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
512-514 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 5-20-10



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